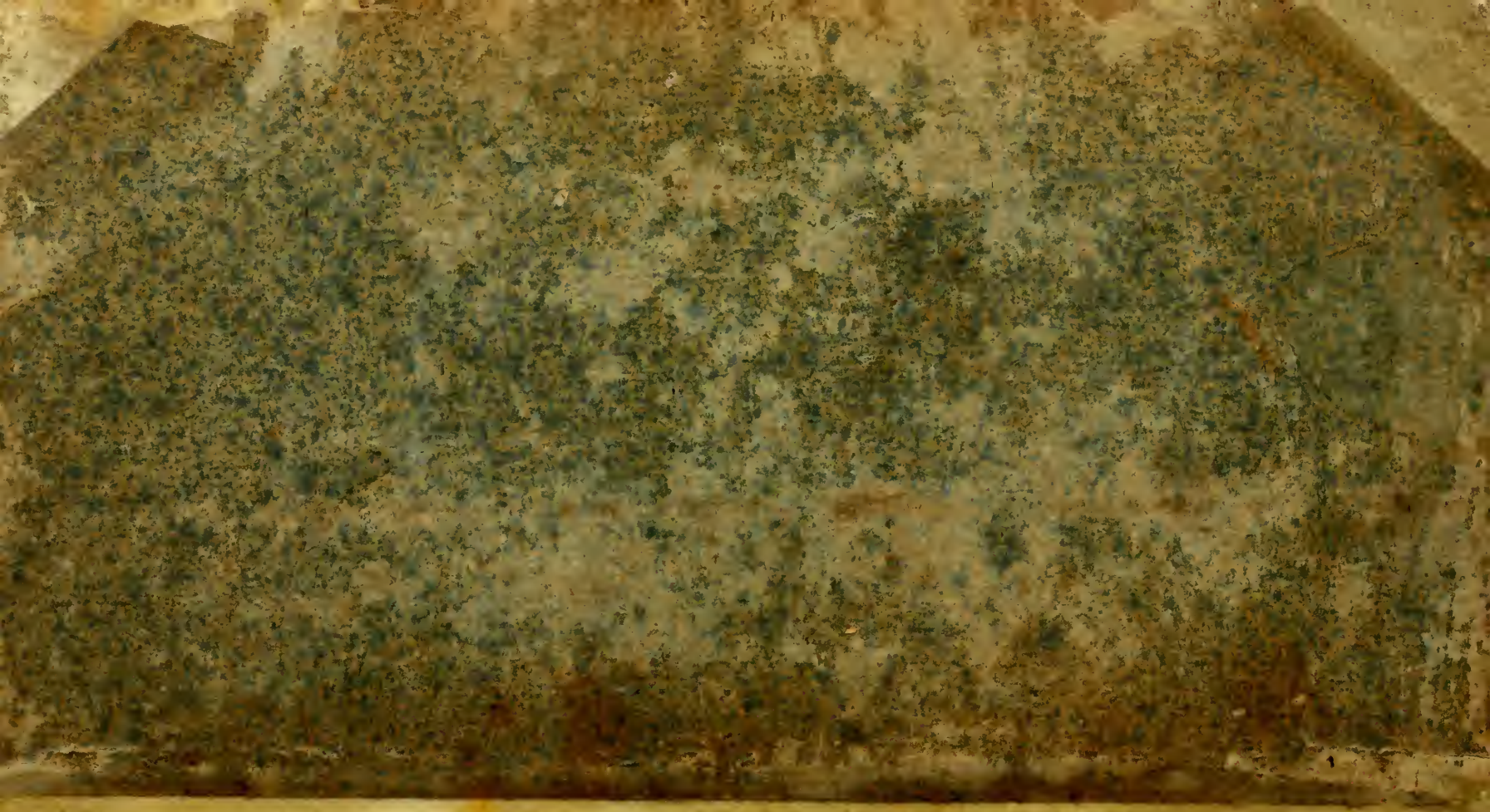

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A

Complete Edition

of the

Poets

of

GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the Fourth.

Containing

Donne, Daniel, Browne, P. Fletcher, G. Fletcher,
B Jonson, Drummond, Crashaw, & Davenant.

LONDON:

Printed for John & Arthur Arch, *23, Gracechurch Street,*
and for Bell & Bradfute *and* J. Mundell & Co. *Edinburgh.*

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL;

BY

ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

VOLUME FOURTH.

CONTAINING THE WORKS OF

DONNE,	P. FLETCHER,	DRUMMOND,
DANIEL,	G. FLETCHER,	CRASHAW, AND
BROWNE,	JONSON,	DAVENANT.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN & ARTHUR ARCH, No 23. GRACE-CHURCH-STREET;
AND FOR BELL & BRADFUTE, AND J. MUNDELL & Co. EDINBURGH.

1794.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. JOHN DONNE.

Containing his

SATIRES,	EPITHALAMIONS,
SONGS AND SONNETS,	LETTERS,
EPIGRAMS,	FUNERAL ELEGIES,
ELEGIES,	HOLY SONNETS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

'Twas then plain DONNE in honeſt vengeance roſe,
His wit refulgent, though his rhyme was proſe;
He midſt an age of puns and pedants wrote
With genuine ſenſe, and *Roman* ſtrength of thought.

DR. BROWN'S ESSAY ON SATIRE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF DONNE.

JOHN DONNE was born in London, in the year 1573. His father was an eminent merchant, deſcended from a very ancient family in Wales; and his mother was deſcended from the family of Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England. His grandfather, by the mother's ſide, according to Jonſon, in his "Converſation with Drummond," was Heywood the Epigrammatiſt; ſo that, as he obſerves, "he was originally a poet."

He was educated at home till the eleventh year of his age, when he was ſent to the Univerſity of Oxford, and entered a Commoner of Hart-Hall, where, it was obſerved of him, as of John Picus Mirandula, that "he was rather born wiſe, than made ſo by ſtudy."

He continued three years at Oxford, but declined taking his firſt degree, by the advice of his relations, who, being of the Romiſh religion, diſliked the oath required to be taken upon that occaſion.

He afterwards removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and from thence, about three years after, to Lincoln's Inn, London, where he proſecuted the ſtudy of the common law, with ſufficient appearance of application and ſucceſs.

He ſeems, however, to have divided his ſtudies between law and poetry; for, about this time, he compoſed moſt of his love poems, and other levities and pieces of humour, which ſufficiently eſtabliſhed his poetical reputation, and procured him the acquaintance of all thoſe of his own age, who were moſt diſtinguiſhed for acuteneſs of wit, and gaiety of temper.

His father dying when he was about nineteen years of age, and leaving him 3000 l. he relinquiſhed the ſtudy of the law, and devoted himſelf to a diligent examination of the controverſy between the Proteſtants and Roman Catholics, which ended in a full conviction of the truths of the reformed religion, and his converſion to Proteſtantiſm.

About the twenty-firſt year of his age, he reſolved to gratify his deſire of travelling; and in the years 1596 and 1597, he accompanied the Earl of Eſſex in the expedition againſt Cadiz, and ſtaid ſome years in Spain and Italy, where he improved himſelf by converſing with men of learning, and gained a perfect knowledge of the Spaniſh and Italian languages.

Soon after his return to England, he was made ſecretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, in whoſe ſervice he continued five years, and who had ſo high an opinion of his abilities, as to declare that "he was fitter to ſerve a king than a ſubject."

In 1602, he married privately, without the conſent of her father, Anne, daughter of Sir George Moore, Chancellor of the Garter, and Lieutenant of the Tower, who then lived in the Lord Keeper's family, and was neice to his lady.

Sir George Moore reſented his marrying his daughter, without his conſent, ſo highly, that he procured his diſmiſſion from the Lord Keeper's ſervice, and had him committed to priſon.

He ſoon obtained his liberty; but was obliged to be at the expence of a tedious law-ſuit, to recover the poſſeſſion of his wife, which involved him in great difficulties.

His wants, however, were in a great meaſure prevented by the kindneſs of his relation, Sir Francis Wooley, who entertained him and his family ſeveral years in his houſe, at Pilford in Surrey, and at laſt effected a reconciliation between him and his father-in-law, who engaged to pay him 800 l. as a portion with his wife, and 20 l. quarterly till it was paid.

After the death of Sir Francis Wooley, he took a houſe for his wife and children at Mitcham in Surrey, and lodgings for himſelf near Whitehall, where he was much viſited and careſſed by the nobility, foreign miniſters, and other perſons of diſtinction.

Some time after, he removed his family to apartments in the houſe of his friend, Sir Robert Drury, in Drury-lane.

In 1610, he was incorporated Maſter of Arts at Oxford, having before taken the ſame degree at Cambridge.

About two years afterwards, he accompanied Sir Robert Drury to Paris; and not long after his return he entered into holy orders, by the perſuaſion of King James, who had a high opinion of his abilities, and often expreſſed great ſatisfaction in having been the means of introducing ſo worthy a perſon into the church.

He was ordained by his friend, Dr. King, Biſhop of London, who had been chaplain to the Lord Keeper Egerton, at the ſame time that he was his ſecretary. He was immediately after made one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to his Majeſty, and, about the ſame time, attending the King to Cambridge, he was created Doctor in Divinity by the Univerſity, on the particular recommendation of his Majeſty.

On his return from Cambridge, he had the affliction to loſe his wife, who died on the ſeventh day after the birth of her twelfth child, Auguſt 15. 1617. Soon after the death of his wife, he was choſen Preacher of the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and two years after, by his Majeſty's appointment, attended the Earl of Doncaſter in his embaſſy to Germany. In 1621, he was advanced to the Deanery of St. Paul's. Soon after, the vicarage of St. Dunſtan in the Weſt, was given to him by the Earl of Dorſet, and another benefice, by the Earl of Kent.

In 1623 4, he was choſen prolocutor of the Convocation, and appointed by the King to preach ſeveral occaſional ſermons at Paul's croſs.

In 1630, he was ſeized with a fever at the houſe of his eldeſt daughter, Mrs. Harvey, at Abery Hatch, in Eſſex, which brought on a conſumption, of which he died on the 31ſt of March 1631, and was buried in the cathedral church of St. Paul, where a monument was erected to his memory.

Some time before his death, when he was emaciated with ſtudy and ſickneſs, he cauſed himſelf to be wrapped up in a ſheet, which was gathered over his head in the manner of a ſhroud; and having cloſed his eyes, he had his portrait taken, which was kept by his bedſide as long as he lived, to remind him of mortality. Dugdale ſays, that the effigy on his monument in St. Paul's church was done after this portrait.

Donne is better known as a poet, than as a divine; though in the latter character he had great merit. His proſe writings, which are chiefly theological, are enumerated by Walton, who has written his life, with a juſt admiration of his talents and virtues, but with unneceſſary prolixity and amplification, and in a ſtrain of vulgar credulity and enthuſiaſm, peculiar to the productions of the laſt century.

His "Pſeudo Martyr," in which he has effectually confuted the doctrine of the papal ſupremacy, is the moſt valuable of his proſe writings. His Sermons abound too much with the pedantry of the times in which they were written, to be at all eſteemed in the preſent age.

His Poems, conſiſting of "Songs and Sonnets, Epigrams, Elegies, Epithalamions, Satires, Letters, Funeral Eelgies, Holy Sonnets," &c. publiſhed at different times, were printed together in one volume 12mo. by Tonſon, 1719, and reprinted by Bell, in 3 vols. 12mo. 1781, with the addition of Elegies on his Death, by Jonſon, Carew, King, Corbet, and other contemporary wits, a ſpecimen of which is given in the preſent edition.

All his contemporaries are laviſh in his praiſe. Prejudiced, perhaps, by the ſtyle of writing which was then faſhionable, they ſeem to have rated his performances beyond their juſt value. To

the praiſe of wit and ſubtility his title is unqueſtionable. In all his pieces he diſplays a prodigious richneſs of fancy, and an elaborate minuteneſs of deſcription; but his thoughts are ſeldom natural, obvious, or juſt, and much debaſed by the careleſſneſs of his verſification.

Dryden has very juſtly given him the character of "the greateſt wit, though not the greateſt poet of our nation." In his dedication of Juvenal to the Earl of Dorſet, he ſays: "Donne, alone, of all our countrymen, had your talent, but was not happy enough to arrive at your verſification; and were he tranſlated into numbers and Engliſh, he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expreſſion. You equal Donne in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner and the words. I read you both with the ſame admiration, but not with the ſame delight. He affects the metaphyſics, not only in his ſatires, but in his amorous verſes, where nature only ſhould reign, and perplexes the minds of the fair ſex with ſpeculations of philoſophy, where he ſhould engage their hearts, and entertain them with the ſoftneſs of love."

Pope, probably taking the hint from this paſſage, has ſhewn that Donne's ſatires, which abound with ſo much wit, aſſume more dignity, and appear more charming, when "tranſlated into numbers and Engliſh."

Dr. Johnſon, in his "Life of Cowley," has diſplayed his prodigious genius and extenſive learning, to great advantage, in characteriſing the metaphyſical poetry of Donne, and his imitators.

"This kind of writing, which was, I believe, borrowed from Marino and his followers, had been recommended by the example of Donne, a man of very extenſive and various knowledge.

"The metaphyſical poets were men of learning, and to ſhew their learning was their whole endeavour; but, unluckily, reſolving to ſhew it in rhyme, inſtead of writing poetry, they only wrote verſes, and very often ſuch verſes as ſtood the trial of the finger better than of the ear, for the modulation was ſo imperfect, that they were only found to be verſes by counting the ſyllables.

"In peruſing the works of this race of authors, the mind is exerciſed either by recollection or inquity; either ſomething already learned is to be retrieved, or ſomething new is to be examined. If their greatneſs elevates, their acuteneſs often ſurpriſes; if the imagination is not always gratified, at leaſt, the powers of reflection and compariſon are employed, and in the maſs of materials which ingenious abſurdity has thrown together, genuine wit and uſeful knowledge may be ſometimes found, buried, perhaps, in groſſneſs of expreſſion, but uſeful to thoſe who know their value, and ſuch as, when they are expanded to perſpicuity, and poliſhed to elegance, may give luſtre to works which have more propriety, though leſs copiouſneſs of ſentiment."

To the Right Honourable

WILLIAM LORD CRAVEN,

BARON OF HAMSTED-MARSHAM.

My Lord,

Many of these Poems have, for several impressions, wandered up and down, trusting (as well they might, upon the Author's reputation: neither do they now complain of any injury but what may proceed either from the kindness of the printer, or the courtesy of the reader; the one by adding something too much, lest any spark of this sacred fire might perish undiscerned; the other by putting such an estimation upon the wit and fancy they find here, that they are content to use it as their own; as if a man should dig out the stones of a royal amphitheatre to build a stage for a country show. Amongst all the monsters this unlucky age has teemed with, I find none so prodigious as the poets of these latter times, wherein men, as if they would level understandings too as well as estates, acknowledging no inequality of parts and judgments, pretend as indifferently to the chair of wit as to the pulpit, and conceive themselves no less inspired with the spirit of poetry than with that of religion: so it is not only the noise of drums and trumpets which have drowned the Muse's harmony, or the fear that the church's ruin will destroy the priests likewise, that now frights them from this country, where they have been so ingeniously received; but these rude pretenders to excellencies they so unjustly own, who, profanely rushing into Minerva's temple, with noisome airs blast the laurel which thunder cannot hurt. In this sad condition these learned Sisters are fled over to beg your Lordship's protection, who have been so certain a patron both to arts and arms; and who, in this general confusion, have so entirely preserved your honour, that in your Lordship we may still read a most perfect character of what England was in all her pomp and greatness: so that although these poems were formerly written upon several occasions to several persons, they now unite themselves, and are become one pyramid to set your Lordship's statue upon, where you may stand, like armed Apollo, the defender of the Muses, encouraging the poets now alive to celebrate your great acts, by affording your countenance to his Poems that wanted only so noble a subject.

My Lord, your most humble servant,

John Donne.

UPON MR. J. DONNE AND HIS POEMS.

Who dares say thou art dead, when he doth see
Unburied yet this living part of thee;
This part, that to thy being gives fresh flame,
And, though thou'rt Donne, yet will preserve thy name?
Thy flesh (whose channels lost their crimson hue,
And whey-like ran at last in a pale blue)
May shew thee mortal; a dead palsy may
Seize on't, and quickly turn it into clay,
Which, like the Indian earth, shall rise refin'd;
But this great spirit thou hast left behind,
This soul of Verse, in its first pure estate
Shall live, for all the world to imitate,
But not come near; for in thy fancy's flight
Thou dost not stoop unto the vulgar sight,
But hovering highly in the air of Wit,
Holdst such a pitch that few can follow it;
Admire they may. Each object that the spring
(Or a more piercing influence) doth bring
T' adorn earth's face, thou sweetly didst contrive
To beauty's elements, and thence derive

Unſpotted lilly's white; which thou didſt ſet
Hand in hand with the vein-like violet,
Making them ſoft and warm, and by thy power
Couldſt give both life and ſenſe unto a flower.
The cherries thou haſt made to ſpeak will be
Sweeter unto the taſte than from the tree;
And, ſpite of winter-ſtorms, amidſt the ſnow
Thou oft' haſt made the bluſhing roſe to grow.
The ſea-nymphs, that the watry caverns keep,
Have ſent their pearls and rubies from the deep
To deck thy love, and, plac'd by thee, they drew
More luſtre to them than where firſt they grew,
All minerals that earth's full womb doth hold
Promiſcuouſly thou couldſt convert to gold,
And with thy flaming raptures ſo refine,
That it was much more pure than in the mine.
The lights that gild the night, if thou didſt ſay
They look like eyes, thoſe did outſhine the day;
For there would be more virtue in ſuch ſpells
Than in meridions or croſs parallels.
Whatever was of worth in this great frame,
That art could comprehend or wit could name,
It was thy theme for beauty: thou didſt ſee
Woman was this fair world's epitome.
Thy nimble Satires, too, and ev'ry ſtrain
With nervy ſtrength that iſſu'd from thy brain,
Will loſe the glory of their own clear bays,
If they admit of any other's praiſe.
But thy diviner poems, whoſe clear fire
Purges all droſs away, ſhall by a choir
Of cherubims with heav'nly notes be ſet:
(Where fleſh and blood could ne'er attain to yet)
There pureſt ſpirits ſung ſuch ſacred lays
In panegyric hallelujahs.

ARTH. WILSON.

EPITAPH ON DR. DONNE,

BY DR. CORBET, BISHOP OF OXFORD.

He that would write an epitaph for thee,
And do it well, muſt firſt begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd ſo:
He muſt have wit to ſpare and to hurl down,
Enough to keep the gallants of the Town:
He muſt have learning plenty; both the laws,
Civil and Common, to judge any cauſe;
Divinity great ſtore above the reſt,
Not of the laſt edition, but the beſt.
He muſt have language, travel, all the arts;
Judgment to uſe, or elſe he wants thy parts;
He muſt have friends the higheſt, able to do,
Such as Mecænas, and Auguſtus too:
He muſt have ſuch a ſickneſs, ſuch a death,
Or elſe his vain deſcriptions come beneath.
Who then ſhall write an epitaph for thee
He muſt be dead firſt; let it alone for me.

SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

Away! thou changeling motely humouriſt;
Leave me, and in this ſtanding wooden cheſt,
Conſorted with theſe few books, let me lie
In priſon, and here be coffin'd when I die.
Here are God's conduits, grave divines; and here
Is nature's ſecretary, the philoſopher;
And wily ſtateſmen, which teach how to tye
The ſinews of a city's myſtic body;
Here gathering chroniclers, and by them ſtand
Giddy fantaſtic poets of each land.
Shall I leave all this conſtant company,
And follow headlong wild uncertain thee?
Firſt ſwear by thy beſt love, here in earneſt,
(If thou which lov'ſt all canſt love any beſt)
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle ſtreet,
Though ſome more ſpruce companion thou doſt meet;
Not though a captain do come in thy way
Bright parcel gilt, with forty dead men's pay;
Not though a briſk perfum'd pert courtier
Deign with a nod thy courteſie to anſwer;
Nor come a velvet juſtice with a long
Great train of blew-coats, twelve or fourteen ſtrong,
Wilt thou grin or fawn on him, or prepare
A ſpeech to court his beauteous ſon and heir?
For better or worſe take me or leave me;
To take and leave me is adultery.
Oh, monſtrous! ſuperſtitious Puritan,
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremonial man!
That when thou meet'ſt one with inquiring eyes
Doth ſearch, and, like a needy broker, prize
The ſilk and gold he wears, and to that rate,
So high or low, doſt raiſe thy formal hat;
That wilt conſort none till thou have known
What lands he hath in hope, or of his own;
As though all thy companions ſhould make thee
Jointures, and marry thy dear company;
Why ſhouldſt thou (that doſt not only approve,
But in rank itchy luſt deſire and love,
The nakedneſs and barrenneſs t' enjoy
Of thy plump muddy whore or proſtitute boy)
Hate Virtue, though ſhe naked be and bare?
At birth and death our bodies naked are;
And till our ſouls be unapparelled
Of bodies they from bliſs are baniſhed.
Man's firſt bleſt ſtate was naked; when by ſin
He loſt that, he was cloth'd but in beaſt's ſkin,
And in this coarſe attire, which I now wear,
With God and with the Muſes I conſer.
But ſince thou, like a contrite penitent,
Charitably warn'd of thy ſins, doſt repent
Theſe vanities and giddineſſes, lo
I ſhut my chamber door, and come, let's go.
But ſooner may a cheap whore, who hath been
Worn out by as many ſeveral men in ſin
As are black feathers or muſk-colour'd hoſe,
Name her child's right true father 'mongſt all thoſe;
Sooner may one gueſs who ſhall bear away
The infantry of London hence to India;
And ſooner may a gulling weather-ſpy,
By drawing forth heav'n's ſcheme, tell certainly
What faſhion'd hats, or ruffs, or ſuits, next year
Our giddy-headed antick youth will wear,
Than thou, when thou depart'ſt from me, can ſhow
Whither, why, when, or with whom, thou would'ſt go.
But how ſhall I be pardon'd my offence,
That thus have ſinn'd againſt my conſcience?
Now we are in the ſtreet; he firſt of all,
Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall,
And ſo impriſon'd and hemm'd in by me,
Sells for a little ſtate his liberty;
Yet though he cannot ſkip forth now to greet
Every fine ſilken painted fool we meet,
He them to him with amorous ſmiles allures,
And grins, ſmacks, ſhrugs, and ſuch an itch endures
As 'prentices or ſchool-boys, which do know
Of ſome gay ſport abroad, yet dare not go;
And as fiddlers ſtoop loweſt at higheſt ſound,
So to the moſt brave ſtoops he nigh'ſt the ground;

But to a grave man he doth move no more
Than the wiſe politic horſe would heretofore;
Or thou, O elephant or ape! wilt do,
When any names the King of Spain to you.
Now leaps he upright, jogs me, and cries, Do you
ſee
Yonder well-favour'd youth? Which? Oh! 'tis he
That dances ſo divinely. Oh! ſaid I,
Stand ſtill; muſt you dance here for company?
He droop'd, we went, till one (which did excel
Th' Indians in drinking his tobacco well)
Met us: they talk'd; I whiſper'd, Let us go;
It may be you ſmell him not; truly I do.
He hears not me; but on the other ſide
A many-colour'd peacock having ſpy'd,
Leaves him and me: I for my loſt ſheep ſtay;
He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,
Saying, Him whom I laſt left all repute
For his device in handſoming a ſuit;
To judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut and plait,
Of all the court to have the beſt conceit:
Our dull commedians want him; let him go:
But, oh! God ſtrengthen thee; why ſtoop'ſt thou
ſo?
Why, he hath travail'd long; no, but to me
Which underſtood none, he doth ſeem to be
Perfect French and Italian. I reply'd,
So is the pox. He anſwer'd not, but ſpy'd
More men of ſort, of parts and qualities.
At laſt his love he in a window ſpies,
And like light dew exhal'd he flings from me,
Violently raviſh'd to his lechery.
Many there were he could command no more;
He quarrell'd, fought, bled; and, turn'd out of
door,
Directly came to me, hanging the head,
And conſtantly a while muſt keep his bed.

SATIRE II.

Sir, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town, yet there's one ſtate
In all ill things ſo excellently beſt,
That hate towards them breeds pity towards the
reſt.
Though poetry indeed be ſuch a ſin
As I think that brings dearth and Spaniards in;
Though, like the peſtilence and old-faſhion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never till it be ſtarv'd out; yet their ſtate
Is poor, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate:
One (like a wretch, which at bar judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which ſtands next, and cannot
read,
And ſaves his life) gives idiot actors means,
(Starving himſelf) to live by's labour'd ſcenes;
As in ſome organs puppits dance above,
And bellows pant below which them do move.
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's
charms
Bring not now their old fears nor their old harms.
Rams and ſlings now are ſilly battery;
Piſtolets are the beſt artillery;
And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like ſingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill
Th' excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worſt who (beggarly) doth chaw
Others' wit's fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digeſted, doth thoſe things out-ſpue
As his own things: and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.
But theſe do me no harm, nor they which uſe
To out-do dildoes and out-uſure Jews,
T' out-drink the ſea, t' out-ſwear the Litany,
Who with ſins all kinds as familiar be
As confeſſors, and for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Whoſe ſtrange ſins canoniſts could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receit they dwell.
But theſe puniſh themſelves. The inſolence
Of Coſcus only breeds my juſt offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on muſt make a calf an ox)
Hath made a lawyer, which (alas!) of late
But ſcarce a poet, jollier of this ſtate
Than are new benefic'd miniſters; he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, whereſoe'er he goes,
His title of Barriſter on every wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench.
A motion, Lady! Speak, Coſcus. I have been
In love e'er ſince *triceſimo* of the Queen.
Continual claims I've made, injunctions got
To ſtay my rival's ſuit, that he ſhould not
Proceed; ſpare me, in Hillary term I went;
You ſaid, if I return'd next 'ſize in Lent,
I ſhould be in remitter of your grace;
In th' interim my letters ſhould take place
Of affidavits. Words, words, which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's ſoft ear
More, more than ten Sclavonians ſcoldings, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbys rore.
When ſick with poetry, and poſſeſt with Muſe
Thou waſt, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chooſe
Law-practice for mere gain, bold ſouls repute
Worſe than imbrothell'd ſtrumpets proſtitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he muſt walk,
His hand ſtill at a bill; now he muſt talk
Idly, like priſoners, which whole months will
ſwear
That only ſuretyſhip hath brought them there,
And to every ſuitor lie in every thing,
Like a king's favourite, or like a king;
Like a wedge in a block wring to the bar,
Bearing like aſſes, and more ſhameleſs far
Than carted whores, lie to the grave judge; for
Baſtardy abounds not in kings' titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in churchmen's lives,
As theſe things do in him; by theſe he thrives.
Shortly (as th' ſea) he'll compaſs all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand,
And ſpying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their ſins as he:
For (as a thrifty wench ſcrapes kitching-ſtuff,
And barrelling the droppings, and the ſnuff
Of waſting candles, which in thirty year
(Reliquely kept) perchance buys wedding chear)

Piecemeal he gets lands, and ſpends as much time
Wringing each acre as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Aſſurances big as gloſs'd Civil laws;
So huge, that men (in our time's forwardneſs)
Are fathers of the church for writing leſs.
Theſe he writes not, nor for theſe written pays,
Therefore ſpares no length, (as in thoſe firſt days,
When Luther was profeſt, he did deſire
Short Pater-noſters, ſaying, as a friar,
Each day his beads: but having left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's prayer the power and glory clauſe)
But when he ſells or changes land, h' impairs
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ſes heires*,
And ſlily, as any commenter, goes by
Hard words or ſenſe; or in divinity
As controverters in vouch'd texts leave out
Shrewd words, which might againſt them clear the doubt.
Where are thoſe ſpread woods which cloth'd heretofore [door.
Thoſe bought lands? not built, nor burnt within
Where the old landlord's troops and alms? In halls
Carthuſian faſts and fulſome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Mean's bleſt. In rich men's homes
I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no hecatombs;
None ſtarve, none ſurfeit ſo. But (oh!) w' allow
Good works as good, but out of faſhion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatute-laws.

SATIRE III.

Kind pity checks my ſpleen; brave ſcorn forbids
Thoſe tears to iſſue which ſwell my eye-lids.
I muſt not laugh nor weep ſins, but be wiſe:
Can railing then cure theſe worn maladies?
Is not our miſtreſs, fair Religion,
As worthy of our ſouls' devotion
As virtue was to the firſt blinded age?
Are not heaven's joys as valiant to aſſuage
Luſts as earth's honour was to them? Alas!
As we do them in means, ſhall they ſurpaſs
Us in the end? and ſhall thy father's ſpirit
Meet blind philoſophers in heav'n, whoſe merit
Of ſtrict life may b' imputed faith, and hear
Thee, whom he taught ſo eaſie ways and near
To follow, damn'd? Oh! if thou dar'ſt, fear this:
This fear great courage and high valour is.
Dar'ſt thou aid mutinous Dutch? and dar'ſt thou lay
Thee in ſhips' wooden ſepulchres, a prey
To leader's rage, to ſtorms, to ſhot, to dearth?
Dar'ſt thou dive ſeas, and dungeons of the earth?
Haſt thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen north-diſcoveries, and thrice
Colder than ſalamanders! like divine
Children in th' oven, fires of Spain and the line,
Whoſe countries limbecks to our bodies be,
Canſt thou for gain bear? and muſt every he
Which cries not Goddeſs! to thy miſtreſs, draw
Or eat thy poiſonous words? courage of ſtraw!
O deſperate coward! wilt thou ſeem bold, and
To thy foes and his (who made thee to ſtand
Centinel in this world's garriſon) thus yield,
And for forbid wars leave th' appointed field?
Know thy foes: the foul devil (he whom thou
Striv'ſt to pleaſe) for hate, not love, would allow
Thee fain his whole realm to be quit; and as
The world's all parts wither away and paſs,
So the world's ſelf, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this
Doſt love a withered and worn ſtrumpet laſt;
Fleſh (itſelf's death) and joys, which fleſh can taſte,
Thou lov'ſt; and thy fair goodly ſoul, which doth
Give this fleſh power to taſte joy, thou doſt loath.
Seek true religion. O! where? Mirreus,
Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
Seeks her at Rome; there, becauſe he doth know
That ſhe was there a thouſand years ago.
He loves the raggs ſo, as we here obey
The ſtate-cloth where the prince ſate yeſterday.
Grants to ſuch brave loves will not be inthrall'd,
But loves her only who at Geneva is call'd
Religion, plain, ſimple, ſullen, young,
Contemptuous, yet unhandſome; as among
Lecherous humours there is one that judges
No wenches wholeſome but coarſe country drudges.
Grajus ſtays ſtill at home here; and becauſe
Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
Still new like faſhions, bid him think that ſhe
Which dwells with us is only perfect, he
Embraceth her whom his godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender; as wards ſtill
Take ſuch wives as their guardians offer, or
Pay values. Careleſs Phrygius doth abhor
All, becauſe all cannot be good; as one
Knowing ſome women whores dares marry none.
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that ſo
As women do in diverſe countries go
In diverſe habits, yet are ſtill one kind,
So doth, ſo is Religion; and this blind-
Neſs too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
Of force muſt one, and forc'd but one, allow,
And the right; aſk thy father which is ſhe;
Let him aſk this. Though Truth and Falſehood be
Near twins, yet Truth a little elder is:
Be buſie to ſeek her; believe me this,
He's not of none, nor worſt, that ſeeks the beſt.
T' adore or ſcorn an image, or proteſt,
May all be bad. Doubt wiſely. In ſtrange way
To ſtand inquiring right is not to ſtray;
To ſleep or run wrong is. On a huge hill,
Cragged and ſteep, Truth ſtands; and he that will
Reach her about muſt, and about it, go,
And what the hill's ſuddenneſs reſiſts win ſo.
Yet ſtrive ſo that before age, death's twilight,
Thy ſoul reſt; for none can work in that night.
To will implies delay, therefore now do:
Hard deeds the body's pains; hard knowledge to
The mind's endeavours reach; and myſteries
Are like the ſun, dazzling, yet plain t' all eyes.
Keep the truth which thou haſt found; men do not ſtand
In ſo ill caſe, that God hath with his hand

Sign'd kings' blank-charters to kill whom they hate,
Now are they vicars, but hangmen, to Fate.
Fool and wretch! wilt thou let thy ſoul be ty'd
To man's laws, by which ſhe ſhall not be try'd
At the laſt day? or will it then boot thee
To ſay a Philip or a Gregory,
A Harry or a Martin, taught me this?
Is not this excuſe for mere contraries
Equally ſtrong? cannot both ſides ſay ſo:
That thou may'ſt rightly obey power, her bounds know;
Thoſe paſt her nature and name's chang'd; to be
Then humble to her is idolatry.
As ſtreams are, power is: thoſe bleſt flowers that dwell [well;
At the rough ſtream's calm head thrive and do
But having left their roots, and themſelves given
To the ſtream's tyrannous rage, alas! are driven
Through mills, rocks, and woods, and at laſt, almoſt
Conſum'd in going, in the ſea are loſt:
So periſh ſouls which more chooſe men's unjuſt
Power, from God claim'd, than God himſelf to truſt.

SATIRE IV.

Well; I may now receive and die. My ſin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A purgatory, ſuch as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and ſcant map of this.
My mind neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been
Poiſon'd with love to ſee or to be ſeen.
I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuit to ſhew,
Yet went to court: but as Glare, which did go
To maſs in jeſt, catch'd, was fain to diſburſe
The hundred marks, which is the ſtatute's curſe,
Before he 'ſcap'd; ſo 't pleas'd my Deſtiny
(Guilty of my ſin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
Ful, as proud, luſtful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witleſs, and as falſe as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way,
Therefore I ſuffer'd this: Towards me did run
A thing more ſtrange than on Nile's ſlime the ſun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came;
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than ſeven antiquaries' ſtudies,
Than Afric's monſters, Guiana's rarities;
Stranger than ſtrangers; one who for a Dane
In the Danes' maſſacre had ſure been ſlain,
If he had liv'd then, and without help dies
When next the 'prentices 'gainſt ſtrangers riſe;
One whom the watch at noon lets ſcarce go by;
One t' whom th' examining juſtice ſure would cry,
Sir, by your prieſthood, tell me what you are.
His clothes were ſtrange, though coarſe, and black, though bare;
Sleveleſs his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 't was now (ſo much ground was ſeen)
Become tufftaffaty; and our children ſhall
See it plain raſh a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, ſpeaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what t' all ſtates belongs.
Made of th' accents and beſt phraſe of all theſe,
He ſpeaks one language. If ſtrange meats diſpleaſe,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taſte;
But pedant's motley tongue, ſoldier's bombaſt,
Mountebank's drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are ſtrong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I muſt be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Compliment;
In which he can win widows, and pay ſcores,
Make men ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whiſper, God!
How have I ſinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chooſeth me? He ſaith, Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer
For the beſt linguiſt? and I ſillily
Said, that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
Nay, but of men? Moſt ſweet Sir! Beza, then
Some Jeſuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies, I nam'd. Here
He ſtopt me, and ſaid; Nay, your apoſtles were
Good pretty linguiſts; ſo Panurgus was,
Yet a poor gentleman; all theſe may paſs
By travel. Then, as if he would have ſold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and ſuch wonders told,
That I was fain to ſay, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, ſure the tower had ſtood.
He adds, If of court-life you knew the good,
You would leave loneneſs. I ſaid, Not alone
My loneneſs is, but Spartan's faſhion,
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not laſt
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaſte;
No more can princes' courts, though there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue.
He, like to a high-ſtretch'd lute-ſtring, ſqueakt,
O, Sir!
'Tis ſweet to talk of kings! At Weſtminſter,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And for his price doth, with who ever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears ſhall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
Kings only; the way to it is King's-ſtreet.
He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He's baſe, mechanic coarſe;
So 're all your Engliſhmen in their diſcourſe.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, eyes you ſee,
I have but one, Sir; look, he follows me.
Certes, they're neatly cloth'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogaram.
Not ſo, Sir; I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly. I chaf'd him; but as itch
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worſe; ſo I (fool!) found
Croſſing hurt me. To fit my ſullenneſs,
He to another key his ſtyle doth dreſs,
And aſks, What news? I tell him of new plays:
He takes my hand, and, as a ſtill which ſtays
A ſemibrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly
As loth to enrich me, ſo tells many a lie,

More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash he knows. He knows
When the queen frown'd or smil'd; and he knows what
A subtile statesman may gather of that:
He knows who loves whom, and who by poison
Hastes to an office's reversion;
He knows who 'hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A license old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-
Shells to transport. Shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some courtier; and, wiser than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home-meats cloys me. I belch, spue, spit,
Look pale and sickly, like a patient, yet
He thrusts on more; and as he 'had undertook
To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at sight of lothed meat,
Ready to travel, so I sigh and sweat
To hear this makaron talk in vain; for yet,
Either my humour or his own to fit,
He, like a privileg'd spy, whom nothing can
Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man:
He names a price for every office paid:
He saith, Our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
That offices are entail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them lasting as far
At the last day; and that great officers
Do with the pirates share and Dunkirkers.
Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes;
Who loves whores, who boys, and who goats.
I, more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming traitor, and methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope his jaw
To suck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venomous leachers do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and be free: therefore I did show
All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
I must pay mine and my forefathers' sin
To the last farthing: therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross; but th' hour
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing,
And says, Sir, can you spare me? I said, Willingly.
Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it as ransom. But as fiddlers still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jigg upon you; so did he
With his long complimented thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my crown. Scant
His thanks were ended when I (which did see
All the court fill'd with such strange things as he)
Ran from thence with such or more haste than one
Who fears more actions doth haste from prison.
At home in wholesome solitariness
My piteous soul began the wretchedness
Of suiters at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his who dreamt he saw hell did advance
Itself o'er me: such men as he saw there
I saw at court, and worse, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser; then
Shall I, none's slave, of high born or rais'd men
Fear frowns, and my mistress, Truth! betray thee
To th' huffing, braggart, puft nobility?
No, no; thou which since yesterday hast been
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O Sun! in all thy journey vanity
Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Transported it from Italy, to stand
With us at London, flouts our courtiers; for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor
Taste have in them, our's are; and natural
Some of the stocks are, their fruits bastard all.
'Tis ten o'clock, and past; all whom the Muse,
Baloun, tennis, diet, or the stews
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day in flocks are found
In the presence, and I, (God pardon me!)
As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be
The fields they sold to buy them. For a king
Those hose are, cries the flatterer; and bring
Them next week to the theatre to sell.
Wants reach all states. Me seems they do as well
At stage as court. All are prayers; whoe'er looks
(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
Shall find their wardrobe's inventory. Now
The lady's come. As pirates, which do know
That there came weak ships fraught with cocheneal,
The men board them, and praise (as they think) well
Their beauties; they the men's wits: both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns I thought
This cause: these men men's wits for speeches buy,
And women buy all reds which scarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair loose set.
Would n't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
From hat to shoe himself at door refine,
As if the presence were a Moschite; and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate?
And then by Durer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes and symmetry
Perfect as circles, with such nicety
As a young preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady, which owes
Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
And unto her protestations, protests;
So much as at Rome would serve to 'have thrown
Ten cardinals into the Inquisition,
And whispers by Jesu so oft', that a
Pursuivant would have ravish'd him away
For saying of our Lady's psalter. But tis fit
That they each other plague; they merit it.
But here comes Glorius, that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth

Call a rough careleſſneſs good faſhion;
Whoſe cloak his ſpurs tear, or whom he ſpits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he ruſhes in, as if Arm, Arm,
He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Chriſt, ſtill
He ſtrives to look worſe; he keeps all in awe,
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tir'd, now; I leave this place, and but pleas'd ſo
As men from gaols to execution go;
Go through the Great Chamber (why is it hung
With the ſeven deadly ſins?) being among
Thoſe Aſkaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-croſs, for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth but queen's man and fine
Living, barrels of beef and flagons of wine,
I ſhook like a ſpy'd ſpy. Preachers! which are
Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare
Drown the ſins of this place; for, for me,
Which am but a ſcant brook, it enough ſhall be
To waſh the ſtains away; although I yet
(With Maccabee' modeſty) the known merit
Of my work leſſen, yet ſome wiſe men ſhall,
I hope, eſteem my writs canonical.

SATIRE V.

Thou ſhalt not laugh, in this leaf, Muſe! nor they
Whom any pity warms. He which did lay
Rules to make courtiers, he being underſtood
May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?
Frees from the ſting of jeſts all who in extreme
Are wretched or wicked; of theſe two a theme
Charity and Liberty give me. What is he
Who officers' rage and ſuiters' miſery
Can write in jeſt? If all things be in all,
As I think, ſince all which were, are, and ſhall
Be, be made of the ſame elements,
Each thing, each thing implies or repreſents;
Then man is a world, in which officers
Are the vaſt raviſhing ſeas, and ſuiters
Springs, now full, now ſhallow, now dry, which to
That which drowns them run: theſe ſelf reaſons do
Prove the world a man, in which officers
Are the devouring ſtomach, and ſuitors
Th' excrements which they void. All men are duſt;
How much worſe are ſuitors, who no men's luſt
Are made preys? O worſe than duſt or worms' meat!
For they eat you now whoſe ſelves worms ſhall eat.
They are the mills which grind you; yet you are
The wind which drives them; and a waſtful war
Is fought againſt you, and you fight it: they
Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,
Like wittals; th' iſſue your own ruin is.
Greateſt and faireſt Empreſs? know you this?
Alas! no more than Thames' calm head doth know
Whoſe meads her arms drown, or whoſe can o'erflow.
You, Sir, whoſe righteouſneſs ſhe loves, whom I,
By having leave to ſerve, am moſt richly
For ſervice paid authoriz'd, now begin
To know and weed out this enormous ſin.
O Age of ruſty Iron! ſome better wit
Call it ſome worſe name, if ought equal it.
Th' Iron Age was when juſtice was ſold; now
Injuſtice is ſold dearer far. Allow
All claim'd fees and duties, gameſters, anon
The money which you ſweat and ſwear for's gone
Into' other hands. So controverted lands
'Scape, like Angelica, the ſtriver's hands.
If law in the judge's heart, and he
Have no heart to reſiſt letter or fee,
Where wilt thou appeal? power of the courts below
Flows from the firſt main head; and theſe can throw
Thee, if they ſuck thee in, to miſery,
To fetters, halters. But if th' injury
Steel thee to dare complain, alas! thou go'ſt
Againſt the ſtream, upwards, when thou art moſt
Heavy and moſt faint; and in theſe labours they,
'Gainſt whom thou ſhouldſt complain, will in thy way
Become great ſeas, o'er which, when thou ſhalt be
Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou ſhalt ſee
That all thy gold was drown'd in them before.
All things follow their like, only who have may 'have more.
Judges are gods; and he who made them ſo
Meant not men ſhould be forc'd to them to go
By means of angels. When ſupplications
We ſend to God, to dominations,
Powers, cherubims, and all heaven's courts, if we
Should pay fees, as here, daily bread would be
Scarce to kings; ſo 't is. Would it not anger
A ſtoic, a coward, yea, a martyr,
To ſee a purſuivant come in, and call
All his clothes Copes, books Primers, and all
His plate Chalices; and miſ-take them away,
And aſk a fee for coming? Oh! ne'er may
Fair law's white rev'rend name be ſtrumpeted,
To warrant thefts: ſhe is eſtabliſhed
Recorder to Deſtiny on earth, and ſhe
Speaks Fate's words, and tells who muſt be
Rich, who poor, who in chairs, and who in gaols:
She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nails,
With which ſhe ſcratcheth ſuitors. In bodies
Of men, ſo in law, nails are extremities;
So officers ſtretch to more than law can do,
As our nails reach what no elſe part comes to.
Why bar'ſt thou to yon' officer? Fool, hath he
Got thoſe goods for which erſt men bar'd to thee?
Fool! twice, thrice, thou haſt bought wrong and now hungerly
Begg'ſt right, but that dole comes not till theſe die.
Thou hadſt much and law's Urim and Thummim try
Thou wouldſt for more; and for all haſt paper
Enough to clothe all the great Carrick's pepper,
Sell that, and by that thou much more ſhalt leeſe
Than Hammon, when he ſold 's antiquities.
O Wretch! that thy fortunes ſhould moralize
Æſop's Fables, and make tales propheſies.
Thou art the ſwimming dog, whom ſhadows cozened,
Which div'ſt, near drowning, for what vaniſhed.

SATIRE VI.

Men write that love and reaſon diſagree,
But I ne'er ſaw't expreſt as 't is in thee.
Well, I may lead thee, God muſt make thee ſee;
But thine eyes blind too, there 's no hope for thee.
Thou ſay'ſt ſhe's wiſe and witty, fair and free;
All theſe are reaſons why ſhe ſhould ſcorn thee.
Thou doſt proteſt thy love, and wouldſt it ſhew
By matching her, as ſhe would match her foe;
And wouldſt perſwade her to a worſe offence
Than that whereof thou didſt accuſe her wench.
Reaſon there's none for thee, but thou may'ſt vex
Her with example. Say, for fear her ſex
Shun her, ſhe needs muſt change: I do not ſee
How reaſon e'er can bring that muſt to thee.
Thou art a match a juſtice to rejoice,
Fit to be his, and not his daughter's choice.
Dry'd with his threats ſhe'd ſcarcely ſtay with thee,
And wouldſt th' have this to chooſe thee, being free?
Go, then, and puniſh ſome ſoon gotten ſtuff;
For her dead huſband this hath mourn'd enough
In hating thee. Thou may'ſt one like this meet;
For ſpite take her, prove kind, make thy breath ſweet:
Let her ſee ſhe 'hath cauſe, and to bring to thee
Honeſt children, let her diſhoneſt be.
If ſhe be a widow, I'll warrant her
She'll thee before her firſt huſband prefer;
And will wiſh thou hadſt had her maidenhead,
(She'll love thee ſo) for then thou hadſt been dead.
But thou ſuch ſtrong love and weak reaſons haſt,
Thou muſt thrive there, or ever live diſgrac'd.
Yet pauſe a while, and thou may'ſt live to ſee
A time to come wherein ſhe may beg thee.
If thou'lt not pauſe nor change, ſhe'll beg thee now,
Do what ſhe can, love for nothing allow.
Beſides, here were too much gain and merchandiſe,
And when thou art rewarded deſert dies.
Now thou haſt odds of him ſhe loves; he may doubt
Her conſtancy, but none can put thee out.
Again, be thy love true, ſhe'll prove divine,
And in the end the good on't will be thine;
For though thou muſt ne'er think of other love,
And ſo wilt advance her as high above
Virtue as cauſe above effect can be,
'Tis virtue to be chaſte, ſhe'll make thee.

EPITHALAMIONS:

OR,

MARRIAGE SONGS.

AN EPITHALAMION

On FREDERICK COUNT PALATINE *of the Rhine, and* LADY ELIZABETH, *being married on St. Valentine's Day.*

I.

HAIL, Biſhop Valentine! whoſe day this is,
All the air is thy dioceſe,
And all the chirping choriſters
And other birds are thy pariſhioners:
Thou marry'ſt every year
The lyric lark and the grave whiſpering dove;
The ſparrow, that neglects his life for love,
The houſehold bird with red ſtomacher;
Thou mak'ſt the black bird ſpeed as ſoon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
The huſband cock looks out, and ſtrait is ſped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather bed.
This day more cheerfully than ever ſhine;
This day, which might inflame thyſelf, old Valentine!

II.

Till now thou warm'dſt with multiplying loves
Two larks, two ſparrows, or two doves;
All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day couple'ſt two phœnixes.
Thou mak'ſt a taper ſee
What the ſun never ſaw, and what the ark
(Which was of fowl and beaſts the cage and park)
Did not contain; one bed contains through thee
Two phœnixes, whoſe joined breaſts
Are unto one another mutual neſts;
Where motion kindles ſuch fires as ſhall give
Young phœnixes, and yet the old ſhall live;
Whoſe love and courage never ſhall decline,
But make the whole year through thy day, O Valentine!

III.

Up then, fair Phœnix Bride! fruſtrate the ſun;
Thyſelf from thine affection
Tak'ſt warmth enough, and from thine eye
All leſſer birds will take their jollity.
Up, up, fair Bride! and call
Thy ſtars from out their ſeveral boxes; take
Thy rubies, pearls, and diamonds, forth, and make
Thyſelf a conſtellation of them all;
And by their blazing ſignify
That a great princeſs falls, but doth not die:
Be thou a new ſtar, that to us portends
Ends of much wonder, and be thou thoſe ends.
Since thou doſt this day in new glory ſhine,
May all men date records from this day, Valentine!

IV.

Come forth, come forth! and as one glorious flame
Meeting another grows the ſame,
So meet thy Frederick, and ſo
To an unſeparable union go;
Since ſeparation
Falls not on ſuch things as are infinite,
Nor things which are but once an diſunite;
You're twice inſeparable, great, and one.
Go then to where the Biſhop ſtays
To make you one; his way, which divers ways
Muſt be effected; and when all is paſt,
And that y' are one, by hearts and hands made faſt,
You two have one way left yourſelves t' entwine,
Beſides this Biſhop's knot of Biſhop Valentine.

V.

But, oh! what ails the ſun, that hence he ſtays
Longer to-day than other days?
Stays he new light from theſe to get?
And finding here ſuch ſtars is loth to ſet;

And why do you two walk
So ſlowly pac'd in this proceſſion?
Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others ſpectacle and talk?
The feaſt with gluttonous delays
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praiſe.
The maſquers come late, and I think will ſtay,
Like Fairies, till the cock crow them away.
Alas! did not Antiquity aſſign
A night as well as day to thee, old Valentine?

VI.

They did, and night is come; and yet we ſee
Formalities retarding thee.
What mean theſe ladies, which (as though
They were to take a clock in pieces) go
So nicely about the bride?
A bride, before a good-night could be ſaid,
Should vaniſh from her clothes into her bed,
As ſouls from bodies ſteal, and are not ſpy'd.
But now ſhe's laid: what though ſhe be?
Yet there are more delays; for where is he?
He comes, and paſſeth through ſphere after ſphere;
Firſt her ſheets, then her arms, then any where.
Let not this day, then, but this night, be thine;
Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine!

VII.

Here lies a ſhe ſun, and he a moon there;
She gives the beſt light to his ſphere;
Or each is both, and all, and ſo
They unto one another nothing owe:
And yet they do; but are
So juſt and rich in that coin which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs, forbear nor ſtay;
Neither deſires to be ſpar'd nor to ſpare:
They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again:
They pay, they give, they lend, and ſo let fall
No occaſion to be liberal.
More truth, more courage, in theſe two do ſhine
Than all thy turtles have, and ſparrows, Valentine!

VIII.

And by this act of theſe two phœnixes
Nature again reſtored is;
For ſince theſe two are two no more,
There's but one phœnix ſtill, as was before.
Reſt now, at laſt, and we
(As Satyrs watch the ſun's upriſe) will ſtay
Waiting when your eyes opened let out day,
Only deſired, becauſe your face we ſee;
Others near you ſhall whiſp'ring ſpeak,
And wagers lay, at which ſide day will break,
And win, by obſerving then whoſe hand it is
That opens firſt a curtain, her's or his.
This will be try'd to-morrow after nine,
Till which hour we thy day enlarge, O Valentine!

EPITHALAMION

Made at Lincoln's Inn.

I.

The ſun-beams in the Eaſt are ſpread,
Leave, leave, fair Bride! your ſolitary bed;
No more ſhall you return to it alone,
It nurſeth ſadneſs; and your body 's print,
Like to a grave, the yielding down doth dint:
You and your other you meet there anon;
Put forth, put forth, that warm balm-breathing thigh, [ſmother
Which when next time you in theſe ſheets will
There it muſt meet another,
Which never was, but muſt be oft' more nigh.
Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came,
To-day put on perfection and a woman's name.

II.

Daughters of London! you which be
Our golden mines and furniſh'd treaſury;
You which are angels, yet ſtill bring with you
Thouſands of angels on your marriage days,
Help with your preſence, and deviſe to praiſe
Theſe rites, which alſo unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dreſs her, and be aſſign'd
By you fit place for every flower and jewel;
Make her for Love fit fuel
As gay as Flora, and as rich as Inde;
So may ſhe, fair and rich, in nothing lame,
To-day put on perfection and a woman's name.

III.

And you, frolic Patricians!
Sons of theſe ſenators, wealth's deep oceans;
Ye painted Courtiers! barrels of others' wits,
Ye Country men! who but your beaſts love none;
Ye of thoſe fellowſhips, whereof he's one,
Of ſtudy and play made ſtrange hermaphrodites,
Here ſhine; this bridegroom to the temple bring.
Lo! in yon' path which ſtore of ſtrow'd flow'rs graceth,
The ſober virgin paceth;
Except my ſight fail 't is no other thing:
Weep not, nor bluſh, here is no grief nor ſhame;
To-day put on perfection and a woman's name.

IV.

Thy two-leav'd gates, fair Temple! unfold,
And theſe two in thy ſacred boſom hold,
Till myſtically join'd but one they be;
Then may thy lean and hunger-ſtarved womb
Long time expect their bodies and their tomb,
Long after their own parents fatten thee.
All elder claims, and all cold barrenneſs,
All yielding to new loves be far for ever,
Which might theſe two diſſever,
Always all th' other may each one poſſeſs;
For the beſt bride, beſt worthy of praiſe and fame,
To-day puts on perfection and a woman's name.

V.

Winter days bring much delight,
None for themſelves, but for they ſoon bring night;
Other ſweets wait thee than theſe diverſe meats,
Other diſports than dancing jollities,
Other love-tricks than glancing with the eyes;
But that the ſun ſtill in our half ſphere ſweats;
He flies in winter, but he now ſtands ſtill,
Yet ſhadows turn; noon-point he hath attain'd,
His ſteeds will be reſtrain'd,
But gallop lively down the weſtern hill: [frame,
Thou ſhalt, when he hath run the heav'ns half
To-night put on perfection and a woman's name.

VI.

The amorous evening-ſtar is roſe,
Why then ſhould not our amorous ſtar incloſe
Herſelf in her wiſh'd bed? Releaſe your ſtrings,
Muſicians! and, Dancers! take ſome truce
With theſe your pleaſing labours; for great uſe
As much wearineſs as perfection brings.
You, and not only you but all toil'd beaſt
Reſt duly; at night all their toils are diſpenſ'd;
But in their beds commenc'd
Are other labours, and more dainty feaſts.
She goes a maid who, left ſhe turn the ſame,
To-night puts on perfection and a woman's name.

VII.

Thy virgin's girdle now untie,
And in thy nuptial bed (Love's altar) lie
A pleaſing ſacrifice; now diſpoſſeſs
Thee of theſe chains and robes which were put on
T' adorn the day, not thee; for thou alone,
Like Virtue and Truth, are beſt in nakedneſs:
This bed is only to virginity
A grave, but to a better ſtate a cradle;
Till now thou waſt but able
To be what now thou art; then that by thee
No more be ſaid I may be, but I am,
To-night put on perfection and a woman's name.

VIII.

Ev'n like a faithful man, content
That this life for a better ſhould be ſpent,
So ſhe a mother's rich ſtyle doth prefer,
And at the bridegroom's wiſh'd approach doth lie,
Like an appointed lamb, when tenderly
The prieſt comes on his knees t' imbowel her.
Now ſleep or watch with more joy; and, oh! light
Of heav'n! to-morrow riſe thou hot and early,
This ſun will love ſo dearly
Her reſt, that long long, we ſhall want her ſight.
Wonders are wrought; for ſhe which had no name
To-night puts on perfection and a woman's name.

ECLOGUE.

DECEMBER 26. 1613.

Allophanes finding Idios in the country in Chriſtmas-time, reprehends his abſence from Court at the marriage of the Earl of Somerſet: Idios gives an account of his purpoſe therein, and of his actions there.

Allophanes.

Unseasonable man! ſtatue of ice!
What could to country's ſolitude entice
Thee in this year's cold and decrepit time?
Nature's inſtinct draws to the warmer clime
Ev'n ſmaller birds who by that courage dare
In numerous fleets ſail through their ſea, the air.
What delicacy can in fields appear,
Whilſt Flora herſelf doth a frieze jerkin wear?
Whilſt winds do all the trees and hedges ſtrip
Of leaves, to furniſh rods enough to whip
Thy madneſs from thee, and all ſprings by froſt
Having tak'n cold and their ſweet murmurs loſt?
If thou thy faults or fortunes wouldſt lament
With juſt ſolemnity, do it in Lent.
At court the ſpring already advanced is,
The ſun ſtays longer up; and yet not his
The glory is; far other, other fires:
Firſt zeal to prince and ſtate, then love's deſires,
Burn in one breaſt, and, like heav'ns two great lights,
The firſt doth govern days, the other nights:
And then that early light which did appear
Before the ſun and moon created were,
The prince's favour, is diffus'd o'er all,
From which all fortunes, names, and natures, fall;
Then from thoſe wombs of ſtars, the bride's bright eyes,
At ev'ry glance a conſtellation flies,
And ſows the court with ſtars, and doth prevent
In light and power the all-ey'd firmament.
Firſt her eyes kindle other ladies' eyes,
Then from their beams, their jewels, luſtres riſe,
And from their jewels torches do take fire,
And all is warmth, and light, and g od deſire.
Moſt other courts, alas! are like to hell,
Where in dark plots fire without light doth dwell;
Or but like ſtoves, for luſt and envy get
Continual but artificial heat
Here zeal and love, grown one, all clouds digeſt,
And make our court an everlaſting Eaſt;
And canſt thou be from thence?

Idios. No, I am there:
As heav'n to men diſpos'd, is ev'ry where;
So are thoſe courts whoſe princes animate
Not only all their houſe but all their ſtate.
Let no man think, becauſe he's full, he 'hath all:
Kings (as their pattern, God) are liberal
Not only in fulneſs but capacity,
Enlarging narrow men to feel and ſee,
And comprehend the bleſſings they beſtow.
So reclus'd hermits oftentimes do know
More of heav'n's glory than a wordling can.
As man is of the world, the heart of man
Is an epitome of God's great book
Of creatures, and men need no farther look;
So's the country of courts, where ſweet peace doth
As their own common ſoul, give life to both:
And am I then from court?

Allophanes. Dreamer! thou art:
Think'ſt thou, fantaſtic! that thou haſt a part
In the Indian fleet, becauſe thou haſt
A little ſpice or amber in thy taſte?
Becauſe thou art not frozen, art thou warm?
Seeſt thou all good, becauſe thou ſeeſt no harm?
The earth doth in her inner bowels hold
Stuff well diſpos'd, and which would fain be gold,
But never ſhall, except it chance to lie
So upward, that Heav'n gild it with his eye.

As for divine things, faith comes from above,
So, for beſt civil uſe all tinctures move
From higher powers; from God religion ſprings,
Wiſdom and honour from the uſe of kings;
Then unbeguile thyſelf, and know with me,
That angels, though on earth employ'd they be,
Are ſtill in heav'n; ſo is he ſtill at home
That doth abroad to honeſt actions come.
Chide thyſelf then, O fool! which yeſterday
Might'ſt have read more than all thy books bewray.
Haſt thou a hiſtory which doth preſent
A court where all affections do aſſent
Unto the king's, and that king's are juſt?
And where it is no levity to truſt,
Where there is no ambition but t'obey,
Where men need whiſper nothing and yet may;
Where the king's favours are ſo plac'd, that all
Find that the king therein is liberal
To them, in him, becauſe his favours bend
To virtue, to the which they all pretend?
Thou haſt no ſuch, yet here was this, and more;
An earneſt lover, wiſe then, and before.
Our little Cupid hath ſued livery,
And is no more in his minority;
He is admitted now into that breaſt
Where the king's counſels and his ſecrets reſt.
What haſt thou loſt? O ignorant man!
Idios. I knew
All this, and only therefore I withdrew.
To know and feel all this, and not to have
Words to expreſs it, makes a man a grave
Of his own thoughts: I would not therefore ſtay
At a great feaſt, having no grace to ſay;
And yet I 'ſcap'd not here; for being come
Full of the common joy, I utter'd ſome.
Read then this nuptial-ſong, which was not made
Either the court or men's hearts to invade;
But ſince I'm dead and buried I could frame.
No epitaph which might advance my fame
So much as this poor ſong, which teſtifies
I did unto that day ſome ſacrifice.

I. *The time of the Marriage.*

Thou art repriev'd, old Year! thou ſhalt not die,
Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,
And ſhouldſt within five days expire;
Yet thou art reſcu'd from a mightier fire
Than thy old ſoul, the ſun,
When he doth in his largeſt circle run.
The paſſage of the Weſt or Eaſt would thaw,
And open wide their eaſy liquid jaw
To all our ſhips, could a Promethean art
Either unto the northern pole impart [heart.
The fire of theſe inflaming eyes, or of this loving

II. *Equality of Perſons.*

But, undiſcerning Muſe! which heart, which eyes,
In this new couple doſt thou prize,
When his eye as inflaming is
As her's, and her heart loves as well as his?
Be try'd by beauty, and then
The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man;
If by that manly courage they be try'd
Which ſcorns unjuſt opinion, then the bride
Becomes a man: ſhould chance or envy's art
Divide theſe two, whom nature ſcarce did part,
Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the loving heart?

III. *Raiſing of the Bridegroom.*

Though it be ſome divorce to think of you
Single ſo much one are you two,
Let me here contemplate thee
Firſt, cheerful Bridegroom! and firſt let me ſee
How thou prevent'ſt the ſun,
And his red foaming horſes doſt outrun;
How, having laid down in thy ſovereign's breaſt
All buſineſſes, from thence to reinveſt
Them, when theſe triumphs ceaſe, thou forward art
To ſhew to her, who doth the like impart.
The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart.

IV. *Raiſing of the Bride.*

But now to thee, fair Bride! it is ſome wrong
To think thou wert in bed ſo long;
Since ſoon thou lieſt down firſt, 'tis fit
Thou in firſt riſing ſhould allow for it.
Powder thy radiant hair,
Which if without ſuch aſhes thou wouldſt wear,
Thou who, to all which come to look upon,
Wert meant for Phœbus, wouldſt be Phaeton.
For our eaſe give thine eyes th' unuſual part
Of joy, a tear! ſo quencht, thou may'ſt impart
To us that come thy inflaming eyes, to him thy loving heart.

V. *Her Apparelling.*

Thus thou deſcend'ſt to our infirmity,
Who can the ſun in water ſee;
So doſt thou when in ſilk and gold
Thou cloud'ſt thyſelf; ſince we which do behold
Are duſt and worms, 'tis juſt
Our objects be the fruits of worms and duſt.
Let ev'ry jewel be a glorious ſtar,
Yet ſtars are not ſo pure as their ſpheres are;
And though thou ſtoop t' appear to us in part,
Still in that picture thou entirely art,
Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his loving heart.

VI. *Going to the Chapel.*

Now from your eaſt you iſſue forth, and we,
As men which through a cypreſs ſee
The riſing ſun, do think it two;
So as you go to church do think of you:
But that vail being gone,
By the church rites you are from thenceforth one.
The church triumphant made this match before,
And now the militant doth ſtrive no more.
Then, reverend Prieſt! who God's recorder art,
Do from his dictates to theſe two impart
All bleſſings which are ſeen, or thought, by angels eye or heart.

VII. *The Benediction.*

Eleſt pair of Swans! oh! may you interbring
Daily new joys, and never ſing:

Live till all grounds of wiſhes fail,
Till honour, yea, till wiſdom, grow ſo ſtale,
That new great heights to try,
It muſt ſerve your ambition to die,
Raiſe heirs, and may here to the world's end live
Heirs from this king to take thanks, you to give.
Nature and grace do all, and nothing art.
May never age or error overthwart
With any weſt theſe radiant eyes, with any north
t his heart.

VIII. *Feaſts and Revels.*

But you are over-bleſt: plenty this day
Injures; it cauſeth time to ſtay:
The tables groan, as though this feaſt
Would, as the flood, deſtroy all fowl and beaſt.
And were the doctrine new
That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;
For every part to dance and revel goes;
They tread the air, and fall not where they roſe.
Though ſix hours ſince the ſun to bed did part,
The maſks and banquets will not yet impart
A ſunſet to theſe weary eyes, a centre to this
heart.

IX. *The Bride's going to Bed.*

What mean'ſt thou, Bride! this company to keep?
To ſit up till thou fain would ſleep?
Thou may'ſt not when thou'rt laid do ſo:
Thyſelf muſt to him a new banquet grow,
And you muſt entertain,
And do all this day's dances o'er again.
Know, that if ſun and moon together do
Riſe in one point, they do not ſet ſo too:
Therefore thou may'ſt fair Bride! to bed depart!
Thou art not gone being gone; where'er thou art
Thou leav'ſt in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy
loving heart.

X. *The Bridegroom's Coming.*

As he that ſees a ſtar fall runs apace,
And finds a gelly in the place;
So doth the bridegroom haſte as much,
Being told this ſtar is fall'n, and finds her ſuch.
And as friends may look ſtrange
By a new faſhion or apparel's change.
Their ſouls, though long acquainted they had been,
Theſe clothes their bodies never yet had ſeen:
Therefore at firſt ſhe modeſtly might ſtart,
But muſt forthwith ſurrender every part
As freely as each to each before gave either hand
or heart.

XI. *The Good-Night.*

Now, as in Tullia's tomb one lamp burnt clear,
Unchang'd for fifteen hundred year.
May theſe love-lamps we here enſhrine
In warmth, light, laſting equal the divine!
Fire ever doth aſpire,
And makes all like itſelf, turns all to fire,
But ends in aſhes; which theſe cannot do,
For none of theſe is fuel, but fire too.
This is joy's bonfire then, where love's ſtrong arts
Make of ſo noble individual parts,
One fire of four inflaming eyes and of two loving
hearts.

Idios. As I have brought this ſong, that I may
do
A perfect ſacrifice, I'll burn it too.

Alloph. No, Sir, this paper I have juſtly got,
For in burnt incenſe the perfume is not
His only that preſents it, but of all.
Whatever celebrates this feſtival
Is common, ſince the joy thereof is ſo.
Nor may yourſelf be prieſt; but let me go
Back to the court, and I will lay 't upon
Such altars as prize your devotion.

HOLY SONNETS.

I.

Thou haſt made me, and ſhall thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haſte;
I run to death, and death meets me as faſt,
And all my pleaſures are like yeſterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
Deſpair behind, and death before, doth caſt
Such terror, and my feeble fleſh doth waſte
By ſin in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh,
Only thou art above, and when t'wards thee
By thy leave I can look, I riſe again;
But our old ſubtile foe ſo tempteth me,
That not one hour myſelf I can ſuſtain:
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou, like adamant, draw mine iron heart.

II.

As due by many titles, I reſign
Myſelf to thee, O God! Firſt I was made
By thee, and for thee; and when I was decay'd
Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine.
I am thy ſon, made with thyſelf to ſhine,
Thy ſervant, whoſe pains thou haſt ſtill repay'd,
Thy ſheep, thine image; and, till I betray'd
Myſelf, a temple of thy Spirit divine.
Why doth the devil then uſurp on me?
Why doth he ſteal, nay, raviſh, that's thy right?
Except thou riſe, and for thine own work fight,
Oh! I ſhall ſoon deſpair, when I ſhall ſee
That thou lov'ſt mankind well, yet wilt not chooſe me,
And Satan hates me, yet is loth to loſe me.

III.

Oh! might theſe ſighs and tears return again
Into my breaſt and eyes which I have ſpent,
That I might, in this holy diſcontent,
Mourn with ſome fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain!
In mine idolatry what ſhow'rs of rain
Mine eyes did waſte? what griefs my heart did rent?
That ſufferance was my ſin I now repent;
'Cauſe I did ſuffer, I muſt ſuffer pain.
Th'hydroptick drunkard, and night-ſcouting thief,
The itchy lecher, and ſelf-tickling proud,
Have th' remembrance of paſt joys for relief
Of coming ills. To (poor) me is allow'd
No eaſe; for long yet vehement grief hath been
Th' effect and cauſe, the puniſhment and ſin.

IV.

Oh! my black ſoul! now thou art ſummoned
By ſickneſs, death's herald and champion,
Thou 'rt like a pilgrim which abroad hath done
Treaſon, and durſt not turn to whence he is fled;
Or like a thief, which, till death's doom be read,
Wiſheth himſelf delivered from priſon;
But damn'd, and hawl'd to execution,
Wiſheth that ſtill he might b' impriſoned:
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canſt not lack;
But who ſhall give thee that grace to begin?
Oh! make thyſelf with holy mourning black,
And red with bluſhing, as thou art with ſin;
Or waſh thee in Chriſt's blood, which hath this might,
That, being red, it dies red ſouls to white.

V.

I am a little world, made cunningly
Of elements and an angelic ſprite;
But black ſin hath betray'd to endleſs night
My world's both parts, and (oh!) both parts muſt die.
You, which beyond that heav'n, which was moſt high,
Have found new ſpheres, and of new land can write,
Pour new ſeas in mine eyes, that ſo I might
Drown my world with my weeping earneſtly,
Or waſh it, if it muſt be drown'd no more:
But oh! it muſt be burnt; alas! the fire
Of luſt and envy burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler; let their flames retire,
And burn me, O Lord! with a fiery zeal
Of thee and thy houſe, which doth in eating heal.

VI.

This is my play's laſt ſcene; here Heavens appoint
My pilgrimage's laſt mile; and my race,
Idly yet quickly run, hath this laſt pace,
My ſpan's laſt inch, my minute's lateſt point,
And gluttonous death will inſtantly unjoint

My body and ſoul, and I ſhall ſleep a ſpace:
But my' ever-waking part ſhall ſee that face
Whoſe fear already ſhakes my every joint.
Then as my ſoul to heav'n, her firſt ſeat, takes flight
And earth-borne body in the earth ſhall dwell,
So fall my ſins, that all may have their right,
To where they 're bred, and would preſs me to hell.
Impute me righteous; thus purg'd of evil,
For thus I leave the world, the fleſh, the devil.

VII.

At the round earth's imagin'd corners blow
Your trumpets, Angels! and ariſe, ariſe
From death, you numberleſs infinities
Of ſouls, and to your ſcattered bodies go,
All whom th' flood did, and fire ſhall, overthrow;
All whom war, death, age, ague's tyrannies,
Deſpair, law, chance, hath ſlain; and you whoſe eyes
Shall behold God, and never taſte death's woe.
But let them ſleep, Lord! and me mourn a ſpace;
For if above all theſe my ſins abound,
'Tis late to aſk abundance of thy grace
When we are there. Here on this holy ground
Teach me how to repent, for that's as good
As if thou 'hadſt ſeal'd my pardon with thy blood.

VIII.

If faithful ſouls be alike glorify'd
As angels, then my father's ſoul doth ſee,
And adds this ev'n to full felicity,
That valiantly I hell's wide mouth o'erſtride;
But if our minds to theſe ſoul's be deſcry'd
By circumſtances and by ſigns that be
Apparent in us not immediately,
How ſhall my mind's white truth by them be try'd?
They ſee idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
And ſtyle blaſphemous conjurers to call
On Jeſus' name, and Pharisaical
Diſſemblers feign devotion. Then turn,
O penſive ſoul! to God, for he knows beſt
Thy grief, for he put it into my breaſt.

IX.

If poiſonous minerals, and if that tree
Whoſe fruit threw death on (elſe immortal) us;
If lecherous goats, if ſerpents envious,
Cannot be damn'd, alas! why ſhould I be?
Why ſhould intent or reaſon, born in me,
Make ſins, elſe equal, in me more heinous?
And mercy being eaſy and glorious
To God, in his ſtern wrath why threatens he?
But who am I that dare diſpute with thee!
O God! oh! of thine only worthy blood,
And my tears, make a heav'nly Lethean flood,
And drown in it my ſin's black memory:
That thou remember them ſome claim as debt,
I think it mercy if thou wilt forget.

X.

Death! be not proud, though ſome have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not ſo;
For thoſe whom thou think'ſt thou doſt overthrow
Die not, poor Death! nor yet canſt thou kill me.
From reſt and ſleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleaſure, then, from thee much more muſt flow;
And ſooneſt our beſt men with thee do go,
Reſt of their bones, and ſoul's delivery.
Thou'rt ſlave to fate, chance, kings, and deſperate men,
And doſt with poiſon, war, and ſickneſs, dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us ſleep as well,
And better than thy ſtroke. Why ſwell'ſt thou, then?
One ſhort ſleep paſt we wake eternally;
And Death ſhall be no more; Death, thou ſhalt die.

XI.

Spit in my face, you Jews, and pierce my ſide,
Buffet and ſcoff, ſcourge and crucify me,
For I have ſinn'd, and ſinn'd, and only he
Who could do no iniquity hath dy'd,
But by my death cannot be ſatisfy'd
My ſins, which paſs the Jews' impiety:
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucify him daily, being now glorify'd.
O let me then his ſtrange love ſtill admire.
King's pardon, but he bore our puniſhment;
As Jacob came, cloth'd in vile harſh attire,
But to ſupplant, and with gainful intent:
God cloth'd himſelf in vile man's fleſh, that ſo
He might be weak enough to ſuffer woe.

XII.

Why are we by all creatures waited on?
Why do the prodigal elements ſupply
Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
Simpler, and further from corruption?
Why brook'ſt thou, ignorant horſe! ſubjection?
Why do you, bull and boar, ſo ſillily
Diſſemble weakneſs, and by one man's ſtroke die,
Whoſe whole kind you might ſwallow' and feed upon?
Weaker I am, woe's me? and worſe than you:
You have not ſinn'd, nor need be timorous,
But wonder at a greater, for to us
Created nature doth theſe things ſubdue;
But their Creator, whom ſin nor nature ty'd,
For us, his creatures and his foes, hath dy'd.

XIII.

What if this preſent were the world's laſt night?
Mark in my heart, O Soul! where thou doſt dwell,
The picture of Chriſt crucify'd, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright;
Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light;
Blood fills his frowns, which from his pierc'd head fell.
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell
Which pray'd forgiveneſs for his foes' fierce ſpite?
No, no; but as in my idolatry
I ſaid to all my profane miſtreſſes,
Beauty of pity, foulneſs only is
A ſign of rigour, ſo I ſay to thee:

To wicked ſpirits are horrid ſhapes aſſign'd ;
This beauteous form aſſumes a piteous mind.

XIV.

Batter my heart, three-perſon'd God, for you
As yet but knock ; breathe, ſhine, and ſeek to mend,
That I may riſe and ſtand, o'erthrow me, and bend [new.
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me
I, like an uſurpt town, to another due,
Labour t' admit you, but oh ! to no end :
Reaſon, your viceroy in me, we ſhould defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue ;
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy.
Divorce me, untie, or break that note again ;
Take me to you, impriſon me ; for I,
Except you' enthral me, never ſhall be free,
Nor ever chaſte, except you raviſh me.

XV.

Wilt thou love God as he thee ? then digeſt,
My Soul ! this wholeſome meditation,
How God the Spirit, by angels waited on
In heav'n, doth make his temple in thy breaſt.
The Father having begot a Son moſt bleſt,
And ſtill begetting, (for he ne'er begun)
Hath deign'd to chooſe thee by adoption,
Coheir to his glory, and Sabbath's endleſs reſt :
And as a robb'd man, which by ſearch doth find
His ſtoln ſtuff ſold, muſt loſe or buy't again ;
The Sun of glory came down and was ſlain,
Us, whom he 'had made, and Satan ſtole, t' unbind.
'Twas much that man was made like God before,
But that God ſhould be made like man much more.

XVI.

Father, part of his double intereſt
Unto thy kingdom thy Son gives to me ;
His jointure, in the knotty Trinity
He keeps, and gives to me his death's conqueſt.
This Lamb, whoſe death with life the world hath bleſt,
Was from the world's beginning ſlain, and he
Hath made two wills which, with the legacy
Of his and thy kingdom, thy ſons inveſt :
Yet ſuch are theſe laws, that men argue yet
Whether a man thoſe ſtatutes can fulfil :
None doth ; but thy all-healing grace and Spirit
Revive again what law and letter kill :
Thy law's abridgment and thy laſt command
Is all but love ; O, let this laſt will ſtand !

ODE.

I.

VENGEANCE will ſit above our faults ; but till
She there do ſit
We ſee her not nor them. Thus blind, yet ſtill
We lead her way ; and thus whilſt we do ill
We ſuffer it.

II.

Unhappy he whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill :
Enough we labour under age and care :
In number th' errors of the laſt place are
The greateſt ſtill.

III.

Yet we, that ſhould the ill we now begin
As ſoon repent, [ſeen,
(Strange thing !) perceive not ; our faults are not
But paſt us ; neither felt, but only in
The puniſhment.

IV.

But we know ourſelves leaſt ; mere outward ſhews
Our minds ſo ſtore,
That our ſouls, no more than our eyes, diſcloſe
But form and colour : only he who knows
Himſelf knows more.

POEMS, SONGS, SONNETS.

THE FLEA.

Mark but this Flea, and mark, in this,
How little that which thou deny'ſt me is;
Me it ſuck'd firſt, and now ſucks thee,
And in this Flea our two bloods mingled be.
Confeſs it: this cannot be ſaid
A ſin or ſhame, or loſs of maidenhead;
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pamper'd ſwells with one blood made of two;
And this, alas! is more than we could do.

Oh! ſtay; three lives in one Flea ſpare,
Where we almoſt nay, more than marry'd are.
This Flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed and marriage temple is.
Though parents grudge, and you, we're met,
And cloiſter'd in theſe living walls of jet;
Though uſe make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that ſelf-murder added be,
And ſacrilege, three ſins in killing three.

Cruel and ſudden, haſt thou ſince
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this Flea guilty be,
Except in that blood which it ſuck'd from thee?
Yet thou triumph'ſt, and ſay'ſt that thou
Find'ſt not thyſelf nor me the weaker now:
'Tis true; then learn how falſe fears be:
Juſt ſo much honour, when thou yield'ſt to me,
Will waſte, as this Flea's death took life from thee.

THE GOOD-MORROW.

I wonder, by my troth! what thou and I
Did till we lov'd? Were we not wean'd till then.
But ſuck'd on childiſh pleaſures ſillyly?
Or ſlumber'd we in the ſeven-ſleeper's den?
'Twas ſo; but as all pleaſures fancies be,
If ever any beauty I did ſee,
Which I deſir'd and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking ſouls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love all love of other ſights controuls,
And makes one little room an every-where.
Let ſea-diſcoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to other worlds our world have ſhown,
Let us poſſeſs one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces reſt:
Where can we find two fitter hemiſpheres
Without ſharp North, without declining Weſt?
Whatever dies was not mixt equally.
If our two loves be one, both thou and I
Love juſt alike in all; none of theſe loves can die.

SONG.

Go, and catch a falling ſtar,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all times paſt are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot:
Teach me to hear mermaids ſinging,
Or to keep off envy's ſtinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honeſt mind.

If thou be'ſt born to ſtrange ſights,
Things inviſible go ſee,
Ride ten thouſand days and nights,
Till age ſnow white hairs on thee:
Thou, when thou return'ſt, wilt tell me
All ſtrange wonders that befell thee,
And ſwear
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'ſt one let me know,
Such a pilgrimage were ſweet;
Yet do not; I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet.
Though ſhe were true when you met her,
And laſt till you write your letter,
Yet ſhe
Will be
Falſe ere I come to two or three.

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

Now thou haſt lov'd me one whole day,
To-morrow when thou leav'ſt what wilt thou ſay?
Wilt thou then antedate ſome new-made vow?
Or ſay that now
We are not juſt thoſe perſons which we were?
Or that oaths, made in reverential fear
Of Love and his wrath, any may forſwear?
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So lovers contracts, images of thoſe,
Bind but till Sleep, Death's image, them unlooſe?
Or, your own end to juſtify
For having purpos'd change and falſehood, you
Can have no way but falſehood to be true?
Vain lunatic! againſt theſe ſcapes I could
Diſpute and conquer, if I would;
Which I abſtain to do,
For by to-morrow I may think ſo too.

THE UNDERTAKING.

I HAVE done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did,
And yet a braver thence doth ſpring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madneſs now t' impart
The ſkill of ſpecular ſtone,
When he which can have learn'd the art
To cut it can find none.

So if I now ſhould utter this,
Others (becauſe no more
Such ſtuffe to work upon there is)
Would love but as before.

But he who lovelineſs within
Hath found, all outward lothes;
For he who colour loves and ſkin,
Loves but their oldeſt clothes.

If, as I have, you alſo do
Virtue in women ſee,
And dare love that, and ſay ſo too,
And forget the he and ſhe;

And if this love, though placed ſo,
From profane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this beſtow,
Or if they do deride:

Then you have done a braver thing
Than all the Worthies did,
And a braver thence will ſpring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

THE SUN RISING.

Buſy old fool! unruly Sun!
Why doſt thou thus [us?
Through windows and through curtains call on
Muſt to thy motions lovers ſeaſons run?
Sawcy pedantick Wretch! go, chide
Late ſchool-boys, or ſour 'prentices;
Go tell court-huntſmen that the king will ride;
Call country ants to harveſt offices;
Love, all alike, no ſeaſon knows nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams ſo reverend and ſtrong,
Doſt thou not think
I could eclipſe and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not loſe her ſight ſo long?
If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Look, and to-morrow late tell me,
Whether both th' Indias of ſpice and mine
Be where thou left them, or lie here with me:
Aſk for thoſe kings whom thou ſaw'ſt yeſterday,
And thou ſhalt hear, All here in one bed lay.

She's all ſtates, and all princes I,
Nothing elſe is.
Princes do but play us; compar'd to this
All honour's mimic, all wealth alchymy.
Thou, Sun! art half as happy as we
In that the world's contracted thus:
Thine age aſks eaſe; and ſince thy duties be
To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art every where;
This bed thy center is, theſe walls thy ſphere.

THE INDIFFERENT.

I CALL love both fair and brown;
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays;
Her who loves loneneſs beſt, and her who ſports and plays;
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town;
Her who believes, and her who tries;
Her who ſtill weeps with ſpongy eyes,
And her who is dry cork, and never cries:
I can love her, and her, and you, and you;
I can love any, ſo ſhe be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
Will it not ſerve your turn to do as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices worn, and now would find out others?
Or doth a fear that men are true torment you?
Oh! we are not, be not you ſo;
Let me, and do you twenty know.
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.
Muſt I, who came to travel thorough you,
Grow your fixt ſubject becauſe you are true?

Venus heard me ſing this ſong,
And by love's ſweeteſt ſweet, variety, ſhe ſwore
She heard not this till now; it ſhould be ſo no more.
She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,
And ſaid, Alas! ſome two or three
Poor heretics in love there be

Which think to 'ſtabliſh dangerous conſtancy;
But I have told them, ſince you will be true,
You ſhall be true to them who're falſe to you.

LOVE'S USURY.

For every hour that thou wilt ſpare me now
I will allow,
Uſurious god of Love! twenty to thee,
When with my brown my gray hairs equal be;
Till then, Love! let my body range, and let
Me travel, ſojourn, ſnatch, plot, have, forget,
Reſume my laſt year's relict; think that yet
We had never met.

Let me think any rival's letter mine,
And at next nine
Keep midnight's promiſe; miſtake by the way
The maid, and tell the lady of that delay;
Only let me love none, no, not the ſport
From country graſs to comfitures of court,
Or city's *quelque-choſes*; let not report
My mind tranſport.

This bargain's good; if, when I'm old, I be
Inflam'd by thee,
If thine own honour, or my ſhame or pain
Thou covet moſt, at that age thou ſhalt gain:
Do thy will then; then ſubject and degree,
And fruit of love, Love! I ſubmit to thee:
Spare me till then, I'll bear it, though ſhe be
One that loves me.

CANONIZATION.

For God's ſake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palſy or my gout,
My five gray hairs or ruin'd fortunes flout;
With wealth your ſtate, your mind with arts improve.
Take you a courſe, get you a place,
Obſerve his Honour or his Grace,
Or the Kings real or his ſtamped face
Contemplate; what you will approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas! alas! who's injur'd by my love?
What merchants' ſhips have my ſighs drown'd?
Who ſays my tears have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward ſpring remove?
When did the heats which my reins fill
Add one more to the plaguy bill?
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out ſtill
Litigious men whom quarrels move,
Though ſhe and I do love.

Call's what you will, we are made ſuch by love;
Call her one, me another fly;
We are tapers too, and at our own coſt die;
And we in us find th' eagle and the dove;
The phœnix riddle hath more wit
By us; we two, being one, are it;
So to one neutral thing both ſexes fit.
We die and riſe the ſame, and prove
Myſterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love.
And if unfit for tomb or hearſe
Our legend be, it will be fit for verſe;
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We'll build in ſonnets pretty rooms.
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greateſt aſhes as half-acre tombs;
And by thoſe hymns all ſhall approve
Us canoniz'd for love:

And thus invoke us, you whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage;
You to whom love was peace, that now is rage,
Who did the whole world's ſoul contract, and drove
Into the glaſſes of your eyes,
So made ſuch mirrors and ſuch ſpies,
That they did all to you epitomiſe.
Countries, towns, courts, beg from above
A pattern of our love.

THE TRIPLE FOOL.

I am two fools, I know,
For loving, and for ſaying ſo
In whining poetry:
But where's that wiſe man that would not be I,
If ſhe would not deny?
Then as th' earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge ſea water's fretful ſalt away,
I thought if I could draw my pains
Through rhime's vexation I ſhould them allay.
Grief brought to number cannot be ſo fierce,
For he tames it that fetters it in verſe:
But when I have done ſo,
Some man, his art or voice to ſhow,
Doth ſet and ſing my pain,
And, by delighting many, frees again
Grief, which verſe did reſtrain.
To love and grief tribute of verſe belongs,
But not of ſuch as pleaſes when 'tis read;
Both are increaſed by ſuch ſongs;
For both their triumphs ſo are publiſhed,
And I, which was two fools do ſo grow three:
Who are a little wiſe the beſt fools be.

LOVER'S INFINITENESS.

If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear! I ſhall never have it all:
I cannot breathe one other ſigh to move,
Nor can entreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treaſure, which ſhould purchaſe thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters, I have ſpent;
Yet no more can be due to me
Than at the bargain made was meant,

If then thy gift of love was partial,
That ſome for me, ſome ſhould to others fall,
Dear! I ſhall never have it all.

Or, if then thou giv'ſt me all,
All was but all, which thou hadſt then:
But if in thy heart ſince there be, or ſhall,
New love created be by other men,
Which have their ſtocks entire, and can in tears,
In ſighs, in oaths, in letters, outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vow'd by thee;
And yet it was thy gift, being general.
The ground, thy heart, is mine; whatever ſhall
Grow there, Dear! I ſhould have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet;
He that hath all can have no more:
And ſince my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou ſhouldſt have new rewards in ſtore.
Thou canſt not every day give me thy heart;
If thou canſt give it, then thou never gav'ſt it.
Lovers riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
It ſtays at home, and thou with loſing ſav'ſt it:
But we will love a way more liberal
Than changing hearts to join us! ſo we ſhall
Be one, and one another's all.

SONG.

Sweeteſt Love! I do not go
For wearineſs of thee,
Nor in hope the world can ſhew
A fitter love for me;
But ſince that I
Muſt die at laſt, 't is beſt
Thus to uſe myſelf in jeſt
By feigned death to die.

Yeſternight the ſun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no deſire nor ſenſe,
Nor half ſo ſhort a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I ſhall make
Haſtier journies, ſince I take
More wings and ſpurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a loſt hour recall!
But come bad chance,
And we join to 't our ſtrength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itſelf o'er us t' advance.

When thou ſigh'ſt, thou ſigh'ſt no wind,
But ſigh'ſt my ſoul away;
When thou weep'ſt, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'ſt me as thou ſay'ſt;
If in thine my life thou waſte,
That art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill,
Deſtiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil;
But think that we
Are but laid aſide to ſleep:
They who one another keep
Alive ne'er parted be.

THE LEGACY.

When laſt I dy'd (and, Dear! I die
As often as from thee I go,
Though it be but an hour ago,
And lovers hours be full eternity)
I can remember yet that I
Something did ſay, and ſomething did beſtow;
Though I be dead, which ſent me, I might be
Mine own executor and legacy.

I heard me ſay, Tell her anon
That myſelf, that is you, not I,
Did kill me; and when I felt me die,
I bid me ſend my heart when I was gone,
But I, alas! could find there none. [ly,
When I had rip'd and ſearch'd where hearts ſhould
It kill'd me again that I, who ſtill was true
In life, in my laſt will ſhould cozen you.

Yet I found ſomething like a heart,
For colours it and corners had;
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was entire to none, and few had part:
As good as could be made by art
It ſeem'd, and therefore for our loſs be ſad.
I meant to ſend that heart inſtead of mine;
But, oh! no man could hold it, for 't was thine.

A FEVER.

Oh! do not die, for I ſhall hate
All women ſo, when thou art gone,
That thee I ſhall not celebrate,
When I remember thou waſt one.

But yet thou canſt not die, I know:
To leave this world behind is death;
But when thou from this world wilt go,
The whole world vapours in thy breath.

Or if when thou, the world's ſoul, goeſt,
It ſtay, 't is but thy carcaſe then,
The faireſt woman but thy ghoſt,
But corrupt worms the worthieſt men.

O wrangling Schools! that search what fire
Shall burn this world: had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aspire,
That this her Fever might be it?

And yet she cannot waste by this,
Nor long endure this torturing wrong,
For more corruption needful is
To fuel such a fever long.

These burning fits but meteors be,
Whose matter in thee soon is spent;
Thy beauty, and all parts which are thee,
Are an unchangeable firmament:

Yet 't was of my mind, seizing thee,
Though it in thee cannot persevere;
For I had rather owner be
Of thee one hour than all else ever.

AIR AND ANGELS.

Twice or thrice had I lov'd thee
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels affect us oft', and worshipp'd be:
Still when to where thou wert I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing did I see:
But since my soul, whose child love is,
Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,
More subtile than the parent is
Love must not be, but take a body too;
And therefore what thou wert, and who,
I bid Love ask, and now
That it assume thy body I allow,
And fix itself in thy lips, eyes, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast Love I thought,
And so more steadily to 'have gone
With wares which would sink admiration,
I saw I had Love's pinnace over-fraught;
Thy every hair for Love to work upon
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;
For nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme and scattering bright, can love inhere:
Then as an angel face, and wings
Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
So thy love may be my love's sphere.
Just such disparity
As is 'twixt Air's and Angel's purity,
'Twixt women's love and men's will ever be.

BREAK OF DAY.

I.

Stay, O Sweet! and do not rise,
The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancy.

II.

'Tis true, 't is day; what though it be?
O! wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise because 't is light?
Did we lie down because 't was night?
Love which, in spite of darkness, brought us hither,
Should, in despite of light, keep us together.

III.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye:
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well, I fain would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,
That I would not from her that had them go.

IV.

Must bus'ness thee from hence remove?
Oh! that 's the worst disease of love;
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath bus'ness, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong as when a married man doth woo.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

All kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun itself (which makes times as they pass)
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running, it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.
Two graves must hide thine and my corse:
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas! as well as other princes, we
(Who prince enough in one another be)
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
Oft' fed with true oaths and with sweet salt tears:
But souls where nothing dwells but love,
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
This, or a love increased there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves remove.
And then we shall be th'roughly blest,
But now no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth were kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.
Who is so safe as we? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.
True and false fears let us refrain:
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore; this is the second of our reign.

A VALEDICTION

Of my Name in the Window.

I.

My name, engrav'd herein,
Doth contribute my firmness to this glass,

Which ever ſince that charm hath been
As hard as that which grav'd it was:
Thine eye will give it price enough to mock
The diamonds of either rock.

II.

'Tis much that glaſs ſhould be
As all confeſſing and through ſhine as I:
'Tis more that it ſhews thee to thee,
And clear reflects thee to thine eye.
But all ſuch rules Love's magic can undo;
Here you ſee me and I ſee you.

III.

As no one point nor daſh,
Which are but acceſſaries to this name,
The ſhow'rs and tempeſts can outwaſh,
So ſhall all times find me the ſame:
You this entireneſs better may fulfil,
Who have the pattern with you ſtill.

IV.

Or if too hard and deep
This learning be for a ſcratch'd name to teach,
It as a given Death's head keep,
Lovers mortality to preach,
Or think this ragged bony name to be
My ruinous anatomy.

V.

Then as all my ſouls be
Emparadis'd in you (in whom alone
I underſtand, and grow, and ſee)
The rafters of my body, bone,
Being ſtill with you, the muſcle, ſinew, and vein,
Which till this houſe, will come again.

VI.

Till my return, repair,
And recompact my ſcatter'd body ſo,
As all the virtuous powers which are
Fix'd in the ſtars, are ſaid to flow
Into ſuch characters as graved be,
When thoſe ſtars had ſupremacy.

VII.

So ſince this name was cut
When love and grief their exaltation had,
No door 'gainſt this name's influence ſhut;
As much more loving as more ſad
'Twill make thee; and thou ſhouldſt, till I return,
Since I die daily, daily mourn.

VIII.

When thy inconſiderate hand
Flings ope this caſement, with my trembling name,
To look on one whoſe wit or land
New battery to thy heart may frame,
Then think this name alive, and that thou thus
In it offend'ſt my genius.

IX.

And when thy melted maid,
Corrupted by the lover's gold or page,
His letter at thy pillow' hath laid,
Diſpute thou it, and tame thy rage.
If thou to him beginn'ſt to thaw for this,
May my name ſtep in and hide his.

X.

And if this treaſon go
To an overt act, and that thou write again,
In ſuperſcribing my name flow
Into thy fancy from the pen.
So in forgetting thou rememb'reſt right,
And unaware to me ſhall write.

XI.

But glaſs and lines muſt be
No means our firm ſubſtantial love to keep;
Near death inflicts this lethargy,
And thus I murmur in my ſleep:
Impute this idle talk to that I go,
For dying men talk often ſo.

TWICKNAM GARDEN.

Blasted with ſighs, and ſurrounded with tears,
Hither I come to ſeek the ſpring,
And at mine eyes, and at mine ears,
Receive ſuch balm as elſe cures every thing:
But, O! ſelf-traitor, I do bring
The ſpider Love, which tranſubſtantiates all,
And can convert manna to gall;
And that this place may thoroughly be thought
True Paradiſe, I have the ſerpent brought.

'Twere wholſomer for me that winter did
Benight the glory of this place,
And that a grave froſt did forbid
Theſe trees to laugh and mock me to my face:
But ſince I cannot this diſgrace
Endure, nor leave this Garden, Love, let me
Some ſenſeleſs piece of this place be;
Make me a mandrake, ſo I may grow here,
Or a ſtone fountain weeping out my year.

Hither with cryſtal vials, Lovers! come,
And take my tears, which are love's wine,
And try your miſtreſs' tears at home,
For all are falſe that taſte not juſt like mine:
Alas! hearts do not in eyes ſhine,
Nor can you more judge woman's thoughts by tears,
Than by her ſhadow what ſhe wears.
O perverſe ſex! where none is true but ſhe,
Who's therefore true, becauſe her truth kills me.

VALEDICTION TO HIS BOOK.

I'll tell thee now (dear Love) what thou ſhalt do
To anger Deſtiny, as ſhe doth us;
How I ſhall ſtay, though ſhe eloigne me thus,
And how poſterity ſhall know it too;
How thine may out-endure
Sibyl's glory, and obſcure
Her who from Pindar could allure,
And her through whoſe help Lucan is not lame,
And her whoſe book (they ſay) Homer did find and name.

Study our manuſcripts, thoſe myriads
Of letters which paſt 'twixt thee and me;
Thence write our annals, and in them will be,
To all whom love's ſubliming fire invades,
Rule and example found:
There the faith of any ground
No ſchiſmatic will dare to wound,

That ſees how Love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to uſe, to be, theſe his records.

This Book, as long liv'd as the elements,
Or as the world's form, this all-graved tomb,
In cipher writ, or new-made idiom;
We for Love's clergy only are inſtruments.
When this Book is made thus,
Should again the ravenous
Vandals and Goths invade us,
Learning were ſafe in this our univerſe,
Schools might learn ſciences, ſpheres muſic, angels verſe.

Here loves divine (ſince all divinity
Is love or wonder) may find all they ſeek,
Whether abſtracted ſpiritual love they like,
Their ſouls exhal'd with what they do not ſee,
Or loth ſo to amuſe
Faith's infirmities, they chooſe
Something which they may ſee and uſe; [ſit,
For though mind be the heaven where Love doth
Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here, more than in their books, may lawyers find,
Both by what titles miſtreſſes are ours,
And how Prerogative theſe ſtates devours,
Transferr'd from Love himſelf to womankind;
Who, though from heart and eyes
They exact great ſubſidies,
Forſake him who on them relies,
And for the cauſe honour or conſcience give;
Chimeras vain as they or their prerogative.

Here ſtateſmen (or of them they which can read)
May of their occupation find the grounds,
Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
If to conſider what 't is one proceed;
In both they do excel
Who the preſent govern well,
Whoſe weakneſs none doth or dares tell.
In this my Book ſuch will there ſomething ſee,
As in the Bible ſome can find out alchymy.

Thus vent thy thoughts; abroad I'll ſtudy thee,
As he removes far off that great heights takes:
How great love is preſence beſt trial makes,
But abſence tries how long this love will be.
To take a latitude
Sun or ſtars are fitlieſt view'd
At their brighteſt; but to conclude
Of longitudes, what other way have we
But to mark when and where the dark eclipſes be?

COMMUNITY.

Good we muſt love, and muſt hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good ſtill:
But there are things indifferent,
Which we may neither hate nor love,
But one and then another prove,
As we ſhall find our fancy bent.

If then at firſt wiſe nature had
Made women either good or bad,
Then ſome we might hate, and ſome chooſe
But ſince ſhe did them ſo create,
That we may neither love nor hate,
Only this reſts, all all may uſe.

If they were good it would be ſeen;
Good is as viſible as green,
And to all eyes itſelf betrayes:
If they were bad they could not laſt,
Bad doth itſelf and others waſte;
So they deſerve nor blame nor praiſe.

But they are ours as fruits are ours;
He that but taſtes, he that devours,
And he that leaves all, doth as well:
Chang'd loves are but chang'd ſorts of meat,
And when he hath the kernel ate,
Who doth not fling away the ſhell?

LOVE'S GROWTH.

I scarce believe my love to be ſo pure
As I had thought it was,
Becauſe it doth endure
Viciſſitude and ſeaſon as the graſs.
Methinks I lied all winter, when I ſwore
My love was infinite, if ſpring make 't more.
But if this medicine, Love, which cures all ſorrow
With more, not only be no quinteſſence,
But mixt of all ſtuffs, vexing ſoul or ſenſe,
And of the ſun his active vigour borrow,
Love's not ſo pure an abſtract as they uſe
To ſay, which have no miſtreſs but their Muſe:
But, as all elſe, being elemented too,
Love ſometimes would contemplate, ſometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
Love by the ſpring is grown;
As in the firmament
Stars by the ſun are not enlarg'd, but ſhown.
Gentle love-deeds, as bloſſoms on a bough,
From love's awakened root do bud out now.

If, as in water ſtirr'd more circles be
Produc'd by one, love ſuch additions take;
Thoſe, like ſo many ſpheres, but one heaven make,
For they are all concentric unto thee;
And though each ſpring do add to love new heat,
As princes do in times of action get
New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
No winter ſhall abate this ſpring's increaſe.

LOVE'S EXCHANGE.

Love! any devil elſe but you
Would for a giv'n ſoul give ſomething too.

At court your fellows every day
Give th' art of rhyming, huntmanſhip, or play,
For them, which were their own before;
Only I've nothing which gave more,
But am, alas! by being lowly lower.

I aſk no diſpenſation now
To falſify a tear, a ſigh, a vow;
I do not ſue from thee to draw
A *Non abſtante* on Nature's law;
Theſe are prerogatives: they inhere
In thee and thine; none ſhould forſwear,
Except that he Love's minion were.

Give me thy weakneſs, make me blind
Both ways, as thou and thine, in eyes and mind:
Love! let me never know that this
Is love, or that Love childiſh is:
Let me not know that others know
That ſhe knows my pains, leſt that ſo
A tender ſhame make me mine own new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou'rt juſt,
Becauſe I would not thy firſt motions truſt.
Small towns which ſtand ſtiff, till great ſhot
Enforce them, by war's law condition not.
Such in love's warfare is my caſe,
I may not article for grace,
Having put Love at laſt to ſhew this face.
This face, by which he could command
And change th' idolatry of any land;
This face, which, whereſoe'er it comes,
Can call vow'd men from cloiſters, dead from tombs,
And melt both poles at once, and ſtore
Deſerts with cities, and make more
Mines in the earth than quarries were before.

For this love is enrag'd with me,
Yet kills not. If I muſt example be
To future rebels; if th' unborn
Muſt learn, by my being cut up and torn,
Kill and diſſect me, Love! for this
Torture againſt thine own end is:
Rackt carcaſſes make ill anatomies.

CONFINED LOVE.

Some man, unworthy to be poſſeſſor
Of old or new love, himſelf being falſe or weak,
Thought his pain and ſhame would be leſſer
If on womankind he might his anger wreak,
And thence a law did grow,
One might but one man know;
But are other creatures ſo?
Are ſun, moon, or ſtars, by law forbidden
To ſmile where they liſt, or lend away their light?
Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad all night?
Beaſts do no jointures loſe
Though they new lovers chooſe;
But we are made worſe than thoſe.
Whoe'er rigg'd fair ſhips to lie in harbours,
And not to ſeek lands, or not to deal with all?
Or build fair houſes, ſet trees and arbours,
Only to lock up, or elſe to let them fall;
Good is not good unleſs
A thouſand it poſſeſs,
But doth waſte with greedineſs.

THE DREAM.

Dear Love! for nothing leſs than thee
Would I have broke this happy Dream:
It was a theme
For reaſon, much too ſtrong for phantaſy,
Therefore thou wak'dſt me wiſely; yet
My Dream thou brok'ſt not, but continueſt it.
Thou art ſo true, that thoughts of thee ſuffice
To make Dreams truths, and fables hiſtories.
Enter theſe arms; for ſince thou thought'ſt it beſt
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the reſt.

As lightning or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noiſe, wak'd me;
Yet I thought thee
(For thou lov'ſt truth) an angel at firſt ſight;
But when I ſaw thou ſaw'ſt my heart,
And knew'ſt my thoughts beyond an angel's art,
When thou knew'ſt what I dreamt, then thou knew'ſt when
Excels of joy would wake me, and cam'ſt then.
I muſt confeſs it could not chooſe but be
Profane to think thee any thing but thee.

Coming and ſtaying ſhew'd thee thee,
But riſing makes me doubt that now
Thou art not thou.
That love is weak where fear's ſtrong as he:
'Tis not all ſpirit, pure and brave,
If mixture it of fear, ſhame, honour, have.
Perchance as torches, which muſt ready be,
Men light and put out, ſo thou deal'ſt with me;
Thou cam'ſt to kindle, goeſt to come: then I
Will dream that hope again, but elſe would die.

A VALEDICTION OF WEEPING.

Let me pour forth
My tears before thy face whilſt I ſtay here,
For thy face coins them, and thy ſtamp they bear;
And by this mintage they are ſomething worth,
For thus they be
Pregnant of thee:
Fruits of much grief they are, emblems of more,
When a tear falls, that thou fall'ſt, which it bore;
So thou and I are nothing then when on a diverſe ſhore.

On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afric, and an Aſia,
And quickly make that which was nothing all:

So doth each tear
Which thee doth wear
A globe, yea, world, by that impreſſion grow.
Till thy tears mixt with thine do overflow
This world, by waters ſent from thee, my heav'n
diſſolved ſo.

O more than moon,
Draw not up ſeas to drown me in thy ſphere;
Weep me not dead in thine arms, but forbear
To teach the ſea what it may do too ſoon:
Let not the wind
Example find
To do me more harm than it purpoſeth:
Since thou and I ſigh one another's breath,
Whoe'er ſighs moſt is cruelleſt, and haſtes the
other's death.

LOVE'S ALCHYMY.

Some that have deeper digg'd Love's mine than I,
Say where his centric happineſs doth lie:
I've lov'd, and got, and told.
But ſhould I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I ſhould not find that hidden myſtery:
Oh! 't is impoſture all:
And as no chemic yet th' elixir got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befal
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
So lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-ſeeming ſummer's night.

Our eaſe, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
Shall we for this vain bubble's ſhadow pay?
Ends love in this, that my man
Can be as happy as I can? If he can
Endure the ſhort ſcorn of a bridegroom's play,
That loving wretch that ſwears
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,
Which he in her angelic finds,
Would ſwear as juſtly that he hears,
In that day's rude hoarſe minſtrelſey the ſpheres.
Hope not for mind in women; at their beſt
Sweetneſs and wit they're but mummy poſſeſt.

THE CURSE.

Whoever gueſſes, thinks, or dreams, he knows
Who is my miſtreſs, whither by this Curſe;
Him only for his purſe
May ſome dull whore to love diſpoſe,
And then yield unto all that are his foes;
May he be ſcorn'd by one whom all elſe ſcorn,
Forſwear to others what to her he 'hath ſworn,
With fear of miſſing, ſhame of getting, torn.

Madneſs his ſorrow, gout his cramp, may he
Make, by but thinking who hath made them
ſuch;
And may he feel no touch
Of conſcience, but of fame, and be
Anguiſh'd, not that 't wat ſin, but that 't was ſhe:
Or may he for her virtue reverence
One that hates him only for impotence,
And equal traitors be ſhe and his ſenſe.

May he dream treaſon, and believe that he
Meant to perform it, and confeſs and die,
And no record tell why:
His ſons, which none of his may be,
Inherit nothing but his infamy:
Or may he ſo long paraſites have fed,
That he would fain be theirs whom he hath bred,
And at the laſt be circumcis'd for bread.

The venom of all ſtepdames, gameſter's gall,
What tyrants and their ſubjects interwiſh,
What plants, mine, beaſts, fowl, fiſh,
Can contribute, all ill which all
Prophets or poets ſpake; and all which ſhall
Be' annexed in ſchedules unto this by me
Fall on that man; for if it be a ſhe,
Nature before-hand hath out-curſed me.

THE MESSAGE.

Send home my long-ſtray'd eyes to me,
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if they there have learn'd ſuch ill,
Such forc'd faſhions
And falſe paſſions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good ſight, keep them ſtill.

Send home my harmleſs heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could ſtain;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jeſtings
Of proteſtings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it ſtill, 't is none of mine.

Yet ſend me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and ſee thy lies,
And may laugh and joy when thou
Art in anguiſh;
And doſt languiſh
For ſome one
That will none,
Or prove as falſe as thou doſt now.

A NOCTURNAL

Upon S. Lucie's day, being the ſhorteſt day.

'Tis the year's midnight, and it is the day's,
Lucie's, who ſcarce ſeven hours herſelf unmaſks.
The ſun is ſpent, and now his flaſks
Send forth light ſquibs, no conſtant rays;

The world's whole ſap is ſunk:
The general balm th' hydroptic earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the bed's-feet, life is ſhrunk,
Dead and interr'd; yet all theſe ſeem to laugh,
Compar'd with me, who am their epitaph.

Study me then, you who ſhall lovers be
At the next world, that is, at the next ſpring;
For I am a very dead thing,
In whom love wrought new alchymy;
For his art did expreſs
A quinteſſence even from nothingneſs,
From dull privations and lean emptineſs;
He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot
Of abſence, darkneſs, death; things which are not.

All others from all things draw all that's good,
Life, ſoul, form, ſpirit, whence they being have;
I, by Love's limbec, am the grave
Of all, that's nothing. Oft' a flood
Have we two wept, and ſo
Drown'd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow
To be two chaoſes, when he did ſhow
Care to ought elſe; and often abſences
Withdrew our ſouls, and made us carcaſes.

But I am by her death (which word wrongs her)
Of the firſt nothing the elixir grown:
Were I a man, that I were one
I needs muſt know, I ſhould prefer,
If I were any beaſt,
Some ends, ſome means; yea plants, yea ſtones, deteſt,
And love, all, all ſome properties inveſt.
If I an ordinary nothing were,
As ſhadow, a light and body muſt be here.

But I am none: nor will my ſun renew,
You lovers, for whoſe ſake the leſſer ſun
At this time to the Goat is run
To fetch new luſt, and give it you,
Enjoy your ſummer all,
Since ſhe enjoys her long night's feſtival:
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
This hour her Vigil and her Eve, ſince this
Both the year's and the day's deep midnight is.

WITCHCRAFT BY A PICTURE.

I FIX mine eye on thine, and there,
Pity my Picture burning in thine eye,
My Picture drown'd in a tranſparent tear,
When I look lower, I eſpy.
Hadſt thou the wicked ſkill,
By Pictures made and marr'd to kill,
How many ways might'ſt thou perform thy will?

But now I've drunk thy ſweet ſalt tears,
And though thou pour more I'll depart;
My Picture vaniſhed, vaniſh all fears
That I can be endamag'd by that art.
Though thou retain of me
One Picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine own heart, from all malice free.

THE BAIT.

COME, live with me, and be my love,
And we will ſome new pleaſures prove
Of golden ſands and cryſtal brooks,
With ſilken lines and ſilver hooks.

There will the river whiſp'ring run,
Warm'd by thine eyes more than the ſun;
And there th' enamour'd fiſh will play,
Begging themſelves they may betray.

When thou wilt ſwim in that live bath,
Each fiſh, which every channel hath,
Will amorouſly to thee ſwim,
Gladder to catch thee than thou him.

If thou to be ſo ſeen art loth
By ſun or moon, thou dark'neſt both;
And if myſelf have leave to ſee,
I need not there light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with ſhells and weeds,
Or treacherouſly poor fiſh beſet
With ſtrangling ſnare or winding net:

Let coarſe bold hands from ſlimy neſt
The bedded fiſh in banks out-wreſt,
Or curious traitors ſleave ſilk flies,
Bewitch poor fiſhes' wand'ring eyes:

For thee, thou need'ſt no ſuch deceit,
For thou thyſelf art thine own bait;
That fiſh that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas! is wiſer far than I.

THE APPARITION.

WHEN by thy ſcorn, O, Murd'reſs! I am dead,
And thou ſhalt think thee free
Of all ſolicitation from me,
Then ſhall my ghoſt come to thy bed,
And thee, feign'd veſtal, in worſe arms ſhall ſee;
Then thy ſick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whoſe thou art, being tir'd before,
Will, if thou ſtir, or pinch to wake him, think
Thou call'ſt for more,
And in a falſe ſleep even from thee ſhrink.
And then, poor aſpin wretch! neglected, thou,
Bath'd in a cold quickſilver ſweat, wilt lie,
A veryer ghoſt than I.
What I will ſay I will not tell thee now,
Leſt that preſerve thee; and ſince my love is ſpent
I'd rather thou ſhouldſt painfully repent
Than by my threat'nings reſt ſtill innocent.

THE BROKEN HEART.

He is ſtark mad whoever ſays
That he hath been in love an hour;
Yet not that love ſo ſoon decays,
But that it can ten in leſs ſpace devour.
Who will believe me if I ſwear
That I have had the plague a year?
Who would not laugh at me, if I ſhould ſay
I ſaw a flaſh of powder burn a day?

Ah! what a trifle is a heart
If once into love's hands it come?
All other griefs allow a part
To other griefs, and aſk themſelves but ſome:
They come to us, but us love draws,
He ſwallows us and never chaws:
By him, as by chain'd ſhot, whole ranks do die;
He is the tyrant pike, and we the fry.

If 'twere not ſo, what did become
Of my heart when I firſt ſaw thee?
I brought a heart into the room,
But from the room I carried none with me:
If it had gone to thee I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to ſhow
More pity unto me; but love, alas!
At one firſt blow did ſhiver it as glaſs.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think my breaſt hath all
Thoſe pieces ſtill, though they do not unite:
And now as broken glaſſes ſhow
A hundred leſſer faces, ſo
My rags of heart can like, wiſh, and adore,
But after one ſuch love can love no more.

A VALEDICTION,

Forbidding Mourning.

As virtuous men paſs mildly away,
And whiſper to their ſouls to go,
Whilſt ſome of their ſad friends do ſay
Now his breath goes, and ſome ſay No:

So let us melt, and make no noiſe,
No tear-floods nor ſigh-tempeſts move,
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidation of the ſpheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull ſublunary lovers love
(Whoſe ſoul is ſenſe) cannot admit
Of abſence, 'cauſe it doth remove
The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love ſo far refin'd,
That ourſelves know not what it is,
Inter-aſſured of the mind,
Careleſs eyes, lips, and hands, to miſs,

Our two ſouls therefore, which are one,
Though I muſt go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expanſion,
Like gold to airy thinneſs beat.

If they be two, they are two ſo
As ſtiff twin compaſſes are two;
Thy ſoul, the fixt foot, makes no ſhow
To move, but doth if th' other do.

And though it in the center ſit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me who muſt,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmneſs makes my circle juſt,
And makes me end where I begun.

THE ECSTASY.

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank ſwell'd up, to reſt
The violet's declining head,
Sat we on one another's breaſt.

Our hands were firmly cemented
By a faſt balm, which thence did ſpring,
Our eye-beams twiſted, and did thread
Our eyes upon one double ſtring:

So to engraft our hands as yet
Was all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.

As 'twixt two equal armies fate
Suſpends uncertain victory,
Our ſouls (which, to advance our ſtate,
Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me:

And, whilſt our ſouls negociate there,
We like ſepulchral ſtatues lay,
All day the ſame our poſtures were,
And we ſaid nothing all the day,

If any ſo by love refin'd
That he ſouls' language underſtood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient diſtance ſtood,

He (though he knew not which ſoul ſpake,
Becauſe both meant, both ſpake, the ſame)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.

This Ecſtaſy doth unperplex
(We ſaid) and tell us what we love;

We ſee by this it was not ſex,
We ſee, we ſaw not what did move:

But as all ſeveral ſouls contain
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love theſe mixt ſouls doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that.

A ſingle violet tranſplant,
The ſtrength, the colour, and the ſize,
(All which before was poor and ſcant)
Redouble ſtill and multiplies.

When love with one another ſo
Inter-animates two ſouls,
That abler ſoul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of lovelineſs controuls.

We then, who are this new ſoul, know
Of what we are compos'd and made;
For the atoms, of which we grow,
Are ſoul, whom no change can invade.

But, O, alas! ſo long, ſo far,
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, though not we; we are
Th' intelligencies, they the ſpheres.

We owe them thanks, becauſe they thus
Did us to us at firſt convey.
Yielded their ſenſe's force to us,
Nor are droſs to us, but allay.

On man heaven's influence works not ſo;
But that it firſt imprints the air;
For ſoul into the ſoul may flow,
Though it to body firſt repair.

As our blood labours to beget
Spirits as like ſouls as it can,
Becauſe ſuch fingers need to knit
That ſubtile knot which makes us man;

So muſt pure lovers' ſouls deſcend
T' affections and to faculties,
Which ſenſe may reach and apprehend,
Elſe a great prince in priſon lies.

T' our bodies turn we then, and ſo
Weak men on love reveal'd may look;
Love's myſteries in ſouls do grow,
But yet the body is the book:

And if ſome lover, ſuch as we,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him ſtill mark us, he ſhall ſee
Small change when we're to bodies grown.

LOVE'S DEITY.

I LONG to talk with ſome old lover's ghoſt,
Who dy'd before the god of love was born:
I cannot think that he, who then lov'd moſt,
Sunk ſo low as to love one which did ſcorn:
But ſince this god produc'd a deſtiny,
And that vice nature cuſtom lets it be,
I muſt love her that loves not me:

Sure they which made him god meant not ſo much,
Nor he in his young godhead practis'd it,
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to paſſives; correſpondency
Only his ſubject was; it cannot be
Love, till I love her that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
His vaſt prerogative as far as Jove,
To rage, to luſt, to write to, to commend,
All is the purleau of the god of love.
Oh! were we waken'd by this tyranny
T' ungod this child again, it could not be
I ſhould love her who loves not me.

Rebel and Atheiſt too, why murmur I,
As though I felt the worſt that love could do?
Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me too,
Which, ſince ſhe loves before, I'm loth to ſee
Falſehood is worſe than hate; and that muſt be,
If ſhe whom I love ſhould love me.

LOVE'S DIET.

To what a cumberſome unwieldineſs
And burdenous corpulence my love had grown!
But that I did, to make it leſs,
And keep it in proportion,
Give it a diet, made it feed upon
That which love worſt endures, diſcretion.

Above one ſigh a day I allow'd him not,
Of which my fortune and my faults had part;
And if ſometimes by ſtealth he got
A ſhe ſigh from my miſtreſs' heart,
And thought to feaſt on that, I let him ſee
'Twas neither very ſound nor meant to me.

If he wrung from me a tear, I brin'd it ſo
With ſcorn or ſhame, that him it nouriſh'd not;
If he ſuck'd her's I let him know
'Twas not a tear which he had got.
His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat;
Her eyes, which rowl t'wards all, weep not, but ſweat.

Whatever he would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt my letters which ſhe writ to me:
And if that favour made him fat,
I ſaid, If any title be
Convey'd by this, ah! what doth it avail
To be the fortieth man in an entail?

Thus I reclaim'd my buzzard love, to fly
At what, and when, and how, and where, I choſe;

Now negligent of ſport I lie,
And now, as other falc'ners uſe,
I ſpring a miſtreſs, ſwear, write, ſigh, and weep,
And the game kill'd, or loſt, go talk or ſleep.

THE WILL.

Before I ſigh my laſt gaſp, let me breathe
Great love! ſome legacies, I here bequathe
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can ſee;
If they be blind, then, Love! I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame! t' ambaſſadors mine ears;
To women, or the ſea, my tears.
Thou Love! haſt taught me heretofore,
By making me love her who had twenty more,
That I ſhould give to none but ſuch as had too
much before.

My conſtancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openneſs
To Jeſuits; to buffons my penſiveneſs;
My ſilence t' any who abroad have been;
My money to a capuchin,
Thou, Love! taught'ſt me, by appointing me
To love there where no love receiv'd can be,
Only to give to ſuch as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the ſchiſmatics
Of Amſterdam; my beſt civility
And courtſhip to an univerſity:
My modeſty I give to ſoldiers bare;
My patience let gameſter's ſhare.
Thou, Love! taught'ſt me, by making me
Love her that holds my love diſparity,
Only to give to thoſe that count my gifts indig-
nity.

I give my reputation to thoſe
Which were my friends; mine induſtry to foes:
To ſchoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulneſs;
My ſickneſs to phyſicians or exceſs;
To nature all that I in rhyme have writ;
And to my company my wit.
Thou, Love! by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taught'ſt me to make, as though I gave, when I
do but reſtore.

To him for whom the paſſing-bell next tolls
I give my phyſic books; my written rolls
Of moral counſels I to bedlam give;
My brazen medals unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which paſs among
All foreigners mine Engliſh tongue.
Thou, Love! by making me love one
Who thinks her friendſhip a fit portion
For younger lovers, doſt my gifts thus diſpropor-
tion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
The world by dying; becauſe love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it
forth;
And all your graces no more uſe ſhall have
Then a ſun-dial in a grave.
Thou, Love! taught'ſt me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
T' invent and practiſe this one way t' annihilate
all three.

THE FUNERAL.

Whoever comes to ſhroud me, do not harm
Nor queſtion much
That ſubtle wreath of hair about mine arm:
The myſtery, the ſign, you muſt not touch,
For 't is my outward ſoul,
Viceroy to that which unto heav'n being gone,
Will leave this to controul,
And keep theſe limbs, her provinces, from diſſolu-
tion.
For if the ſinewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part
Can tie thoſe parts, and make me one of all,
Thoſe hairs, which upward grow, and ſtrength
and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do't; except ſhe meant that I
By this ſhould know my pain,
As priſoners then are manacled when they're con-
demn'd to die.

Whate'er ſhe meant by't, bury it with me;
For ſince I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,
If into other hands theſe relics came.
As 'twas humility
T' afford to it all that a ſoul can do,
So 't is ſome bravery,
That ſince you would have none of me I bury
ſome of you.

THE BLOSSOM.

Little think'ſt thou, poor Flow'r!
Whom I have watch'd ſix or ſeven days,
And ſeen thy birth, and ſeen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raiſe,
And now doſt laugh and triumph on this bough;
Little think'ſt thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I ſhall
To-morrow find thee fall'n, or not at all.
Little think'ſt thou, (poor heart!
That laboureſt yet to neſtle thee,
And think'ſt by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hop'ſt her ſtiffneſs by long ſiege to bow);
Little think'ſt thou
That thou to-morrow, ere the ſun doth wake,
Muſt with this ſun and me a journey take.

But thou, which lov'ſt to be
Subtle to plague thyſelf, will ſay,
Alas! if you muſt go, what's that to me?
Here lies my bus'neſs, and here I will ſtay:
You go to friends, whoſe love and means preſent
Various content
To your eyes, ears, and taſte, and ev'ry part;
If then your body go, what need your heart?

Well, then ſtay here; but know,
When thou haſt ſtaid and done thy moſt,
A naked thinking heart, that makes no ſhow,
Is to a woman but a kind of ghoſt.
How ſhall ſhe know my heart? or, having none,
Know thee for one?
Practice may make her know ſome other part,
But take my word ſhe doth not know a heart.

Meet me at London, then,
Twenty days hence, and thou ſhalt ſee
Me freſher and more fat, by being with men,
Than if I had ſtaid ſtill with her and thee.
For God's ſake! if you can, be you ſo too:
I will give you
There to another friend, whom we ſhall find
As glad to have my body as my mind.

THE PRIMROSE.

BEING AT MOUNTGOMERY CASTLE,

Upon the Hill on which it is ſituate.

Upon this Primroſe hill
(Where, if Heav'n would diſtill
A ſhower of rain, each ſeveral drop might go
To his own Primroſe, and grow manna ſo;
And where their form and their infinity
Make a terreſtrial Galaxy,
As the ſmall ſtars do in the ſky)
I walk to find a true love, and I ſee
That 't is not a mere woman that is ſhe,
But muſt or more or leſs than woman be.

Yet know I not which flower
I wiſh, a ſix or four:
For ſhould my true-love leſs than woman be,
She were ſcarce any thing; and then, ſhould ſhe
Be more than woman, ſhe would get above
All thought of ſex, and think to move
My heart to ſtudy her, and not to love:
Both theſe were monſters. Since there muſt reſide
Falſehood in woman, I could more abide
She were by Art than Nature falſify'd.

Live, Primroſe! then, and thrive
With thy true number five;
And women, whom this flower doth repreſent,
With this myſterious number be content.
Ten is the fartheſt number; if half ten
Belongs unto each woman, then
Each woman may take half us men;
Or if this will not ſerve their turn, ſince all
Numbers are odd or even, ſince they fall
Firſt into five, women may take us all.

THE RELIC.

When my grave is broke up again,
Some ſecond gueſt to entertain,
(For graves have learn'd that woman-head
To be to more than one a-bed)
And he that digs it ſpies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will he not let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies,
Who thought that this device might be ſome way
To make their ſouls, at the laſt buſy day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little ſtay?

If this fall in a time or land
Where maſs-devotion doth command,
Then he that digs us up will bring
Us to the biſhop or the king,
To make us relics; then
Thou ſhalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A ſomething elſe thereby:
All women ſhall adore us, and ſome men?
And ſince at ſuch time miracles are fought,
I would have that age, by this paper, taught
What miracles we harmleſs lovers wrought.

Firſt we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why;
Diff'rence of ſex we ne'er knew
No more than guardian angels do;
Coming and going we
Perchance might kiſs, but yet between thoſe males
Our hands ne'er touch't the ſeals
Which Nature, injur'd by late law, ſet free;
Theſe miracles we did; but now, alas!
All meaſure and all language I ſhould paſs,
Should I tell what a miracle ſhe was.

THE DAMP.

When I am dead, and doctors know not why,
And my friends' curioſity
Will have me cut up, to ſurvey each part,
And they ſhall find your picture in mine heart;
You think a ſudden Damp of love
Will through all their ſenſes move,
And work on them as me, and ſo prefer
Your murder to the name of maſſacre.

Poor victories! but if you dare be brave,
And pleaſure in the conqueſt have,
Firſt kill th' enormous giant, your diſdain,
And let th' enchantreſs Honour next be ſlain;
And, like a Goth or Vandal, riſe,
Deface records and hiſtories

Of your own acts and triumphs over men,
And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up, as well as you,
My giants and my witches too,
Which are vast Constancy and Secretness:
But these I neither look for nor profess.
Kill me as woman; let me die
As a mere man: do you but try
Your passive valour, and you shall find then,
Naked you've odds enough of any man.

THE DISSOLUTION.

She's dead! and all which die
To their first elements resolve;
And we were mutual elements to us,
And made of one another.
My body then doth her's involve,
And those things, whereof I consist, hereby
In me abundant grow and burdenous,
And nourish not, but smother.
My fire of passion, sighs of air,
Water of tears, and earthly sad despair,
Which my materials be,
(But near worn out by Love's security)
She, to my loss, doth by her death repair;
And I might live long wretched so,
But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.
Now as those active kings,
Whose foreign conquest treasure brings,
Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break;
This, (which I am amaz'd that I can speak)
This death hath, with my store,
My use increas'd;
And so my soul, more earnestly releas'd,
Will outstrip her's; as bullets flown before
A later bullet may o'ertake, the powder being more.

A JET RING SENT.

Thou art not so black as my heart,
Nor half so brittle as her heart thou art.
What wouldst thou say? shall both our properties
by thee bespoke?
Nothing more endless, nothing sooner broke.

Marriage rings are not of this stuff;
Oh! why should ought less precious, or less tough,
Figure our loves? except in thy name thou have
hid it say,
I'm cheap, and nought but fashion; sling me away.

Yet stay with me, since thou art come;
Circle this finger's top, which didst her thumb:
Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost
dwell with me,
She that, oh! broke her faith would soon break
thee.

NEGATIVE LOVE.

I never stoop'd so low as they
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
Seldom to them which soar no higher
Than virtue or the mind t' admire;
For sense and understanding may
Know what gives fuel to their fire:
My love, though silly, is more brave;
For may I miss whene'er I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.
If that be simply perfectest
Which can by no means be expressed
But negatives, my love is so;
To all which all love I say No.
If any who deciphers best,
What we know not (ourselves) can know,
Let him teach me that nothing: this
As yet my ease and comfort is,
Though I speed not I cannot miss.

THE PROHIBITION.

Take heed of loving me,
At least remember I forbade it thee;
Not that I shall repair my unthrifty waste
Of breath and blood upon thy sighs and tears,
By being to thee then what to me thou wast;
But so great joy our life at once outwears:
Then, lest thy love by my death frustrate be,
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
Or too much triumph in the victory;
Not that I shall be mine own officer,
And hate with hate again retaliate;
But thou wilt lose the style of Conqueror
If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate:
Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,
If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet love and hate me too,
So these extremes shall ne'er their office do;
Love me, that I may die the gentler way;
Hate me, because thy love's too great for me:
Or let these two themselves, not me, decay;
So shall I live thy stage, not triumph be:
Then lest thy love thou hate and me undo,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too!

THE EXPIRATION.

So, go break off this last lamenting kiss,
Which such two souls, and vapours both away.
Turn thou, Ghost! that way, and let me turn this,
And let ourselves benight our happiest day;
As ask none leave to love; nor will we owe
Any so cheap a death as saying, Go.

Go; and if that word have not quite kill'd thee,
Ease me with death, by bidding me go too;

Or if it have, let my word work on me,
And a juſt office on a murd'rer do:
Except it be too late to kill me ſo,
Being double dead, going, and bidding Go.

THE COMPUTATION.

From my firſt twenty years, ſince yeſterday,
I ſcarce believ'd thou couldſt be gone away;
For forty more I fed on favours paſt,
And forty on hopes that thou wouldſt they might laſt, [two;
Tears drown'd one hundred, and ſighs blew out
A thouſand I did neither think nor do,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you;
Or in a thouſand more forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; but think that I
Am, by being dead, immortal. Can ghoſts die?

THE PARADOX.

No lover ſaith I love, nor any other
Can judge a perfect lover:
He thinks that elſe none can or will agree
That any loves but he.
I cannot ſay I lov'd, or who can ſay
He was kill'd yeſterday?
Love with exceſs of heat more young than old;
Death kills with too much cold.
We die but once, and who lov'd laſt did die;
He that ſaith twice doth lie:
For though he ſeem to move, and ſtir a while,
It doth the ſenſe beguile.
Such life is like the light, which bideth yet,
When the life's light is ſet;
Or like the heat which fire in ſolid matter
Leaves behind two hours after.
Once I lov'd and dy'd, and am now become
Mine epitaph and tomb.
Here dead men ſpeak their laſt, and ſo do I;
Love-ſlain, lo! here I die.

SONG.

Soul's joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,
(Which cannot be,
Since I muſt leave myſelf with thee,
And carry thee with me)
Yet when unto our eyes
Abſence denies
Each other's ſight,
And makes to us a conſtant night,
When others change to light;
" O give no way to grief,
" But let belief
" Of mutual love
" This wonder to the vulgar prove,
" Our bodies, not we, move."
Let not thy wit beweep
Words, but ſenſe deep;
For when we miſs,
By diſtance, our hopes-joining bliſs,
Ev'n then our ſouls ſhall kiſs:
Fools have no means to meet
But by their feet:
Why ſhould our clay
Over our ſpirits ſo much ſway,
To tie us to that way?
" O give no way to grief," &c.

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

Whilst yet to prove
I thought there was ſome deity in love,
So did I reverence, and gave
Worſhip, as Atheiſts at their dying hour
Call what they cannot name an unknown power;
As ignorantly did I crave.
Thus when
Things, not yet known, are coveted by men,
Our deſires give them faſhion, and ſo
As they wax leſſer fall, as they ſize grow.

But from late fair
His Highneſs (ſitting in a golden chair)
Is not leſs cared for after three days
By children, than the thing which lovers ſo
Blindly admire, and with ſuch worſhip woo:
Being had, enjoying it decays;
And thence
What before pleas'd them all takes but one ſenſe,
And that ſo lamely, as it leaves behind
A kind of ſorrowing dulneſs to the mind.

Ah! cannot we,
As well as cocks and lions, jocund be
After ſuch pleaſures? unleſs wiſe
Nature decreed (ſince each ſuch act, they ſay,
Diminiſheth the length of life a day)
This, as ſhe would man ſhould deſpiſe
The ſport,
Becauſe that other curſe of being ſhort,
And only for a minute made to be
Eager, deſires to raiſe poſterity.

Since ſo, my mind
Shall not deſire what no man elſe can find!
I'll no more doat and run
To purſue things which had endamag'd me;
And when I come where moving beauties be,
As men do when the ſummer ſun
Grows great,
Though I admire their greatneſs, ſhun their heat;
Each place can afford ſhadows. If all fail,
'Tis but applying worm-ſeed to the tail.

SONG.

Dear Love! continue nice and chaſte,
For if you yield you do me wrong:

Let duller wits to Love's end haſte,
I have enough to woo thee long.

All pain and joy is in their way;
The things we fear brings leſs annoy
Than fear and hope, brings greater joy;
But in themſelves they cannot ſtay.

Small favours will my prayers increaſe:
Granting my ſuit you give me all;
And then my prayers muſt needs ſurceaſe,
For I have made your godhead fall.

Beaſts cannot wit nor beauty ſee,
They man's affections only move:
Beaſts other ſports of love do prove,
With better feeling far than we.

Then, Love! prolong my ſuit; for thus
By loſing ſport I ſport do win;
And that doth virtue prove in us,
Which ever yet hath been a ſin.

My coming near may ſpy ſome ill,
And now the world is given to ſcoff:
To keep my love (then) keep me off,
And ſo I ſhall admire thee ſtill.

Say I have made a perfect choice;
Satiety ourſelves may kill:
Then give me but thy face and voice,
Mine eye and ear thou canſt not fill.

To make me rich (oh!) be not poor;
Give me not all, yet ſomething lend;
So I ſhall ſtill my ſuit commend,
And at your will do leſs or more:
But if to all you condeſcend,
My Love, our ſport, your godhead end.

A LECTURE UPON THE SHADOW.

Stand ſtill, and I will read to thee
A Lecture, Love, in Love's philoſophy.
Theſe three hours that we have ſpent
Walking here, two ſhadows went
Along with us, which we ourſelves produc'd;
But now the ſun is juſt above our head,
We do thoſe ſhadows tread,
And to brave clearneſs all things are reduc'd.
So whilſt our infant loves did grow,
Diſguiſes did, and ſhadows, flow
From us and our cares; but now 't is not ſo.

That love hath not attain'd the high'ſt degree,
Which is ſtill diligent leſt others ſee;
Except our loves at this noon ſtay,
We ſhall new ſhadows make the other way.
As the firſt were made to blind
Others, theſe which come behind
Will work upon ourſelves, and blind our eyes.
If our love's faint, and weſtwardly decline,
To me thou falſely thine,
And I to thee mine actions ſhall diſguiſe.
The morning ſhadows wear away,
But theſe grow longer all the day;
But, oh! Love's day is ſhort, if love decay.

Love is a growing or full conſtant light,
And his ſhort minute, after noon, is night.

THE TOKEN.

Send me ſome Tokens that my hope may live,
Or that my eaſeleſs thoughts may ſleep and reſt;
Send me ſome honey to make ſweet my hive,
That in my paſſions I may hope the beſt.
I beg nor ribband wrought with thy own hands,
To knit our loves in the fantaſtic ſtrain
Of new-toucht youth; nor ring, to ſhew the ſtands
Of our affection, that as that's round and plain
So ſhould our loves meet in ſimplicity;
No, nor the corals which thy wriſt infold,
Lac'd up together in congruity,
To ſhew our thoughts ſhould reſt in the ſame hold:
No, nor thy picture, though moſt gracious,
And moſt deſired, 'cauſe 't is like the beſt;
Nor witty lines, which are moſt copious,
Within the writings which thou haſt addreſt.
Send me nor this nor that t' increaſe my ſcore,
But ſwear thou think'ſt I love thee, and no more.

DIVINE POEMS.

I. LA CORONA.

Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,
Weav'd in my lone devout melancholy,
Thou which of good haſte, yea, art treaſury,
All changing unchang'd, Ancient of days;
But do not, with a vile crown of frail bays,
Reward my Muſe's white ſincerity,
But what thy thorny crown gain'd that give me,
A crown of glory, which doth flower always:
The ends crown our works, but thou crown'ſt our ends,
For at our ends begins our endleſs reſt;
The firſt laſt end now zealouſly poſſeſt,
With a ſtrong ſober thirſt my ſoul attends.
'Tis time that heart and voice be liſted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

II. ANNUNCIATION.

"Salvation to all that will is nigh;"
That All, which always is all every where,
Which cannot ſin, and yet all ſins muſt bear,
Which cannot die, yet cannot chooſe but die,
Lo, faithful Virgin! yields himſelf to lie
In priſon in thy womb; and though he there
Can take no ſin, nor thou give, yet he'll wear,
Taken from thence, fleſh, which death's force may try.
E'er by the ſpheres time was created thou
Waſt in his mind, who is thy ſon and brother,
Whom thou conceiv'ſt conceived; yet thou'rt now
Thy Maker's maker, and thy Father's mother;
Thou 'haſt light in dark, and ſhutt'ſt in little room
Immenſity, cloiſter'd in thy dear womb.

III. NATIVITY.

"Immensity, cloiſter'd in thy dear womb,"
Now leaves his well-belov'd impriſonment;
There he hath made himſelf to his intent
Weak enough, now into our world to come:
But, oh! for thee, for him, hath th' inn no room?
Yet lay him in his ſtall, and from the orient
Stars and wiſe men will travel, to prevent
Th' effect of Herod's jealous general doom.
Seeſt thou, my Soul! with thy faith's eye, how he,
Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lie?
Was not his pity towards thee wond'rous high,
That would have need to be pitied by thee?
Kiſs him, and with him into Egypt go,
With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe.

IV. TEMPLE.

"With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe,"
Joſeph! turn back; ſee where your child doth ſit
Blowing, yea, blowing out thoſe ſparks of wit
Which himſelf on the Doctors did beſtow:
The Word but lately could not ſpeak, and lo,
It ſuddenly ſpeaks wonders. Whence comes it
That all which was, and all which ſhould be writ,
A ſhallow-ſeeming child ſhould deeply know?
His Godhead was not ſoul to his manhood,
Nor had time mellow'd him to this ripeneſs:
But as for one which hath a long taſk 't is good
With the ſun to begin his buſineſs,
He in his age's morning thus began,
By miracles exceeding power of man.

V. MIRACLES.

"By miracles exceeding power of man"
He ſaith in ſome, envy in ſome begat;
For what weak ſpirits admire ambitious hate;
In both affections many to him ran:
But, oh! the worſt are moſt, they will and can,
Alas! and do unto th' immaculate,
Whoſe creature Fate is, now preſcribe a fate,
Meaſuring ſelf-life's infinite to ſpan,
Nay, to an inch. Lo, where, condemned, he
Bears his own croſs with pain; yet by and by,
When it bears him, he muſt bear more and die.
Now thou art lifted up, draw me to thee,
And, at thy death giving ſuch liberal dole;
Moiſt with one drop of thy blood my dry ſoul.

VI. RESURRECTION.

" Moist with one drop of thy blood my dry ſoul,"
Shall (though ſhe now be in extreme degree
Too ſtony hard, and yet too fleſhly) be [ſoul;
Freed by that drop from being ſtarv'd, hard, or
And life, by this death abled, ſhall controul
Death, whom thy death ſlew; nor ſhall to me
Fear of firſt or laſt death bring miſery,
If in thy life's-book my name thou inrol:
Fleſh in that long ſleep is not putrified,
But made that there of which, and for which 't was,
Nor can by other means be glorified.
May then ſin's ſleep, and death ſoon from me paſs,
That, wak'd from both, I again riſen may
Salute the laſt and everlaſting day.

VII. ASCENSION.

" Salute the laſt and everlaſting day;"
Joy at th' upriſing of this Sun and Son
Ye whoſe true tears or tribulation
Have purely waſht or burnt your droſſy clay;
Behold the higheſt, parting hence away,
Lightens the dark clouds which he treads upon;
Nor doth he by aſcending ſhew alone,
But firſt he, and he firſt, enters the way.
O ſtrong Ram! which haſt batter'd heaven for me,
Mild Lamb, which with thy blood haſt mark'd the path,
Bright torch, which ſhin'ſt, that I the way may ſee,
Oh! with thy own blood quench thy own juſt wrath,
And if thy Holy Spirit my Muſe did raiſe,
Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praiſe.

ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

In that, O Queen of queens! thy birth was free
From that which others doth of grace bereave,
When in their mother's womb they life receive,
God, as his ſole-born daughter, loved thee.

To match thee like thy birth's nobility
He thee his Spirit for his ſpouſe did leave,
By whom thou didſt his only Son conceive,
And ſo waſt link'd to all the Trinity.

Ceaſe then, O Queens! that earthly crowns do wear,
To glory in the pomp of earthly things;
If men ſuch high reſpects unto you bear,
Which daughters, wives, and mothers, are of kings,
What honour can unto that queen be done
Who had your God for father, ſpouſe, and ſon?

THE CROSS.

Since Chriſt embrac'd the Croſs itſelf, dare I,
His image, th' image of his Croſs deny?
Would I have profit by the ſacrifice,
And dare the choſen altar to deſpiſe?
It bore all other ſins, but is it fit
That it ſhould bear the ſin of ſcorning it?
Who from the picture would avert his eye,
How would he fly his pains who there did die?
From me no pulpit nor miſgrounded law,
Nor ſcandal taken ſhall this Croſs withdraw;
It ſhall not, for it cannot; for the loſs
Of this Croſs were to me another croſs;
Better were worſe, for no affliction,
No croſs is ſo extreme as to have none.
Who can blot out the Croſs, which th' inſtrument
Of God dew'd on me in the ſacrament?
Who can deny me power and liberty
To ſtretch mine arms, and mine own Croſs to be?
Swim, and at every ſtroke thou art thy Croſs:
The maſt and yard make one where ſeas do toſs.
Look down, thou ſpy'ſt our croſſes in ſmall things;
Look up, thou ſee'ſt birds rais'd on croſſed wings.
All the globe's frame and ſpheres is nothing elſe
But the meridian's croſſing parallels.
Material Croſſes then good phyſic be,
But yet ſpiritual have chief dignity.
Theſe for extracted chemic med'cine ſerve,
And cure much better, and as well preſerve;
Then are you your own phyſic or need none,
When ſtill'd or purg'd by tribulation;
For when that croſs ungrudg'd unto you ſticks,
Then are you to yourſelf a crucifix.
As perchance carvers do not faces make,
But that away which hid them there do take:
Let Croſſes ſo take what hid Chriſt in thee,
And be his image, or not his, but he.
But as oft' alchymiſt do coiners prove,
So may a ſelf-deſpiſing get ſelf-love:
And then, as worſt ſurfeits of beſt meats be,
So is pride iſſued from humility;
For 't is no child but monſter: therefore croſs
Your joy in Croſſes, elſe 't is double loſs;
And croſs thy ſenſes, elſe both they and thou
Muſt periſh ſoon, and to deſtruction bow:
For if th' eye ſee good objects, and will take
No croſs from bad, we cannot 'ſcape a ſnake.
So with harſh, hard, ſow'r, ſtinking croſs the reſt,
Make them indifferent all; nothing beſt.
But moſt the eye needs croſſing, that roam
And move: to th' others objects muſt come home.
And croſs thy heart; for that in man alone
Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.
Croſs thoſe detorſions when it downward tends,
And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
And as the brain, though bony, walls doth vent
By futures, which a croſs's form preſent,
So when thy brain works, e'er thou utter it,
Croſs and correct concupiſcence of wit.
Be covetous of Croſſes, let none fall;
Croſs no man elſe, but croſs thyſelf in all.
Then doth the Croſs of Chriſt work faithfully
Within our hearts when we love harmleſsly
The Croſs's pictures much, and with more care
That Croſs's children which our croſſes are.

PSALM CXXXVII.

I.

By Euphrate's flow'ry ſide
We did 'bide,
From dear Juda far abſented,
Tearing the air with our cries,
And our eyes
With their ſtreams his ſtream augmented.

II.

When poor Sion's doleful ſtate,
Deſolate,
Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,
And the Temple ſpoil'd, which we
Ne'er ſhould ſee,
To our mirthleſs minds we call'd;

III.

Our mute harps, untun'd, unſtrung,
Up we hung
On green willows near beſide us;
Where we, ſitting all forlorn,
Thus in ſcorn
Our proud ſpoilers 'gan deride us.

IV.

Come, ſad Captives! leave your moans,
And your groans
Under Sion's ruins bury;
Tune your harps, and ſing us lays
In the praiſe
Of your God, and let's be merry.

V.

Can, ah! can we leave our moans,
And our groans
Under Sion's ruins bury?
Can we in this land ſing lays
In the praiſe
Of our God, and here be merry?

VI.

No; dear Sion! if I yet
Do forget
Thine affliction miſerable,
Let my nimble joints become
Stiff and numb,
To touch warbling harp unable.

VII.

Let my tongue loſe ſinging ſkill,
Let it ſtill
To my parched roof be glew'd,
If in either harp or voice
I rejoice
Till thy joys ſhall be renew'd.

VIII.

Lord, curſe Edom's trait'rous kind;
Bear in mind
In our ruins how they revell'd:
"Sack, kill, burn," they cry'd out ſtill,
"Sack, burn, kill;
"Down with all, let all be levell'd."

IX.

And thou, Babel! when the tide
Of thy pride,
Now a-flowing, grows to turning,
Victor now ſhall then be thrall,
And ſhall fall
To as low an ebb of mourning.

X.

Happy he who ſhall thee waſte,
As thou haſt
Us, without all mercy, waſted;
And ſhall make thee taſte and ſee
What poor we,
By thy means, have ſeen and taſted.

XI.

Happy who thy tender bairns,
From the arms
Of their wailing mothers tearing,
'Gainſt the walls ſhall daſh their bones,
Ruthleſs ſtones
With their brains and blood beſmearing.

RESURRECTION, IMPERFECT.

Sleep, ſleep, old Sun! thou canſt not have repaſt
As yet the wound thou took'ſt on Friday laſt;
Sleep, then, and reſt; the world may bear thy ſtay,
A better Sun roſe before thee to-day;
Who, not content t' enlighten all that dwell
On the earth's face, as thou enlight'ned hell,
And made the dark fires languiſh in that vale,
As at thy preſence here our fires grow pale;
Whoſe body having walk'd on earth, and now
Haſt'ning to heav'n, would that he might allow
Himſelf unto all ſtations, and fill all,
For theſe three days become a mineral.
He was all gold when he lay down, but roſe
All tincture, and doth not alone diſpoſe
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
Of pow'r to make ev'n ſinful fleſh like his.
Had one of thoſe, whoſe credulous piety
Thought that a ſoul one might diſcern and ſee
Go from a body, at this ſepulchre been,
And iſſuing from the ſheet this body ſeen,
He would have juſtly thought this body a ſoul,
If not of any man, yet of the whole.

TO SIR ROBERT CARR.

SIR,

I presume you rather try what you can do in me than what I can do in verſe: you know my uttermoſt when it was beſt, and even then I did beſt when I had leaſt truth for my ſubjects. In this preſent caſe there is ſo much truth as it defeats all poetry; call, therefore, this paper by what name you will, and if it be not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of me, ſmother it, and be that the ſacrifice. If you had commanded me to have waited on his body to Scotland, and preached there, I would have embraced the obligation with more alacrity; but I thank you that you would command me that which I was loth to do, for even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poor friend and ſervant in Chriſt Jeſus,

J. Donne.

A HYMN

TO THE SAINTS, AND TO MARQUIS HAMILTON.

Whether that soul, which now comes up to you,
Fill any former rank, or make a new;
Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name itself, and order more
Than was in heav'n till new; (for may not he
Be so, if every several angel be
A kind alone) whatever order grow
Greater by him in heav'n, we do not so.
One of your orders grows by his access,
But by his loss grow all our orders less.
The name of Father, Master, Friend, the name
Of Subject and of Prince, in one is lame;
Fair mirth is dampt, and conversation black,
The Household widow'd, and the Garter slack;
The Chapel wants an ear, Council a tongue;
Story a theme, and Music lacks a song.
Blest order! that hath him; the loss of him
Gangren'd all orders here; all lost a limb!
Never made body such haste to confess
What a soul was; all former comeliness
Fled in a minute, when the soul was gone,
And having lost that beauty would have none:
So fell our monasteries, in an instant grown
Not to less houses, but to heaps of stone;
So sent his body, that fair form it wore,
Unto the sphere of forms, and doth (before
His soul shall fill up his sepulchral stone)
Anticipate a resurrection:
For as it is his fame, now his soul's here,
So in the form thereof his body's there.
And if, fair Soul! not with first innocents
Thy station be, but with the penitents,
(And who shall dare to ask then, when I am
Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lamb,
Whether that colour which is scarlet then
Were black or white before in eyes of men?)
When thou rememb'rest what sins thou didst find
Amongst those many friends now left behind,
And seest such sinners, as they are, with thee
Got thither by repentance, let it be
Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them clean;
Wish him a David, her a Magdalane.

THE

ANNUNCIATION AND PASSION.

Tamely, frail flesh! abstain to-day; to-day
My soul eats twice, Christ hither and away;
She sees him man, so like God made in this,
That of them both a circle emblem is,
Whose first and last concur: this doubtful day
Of feast or fast Christ came and went away.
She sees him nothing twice at once, who's all;
She sees a cedar plant itself, and fall;
Her Maker put to making, and the head
Of life, at once, not yet alive, and dead:
She sees at once the Virgin-mother stay
Reclus'd at home, public at Golgotha.
Sad and rejoic'd she's seen at once, and seen
At almost fifty, and at scarce fifteen:
At once a son is promis'd her, and gone;
Gabriel gives Christ to her, he her to John:
Not fully a mother, she's in orbity,
At once receiver and the legacy.
All this, and all between, this day hath shown,
Th' abridgment of Christ's story, which makes one
(As in plain maps the furthest west is east)
Of th' angel's Ave and *Consummatum est*.
How well the church, God's Court of Faculties,
Deals in sometimes and seldom joining these!
As by the self-fix'd pole we never do
Direct our course, but the next star thereto,
Which shews where th' other is, and which we say
(Because it strays not far) doth never stray:
So God by his church, nearest to him, we know,
And stand firm, if we by her motion go;
His Spirit, as his fiery pillar, doth
Lead, and his church as cloud; to one end both.
This church, by letting those feasts join, hath shown
Death and conception in mankind are one;
Or 't was in him the same humility,
That he would be a man and leave to be,
Or as creation he hath made, as God,
With the last judgment but one period;
His imitating spouse would join in one
Manhood's extremes; he shall come, he is gone;
Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,
Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all:
So though the least of his pains, deeds or words,
Would busy a life, she all this day affords.
This treasure then in gross, my Soul! up-lay,
And in my life retail it every day.

GOOD-FRIDAY, 1613.

RIDING WESTWARD.

Let man's soul be a sphere, and then in this
Th' intelligence that moves, devotion is;
And as the other spheres, by being grown
Subject to foreign motion, lose their own,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey:
Pleasure or business so our souls admit
For their first mover, and are whirl'd by it.
Hence is't that I am carried t'wards the west
This day, when my soul's form bends to the east;
There I should see a sun by rising set,
And by that setting endless day beget.
But that Christ on his cross did rise and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I almost be glad I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for me.
Who sees God's face, that is self-life, must die;
What a death were it then to see God die?
It made his own lieutenant, Nature, shrink;
It made his footstool crack, and the sun wink.
Could I behold those hands which span the poles,
And tune all spheres at once, pierc'd with those holes?

Could I behold that endleſs height which is
Zenith to us and our antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood, which is
The ſeat of all our ſouls, if not of his,
Made dirt of duſt? or that fleſh, which was worn
By God for his apparel, ragg'd and torn?
If on theſe things I durſt not look, durſt I
On his diſtreſſed mother caſt mine eye,
Who was God's partner here, and furniſh'd thus
Half of that ſacrifice which ranſom'd us?
Though theſe things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
They're preſent yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them, and thou look'ſt to-
wards me,
O Saviour! as thou hang'ſt upon the tree.
I turn my back to thee, but to receive
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O think me worth thine anger; puniſh me,
Burn off my ruſt, and my deformity;
Reſtore thine image ſo much by thy grace,
That thou may'ſt know me, and I'll turn my face.

THE LITANY.

I. THE FATHER.

FATHER of heav'n, and him by whom
It, and us for it, and all elſe for us,
Thou mad'ſt and govern'ſt ever, come,
And re-create me, now grown ruinous;
My heart is by dejection clay,
And by ſelf-murder red.
From this red earth, O Father! purge away
All vicious tinctures, that, new faſhioned,
I may riſe up from death before I'm dead.

II. THE SON.

O SON of God! who ſeeing two things,
Sin and death, crept in, which were never made,
By bearing one, try'dſt with what ſtings
The other could thine heritage invade,
O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
And crucify'd again:
Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
But let it be, by applying ſo thy pain,
Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy paſſion ſlain.

III. THE HOLY GHOST.

O HOLY GHOST! whoſe temple I
Am, but of mud walls and condenſed duſt,
And being ſacrilegiouſly
Half waſted with youth's fires, of pride and luſt,
Muſt with new ſtorms be weather-beat,
Double in my heart thy flame,
Which let devout ſad tears intend, and let
(Though this glaſs lanthorn, fleſh, do ſuffer maim)
Fire, ſacrifice, prieſt, altar, be the ſame.

IV. THE TRINITY.

O BLESSED, glorious Trinity!
Bones to philoſophy but milk to faith,
Which, as wiſe ſerpents diverſely
Moſt ſlipp'rineſs, yet moſt entanglings hath,
As you diſtinguiſh'd (undiſtinct)
By pow'r, love, knowledge, be,
Give me ſuch ſelf-diff'rent inſtinct
Of theſe let all me elemented be,
Of pow'r to love, to know you unnumb'red Three.

V. THE VIRGIN MARY.

FOR that fair bleſſed Mother-maid,
Whoſe fleſh redeem'd us, (that ſhe cherubim,
Which unlock'd Paradiſe, and made
One claim for innocence, and diſſeiz'd ſin;
Whoſe womb was a ſtrange heav'n, for there
God cloth'd himſelf, and grew)
Our zealous thanks we pour. As her deeds were
Our helps, ſo are her prayers; nor can ſhe ſue
In vain who hath ſuch titles unto you.

VI. THE ANGELS.

AND ſince this life our nonage is,
And we in wardſhip to thine Angels be,
Native in heav'n's fair palaces,
Where we ſhall be but denizon'd by thee;
As th' earth, conceiving by the ſun,
Yields fair diverſity,
Yet never knows what courſe that light doth run;
So let me ſtudy that mine actions be
Worthy their ſight, though blind in how they ſee.

VII. THE PATRIARCHS.

AND let thy Patriarchs deſire
(Thoſe great grandfathers of thy church, which
ſaw
More in the cloud than we in fire,
Whom Nature clear'd more than us grace and law,
And now in heav'n ſtill pray that we
May uſe our new helps right)
Be ſatisfy'd, and fructify in me:
Let not my mind be blinder by more light,
Nor faith, by reaſon added, loſe her ſight.

VIII. THE PROPHETS.

THY eagle-ſighted Prophets, too,
(Which were thy church's organs, and did ſound
That harmony which made of two
One law, and did unite, but not confound;
Thoſe heav'nly Poets, which did ſee
Thy will, and it expreſs
In rithmic feet) in common pray for me,
That I by them excuſe not my exceſs
In ſeeking ſecrets or poeticneſs.

IX. THE APOSTLES.

And thy illuſtrious zodiack
Of twelve apoſtles, which ingirt this all,
(From whom whoſoe'er do not take
Their light, to dark deep pits thrown down do fall)
As through their prayers thou haſt let me know
That their books are divine,
May they pray ſtill, and be heard, that I go
Th' old broad way in applying; O decline [mine.
Me, when my comment would make thy word

X. THE MARTYRS.

And ſince thou ſo deſirouſly
Didſt long to die, that long before thou couldſt,
And long ſince thou no more couldſt die,
Thou in thy ſcatter'd myſtic body wouldſt
In Abel die, and ever ſince
In thine, let their blood come
To beg for us a diſcreet patience
Of death, or of worſe life; for, oh! to ſome
Not to be martyrs is a martyrdom.

XI. THE CONFESSORS.

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
A virgin ſquadron of white Confeſſors,
Whoſe bloods betroth'd, not married, were
Tender'd; not taken by thoſe raviſhers:
They know, and pray that we may know:
In every Chriſtian
Hourly tempeſtuous perſecutions grow.
Temptations martyr us alive. A man
Is to himſelf a Dioclefian.

XII. THE VIRGINS.

The cold white-ſnowy nunnery,
(Which, as thy mother, their high abbeſs, ſent
Their bodies back again to thee,
As thou hadſt lent them, clean and innocent)
Though they have not obtain'd of thee
That or thy church or I
Should keep, as they, our firſt integrity:
Divorce thou ſin in us, or bid it die,
And call chaſte widowhood virginity.

XIII. THE DOCTORS.

The ſacred academ above
Of doctors, whoſe pains have unclaſp'd and taught
Both books of life to us (for love
To know the Scripture tells us we are wrote
In thy other book) pray for us there,
That what they have miſdone,
Or miſ-ſaid, we to that may not adhere;
Their zeal may be our ſin. Lord, let us run
Mean ways, and call them ſtars, but not the ſun.

XIV.

And whilſt this univerſal choir,
(That church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
Of love, that none be loſt, which coſt thee dear)
Prays ceaſeleſsly, and thou hearken too,
(Since to be gracious
Our taſk is treble, to pray, bear, and do)
Hear this pray'r, Lord! O Lord! deliver us
From truſting in thoſe prayers, though pour'd out thus.

XV.

From being anxious, or ſecure,
Dead clouds of ſadneſs, or light ſquibs of mirth,
From thinking that great courts immure
All or no happineſs, or that this earth
Is only for our priſon fram'd,
Or that thou'rt covetous
To them thou lov'ſt, or that they are maim'd,
From reaching this world's ſweets: who ſeek thee thus
With all their might, good Lord! deliver us.

XVI.

From needing danger to be good,
From owing thee yeſterday's tears to-day,
From truſting ſo much to thy blood,
That in that hope we wound our ſouls away;
From bribing thee with alms t' excuſe
Some ſin more burdenous;
From light affecting in religion news,
From thinking us all ſoul, neglecting thus
Our mutual duties, Lord! deliver us.

XVII.

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
By our connivance or ſlack company;
From meaſuring ill by vicious,
Neglecting to chok Sin's ſpawn, vanity;
From indiſcreet humility,
Which might be ſcandalous,
And caſt reproach on Chriſtianity;
From being ſpies, or to ſpies pervious;
From thirſt or ſcorn of fame, deliver us.

XVIII.

Deliver us through thy deſcent
Into the Virgin, whoſe womb was a place
Of middle kind, and thou being ſent
T' ungracious us, ſtay'dſt at her full grace;
And through thy poor birth, where firſt thou
Glorify'dſt Poverty,
And yet ſoon after riches didſt allow,
By accepting kings gifts in th' Epiphany,
Deliver, and make us to both ways free.

XIX.

And through that bitter agony,
Which ſtill is th' agony of pious wits,
Diſputing what diſtorted thee,
And interrupted evenneſs with fits;
And through thy free confeſſion,
Though thereby they were then [gone,
Made blind, ſo that thou might'ſt from them have
Good Lord! deliver us; and teach us when
We may not, and we may, blind unjuſt men.

XX.

Through thy ſubmitting all to blows
Thy face, thy robes to ſpoil, thy fame to ſcorn

All ways which rage or justice knows [born;
And by which thou couldst shew that thou wast
And through thy gallant humbleness,
Which thou in death didst shew,
Dying before thy soul they could express,
Deliver us from death, by dying so
To this world, e'er this world do bid us go.

XXI.

When senses, which thy soldiers are,
We arm against thee, and they fight for sin;
When Want, sent but to tame, doth war,
And work Despair a breach to enter in;
When Plenty, God's image and seal,
Makes us idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it should reveal;
When we are mov'd to seem religious,
Only to vent wit, Lord! deliver us.

XXII.

In churches when th' infirmity
Of him which speaks diminishes the word;
When Magistrates do misapply
To us, as we judge, lay our ghostly sword;
When Plague, which is thine angel, reigns,
Or Wars, thy champions, sway;
When Heresy, thy second deluge, gains,
In th' hour death, th' eve of last judgment-day,
Deliver us from the sinister way.

XXIII.

Hear us; O hear us, Lord! to thee
A sinner is more music when he prays,
Than spheres or angels praises be
In panegyric alleluias;
Hear us; for till thou hear us, Lord!
We know not what to say:
Thine ear to our sighs, tears, thoughts, gives voice and word.
O thou! who Satan heardst in Job's sick day,
Hear thyself now, for thou in us dost pray.

XXIV.

That we may change to evenness
This intermitting anguish piety;
That snatching cramps of wickedness,
And apoplexies of fast sin may die;
That music of thy promises,
Not threats in thunder, may
Awaken us to our just offices;
What in thy book thou dost, or creatures, say,
That we may hear, Lord! hear us, when we pray.

XXV.

That our ears sickness we may cure,
And rectify those labyrinths aright;
That we by heark'ning not procure
Our praise, nor other's dispraise so invite;
That we get not a slip'riness,
And senselessly decline,
From hearing bold wits jest at kings excess,
T' admit the like of Majesty divine;
That we may lock our ears, Lord! open thine.

XXVI.

That living law, the magistrate,
Which to give us and make us physic doth
Our vices often aggravate;
That preachers, taxing sin before her growth,
That Satan, and envenom'd men,
Which will, if we starve, dine,
When they do most accuse us, may see then
Us to amendment hear them, thee decline;
That we may open our ears, Lord! lock thine.

XXVII.

That Learning, thine ambassador,
From thine allegiance we never tempt;
That beauty, Paradise's flow'r,
For physic made, from poison be exempt;
That wit, born apt high good to do,
By dwelling lazily
On Nature's nothing, be not nothing too;
That our affections kill us not, nor die.
Hear us, weak echoes, O thou ear and cry!

XXVIII.

Son of God! hear us: and since thou,
By taking our blood, ow'st it us again,
Gain to thyself and us allow,
And let not both us and thyself be slain.
O Lamb of God! which took'st our sin,
Which could not stick to thee,
O let it not return to us again!
But patient and physician being free,
As sin is nothing, let it no where be.

Upon the TRANSLATION of the PSALMS,

By Sir Philip Sidney and the Countess of Pembroke.

Eternal God! (for whom whoever dare
Seek new expressions do the circle square,
And thrust into strait corners of poor wit
Thee, who art cornerless and infinite)
I would but bless thy name, not name thee now;
(And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)
Fix we our praises therefore on this one,
That as thy blessed Spirit fell upon
These Psalms first author in a cloven tongue,
(For 't was a double power by which he sung,
The highest matter in the noblest form)
So thou hast cleft that spirit, to perform
That work again, and shed it here upon
Two, by their bloods and by thy Spirit one;
A brother and a sister, made by thee
The organ, where thou art the harmony;
Two that make one John Baptist's holy voice;
And who that psalm, "Now let the isles rejoice,"
Have both translated, and apply'd it too;
Both told us what, and taught us how to do.
They shew us islanders our joy, our king;
They tell us why, and teach us how to sing.
Make all this all, three choirs, heav'n, earth, and spheres;
The first, heav'n, hath a song, but no man hears;
The spheres have music, but they have no tongue,
Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung;
But our third choir, to which the first gives ear,
(For angels learn by what the church does hear)
This choir hath all. The organist is he
Who hath tun'd God and man, the organ we:
The songs are these which Heav'n's high holy Muse
Whisper'd to David, David to the Jews,
And David's successors in holy zeal
In forms of joy and art do re-reveal

To us ſo ſweetly and ſincerely too,
That I muſt not rejoice as I would do,
When I behold that theſe Pſalms are become
So well attir'd abroad, ſo ill at home;
So well in chambers, in thy church ſo ill,
As I can ſcarce call that Reform'd until
This be reform'd. Would a whole ſtate preſent
A leſſer gift than ſome one man hath ſent?
And ſhall our church unto our ſpouſe and King
More hoarſe, more harſh, than any other, ſing?
For that we pray, we praiſe thy name for this,
Which by this Moſes and this Miriam is
Already done; and, as thoſe Pſalms we call
(Though ſome have other authors) David's all;
So though ſome have, ſome may ſome Pſalms tranſlate,
We thy Sidnean Pſalms ſhall celebrate;
And till we come th' extemporal ſong to ſing,
(Learned the firſt hour that we ſee the King,
Who hath tranſlated thoſe tranſlators) may
Theſe, their ſweet learned labours, all the way
Be as our tuning, that when hence we part,
We may fall in with them, and ſing our part.

A HYMN TO CHRIST,

At the Author's laſt going into Germany.

In what torn ſhip ſoever I embark,
That ſhip ſhall be my emblem of thy ark;
What ſea ſoever ſwallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood.
Though thou with clouds of anger do diſguiſe
Thy face, yet through that maſk I know thoſe eyes,
Which, though they turn away ſometimes,
They never will deſpiſe.

I ſacrifice this iſland unto thee,
And all whom I love here, and who love me;
When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,
Put thou thy blood betwixt my ſins and thee.
As the tree's ſap doth ſeek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go,
Where none but thee, th' Eternal root
Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion, doſt controul
The am'rouſneſs of an harmonious ſoul;
But thou wouldſt have that love thyſelf: as thou
Art jealous, Lord! ſo I am jealous now.
Thou lov'ſt not, till from loving more thou free
My ſoul: whoever gives, takes liberty.
Oh! if thou car'ſt not whom I love,
Alas! thou lov'ſt not me.

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all
On whom thoſe fainter beams of love did fall;
Marry thoſe loves which in youth ſcatter'd be
On face, wit, hopes, (falſe miſtreſſes) to thee.
Churches are beſt for prayer that have leaſt light:
To ſee God only I go out of ſight;
And to 'ſcape ſtormy days I chooſe
An everlaſting night.

ON THE SACRAMENT.

He was the Word that ſpake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.

THE LAMENTATION OF JEREMY,

For the moſt part according to Tremellius.

CHAP. I.

1. How ſits this city, late moſt populous,
Thus ſolitary, and like a widow thus?
Ampleſt of nations, queen of provinces
She was, who now thus tributary is.

2. Still in the night ſhe weeps, and her tears fall
Down by her cheeks along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her. Perfidiouſly
Her friends have dealt, and now are enemy.

3. Unto great bondage and afflictions
Juda is captive led: thoſe nations
With whom ſhe dwells no place of reſt afford;
In ſtraits ſhe meets her perſecutor's ſword.

4. Empty are the gates of Sion, and her ways
Mourn, becauſe none come to her ſolemn days.
Her prieſts do groan, her maids are comfortleſs,
And ſhe's unto herſelf a bitterneſs.

5. Her foes are grown her head, and live at peace,
Becauſe when her tranſgreſſions did increaſe
The Lord ſtruck her with ſadneſs. Th' enemy
Doth drive her children to captivity.

6. From Sion's daughter is all beauty gone.
Like harts, which ſeek for paſture and find none,
Her princes are; and now before the foe, [go.
Which ſtill purſues them, without ſtrength they

7. Now in their days of tears, Jeruſalem
(Her men ſlain by the foe, none ſuccouring them)
Remembers what of old ſhe eſteem'd moſt,
Whilſt her foes laugh at her for which ſhe 'ath loſt.

8. Jeruſalem hath ſinn'd, therefore is ſhe
Remov'd, as women in uncleanneſs be:
Who honour'd, ſcorn her; for her foulneſs they
Have ſeen: herſelf doth groan, and turn away.

9. Her foulneſs in her ſkirts was ſeen, yet ſhe
Remember'd not her end; miraculouſly
Therefore ſhe fell, none comforting. Behold,
O Lord! my affliction, for the foe grows bold.

10. Upon all things, where her delight hath been,
The foe hath ſtretch'd his hand; for ſhe hath ſeen
Heathen, whom thou commandſt ſhould not do ſo,
Into her holy ſanctuary go.

11. And all her people groan and seek for bread;
And they have given, only to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay.
How cheap I'm grown, O Lord! behold, and weigh.

12. All this concerns not you, who pass by me;
O! see, and mark if any sorrow be
Like to my sorrow, which Jehovah hath
Done to me in the day of his fierce wrath.

13. That fire, which by himself is governed,
He hath cast from heav'n on my bones, and spread
A net before my feet, and me o'erthrown,
And made me languish all the day alone.

14. His hands hath of my sins framed a yoke,
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My strength. The Lord unto those enemies
Hath given me, from whom I cannot rise.

15. He under foot hath trodden in my sight
My strong men; he did company excite
To break my young men; he the wine-press hath
Trod upon Juda's daughter in his wrath.

16. For these things do I weep; mine eye, mine eye
Casts water out; for he which should be nigh
To comfort me is now departed far;
The foe prevails, forlorn my children are.

17. There's none, though Sion do stretch out her hand,
To comfort her: it is the Lord's command
That Jacob's foes girt him: Jerusalem
Is as an unclean woman amongst them.

18. But yet the Lord is just and righteous still;
I have rebell'd against his holy will;
O hear, all people! and my sorrow see,
My maids, my young men, in captivity.

19. I called for my lovers then, but they
Deceiv'd me, and my priests and elders lay
Dead in the city; for they sought for meat, [get.
Which should refresh their souls, and none could

20. Because I am in straits, Jehovah! see
My heart o'erturn'd, my bowels muddy be;
Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
The sword, without as death within doth waste.

21. Of all which here I mourn, none comforts me;
My foes have heard my grief, and glad they be
That thou hast done it; but thy promis'd day
Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.

22. Let all their wickedness appear to thee;
Do unto them as thou hast done to me
For all my sins. The sighs which I have had
Are very many, and my heart is sad.

CHAP. II.

1. How over Sion's daughter hath God hung
His wrath's thick cloud! and from heaven hath flung
To earth the beauty' of Israel, and hath
Forgot his footstool in the day of wrath!

2. The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed
All Jacob's dwellings, and demolished
To ground the strength of Juda, and profan'd
The princes of the kingdom and the land.

3. In heat of wrath the horn of Israel he
Hath clean cut off; and, lest the enemy
Be hinder'd, his right hand he doth retire,
But is t'wards Jacob all devouring fire.

4. Like to an enemy he bent his bow,
His right hand was in posture of a foe;
To kill what Sion's daughter did desire;
'Gainst whom his wrath he poured forth like fire.

5. For like an enemy Jehovah is,
Devouring Israel and his palaces;
Destroying holds, giving additions
To Juda's daughters lamentations.

6. Like to a garden hedge he hath cast down
The place where was his congregation,
And Sion's feasts and Sabbaths are forgot;
Her king, her priest, his wrath regarded not.

7. The Lord forsakes his altar, and detests
His sanctuary; and in the foes hands rests
His palace, and the walls, in which their cries
Are heard, as in the true solemnities.

8. The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
And level Sion's walls unto the ground:
He draws not back his hand, which doth o'erturn
The wall and rampart, which together mourn.

9. The gates are sunk unto the ground, and he
Hath broke the bar; their kings and princes be
Amongst the heathen without law, nor there
Unto the prophets doth the Lord appear.

10. There Sion's elders on the ground are plac'd,
And silence keep; dust on their heads they cast;
In sackcloth hath they girt themselves, and low
The virgins towards ground their heads do throw.

11. My bowels are grown muddy, and mine eyes
Are faint with weeping; and my liver lies
Pour'd out upon the ground, for misery
That sucking children in the streets do die.

12. When they had cry'd unto their mothers, Where
Shall we have bread and drink? they fainted there;
And in the street, like wounded persons, lay,
Till 'twixt their mothers breasts they went away.

13. Daughter Jerusalem, oh! what may be
A witness or comparison for thee?
Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?
Thy breach is like the sea; what help can be?

14. For the vain fooliſh things thy prophets ſought,
Thee thine iniquities they have not taught,
Which might diſturn thy bondage; but for thee
Falſe burthens and falſe cauſes they would ſee.

15. The paſſengers do clap their hands and hiſs,
And wag their head at thee, and ſay, "Is this
"That city which ſo many men did call
"Joy of the earth, and perfecteſt of all?"

16. Thy foes do gape upon thee, and they hiſs,
And gnaſh their teeth, and ſay, "Devour we this;
"For this is certainly the day which we
"Expected, and which now we find and ſee."

17. The Lord hath done that which he purpoſed,
Fulfill'd his word, of old determined;
He hath thrown down, and not ſpar'd, and thy foe
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him ſo.

18. But now their hearts unto the Lord do call;
Therefore, O walls of Sion! let tears fall
Down like a river day and night; take thee
No reſt, but let thine eye inceſſant be.

19. Ariſe, cry in the night, pour out thy ſins,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
Lift up thy hands to God, leſt children die,
Which, faint for hunger, in the ſtreets do lie.

20. Behold, O Lord! conſider unto whom
Thou haſt done this; what, ſhall the women come
To eat their children of a ſpan? ſhall thy
Prophet and prieſt be ſlain in ſanctuary?

21. On gronnd in ſtreets the young and old do lie;
My virgins and young men by ſword do die;
Then in the day of thy wrath thou haſt ſlain,
Nothing did thee from killing them contain.

22. As to a ſolemn feaſt, all whom I fear'd
Thou call'ſt about me; when thy wrath appear'd,
None did remain or 'ſcape; for thoſe which I
Brought up did periſh by mine enemy.

CHAP. III.

1. I AM the man which have affliction ſeen,
Under the rod of God's wrath having been.
2. He hath led me to darkneſs, not to light,
3. And againſt me all day his hand doth fight.

4. He hath broke my bones, worn out my fleſh
and ſkin;
5. Built up againſt me; and hath girt me in
With hemlock, and with labour; 6. And ſet me
In dark, as they who dead for ever be.

7. He hath hedg'd me, leſt I 'ſcape, and added more
To my ſteel fetters, heavier than before.
8. When I cry out, he out ſhuts my prayer; 9.
And hath [path.
Stopp'd with hewn ſtone my way, and turn'd my

10. And like a lion hid in ſecrecy,
Or bear, which lies in wait, he was to me.

11. He ſtops my way, tears me, made deſolate;
12. And he makes me the mark he ſhooteth at.

13. He made the children of his quiver paſs
Into my reins. 14. I with my people was
All the day long a ſong and mockery.
15. He hath me fill'd with bitterneſs, and he

Hath made me drunk with wormwood. 16. He
hath burſt
My teeth with ſtones, and covered me with duſt.
17. And thus my ſoul far off from peace was ſet,
And my proſperity I did forget.

18. My ſtrength, my hope, (unto myſelf I ſaid)
Which from the Lord ſhould come, is periſhed.
19. But when my mournings I do think upon,
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction,

20. My ſoul is humbled in rememb'ring this;
21. My heart conſiders; therefore hope there is.
22. 'Tis God's great mercy we're not utterly
Conſum'd, for his compaſſions do not die;

23. For every morning they renewed be;
For great, O Lord! is thy fidelity.
24. The Lord is, ſaith my ſoul, my portion,
And therefore in him will I hope alone.

25. The Lord is good to them who on him rely,
And to the ſoul that ſeeks him earneſtly.
26. It is both good to truſt, and to attend
The Lord's ſalvation unto the end.

27. 'Tis good for one his yoke in youth to bear:
28. He ſits alone, and doth all ſpeech forbear,
Becauſe he hath born it: 29. And his mouth he
lays
Deep in the duſt, yet then in hope he ſtays.

30. He gives his cheeks to whoſoever will
Strike him, and ſo he is reproached ſtill.
31. For not for ever doth the Lord forſake;
32. But when he hath ſtruck with ſadneſs, he
doth take

Compaſſion, as his mercy's infinite.
33. Nor is it with his heart that he doth ſmite,
34. That under foot the priſoners ſtamped be,
35. That a man's right the judge himſelf doth ſee
[ed is
To be wrung from him; 36. That he ſubvert-
In his juſt cauſe, the Lord allows not this. [paſs
37. Who then will ſay that ought doth come to
But that which by the Lord commanded was?

38. Both good and evil from his mouth proceeds;
39. Why then grieves any man for his miſdeeds?
40. Turn we to God, by trying out our ways;
41. To him in heav'n our hands with hearts up-
raiſe.

42. We have rebell'd, and fall'n away from thee;
Thou pardon'ſt not; 43. Uſeſt no clemency;
Purſu'ſt us, kill'ſt us, cover'ſt us with wrath;
44. Cover'ſt thyſelf with clouds, that our prayer hath

No pow'r to pass; 45. And thou hast made us fall
As refuse, and off-scouring, to them all.
46. All our foes gape at us. 47. Fear and a snare,
With ruin and with waste, upon us are.

48. With wat'ry rivers doth mine eye o'erflow,
For ruin of my people's daughters so:
49. Mine eye doth drop down tears incessantly,
50. Until the Lord look down from heav'n to see.

51. And for my city, daughters' sake, mine eye
Doth break mine heart. 52. Causeless mine enemy,
Like a bird, chas'd me. 53. In a dungeon
They've shut my life, and cast on me a stone.

54. Waters flow'd o'er my head; then thought I, I'm
Destroy'd: 55. I called, Lord! upon thy name
Out of the pit; 56. And thou my voice didst hear:
Oh! from my sight and cry stop not thine ear.

57. Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'st near
Unto me, and saidst unto me, Do not fear,
58. Thou, Lord! my soul's cause handled hast,
and thou
Rescu'st my life. 59. O Lord! do thou judge now.

Thou heard'st my wrong. 60. Their vengeance all
they've wrought;
61. How they reproach'd thou'st heard, and what
they thought;
62. What their lips utter'd, which against me rose,
And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.

63. I am their song, whether they rise or sit.
64. Give them rewards, Lord! for their work-
ing fit,
64. Sorrow of heart, thy curse: 66. And with
Follow, and from under heav'n destroy them quite.

CHAP. IV.

1. How is the gold become so dim! how is
Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this!
The stones, which were stones of the sanctuary,
Scatter'd in corners of each street do lie.

2. The precious sons of Sion, which should be
Valu'd as purest gold, how do we see
Low-rated now! as earthen pitchers, stand,
Which are the work of a poor potter's hand.

3. Even the sea-calves draw their breasts, and give
Suck to their young: my people's daughter's live,
By reason of the foe's great cruelness,
As do the owls in the vast wilderness.

4. And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,
His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw;
And when for bread the little children cry,
There is no man that doth them satisfy.

5. They which before were delicately fed,
Now in the streets forlorn have perished:
And they, which ever were in scarlet cloth'd,
Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loth'd.

6. The daughters of my people have sinn'd more
Than did the town of Sodom sin before,
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remain
No hands amongst them to vex them again.

7. But heretofore purer her Nazarite
Was than the snow, and milk was not so white:
As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine;
And all their polish'dness was saphirine.
[know
8. They're darker now than blackness; none can
Them by the face, as through the street they go;
For now their skin doth cleave unto their bone,
And, withered, is like to dry wood grown.

9. Better by sword than famine 'tis to die;
And better through pierc'd than through penury.
10. Women, by nature pitiful, have ate
[meat.
Their children (drest with their own hand) for

11. Jehovah here fully accomplish'd hath
His indignation, and pour'd forth his wrath;
Kindled a fire in Sion, which hath pow'r
To eat, and her foundations to devour.

12. Nor would the kings of th' earth, nor all
which live
In the inhabitable world, believe
That any adversary, any foe,
Into Jerusalem should enter so.
[shed
13. For the priests sins, and prophets, which have

Blood in the streets, and the just murthered:
14. Which, when those men, whom they made
blind, did stray
Thorough the streets, defiled by the way

With blood, the which impossible it was
Their garment should 'scape touching as they pass,
15. Would cry aloud, "Depart, defiled men,
"Depart, depart, and touch us not!" and then

They fled, and stray'd, and with the Gentiles
were,
[there:
Yet told their friends they should not long dwell
16. For this they're scatter'd by Jehovah's face,
Who never will regard them more. No grace

Unto the old men shall their foe afford,
[sword:
For that they're priests redeem them from the
17. And we as yet, for all these miseries
Desiring our vain help, consume our eyes:

And such a nation as cannot save,
We in desire and speculation have,
18. They hunt our steps, that in the streets we fear
To go; our end is now approached near.

Our days accomplish'd are, this the last day;
19. Eagles of heav'n are not so swift as they
Which follow us; o'er mountains tops they flie
At us, and for us in the desert lie.

20. The Lord's anointed, breath of our nostrils, he
Of whom we said, under his shadow we

Shall with more eaſe under the Heathen dwell,
Into the pit, which theſe men digged, fell.

Rejoice, O Edom's daughter! joyful be,
Thou that inhabit'ſt Uz; for unto thee
This cup ſhall paſs, and thou with drunkenneſs
Shall fill thyſelf, and ſhew thy nakedneſs.

22. And then thy ſins, O Sion! ſhall be ſpent;
The Lord will not leave thee in baniſhment:
Thy ſins, O Edom's daughter! he will ſee,
And for them pay thee with captivity.

CHAP. V.

1. Remember, O Lord! what is fall'n on us;
See and mark how we are reproached thus.
2. For unto ſtrangers our poſſeſſion
Is turn'd, our houſes unto aliens gone.

3. Our mothers are become as widows, we
As orphans all, and without fathers be.
4. Waters, which are our own, we drink and pay,
And upon our own word a price they lay.

5. Our perſecutors on our necks do ſit;
They make us travail, and not intermit.
6. We ſtretch our hands unto th' Egyptians
To get us bread, and unto th' Aſſyrians.

Our fathers did theſe ſins, and are no more;
But we do bear thy ſins they did before.
8. They are but ſervants which do rule us thus,
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.

9. With danger of our life our bread we gat,
For in the wilderneſs the ſword did wait.
10. The tempeſts of this famine we liv'd in
Black as an oven colour'd had our ſkin.

11. In Juda's cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and ſo women in Sion us'd. [grace
12. The princes with their hands they hung; no
Nor honour gave they to the elder's face.

13. Unto the mill our young men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare:
14. Elders the gates, youth did their ſongs, forbear;
Gone was our joy; our dancings mournings were.

15. Now is the crown fall'n from our head, and wo
Be unto us, becauſe we've ſinned ſo:
16. For this our hearts do languiſh, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimneſs is;

17. Becauſe Mount Sion deſolate doth lie,
And foxes there do go at liberty.
18. But thou, O Lord! art ever; and thy throne
From generation to generation.

19. Why ſhouldſt thou forget us eternally,
Or leave us thus long in this miſery?
20. Reſtore us, Lord! to thee; that ſo we may
Return, and, as of old, renew our day.
21. For oughteſt thou, O Lord! deſpiſe us thus,
22. And to be utterly enrag'd at us?

HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD,
In my Sickneſs.

Since I am coming to that holy room
Where with the choir of ſaints for evermore
I ſhall be made thy muſic, as I come
I tune the inſtrument here at the door,
And what I muſt do then think here before.

Whilſt my phyſicians, by their love, are grown
Coſmographers and I their map, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be ſhewn
That this is my ſouth-weſt diſcovery
Per fretum febris, by theſe ſtraits to die.

I joy that in theſe ſtraights I ſee my weſt;
For though thoſe currents yield return to none,
What ſhall my weſt hurt me? as weſt and eaſt
In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
So death doth touch the reſurrection.

Is the Pacific Sea my home? or are
The eaſtern riches? Is Jeruſalem,
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar? [them,
All ſtraights, and none but ſtraights are ways to
Whether where Japheth dwelt, or Cham, or Sem.

We think that Paradiſe and Calvary,
Chriſt's croſs and Adam's tree, ſtood in one place;
Look, Lord! and find both Adams met in me:
As the firſt Adam's ſweat ſurrounds my face,
May the laſt Adam's blood my ſoul embrace.

So in his purple wrapp'd receive me, Lord!
By theſe his thorns give me his other crown;
And as to others ſouls I preach'd thy word,
Be this my text, my ſermon to mine own; [down.
Therefore, that he may raiſe, the Lord throws

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

I.

Wilt thou forgive that ſin where I begun,
Which was my ſin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that ſin through which I run,
And do run ſtill, though ſtill I do deplore?
When thou haſt done thou haſt not done,
For I have more.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that ſin which I have won
Others to ſin, and made my ſins their door?
Wilt thou forgive that ſin which I did ſhun
A year or two, but wallow'd in a ſcore?
When thou haſt done thou haſt not done,
For I have more.

III.

I have a ſin of fear, that when I've ſpun
My laſt thread I ſhall periſh on the ſhore;
But ſwear by thyſelf that at my death thy Son
Shall ſhine as he ſhines now and heretofore;
And having done that thou haſt done,
I fear no more.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

INFINITATI SACRUM,

16. AUGUSTI, 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

POEMA SATYRICON.

EPISTLE.

OTHERS at the porches and entries of their buildings ſet their arms, I my picture, if any colours can deliver a mind ſo plain and flat, and thorough-light as mine. Naturally at a new author I doubt and ſtick, and do not ſay quickly good. I cenſure much and tax; and this liberty coſts me more than others: yet I would not be ſo rebellious againſt myſelf as not to do it ſince I love it, nor ſo unjuſt to others to do it *ſine talione*. As long as I give them as good hold upon me, they muſt pardon me my bitings. I forbid no reprehender but him that, like the Trent Council, forbids not books, but authors, damning whatever ſuch a name hath or ſhall write. None write ſo ill that he gives not ſomething exemplary to follow or fly. Now, when I begin this book, I have no purpoſe to come into any man's debt: how my ſtock will hold out I know not; perchance waſte, perchance increaſe in uſe. If I do borrow any thing of antiquity, beſides that I make account that I pay it to poſterity with as much, and as good, you ſhall ſtill find me to acknowledge it, and to thank not him only that hath digged out treaſure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember (for I will have no ſuch readers as I can teach) is, that the Pythagorean doctrine doth not only carry one ſoul from man to man, nor man to beaſt, but indifferently to plants alſo; and, therefore, you muſt not grudge to find the ſame ſoul in an emperor, in a poſt-horſe, and in a maceron, ſince no unreadineſs in the ſoul, but an indiſpoſition in the organs, works this. And, therefore, though this ſoul could not move when it was a melon, yet it may remember, and can now tell me, at what laſcivious banquet it was ſerved: and though it could not ſpeak when it was a ſpider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who uſed it for poiſon to attain dignity. However, the bodies have dulled her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her own, which makes me ſo ſeriouſly deliver you, by her relation, all her paſſages, from her firſt making, when ſhe was that apple which Eve ate, to this time, when ſhe is ſhe whoſe life you ſhall find in the end of this book.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

I.

I SING the Progreſs of a deathleſs Soul,
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not controul,
Plac'd in moſt ſhapes. All times, before the law
Yok'd us, and when, and ſince, in this I ſing,
And the great World t' his aged evening,
From infant morn through manly noon I draw:
What the gold Chaldee or ſilver Perſian ſaw,
Greek braſs, or Roman iron, 'tis in this one,
A work t' out-wear Seth's pillars, brick and ſtone,
And (holy writ excepted) made to yield to none.

II.

Thee, eye of heaven, this great Soul envies not;
By thy male force is all we have begot.
In the firſt eaſt thou now beginn'ſt to ſhine,
Suck'ſt early balm, and iſland ſpices there,
And wilt anon in thy looſe-rein'd career
At Tagus, Po, Seine, Thames, and Danow, dine,
And ſee at night thy weſtern land of mine;
Yet haſt thou not more nations ſeen than ſhe
That before thee one day began to be,
And, thy frail light being quench'd, ſhall long, long outlive thee.

III.

Nor holy Janus, in whoſe ſovereign boat
The church and all the monarchies did float;
That ſwimming college and free hoſpital
Of all mankind, that cage and vivary
Of fowls and beaſts, in whoſe womb Deſtiny
Us and our lateſt nephews did inſtall,
(From thence are all deriv'd that fill this all)
Didſt thou in that great ſtewardſhip embark
So diverſe ſhapes into that floating park, [ſpark.
As have been mov'd and inform'd by this heav'nly

IV.

Great Deſtiny, the commiſſary of God,
That haſt mark'd out a path and period
For every thing; who, where we offſpring took,
Our ways and ends ſeeſt at one inſtant: thou
Knot of all cauſes; thou whoſe changeleſs brow
Ne'er ſmiles nor frowns, O! vouchſafe thou to look,
And ſhew my ſtory in thy eternal book,
That (if my prayer be fit) I may underſtand
So much myſelf as to know with what hand,
How ſcant or liberal this my life's race is ſpann'd.

V.

To my ſix luſters, almoſt now out-wore,
Except thy book owe me ſo many more;
Except my legend be free from the lets
Of ſteep ambition, ſleepy poverty,
Spirit-quenching ſickneſs, dull captivity,
Diſtracting buſineſs, and from beautie's nets,
And all that calls from this and t' others whets;
O! let me not launch out, but let me ſave
Th' expence of brain and ſpirit, that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwaſted man, may have.

VI.

But if my days be long and good enough,
In vain this ſea ſhall enlarge or enrough
Itſelf; for I will through the wave and foam,
And hold, in ſad lone ways, a lively ſprite,
Make my dark heavy Poem light, and light:
For though through many ſtraights and lands I roam,
I launch at Paradiſe, and ſail t'wards home:
The courſe I there began ſhall here be ſtay'd;
Sails hoiſted there ſtruck here, and anchors laid
In Thames which were at Tygris and Euphrates weigh'd.

VII.

For the great Soul which here amongſt us now
Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow,
Which as the moon the ſea moves us, to hear
Whoſe ſtory with long patience you will long;
(For 'tis the crown and laſt ſtrain of my ſong)
This Soul, to whom Luther and Mahomet were
Priſons of fleſh; this Soul, which oft did tear
And mend the wrecks of th' empire, and late Rome,
And liv'd when every great 'change did come,
Had firſt in Paradiſe a low but fatal room.

VIII.

Yet no low room, nor then the greateſt, leſs
If (as devout and ſharp men fitly gueſs)
That croſs, our joy and grief, (where nails did tie
That All, which always was all every where,
Which could not ſin, and yet all ſins did bear,
Which could not die, yet could not chooſe but die)
Stood in the ſelf ſame room in Calvary

Where firſt grew the forbidden learned tree;
For on that tree hung in ſecurity
This Soul, made by the Maker's will from pulling free.

IX.

Prince of the orchard, fair as dawning morn,
Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as ſoon as born,
That apple grew which this ſoul did enlive,
Till the then climbing ſerpent, that now creeps
For that offence for which all mankind weeps,
Took it, and t' her, whom the firſt man did wive,
(Whom and her race only forbiddings drive)
He gave it, ſhe t' her huſband; both did eat:
So periſhed the eaters and the meat,
And we (for treaſon taints the blood) thence die and ſweat.

X.

Man all at once was there by woman ſlain,
And one by one we're here ſlain o'er again
By them. The mother poiſon'd the well-head;
The daughters here corrupt us rivulets;
No ſmallneſs 'ſcapes, no greatneſs breaks, their nets:
She thruſt us out, and by them we are led
Aſtray from turning to whence we are fled.
Were priſoners judges 't would ſeem rigorous;
She ſinn'd, we bear: part of our pain is thus
To love them whoſe fault to this painful love yok'd us.

XI.

So faſt in us doth this corruption grow,
That now we dare aſk why we ſhould be ſo.
Would God (diſputes the curious rebel) make
A law, and would not have it kept? or can
His creatures will croſs his? Of every man
For one will God (and he juſt) vengeance take?
Who ſinn'd? 'twas not forbidden to the ſnake,
Nor her, who was not then made? nor is't writ
That Adam cropt or knew the apple; yet
The worm, and ſhe, and he, and we, endure for it.

XII.

But ſnatch me, heav'nly Spirit! from this vain
Reck'ning their vanity; leſs is their gain
Than hazard ſtill to meditate on ill,
Though with good mind; their reaſon's like thoſe toys
Of glaſſy bubbles which the gameſome boys
Stretch to ſo nice a thinneſs through a quill,
That they themſelves break, and do themſelves ſpill.
Arguing is heretic's game, and exerciſe,
As wreſtlers, perfects them. Not liberties
Of ſpeech, but ſilence; hands, not tongues, and hereſies.

XIII.

Juſt in that inſtant, when the ſerpent's gripe
Broke the ſlight veins and tender conduit-pipe
Through which this Soul from the tree's root did draw
Life and growth to this apple, fled away
This looſe Soul, old, one and another day.
As lightning, which one ſcarce dare ſay he ſaw,
'Tis ſo ſoon gone (and better proof the law
Of ſenſe than faith requires) ſwiftly ſhe flew
I'' a dark and foggy plot; her her fates threw
There through th' earth's pores, and in a plant hous'd her anew.

XIV.

The plant, thus abled, to itſelf did force
A place where no place was by Nature's courſe,
As air from water, water flects away
From thicker bodies; by this root throng'd ſo
His ſpungy confines gave him place to grow:
Juſt as in our ſtreets, when the people ſtay
To ſee the prince, and ſo fill up the way [near
That weaſels ſcarce could paſs; when he comes
They throng and cleave up, and a paſſage clear,
As if for that time their round bodies flatten'd were.

XV.

His right arm he thruſt out towards the eaſt,
Weſtward his left; th' ends did themſelves digeſt
Into ten leſſer ſtrings, theſe fingers were:
And, as a ſlumb'rer, ſtretching on his bed,
This way he this and that way ſcattered
His other leg, which feet with toes up bear;
Grew on his middle part, the firſt day, hair,
To ſhew that in love's hus'neſs he ſhould ſtill
A dealer be, and be us'd, well or ill:
His apples kindle, his leaves force of conception kill.

XVI.

A mouth, but dumb, he hath; blind eyes, deaf ears,
And to his ſhoulders dangle ſubtle hairs;
A young Coloſſus there he ſtands upright;
And, as that ground by him were conquered,
A lazy garland wears he on his head
Enchas'd with little fruits ſo red and bright,
That for them ye would call your love's lips white;
So of a lone unhaunted place poſſeſt,
Did this Soul's ſecond inn, built by the gueſt
This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, reſt.

XVII.

No luſtful woman came this plant to grieve,
But 'twas becauſe there was none yet but Eve,
And ſhe (with other purpoſe) kill'd it quite:
Her ſin had now brought in infirmities,
And ſo her cradled child the moiſt-red eyes
Had never ſhut, nor ſlept, ſince it ſaw light:
Poppy ſhe knew, ſhe knew the mandrake's might,
And tore up both, and ſo cool'd her child's blood.
Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex'd have ſtood,
But he's ſhort liv'd that with his death can do moſt good.

XVIII.

To an unfetter'd Soul's quick nimble haſte
Are falling ſtars and hearts thoughts but ſlow pac'd,
Thinner than burnt air flies this Soul, and ſhe,
Whom four new coming and four parting ſuns
Had found, and left the mandrake's tenant, runs,
Thoughtleſs of change, when her firm deſtiny
Confin'd and enjail'd her that ſeem'd ſo free
Into a ſmall blew ſhell, the which a poor
Warm bird o'erſpread, and ſat ſtill evermore,
Till her enclos'd child kick'd, and pick'd itſelf a door.

XIX.

Out crept a ſparrow, this Soul's moving inn,
On whoſe raw arms ſtiff feathers now begin,
As children's teeth through gums, to break with pain:
His fleſh is jelly yet, and his bones threads;
All a new downy mantle overſpreads;
A mouth he opes, which would as much contain
As his late houſe, and the firſt hour ſpeaks plain,
And chirps aloud for meat: meat fit for men
His father ſteals for him, and ſo feeds then
One that within a month will beat him from his hen.

XX.

In this world's youth wiſe Nature did make haſte,
Things ripen'd ſooner, and did longer laſt:
Already this hot cock in buſh and tree,
In field and tent, o'erflutters his next hen:
He aſks her not who did ſo taſte, nor when;
Nor if his ſiſter or his niece ſhe be,
Nor doth ſhe pule for his inconſtancy
If in her ſight he change; nor doth refuſe
The next that calls; both liberty do uſe.
Where ſtore is of both kinds, both kinds may freely chooſe.

XXI.

Men, till they took laws which made freedom leſs,
Their daughters and their ſiſters did ingreſs;
Till now unlawful, therefore ill, 'twas not;
So jolly, that it can move this Soul. Is
The body ſo free of his kindneſſes,
That ſelf-preſerving it hath now forgot,
And ſlack'neth not the Soul's and body's knot,
Which temp'rance ſtraitens? Freely on his ſhe-friends
He blood and ſpirit, pith and marrow, ſpends;
Ill ſteward of himſelf, himſelf in three years ends.

XXII.

Elſe might he long have liv'd; man did not know
Of gummy blood which doth in holly grow,
How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive,
With feign'd calls his nets or enwrapping ſnare,
The free inhabitants of the pliant air.
Man to beget, and woman to conceive,
Aſk'd not of roots, nor of cock-ſparrows, leave;
Yet chooſeth he, though none of theſe he fears,
Pleaſantly three; then ſtraiten'd twenty years
To live, and to encreaſe his race himſelf outwears.

XXIII.

This coal with over blowing quench'd and dead,
The Soul from her too active organs fled
T' a brook. A female fiſh's ſandy roe
With the male's jelly newly leaven'd was;
For they had intertouch'd as they did paſs,
And one of thoſe ſmall bodies, fitted ſo,
This Soul inform'd, and able it to row
Itſelf with finny oars, which ſhe did fit,
Her ſcales ſeem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
Perchance a fiſh; but by no name you could call it.

XXIV.

When goodly, like a ſhip in her full trim,
A ſwan ſo white, that you may unto him
Compare all whiteneſs, but himſelf to none,
Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,
And with his arched neck this poor fiſh catch'd:
It mov'd with ſtate, as if to look upon
Low things it ſcorn'd; and yet before that one
Could think he fought it, he had ſwallow'd clear
This and much ſuch, and unblam'd; devour'd there
All but who too ſwift, too great, or well-arm'd, were.

XXV.

Now ſwam a priſon in a priſon put,
And now this Soul in double walls was ſhut,
Till melted with the ſwan's digeſtive fire
She left her houſe, the fiſh, and vapour'd forth:
Fate not affording bodies of more worth
For her as yet, bids her again retire
T' another fiſh, to any new deſire
Made a new prey; for he that can to none
Reſiſtance make, nor complaint, is ſure gone;
Weakneſs invites, but ſilence feaſts oppreſſion.

XXVI.

Pace with the native ſtream this fiſh doth keep,
And journies with her towards the glaſſy deep,
But oft retarded; once with a hidden net,
Though with great windows, (for when need firſt taught
Theſe tricks to catch food, then they were not wrought
As now, with curious greedineſs, to let
None 'ſcape, but few and fit for uſe to get)
As in this trip a rav'nous pike was ta'en,
Who, though himſelf diſtreſt, would fain have ſlain
This wretch; ſo hardly are ill habits left again.

XXVII.

Here by her ſmallneſs ſhe two death's o'erpaſt,
Once innocence 'ſcap'd, and left th' oppreſſor faſt;
The net through ſwam, ſhe keeps the liquid path,
And whither ſhe leap up ſometimes to breath
And ſuck in air, or find it underneath.
Or working parts like mills or limbecks hath,
To make the water thin, and air like faith,
Cares not, but ſafe the place ſhe's come unto,
Where freſh with ſalt waves meet, and what to do
She knows not, but between both makes a board or two.

XXVIII.

So far from hiding her gueſts water is,
That ſhe ſhews them in bigger quantities
Than they are. Thus her, doubtful of her way,
For game, and not for hunger, a ſea-pie
Spy'd through his traiterous ſpectacle from high
The ſilly fiſh, where it diſputing lay,
And t' end her doubts and her, bears her away;
Exalted, ſhe's but to th' exalter's good;
(As are by great ones men which lowly ſtood)
It's rais'd to be the raiſer's inſtrument and food.

XXIX.

Is any kind ſubject to rape like fiſh?
Ill unto man they neither do nor wiſh;
Fiſhers they kill not, nor with noiſe awake;
They do not hunt, nor ſtrive to make a prey
Of beaſts, nor their young ſons to bear away;
Fowls they purſue not, nor do undertake
To ſpoil the neſts induſtrious birds do make;
Yet them all theſe unkind kinds feed upon;
To kill them is an occupation,
And laws make faſts and lents for their deſtruction.

XXX.

A ſudden ſtiff land-wind in that ſelf hour
To ſea-ward forc'd this bird that did devour
The fiſh; he cares not, for with eaſe he flies,
Fat gluttony's beſt orator: at laſt,
So long he hath flown, and hath flown ſo faſt,
That, leagues o'erpaſt at ſea, now tir'd he lies,
And with his prey, that till then languiſht, dies:
The Souls, no longer foes, two ways did err.
The fiſh I follow, and keep no calender
Of th' other: he lives yet in ſome great officer.

XXXI.

Into an embryon fiſh our Soul is thrown,
And in due time thrown out again, and grown
To ſuch vaſtneſs, as if unmanacled
From Greece Morea were, and that, by ſome
Earthquake unrooted, looſe Morea ſwam;
Or ſeas from Afric's body had ſevered
And torn the Hopeful Promontory's head:
This fiſh would ſeem theſe, and, when all hopes fail,
A great ſhip overſet, or without ſail,
Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this whale.

XXXII.

At every ſtroke his brazen fins do take
More circles in the broken ſea they make
Than cannons voices when the air they tear:
His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roof
Of bark, that blunts beſt ſteel, is thunder-proof:
Swim in him ſwallow'd dolphins without fear,
And feel no ſides, as if his vaſt womb were
Some inland ſea; and ever, as he went,
He ſpouted rivers up, as if he meant
To join our ſeas with ſeas above the firmament.

XXXIII.

He hunts not fiſh, but, as an officer,
Stays in his court, at his own net, and there
All ſuitors of all ſorts themſelves enthral;
So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
And in his gulf-like throat ſucks every thing,
That paſſeth near. Fiſh chaſeth fiſh, and all,
Flier and follower, in this whirlpool fall:
O! might not ſtates of more equality
Conſiſt? and is it of neceſſity
That thouſand guiltleſs ſmalls to make one great muſt die?

XXXIV.

Now drinks he up ſeas, and he eats up flocks;
He joſtles iſlands, and he ſhakes firm rocks:
Now in a roomful houſe this Soul doth float,
And, like a prince, ſhe ſends her faculties
To all her limbs, diſtant as provinces.
The ſun hath twenty times both Crab and Goat
Parched, ſince firſt launch'd forth this living boat:
'Tis greateſt now, and to deſtruction
Neareſt; there's no pauſe at perfection;
Greatneſs a period hath, but hath no ſtation.

XXXV.

Two little fiſhes, whom he never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kind, two, not th'roughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could do
Good to themſelves by his death, (they did not eat
His fleſh, nor ſuck thoſe oils which thence outſtreat)
Conſpir'd againſt him; and it might undo
The plot of all that the plotters were two.
But that they fiſhes were, and could not ſpeak.
How ſhall a tyrant wiſe ſtrong projects break,
If wretches can on them the common anger wreak?

XXXVI.

The flail-finn'd threſher, and ſteel-beak'd ſword-fiſh
Only attempt to do what all do wiſh:
The threſher backs him, and to beat begins;
The ſluggard whale leads to oppreſſion,
And, t'hide himſelf from ſhame and danger, down
Begins to ſink: the ſword-fiſh upwards ſpins,
And gores him with his beak; his ſtaff-like fins
So well the one, his ſword the other, plies,
That, now a ſcoff and prey, this tyrant dies,
And (his own dole) feeds with himſelf all companies.

XXXVII.

Who will revenge his death? or who will call
Thoſe to account that thought and wrought his fall?
The heirs of ſlain kings we ſee are often ſo
Tranſported with the joy of what they get,
That they revenge and obſequies forget;
Nor will againſt ſuch men the people go,
Becauſe he's now dead to whom they ſhould ſhew
Love in that act. Some kings, by vice, being grown
So needy of ſubjects love, that of their own
They think they loſe if love be to the dead prince ſhewn.

XXXVIII.

This ſoul, now free from priſon and paſſion,
Hath yet a little indignation
That ſo ſmall hammers ſhould ſo ſoon down beat
So great a caſtle; and having for her houſe
Got the ſtrait cloiſter of a wretched mouſe,
(As baſeſt men, that have not what to eat,
Nor enjoy ought, do far more hate the great
Than they who good repos'd eſtates poſſeſs)
This Soul, late taught that great things might by leſs
Be ſlain, to gallant miſchief doth herſelf addreſs.

XXXIX.

Nature's great maſter-piece, an elephant,
(The only harmleſs great thing) the giant
Of beaſts, who thought none had, to make him wiſe,
But to be juſt and thankful, loth t' offend,
(Yet Nature hath giv'n him no knees to bend)
Himſelf he up-props, on himſelf relies,
And, foe to none, ſuſpects no enemies,
Still ſleeping ſtood; vext not his fantaſy
Black dreams; like an unbent bow careleſly
His ſinewy proboſcis did remiſsly lie.

XL.

In which, as in a gallery, this mouſe
Walk'd, and ſurvey'd the rooms of this vaſt houſe,
And to the brain, the Soul's bed-chamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life-cords there: like a whole town
Clean undermin'd, the ſlain beaſt tumbled down:
With him the murth'rer dies, whom envy ſent
To kill, not 'ſcape, (for only he that meant

To die did ever kill a man of better room)
And thus he made his foe his prey and tomb:
Who cares not to turn back may any wither come.

XLI.

Next hous'd this Soul a wolfe's yet unborn whelp,
Till the beſt midwife, Nature, gave it help
To iſſue: it could kill as ſoon as go.
Abel, as white and mild as his ſheep were,
(Who, in that trade, of church and kingdoms there
Was the firſt type) was ſtill inſeſted ſo
With this wolf, that it bred his loſs and woe;
And yet his bitch, his centinel, attends
The flock ſo near, ſo well warns and defends,
That the wolf (hopeleſs elſe) to corrupt her intends.

XLII.

He took a courſe, which ſince ſucceſsfully
Great men have often taken, to eſpy
The counſels, or to break the plots, of foes;
To Abel's tent he ſtealeth in the dark,
On whoſe ſkirts the bitch ſlept: ere ſhe could bark,
Attach'd her with ſtrait gripes, yet he call'd thoſe
Embracements of love: to love's work he goes,
Where deeds move more than words; nor doth ſhe ſhow,
Nor much reſiſt, no needs he ſtreighten ſo
His prey, for were ſhe looſe ſhe would not bark nor go.

XLIII.

He hath engag'd her; his ſhe wholly bides;
Who not her own, none others ſecrets hides.
If to the flock he come, and Abel there,
She ſeigns hoarſe barkings, but ſhe biteth not!
Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot.
At laſt a trap, of which ſome every where
Abel had plac'd, ends all his loſs and fear
By the wolfe's death; and now juſt time it was
That a quick Soul ſhould give life to that maſs
Of blood in Abel's bitch, and thither this did paſs.

XLIV.

Some have their wives, their ſiſters ſome begot,
But in the lives of emp'rors you ſhall not
Read of a luſt the which may equal this:
This wolf begot himſelf, and finiſhed
What he began alive when he was dead.
Son to himſelf, and father too, he is
A riding luſt, for which ſchoolmen would miſs
A proper name. The whelp of both theſe lay
In Abel's tent, and with ſoft Moaba,
His ſiſter, being young, it us'd to ſport and play.

XLV.

He ſoon for her too harſh and churliſh grew,
And Abel (the dam dead) would uſe this new
For the field; being of two kinds thus made,
He, as his dam, from ſheep drove wolves away,
And, as his ſire, he made them his own prey.
Five years he liv'd, and couzened with his trade,
Then, hopeleſs that his faults were hid, betray'd
Himſelf by flight, and by all followed,
From dogs a wolf, from wolves a dog, he fled,
And, like a ſpy, to both ſides falſe, he periſhed.

XLVI.

It quick'ned next a toyful ape, and ſo
Gameſome it was, that it might freely go
From tent to tent, and with the children play:
His organs now ſo like theirs he doth find,
That why he cannot laugh and ſpeak his mind
He wonders. Much with all, moſt he doth ſtay
With Adam's fifth daughter, Siphatecia;
Doth gaze on her, and where ſhe paſſeth paſs,
Gathers her fruits. and tumbles on the graſs;
And, wiſeſt of that kind, the firſt true lover was.

XLVII.

He was the firſt that more deſir'd to have
One than another; firſt that e'er did crave
Love by mute ſigns, and had no power to ſpeak;
Firſt that could make love-faces, or could do
The vaulter's ſomberſalts, or us'd to woo
With hoiting gambols, his own bones to break,
To make his miſtreſs merry, or to wreak
Her anger on himſelf. Sins againſt kind
They eas'ly do that can let feed their mind
With outward beauty; beauty they in boys and beaſts do find.

XLVIII.

By this miſled too low things men have prov'd,
And too high; beaſts and angels have been lov'd:
This ape, though elſe th'rough vain, in this was wiſe;
He reach'd at things too high, but open way
There was, and he knew not ſhe would ſay Nay.
His toys prevail not; likelier means he tries;
He gazeth on her face with tear-ſhot eyes,
And uplifts ſubtilely, with his ruſſet paw,
Her kid-ſkin apron without fear or awe
Of Nature; Nature hath no gaol, though ſhe hath law.

XLIX.

Firſt ſhe was ſilly, and knew not what he meant:
That virtue, by his touches chaft and ſpent,
Succeeds an itchy warmth, that melts her quite;
She knew not firſt, nor cares not what he doth;
And willing half and more, more than half wrath.
She neither pulls nor puſhes, but out-right
Now cries, and now repents; when Thelemite,
Her brother, enter'd, and a great ſtone threw
After the ape, who thus prevented flew.
This houſe, thus batter'd down, the Soul poſſeſt anew.

L.

And whether by this change ſhe loſe or win,
She comes out next where th' ape would have gone in.
Adam and Eve had mingled bloods, and now,
Like chemic's equal fires, her temperate womb
Had ſtew'd and form'd it; and part did become
A ſpungy liver, that did richly allow,
Like a free conduit on a high hill's brow,
Life-keeping moiſture unto every part;
Part harden'd itſelf to a thicker heart,
Whoſe buſy furnaces life's ſpirits do impart.

LI.

Another part became the well of ſenſe,
The tender well-arm'd feeling brain, from whence
Thoſe ſinew ſtrings which do our bodies tie
Are ravell'd out; and faſt there by one end
Did this Soul limbs, theſe limbs a Soul attend;
And now they join'd, keeping ſome quality
Of every paſt ſhape; ſhe knew treachery,

Rapine, deceit, and luſt, and ills enough
To be a woman: Themech ſhe is now,
Siſter and wife to Cain, Cain that firſt did plough.

LII.

Whoe'er thou beeſt that read'ſt this ſullen writ,
Which juſt ſo much courts thee as thou doſt it,
Let me arreſt thy thoughts; wonder with me
Why ploughing, building, ruling, and the reſt,
Or moſt of thoſe arts whence our lives are bleſt,
By curſed Cain's race invented be,
And bleſt Seth vext us with aſtronomy.
There's nothing ſimply good nor ill alone;
Of every quality Compariſon
The only meaſure is, and judge Opinion.

IN SACRAM ANCHORAM PISCATORIS,

G. HERBERT.

Quod crux nequibat fixa, clavique additi,
(Tenere Chriſtum ſcilicet, ne aſcenderet)
Tuïve Chriſtum devocans facundia,
Ultra loquendi tempus; addit Anchora:
Nec hoc abundè eſt tibi, niſi certæ Anchoræ
Addas Sigillum; nempe ſymbolum ſuæ
Tibi debet unde et terra certitudinis.

Quondam feſſus Amor loquens amato,
Tot et tanta loquens amica, ſcripſit:
Tandem et feſſa manus dedit Sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui ſcripta dolens lacerando recludi,
Sanctius in regno magni credebat Amoris
(In quo fas nihil eſt rumpi) donare Sigillum!

Munde, fluas fugiaſque licet, nos noſtraque fixi;
Deridet motus ſancta catena tuos.

Although the croſs could not Chriſt here detain,
Though nail'd unto 't, but he aſcends again,
Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him ſtill,
But only while thou ſpeak'ſt, this Anchor will:
Nor canſt thou be content, unleſs thou to
This certain Anchor add a Seal; and ſo
The water and the earth both unto thee
Do owe the ſymbol of their certainty.

When Love, being weary, made an end
Of kind expreſſions to his friend,
He writ; when his hand could write no more
He gave the Seal, and ſo left o'er.

How ſweet a friend was he who, being griev'd
His letters were broke rudely up, believ'd
'Twas more ſecure in great Love's common weal
(Where nothing ſhould be broke) to add a Seal!

Let the world reel, we and all ours ſtand ſure;
This holy cable is of all ſtorms ſecure.

TO MR. GEORGE HERBERT,

Sent him with one of my Seals of the Anchor and Chriſt.

Qui priùs aſſuetus Serpentum faſce tabellas
Signare (hæc noſtræ ſymbola parva Domûs)
Adſcitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto
Stemmate, nanciſcor ſtemmata jure nova.
Hinc mihi Crux, primo quæ fronti impreſſa lavacro,
Finibus extenſis, Anchora facta patet.
Anchoræ in effigiem Crux tandem definit ipſam,
Anchora fit tandem Crux tolerata diu.
Hoc tamen ut fiat, Chriſto vegetatur ab ipſo
Crux, et ab affixo eſt Anchora facta Jeſu.
Nec natalitis penitus Serpentibus orbor;
Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
Quà ſapiens, dos eſt; quà terram lambit et ambit,
Peſtis; at in noſtrâ ſit medicina Cruce
Serpens; fixa Cruci ſi ſit Natura; Crucique
A fixo nobis gratia tota fluat.
Omnia cum Crux ſint, Crux Anchora fixa, Sigillum
Non tam dicendum hoc, quàm catechiſmus erit.
Mitto, nec exigua, exiguâ ſub imagine, dona,
Pignora amicitiæ, et munera, vota, preces.

Plura tibi accumulet ſanctus cognominis ille,
Regia qui flavo dona Sigillat equo.

A ſheaf of Snakes uſed heretofore to be my Seal, the creſt of our poor family.

Adopted in God's family, and ſo
Our old coat loſt, unto new arms I go.
The Croſs (my ſeal at baptiſm) ſpread below,
Does by that form into an Anchor grow.
Croſſes grow Anchors: bear, as thou ſhouldſt do,
Thy Croſs, and that Croſs grows an Anchor too.
But he that makes our Croſſes Anchors thus
Is Chriſt, who there is crucify'd for us.
Yet may I, with this, my firſt Serpents hold;
God gives new bleſſings, and yet leaves the old.
The Serpent may, as wiſe, my pattern be;
My poiſon, as he feeds on duſt, that is me:
And as he rounds the earth to murder ſure,
My death he is, but on the Croſs my cure.
Crucify Nature then, and then implore
All grace from him crucify'd there before.
When all is Croſs, and that Croſs Anchor grown,
This Seal is a catechiſm, not a Seal alone.
Under that little Seal great gifts I ſend,
Works, and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend.
And may that ſaint which rides in our great Seal
To you who bear his name great bounties deal.

TRANSLATED OUT OF GAZÆUS.

Vota Amico facta. Fol. 160.

God grant thee thine own wiſh, and grant thee mine,
Thou who doſt, beſt friend, in beſt things, out-

May thy ſoul, ever cheerful, ne'er know cares;
Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray hairs;
Nor thy hand, ever open, know baſe holds;
Nor thy purſe, ever plump, know plaits or folds;
Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a falſe thing;
Nor thy words, ever mild, know quarrelling;
Nor thy works, ever equal, know diſguiſe;
Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies;
Nor thy prayers know low objects, ſtill divine:
God grant thee thine own wiſh, and grant thee mine.

He that cannot chooſe but love,
And ſtrives againſt it ſtill,
Never ſhall my fancy move,
For he loves againſt his will:

Nor he which is all his own,
And cannot pleaſure chooſe;
When I am caught he can be gone,
And when he liſt refuſe:

Nor he that loves none but fair,
For ſuch by all are ſought;
Nor he that can for foul ones care,
For his judgment then is naught:

Nor he that hath wit, for he
Will make me' his jeſt or ſlave;
Nor a fool, for when others—
He can neither—

Nor he that ſtill his miſtreſs prays,
For ſhe is thrall'd therefore;
Nor he that pays not, for he ſays
Within ſhe's worth no more.

Is there then no kind of men
Whom I may freely prove?
I will vent that humour then
In this mine own ſelf-love.

The heavens rejoice in motion; why ſhould I
Abjure my ſo much-lov'd variety,
And not with many youth, and lov'd, divide?
Pleaſure is none if not diverſify'd.
The ſun that, ſitting in the chair of light,
Sheds flame into what elſe ſoever doth ſeem bright,
Is not contented at one ſign to inn,
But ends his year, and with a new begins.
All things do willingly in change delight,
The fruitful mother of our appetite;
Rivers the clearer and more pleaſing are,
Where their fair ſpreading ſtreams run wide and clear;
And a dead lake, that no ſtrange bark doth greet,
Corrupts itſelf, and what doth live in it.
Let no man tell me ſuch a one is fair,
And worthy all alone, my love to ſhare:
Nature in her hath done the liberal part
Of a kind miſtreſs, and employ'd her art
To make her loveable; and I aver
Him not humane that would turn back from her,
I love her well, and would, if need were, die
To do her ſervice: but follows it that I
Muſt ſerve her only when I may have choice?
The law is hard, and ſhall not have my voice.
The laſt I ſaw in all extremes is fair,
And holds me in the ſun-beams of her hair;
Her nymph-like features ſuch agreements have,
That I could venture with her to the grave:
Another's brown, I like her not the worſe;
Her tongue is ſoft, and takes me with diſcourſe:
Others, for that they well deſcended were,
Do in my love obtain as large a ſhare;
And though they be not fair, 't is much with me
To win their love only for their degree;
And though I fail of my required ends,
Th' attempt is glorious, and itſelf commends.
How happy were our ſires in ancient time,
Who held plurality of loves no crime?
With them it was accounted charity
To ſtir up race of all indifferently:
Kindreds were not exempted from the bands,
Which with the Perſians ſtill in uſage ſtands.
Women were then no ſooner aſk'd than won,
And what they did was honeſt, and well done:
But ſince this little honour hath been us'd,
Our weak credulity hath been abus'd;
The golden laws of Nature are repeal'd,
Which our firſt fathers in ſuch reverence held;
Our liberty's revers'd, and charter's gone,
And we made ſervants to Opinion,
A monſter, in no certain ſhape attir'd.
And whoſe original is much deſir'd;
Formleſs at firſt, but growing on its faſhions,
And doth preſcribe manners and laws to nations.
Here Love receiv'd immedicable harms,
And was deſpoiled of his daring arms;
A greater want than is his daring eyes,
He loſt thoſe awful wings with which he flies;
His ſinewy bow, and thoſe immortal darts
Wherewith he's wont to bruiſe reſiſting hearts:
Only ſome few, ſtrong in themſelves, and free,
Retain the ſeeds of ancient liberty;
Following that part of love, although depreſt,
And make a throne for him within their breaſt;
In ſpite of modern cenſures him avowing
Their ſovereign, all ſervice him allowing:
Amongſt which troop, although I am the leaſt,
Yet equal in perfection with the beſt;
I glory in ſubjection of his hand,
Nor ever did decline his leaſt command;
For in whatever form the meſſage came,
My heart did open and receive the ſame.
But time will in its courſe a point deſcry,
When I this loved ſervice muſt deny;
For our allegiance temporary is;
With firmer age return our liberties.
What time in years and judgment we repos'd,
Shall not ſo eas'ly be to change diſpos'd,
Nor to the art of ſeveral eyes obeying,
But beauty with true worth ſecurely weighing,
Which being found aſſembled in ſome one,
We'll love her ever, and love her alone.

EPIGRAMS.

Hero and Leander.

Both robb'd of air, we both lie in one ground;
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd.

Pyramus and Thisbe.

Two by themselves each other love and fear;
Slain, cruel friends by parting have join'd here.

Niobe.

By children's births and death I am become
So dry, that I am now mine own sad tomb.

A Burnt Ship.

Out of a fired ship, which by no way
But drowning could be rescued from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Near the foes' ships, did by their shot decay:
So all were lost which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt
ship drown'd.

Fall of a Wall.

Under an under-min'd and shot-bruis'd wall
A too bold captain perish'd by the fall,
Whose brave misfortune happiest men envy'd,
That had a tower for tomb his bones to hide.

A Lame Beggar

I am unable, yonder Beggar cries,
To stand or move; if he says true, he lies.

A Self Accuser.

Your mistress that you follow whores still taxeth
you;
'Tis strange that she should thus confess it though
it be true.

A Licentious Person.

Thy sins and hairs may no man equal call;
For as thy sins increase, thy hairs do fall.

Antiquary.

If in his study he hath so much care
To hang old strange things, let his wife beware,

Disinherited.

Thy father all from thee, by his last will,
Gave to the poor; thou hast good title still.

Phryne.

Thy flattering picture, Phryne is like to thee
Only in this, that you both painted be.

An Obscure Writer.

Philo with twelve years' study hath been griev'd
To b' understood: when will he be believ'd?

Klockius so deeply 'ath sworn ne'er more to
come
In bawdyhouse, that he dares not go home.

Raderus.

Why this man gelded Martial I amuse,
Except himself alone his tricks would use,
As Kath'rine for the court's sake put down stews.

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.

Like Æsop's fellow-slaves, O Mercury!
Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
Like Æsop's self, which nothing. I confess
I should have had more faith if thou hadst less;
Thy credit lost thy credit; it is sin to do,
In this case, as thou wouldst be done unto,
To believe all. Change thy name; thou art like
Mercury in stealing, but liest like a Greek.
Compassion in the world again is bred:
Ralphius is sick, the broker keeps his bed.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I. JEALOUSY.

Fond woman! which wouldſt have thy huſband die,
And yet complain'ſt of his great Jealouſy:
If ſwoln with poiſon he lay in his laſt bed,
His body with a ſere-cloth covered,
Drawing his breath as thick and ſhort as can
The nimbleſt crocheting muſician,
Ready with loathſome vomiting to ſpue
His ſoul out of one hell into a new,
Made deaf with his poor kindred's howling cries,
Begging with few feign'd tears great legacies,
Thou would'ſt not weep, but jolly and frolic be,
As a ſlave which to-morrow ſhould be free;
Yet weep'ſt thou when thou ſeeſt him hungerly
Swallow his own death, heart's-bane Jealouſy.
O! give him many thanks, he's courteous,
That in ſuſpecting kindly warneth us:
We muſt not, as we us'd, flout openly
In ſcoffing riddles his deformity;
Nor, at his board together being ſate
With words, nor touch, ſcarce looks adulterate:
Nor when he, ſwoln and pamper'd with high fare,
Sits down and ſnorts, cag'd in his baſket chair,
Muſt we uſurp his own bed any more,
Nor kiſs and play in his houſe as before.
Now do I ſee my danger, for it is
His realm, his caſtle, and his dioceſe.
But if (as envious men, which would revile
Their prince, or coin his gold, themſelves exile
Into another country, and do it there)
We play in another's houſe, what ſhould we fear?
There will we ſcorn his houſehold policies,
His ſilly plots and penſionary ſpies;
As the inhabitants of Thames right ſide
Do London's Mayor, or Germans the Pope's pride.

ELEGY II. THE ANAGRAM.

Marry and love thy Flavia, for ſhe
Hath all things whereby others beauteous be;
For though her eyes be ſmall, her mouth is great;
Though theirs be ivory, yet her teeth be jet;
Though they be dim, yet ſhe is light enough.
And though her harſh hair's ſoul, her ſkin is rough.
What though her cheeks be yellow, her hair's red;
Give her thine, and ſhe hath a maidenhead.
Theſe things are beauty's elements; where theſe
Meet in one, that one muſt, as perfect, pleaſe.
If red and white, and each good quality,
Be in thy wench, ne'er aſk where it doth lie.
In buying things perfum'd, we aſk if there
Be muſk and amber in it, but not where.
Though all her parts be not in th' uſual place,
She hath yet the Anagrams of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In that lean dearth of words what could we ſay?
When by the gamut ſome muſicians make
A perfect ſong, others will undertake,
By the ſame gamut chang'd, to equal it.
Things ſimply good can never be unfit;
She's fair as any, if all be like her;
And if none be, then ſhe is ſingular.
All love is wonder: if we juſtly do
Account her wonderful, why not lovely too?
Love built on beauty ſoon as beauty dies;
Chooſe this face, chang'd by no deformities.
Women are all like angels; the fair be
Like thoſe which fell to worſe; but ſuch as ſhe,
Like to good angels, nothing can impair:
'Tis leſs grief to be foul than to have been fair.
For one night's revels ſilk and gold we chooſe,
But in long journies cloth and leather uſe.
Beauty is barren oft; beſt huſbands ſay
There is beſt land where there is fouleſt way.
Oh! what a ſovereign plaiſter will ſhe be,
If thy paſt ſins have taught thee jealouſy!
Here needs no ſpies nor eunuchs, her commit
Safe to thy foes, yea, to a marmoſit.
Like Belgia's cities, when the country drowns,
That dirty foulneſs guards and arms the towns;
So doth her face guard her; and ſo for thee
Who, forc'd by buſ'neſs, abſent oft muſt be:
She, whoſe face, like clouds, turns the day to night,
Who, mightier than the ſea, makes Moors ſeem white;
Whom, though ſeven years ſhe in the ſtews had laid,
A nunnery durſt receive, and think a maid;
And though in childbirth's labour ſhe did lie,
Midwives would ſwear 't were but a tympany;
Whom, if ſhe accuſe herſelf, I credit leſs
Than witches, which impoſſibles confeſs,

One like none, and lik'd of none, fitteſt were;
For things in faſhion every man will wear.

ELEGY III. CHANGE.

Although thy hand and faith, and good works too,
Have ſeal'd thy love, which nothing ſhould undo,
Yea, though thou fall back, that apoſtaſy
Confirms thy love; yet much, much I fear thee.
Women are, like the arts, forc'd unto none,
Open to all ſearchers, unpriz'd if unknown.
If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
Another fowler, uſing thoſe means as I,
May catch the ſame bird; and, as theſe things be,
Women are made for men, not him nor me.
Foxes, goats, and all beaſts, change when they pleaſe,
Shall women, more hot, wily, wild, than theſe,
Be bound to one man, and bid Nature then
Idly make them apter to endure than men?
They're our clogs, not their own; if a man be
Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley's free.
Who hath a plow-land caſts all his ſeed-corn there,
And yet allows his ground more corn ſhould bear.
Though Danuby into the ſea muſt flow,
The ſea receives the Rhine, Volga, and Po,
By Nature, which gave it this liberty.
Thou lov'ſt, but, oh! canſt thou love it and me?
Likeneſs glews Love; and if that thou ſo do,
To make us like and love muſt I change too?
More than thy hate I hate it; rather let me
Allow her change, than change as oft as ſhe;
And ſo not teach, but force my opinion
To love not any one nor every one,
To live in one land is captivity;
To run all countries a wild roguery.
Waters ſtink ſoon if in one place they abide,
And in the vaſt ſea are more purify'd:
But when they kiſs one bank, and leaving this
Never look back, but the next bank do kiſs,
Then are they pureſt. Change is the nurſery
Of muſic, joy, life, and eternity.

ELEGY IV. THE PERFUME.

Once, and but once, found in thy company,
All thy ſuppoſed 'ſcapes are laid on me;
And as a thief at bar is queſtion'd there
By all the men that have been robb'd that year,
So am I (by this traiterous means ſurpris'd)
By thy hydroptic father catechis'd.
Though he had wont to ſearch with glazed eyes,
As though he came to kill a cockatrice;
Though he hath oft ſworn that he would remove
Thy beauty's beauty, and ſood of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were ſeen,
Yet cloſe and ſecret as our ſouls we've been.
Though thy immortal mother, which doth lie
Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
Takes this advantage to ſleep out day light,
And watch thy entries and returns all night;
And when ſhe takes thy hand, and would ſeem kind,
Doth ſearch what rings and armlets ſhe can find;
And, kiſſing, notes the colour of thy face,
And, fearing leſt thou'rt ſwoln, doth thee embrace;
And, to try if thou long, doth name ſtrange meats,
And notes thy paleneſs, bluſhes, ſighs, and ſweats,
And politicly will to thee confeſs
The ſins of her own youth's rank luſtineſs;
Yet love theſe forc'ries did remove, and move
Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.
Thy little brethren which, like fairy ſp'rits,
Oft ſkip into our chamber thoſe ſweet nights,
And, kiſs'd and dandled on thy father's knee,
Were brib'd next day to tell what they did ſee;
The grim eight-foot high iron-bound ſerving man,
That oft names God in oaths, and only then,
He that, to bar the firſt gate, doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Coloſſus ſtride,
Which, if in hell no other pains there were,
Makes me fear hell, becauſe he muſt be there:
Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
Could never witneſs any touch or kiſs.
But, oh! too common ill, I brought with me
That which betray'd me to mine enemy;
A loud Perfume, which at my entrance cry'd
Ev'n at thy father's noſe, ſo were we ſpy'd.
When, like a tyrant king, that in his bed
Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch ſhivered;
Had it been ſome bad ſmell, he would have thought
That his own feet or breath the ſmell had wrought:
But as we in our iſle impriſoned,
Where cattle only, and divers dogs are bred,
The precious unicorns ſtrange monſters call,
So thought he ſweet ſtrange that had none at all.
I taught my ſilks their whiſtling to forbear,
Ev'n my oppreſt ſhoes dumb and ſpeechleſs were;
Only thou bitter ſweet, whom I had laid
Next me, me traitorouſly haſt betray'd,
And unſuſpected haſt inviſibly
At once fled unto him and ſtay'd with me.
Baſe excrement of earth, which doſt confound
Senſe from diſtinguiſhing the ſick from ſound;
By thee the ſilly amorous ſucks his death,
By drawing in a leprous harlot's breath;
By thee the greateſt ſtain to man's eſtate
Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;
Though you be much lov'd in the prince's hall,
There things that ſeem exceed ſubſtantial.
Gods, when ye fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
Becauſe you're burnt, not that they lik'd your ſmell.
You're lothſome all, being ta'en ſimply alone;
Shall we love ill things join'd, and hate each one?
If you were good, your good doth ſoon decay,
And you are rare that takes the good away.
All my Perfumes I give moſt willingly
T' embalm thy father's corſe. What! will he die?

ELEGY V. HIS PICTURE.

Here, take my Picture; though I bid farewell:
Thine in my heart, where my ſoul dwells, ſhall dwell;

'Tis like me now, but, I dead, 'twill be more,
When we are shadows both, than 'twas before.
When weather-beaten I come back, my hand,
Perhaps, with rude oars torn, or sun-beams tann'd;
My face and breast of hair-cloth, and my head
With Care's harsh sudden hoarinesse o'erspread;
My body a sack of bones, broken within,
And powder's blue stain's scatter'd on my skin;
If rival fools tax thee t' have lov'd a man
So foul and coarse as, oh! I may seem then,
This shall say what I was; and thou shalt say,
Do his hurts reach me? doth my worth decay?
Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
Should now love less what he did love to see?
That which in him was fair and delicate,
Was but the milk which in Love's childish state
Did nurse it, who now is grown strong enough
To feed on that which to weak tastes seems tough.

ELEGY VI.

OH! let me not serve so as those men serve
Whom honour's smokes at once flatter and starve:
Poorly enrich'd with great men's words or looks,
Nor so write my name in thy loving books,
As those idolatrous flatterers, which fill
Their prince's stiles which many names fulfil,
Whence they no tribute have, and bear no sway.
Such services I offer as shall pay
Themselves; I hate dead names: oh! then let me
Favourite in ordinary, or no favourite, be.
When my soul was in her own body sheath'd,
Nor yet by oaths betroth'd, nor kisses breath'd
Into my purgatory, faithless thee,
Thy heart seem'd wax, and steel thy constancy:
So careless flowers, strow'd on the water's face,
The curled whirlpools suck, smack, and embrace,
Yet drown them; so the taper's beamy eye,
Amorously twinkling, beckons the giddy flie,
Yet burns his wings; and such the devil is,
Scarce visiting them who're entirely his.
When I behold a stream, which from the spring
Doth, with doubtful melodious murmuring,
Or in a speechless slumber, calmly ride
Her wedded channel's bosom, and there chide,
And bend her brows, and swell, if any bough
Do but stoop down to kiss her utmost brow;
Yet if her often gnawing kisses win
The traitorous banks to gape and let her in,
See rusheth violently, and doth divorce
Her from her native and her long kept course,
And roars and braves it, and in gallant scorn,
In flattering eddies promising return.
She flouts her channel, which thenceforth is dry;
Then say I that is she, and this am I.
Yet let not thy deep bitterness beget
Careless despair in me, for that will whet
My mind to scorn; and, oh! Love dull'd with pain
Was ne'er so wise nor well arm'd as Disdain.
Then with new eyes I shall survey and spy
Death in thy cheeks, and darkness in thine eye.
Though hope breed faith and love, thus taught, I shall,
As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall;
My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
I will renounce thy dalliance; and when I
Am the recusant, in that resolute state
What hurts it me to be excommunicate?

ELEGY VII.

NATURE's lay idiot, I taught thee to love,
And in that sophistry, oh! how thou dost prove
Too subtle! fool, thou didst not understand
The mystic language of the eye nor hand;
Nor couldst thou judge the diff'rence of the air
Of sighs, and say this lies, this sounds despair;
Nor by th' eye's water know a malady
Desperately hot, or changing feverously.
I had not taught thee then the alphabet
Of flowers, how they, devisefully being set
And bound up, might, with speechless secrecy,
Deliver errands mutely and mutually.
Remember, since all thy words us'd to be
To ev'ry suitor, "I, if my friends agree;"
Since household charms thy husband's name to teach
Were all the love-tricks that thy wit could reach;
And since an hour's discourse could scarce have made
One answer in thee, and that ill array'd
In broken proverbs and torn sentences,
Thou art not by so many duties his
(That from the world's common having sever'd thee,
Inlaid thee, neither to be seen nor see)
As mine; who have, with amorous delicacies,
Refin'd thee into a blissful Paradise.
Thy graces and good works my creatures be;
I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee;
Which, oh! shall strangers taste? must I, alas!
Frame and enamel plate, and drink in glass?
Chafe wax for others seals? break a colt's force,
And leave him then, being made a ready horse?

ELEGY VIII. THE COMPARISON.

As the sweet sweat of roses in a still,
As that which from chaf'd musk-cats pores doth trill,
As the almighty balm of th' early east,
Such are the sweat-drops of my mistress' breast;
And on her neck her skin such lustre sets,
They seem no sweat-drops, but pearly coronets.
Rank sweaty froth thy mistress' brow defiles,
Like spermatic issue of ripe menstruous boiles,
Or like the scum which, by need's lawless law
Enforc'd, Sanserra's starved men did draw
From parboil'd shoes and boots, and all the rest,
Which were with any sovereign fatness blest;
And like vile stones lying in saffron'd tin,
Or warts, or weales, it hangs upon her skin.
Round as the world's her head, on ev'ry side
Like to the fatal ball which fell on Ide;
Or that whereof God had such jealousy,
As for the ravishing thereof we die.

Thy head is like a rough-hewn ſtatue of jet,
Where marks for eyes, noſe, mouth, are yet ſcarce ſet;
Like the firſt chaos, or flat-ſeeming face
Of Cynthia, when th' earth's ſhadows her embrace;
Like Proſerpine's white beauty-keeping cheſt,
Or Jove's beſt fortune's urn, is her fair breaſt.
Thine's like worm-eaten trunks cloth'd in ſeal's ſkin,
Or grave, that's duſt without and ſtink within;
And like that ſlender ſtalk, at whoſe end ſtands
The wood-bine quivering are her arms and hands;
Like rough-bark'd elm boughs, or the ruſſet ſkin
Of men late ſcourg'd for madneſs or for ſin;
Like ſun-parch'd quarters on the city gate,
Such is thy tann'd ſkin's lamentable ſtate;
And like a bunch of ragged carrets ſtand
The ſhort ſwoln fingers of thy miſtreſs' hand.
Then like the chemic's maſculine equal fire,
Which in the limbec's warm womb doth inſpire
Into th' earth's worthleſs dirt a ſoul of gold,
Such cheriſhing heat her beſt lov'd part doth hold,
Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gun,
Or like hot liquid metals newly run
Into clay moulds! or like to that Ætna,
Where, round about, the graſs is burnt away.
Are not your kiſſes then as filthy, and more,
As a worm ſucking an envenom'd ſore?
Doth not thy fearful hand in feeling quake,
As one which gathering flowers ſtill fears a ſnake?
Is not your laſt act harſh and violent,
As when a plough a ſtony ground doth rent?
So kiſs good turtles, ſo devoutly nice
A prieſt is in his handling ſacrifice,
And nice in ſearching wounds the ſurgeon is,
As we when we embrace, or touch, or kiſs.
Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus;
She and Compariſons are odious.

ELEGY IX.

The Autumnal.

No ſpring nor ſummer's beauty hath ſuch grace
As I have ſeen in one Autumnal face.
Young beauties force our loves, and that's a rape;
This doth but counſel, yet you cannot 'ſcape.
If 't were a ſhame to love, here 't were no ſhame;
Affections here take Reverence's name.
Were her firſt years the golden age; that's true,
But now ſhe's gold oft' try'd, and ever new:
That was her torrid and inflaming time,
This is her habitable tropic clime.
Fair eyes! who aſks more heat than comes from hence,
He in a fever wiſhes peſtilence.
Call not theſe wrinkles graves; if graves they were,
They were Love's graves, or elſe he is no where.
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth ſit
Vow'd to this trench, like an anachorite;
And here, till her's, which muſt be his death, come,
He doth not dig a grave, but build a tomb.

Here dwells he; though he ſojourn ev'ry where
In progreſs, yet his ſtanding houſe is here;
Here, where ſtill evening is, not noon nor night,
Where no voluptuouſneſs, yet all delight.
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at revels, you at councils, ſit.
This is Love's timber, youth his underwood;
There he, as wine in June, enrages blood,
Which then comes ſeaſonableſt when our taſte
And appetite to other things is paſt.
Xerxes' ſtrange Lydian love, the platane tree,
Was lov'd for age, none being ſo old as ſhe,
Or elſe becauſe, being young, Nature did bleſs
Her youth with age's glory, barrenneſs.
If we love things long ſought, age is a thing
Which we are fifty years in compaſſing;
If tranſitory things, which ſoon decay,
Age muſt be loveliеſt at the lateſt day,
But name not winter-faces, whoſe ſkin's ſlack,
Lank as unthrift's purſe, but a ſoul's ſack:
Whoſe eyes ſeek light within; for all here's ſhade;
Whoſe mouths are holes, rather worn out than made;
Whoſe every tooth to a ſeveral place is gone
To vex the ſoul at reſurrection;
Name not theſe living death-heads unto me,
For theſe not ancient but antic be.
I hate extremes; yet I had rather ſtay
With tombs than cradles to wear out the day.
Since ſuch Love's natural ſtation is, may ſtill
My love deſcend, and journey down the hill;
Not panting after growing beauties; ſo
I ſhall ebb on with them who homeward go.

ELEGY X.

The Dream.

Image of her whom I love more than ſhe
Whoſe fair impreſſion in my faithful heart
Makes me her medal, and makes her love me,
As kings do coins, to which their ſtamps impart
The value; go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me.
Honours oppreſs weak ſpirits and our ſenſe
Strong objects dull; the more, the leſs we ſee.
When you are gone, and Reaſon gone with you,
Then Fantaſy is queen, and ſoul and all;
She can preſent joys meaner than you do,
Convenient, and more proportional.
So if I Dream I have you, I have you;
For all our joys are but fantaſtical;
And ſo I 'ſcape the pain, for pain is true;
And ſleep, which locks up ſenſe, doth lock out all.
After ſucha fruition I ſhall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing ſhall repent;
And ſhall to Love more thankful ſonnets make,
Than if more honour, tears, and pains, were ſpent.
But, deareſt heart! and, dearer image! ſtay;
Alas! true joys at beſt are Dreams enough;
Though you ſtay here you paſs too faſt away,
For even at firſt life's taper is a ſnuff.
Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much heart than idiot with none.

ELEGY XI.

Death.

Language! thou art too narrow and too weak
To eaſe us now; great ſorrows cannot ſpeak.
If we could ſigh out accents and weep words,
Grief wears and leſſens that tear's breath affords.
Sad hearts, the leſs they ſeem the more they are;
(So guiltieſt men ſtand muteſt at the bar)
Not that they know not, feel not, their eſtate,
But extreme ſenſe hath made them deſperate.
Sorrow to whom we owe all that we be,
Tyrant i' the fifth and greateſt monarchy,
Was't that ſhe did poſſeſs all hearts before
Thou haſt kill'd her, to make thy empire more?
Knew'ſt thou ſome would, that knew her not, lament,
As in a deluge periſh th' innocent?
Was't not enough to have that palace won,
But thou muſt raze it too, that was undone?
Hadſt thou ſtay'd there, and look'd out at her eyes
All had ador'd thee that now from thee flies;
For they let out more light than they took in,
They told not when, but did the day begin.
She was too ſaphirine and clear for thee;
Clay, flint, and jet, now thy fit dwellings be.
Alas! ſhe was too pure, but not too weak;
Whoe'er ſaw cryſtal ordnance but would break?
And if we be thy conqueſt, by her fall
Thou haſt loſt thy end, in her we periſh all:
Or if we live, we live but to rebel,
That know her better now who knew her well.
If we ſhould vapour out, and pine and die,
Since ſhe firſt went, that were not miſery:
She chang'd our world with her's; now ſhe is gone,
Mirth and proſperity's oppreſſion:
For of all moral virtues ſhe was all
That ethics ſpeak of virtues Cardinal.
Her ſoul was Paradiſe; the cherubim
Set to keep it was Grace, that kept out Sin:
She had no more than let in Death, for we
All reap conſumption from on fruitful tree.
God took her hence, leſt ſome of us ſhould love
Her, like that plant, him and his laws above:
And when we tears, he mercy ſhed in this,
To raiſe our minds to heav'n, where now ſhe is;
Whom if her virtues would have let her ſtay,
We had had a ſaint, have now a holiday.
Her heart was that ſtrange buſh, where ſacred fire,
Religion, did not conſume but inſpire
Such piety, ſo chaſte uſe of God's day,
That what we turn'd to feaſt ſhe turn'd to pray,
And did prefigure here, in devout taſte,
The reſt of her high Sabbath, which ſhall laſt.
Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell;
(For ſhe was of that order whence moſt fell)
Her body's left with us, leſt ſome had ſaid
She could not die, except they ſaw her dead:
For from leſs virtue and leſs beauteouſneſs
The Gentiles fram'd them gods and goddeſſes:
The ravenous earth, that now woos her to be
Earth too, will be a Lemnia; and the tree
That wraps that cryſtal in a wooden tomb,
Shall be took up ſpruce, fill'd with diamond;
And we her ſad glad friends all bear a part
Of grief, for all would break a Stoic's heart.

ELEGY XII.

Upon the loſs of his miſtreſs's chain, for which he made ſatisfaction.

Not that in colour it was like thy hair,
Armelets of that thou may'ſt ſtill let me wear;
Nor that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kiſt,
For ſo it had that good which oft I miſt;
Nor for that ſilly old morality,
That as theſe links were knit our loves ſhould be,
Mourn I, that I thy ſevenfold chain have loſt;
Nor for the luck's ſake, but the bitter coſt.
O! ſhall twelve righteous angels, which as yet
No leaven of vile ſolder did admit;
Nor yet by any way have ſtray'd or gone
From the firſt ſtate of their creation;
Angels which Heaven commanded to provide
All things to me, and be my faithful guide;
To gain new friends, t' appeaſe old enemies,
To comfort my ſoul when I lie or riſe:
Shall theſe twelve innocents, by thy ſevere
Sentence, (dread Judge!) my ſins great burden bear?
Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace thrown,
And puniſht for offences not their own?
They ſave not me, they do not eaſe my pains,
When in that hell they're burnt and ty'd in chains:
Were they but crowns of France, I cared not,
For moſt of them their natural country rot
I think poſſeſſeth; they come here to us
So pale, ſo lame, ſo lean, ſo ruinous;
And howſ'e'er French kings Moſt Chriſtian be,
Their crowns are circumcis'd moſt Jewiſhly;
Or were they Spaniſh ſtamps, ſtill travelling,
That are become as catholic as their king,
Thoſe unlick't bear-whelps unfil'd piſtolets,
That (more than cannon-ſhot) avails or lets,
Which, negligently left unrounded, look
Like many angled figures in the book
Of ſome dread conjurer that would enforce
Nature, as theſe do Juſtice, from her courſe;
Which, as the ſoul quickens head, feet, and heart,
As ſtreams like veins run through th' earth's ev'ry part,
Viſit all countries, and have ſlily made
Gorgeous France ruin'd; ragged and decay'd
Scotland, which knew no ſtate, proud in one day,
And mangled ſeventeen-headed Belgia:
Or were't ſuch gold as that wherewithal
Almighty chemics from each mineral,
Having by ſubtile fire a ſoul out-pull'd
Are dirtily and deſperately gull'd;
I would not ſpit to quench the fire they're in,
For they are guilty of much heinous ſin.
But ſhall my harmleſs angels periſh? ſhall
I loſe my guard, my eaſe, my food, my all?

Much hope, which they ſhould nouriſh, will be dead;
Much of my able youth and luſtyhead
Will vaniſh, if thou, Love, let them alone,
For thou wilt love me leſs when they are gone;
And be content that ſome loud ſqueaking crier,
Well pleas'd with one lean thread-bare groat for hire,
May like a devil roar through every ſtreet,
And gall the finder's conſcience if they meet:
Or let me creep to ſome dread conjurer,
That with phantaſtic ſcenes fills full much paper;
Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
And with whores, thieves, and murd'rers, ſtuft his rents
So full, that though he paſs them all in ſin,
He leaves himſelf no room to enter in.
But if, when all his art and time is ſpent,
He ſay 't will ne'er be found, yet be content,
Receive from him the doom ungrudgingly,
Becauſe he is the mouth of Deſtiny.
Thou ſay'ſt (alas!) the gold doth ſtill remain,
Though it be chang'd, and put into a Chain;
So in the firſt fall'n angels reſteth ſtill
Wiſdom and knowledge, but 't is turn'd to ill:
As theſe ſhould do good works, and ſhould provide
Neceſſities, but now muſt nurſe thy pride;
And they are ſtill bad angels; mine are none;
For form gives being, and their form is gone:
Pity theſe angels yet; their dignities
Paſs Virtues, Powers, and Principalities.
But thou art reſolute; thy will be done;
Yet with ſuch anguiſh as her only ſon
The mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
Unto the fire theſe martyrs I betray.
Good ſouls! (for you give life to every thing)
Good angels! (for good meſſages you bring)
Deſtin'd you might have been to ſuch an one
As would have lov'd and worſhipp'd you alone;
One that would ſuffer hunger, nakedneſs,
Yea death, ere he would make your number leſs.
But I am guilty of your ſad decay:
May your few fellows longer with me ſtay.
But oh! thou wretched finder, whom I hate
So, that I almoſt pity thy eſtate,
Gold being the heavieſt metal amongſt all,
May my moſt heavy curſe upon thee fall:
Here fetter'd manacled, and hang'd in chains,
Firſt may'ſt thou be; then chain'd to helliſh pains;
Or be with foreign gold brib'd to betray
Thy country, and fail both of it and thy pay.
May the next thing thou ſtoop'ſt to reach contain
Poiſon, whoſe nimble fume rot thy moiſt brain;
Or libels, or ſome interdicted thing,
Which, negligently kept, thy ruin bring.
Luſt-bred diſeaſes rot thee; and dwell with thee
Itching deſire, and no ability.
May all the evils that gold ever wrought,
All miſchief that all devils ever thought,
Want after plenty, poor and gouty age,
The plague of travellers, love and marriage,
Afflict thee; and at thy life's laſt moment
May thy ſwoln ſins themſelves to thee preſent.
But I forgive; repent, thou honeſt man!
Gold is reſtorative, reſtore it then;
But if that from it thou he'ſt loth to part,
Becauſe 'tis cordial, would 'twere at thy heart.

ELEGY XIII.

Come, Fates! I fear you not: all whom I owe
Are paid but you; then reſt me ere I go.
But Chance from you all ſovereignty hath got;
Love wounded none but thoſe whom Death dares not:
True if you were and juſt in equity,
I ſhould have vanquiſh'd her as you did me,
Elſe lovers ſhould not brave Death's pains and live:
But 't is a rule, Death comes not to relieve:
Or pale and wan Death's terrors, are they laid
So deep in lovers they make Death afraid?
Or (the leaſt comfort) have I company?
Or can the Fates love Death as well as me?
Yes, Fates do ſilk unto her diſtaff pay
For ranſom, which tax they on us do lay,
Love gives her youth, which is the reaſon why
Youths, for her ſake, ſome wither and ſome die.
Poor Death can nothing give; yet for her ſake
Still in her turn he doth a lover take;
And if Death ſhould prove falſe ſhe fears him not;
Our Muſes to redeem her ſhe hath got.
That fatal night we laſt kiſs'd I thus pray'd,
(Or rather thus deſpair'd, I ſhould have ſaid)
Kiſſes, and yet deſpair. The forbid tree
Did promiſe (and deceive) no more than ſhe:
Like lambs that feed their teats and muſt eat hay,
A food whoſe taſte hath made me pine away.
Dives, when thou ſaw'ſt bliſs, and crav'dſt too touch
A drop of water, thy great pains were ſuch.
Here grief wants a freſh wit, for mine being ſpent,
And my ſighs weary, groans are all my rent.
Unable longer to endure the pain,
They break like thunder, and do bring down rain.
Thus till dry tears ſolder mine eyes, I weep,
And then I dream how you ſecurely ſleep,
And in your dreams do laugh at me. I hate,
And pray Love all may; he pities my ſtate,
But ſays I therein no revenge ſhall find;
The ſun would ſhine though all the world were blind.
Yet, to try my hate, Love ſhew'd me your tear,
And I had dy'd had not your ſmile been there.
Your frown undoes me; your ſmile is my wealth,
And as you pleaſe to look I have my health.
Methought Love pitying me, when he ſaw this,
Gave me your hands, the backs and palms to kiſs:
That cur'd me not, but to bear pain gave ſtrength,
And what is loſt in force is took in length.
I call'd on Love again, who fear'd you ſo,
That his compaſſion ſtill prov'd greater woe:
For then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
But durſt not feel, for fear 't ſhould not be true.

This merits not our anger, had it been;
The queen of Chaſtity was naked ſeen:
And in bed not to feel the pain I took
Was more than for Actæon not to look;
And that breaſt, which lay ope, I did not know,
But for the clearneſs, from a lump of ſnow.

ELEGY XIV.

His Parting from Her.

Since ſhe muſt go and I muſt mourn, come, Night!
Environ me with darkneſs whilſt I write;
Shadow that hell unto me which alone
I am to ſuffer when my love is gone.
Alas! the darkeſt magic cannot do it,
And that great hell to boot are ſhadows to it.
Should Cynthia quit thee, Venus! and each ſtar,
It would not form one thought dark as mine are!
I could lend them obſcureneſs now, and ſay
Out of myſelf: there ſhould be no more day:
Such is already myſelf-want of ſight,
Did not the fire within me force a light.
Oh, Love! that fire and darkneſs ſhould be mixt,
Or to thy triumphs ſuch ſtrange torments fixt!
Is 't becauſe thou thyſelf art blind, that we,
Thy martyrs, muſt no more each other ſee?
Or tak'ſt thou pride to break us on thy wheel,
And view old Chaos in the pains we feel?
Or have we left undone ſome mutual right,
That thus with parting thou ſeek'ſt us to ſpite?
No, no: the fault is mine; impute it to me,
Or rather to conſpiring Deſtiny,
Which (ſince I lov'd) for me before decreed
That I ſhould ſuffer when I lov'd indeed;
And therefore ſooner now than I can ſay
I ſaw the golden fruit 't is wrapt away:
Or as I had watch'd one drop in the vaſt ſtream,
And I left wealthy only in a dream.
Yet, Love! thou'rt blinder than thyſelf in this,
To vex my dove-like friend for my amiſs,
And where one ſad truth may expiate
Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate.
So blinded Juſtice doth, when favourites fall,
Strike them, their houſe, their friends, their favourites all.
Was 't not enough that thou didſt dart thy fires
Into our bloods, enflaming our deſires,
And mad'ſt us ſigh, and blow, and pant, and burn,
And then thyſelf into our flames didſt turn?
Was't not enough that thou didſt hazard us
To paths in love ſo dark and dangerous,
And thoſe ſo ambuſh'd round with houſehold ſpies,
And over all thy huſband's tow'ring eyes
Inflam'd with th' ugly ſweat of jealouſy,
Yet went we not ſtill on in conſtancy?
Have we for thi kept guards, like ſpy o'er ſpy?
Had correſpondence whilſt the foe ſtood by?
Stoln (more to ſweeten them) our many bliſſes
Of meetings, conference, embracements, kiſſes?
Shadow'd with negligence our beſt reſpects?
Varied our language through all dialects
Of becks, winks, looks, and often under boards
Spoke dialogues with our feet far from our words?
Have we prov'd all the ſecrets of our art,
Yea, thy pale inwards and thy panting heart?
And after all this paſſed Purgatory,
Muſt ſad divorce make us the vulgar ſtory?
Firſt let our eyes be riveted quite through
Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to;
Let our arms claſp like ivy, and our fear
Freeze us together, that we may ſtick here;
Till Fortune, that would ruin us with the deed,
Strain his eyes open, and yet make them bleed.
For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
I have accus'd, ſhould ſuch a miſchief do.
Oh, Fortune! thou'rt not worth my leaſt exclaim,
And plague enough thou haſt in thy own name
Do thy great worſt, my friends and I have arms,
Though not againſt thy ſtrokes, againſt thy harms;
Rend us in ſunder, thou canſt not divide
Our bodies ſo, but that our ſouls are ty'd,
And we can love by letters ſtill and gifts,
And thoughts, and dreams: Love never wanteth ſhifts.
I will not look upon the quick'ning ſun,
But ſtraight her beauty to my ſenſe ſhall run;
The air ſhall note her ſoft, the fire moſt pure,
Waters ſuggeſt her clear, and the earth ſure;
Time ſhall not loſe our paſſages; the ſpring
How freſh our love was in the beginning;
The ſummer, how it enripened the year;
And autumn what our golden harveſts were:
The winter I'll not think on to ſpite thee,
But count it a loſt ſeaſon, ſo ſhall ſhe. [night
And, deareſt Friend! ſince we muſt part, drown
With hope of day; burdens well borne are light.
The cold and darkneſs longer hang ſomewhere,
Yet Phœbus equally lights all the ſphere;
And what we cannot in like portion pay,
The world enjoys in maſs, and ſo we may.
Be ever then yourſelf, and let no woe
Win on your health, your youth, your beauty ſo;
Declare yourſelf baſe Fortune's enemy;
No leſs be your contempt than her inconſtancy;
That I may grow enamour'd on your mind,
When my own thoughts I here neglected find.
And this, to th' comfort of my dear I vow,
My deeds ſhall ſtill be what my deeds are now;
The poles ſhall move to teach me ere I ſtart,
And when I change my love I'll change my heart;
Nay, if I wax but cold in my deſire,
Think heav'n hath motion loſt, and the world fire
Much more I could; but many words have made
That oft ſuſpected which men moſt perſuade:
Take therefore all in this; I love ſo true,
As I will never look for leſs in you.

ELEGY XV.

Julia.

Hark, news: O Envy! thou ſhalt hear deſcry'd
My Julia, who as yet was ne'er envy'd.
To vomit gall in ſlander, ſwell her veins
With calumny, that hell itſelf diſdains,

Is her continual practice, does her beſt,
To tear opinion ev'n out of the breaſt
Of deareſt friends, and (which is worſe than vile)
Sticks jealouſy in wedlock. Her own child
'Scapes not the ſhow'rs of envy. To repeat
The monſtrous faſhions, how, were alive to eat
Dear reputation. Would to God ſhe were
But half ſo loth to act vice as to hear
My mild reproof! Liv'd Mantuan now again,
That female maſtix to limn with his pen,
This ſhe Chimera, that hath eyes of fire,
Burning with anger, (anger feeds deſire)
Tongu'd like the night-crow, whoſe ill-boding cries
Give out for nothing but new injuries,
Her breath like to the juice in Tenarus,
That blaſts the ſprings, though ne'er ſo proſperous:
Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to ſpill
The food of others than herſelf to fill.
But, oh! her mind, that Orcus, which includes
Legions of miſchief, countleſs multitudes
Of former curſes, project-unmade-up,
Abuſes yet unfaſhion'd, thoughts corrupt,
Miſhapen cavils, palpable untruths,
Inevitable errors, ſelf-accuſing lothes:
Theſe, like thoſe atoms ſwarming in the ſun,
Throng in her boſom for creation.
I bluſh to give her half her due, yet ſay
No poiſon's half ſo bad as Julia.

ELEGY XVI.

A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife.

I SING no harm, good ſooth, to any wight,
To lord, to fool, cuckold, beggar, or knight,
To peace-teaching lawyer, proctor, or brave,
Reformed or reduced captain, knave,
Officer, jugler, or juſtice of peace,
Juror or judge; I touch no fat ſow's greaſe;
I am no libeller, nor will be any,
But (like a true man) ſay there are too many:
I fear not *Ore tenus*, for my tale
Nor count, nor counſellor, will red or pale.
A Citizen and his Wife the other day,
Both riding on one horſe, upon the way
I overtook; the wench a pretty peat,
And (by her eye) well fitting for the ſeat:
I ſaw the lech'rous Citizen turn back
His head, and on his Wife's lip ſteal a ſmack;
Whence apprehending that the man was kind,
Riding before to kiſs his Wife behind,
To get acquaintance with him I began,
And ſort diſcourſe fit for ſo fine a man.
I aſk'd the number of the Plaguy Bill,
Aſk'd if the cuſtom-farmers held out ſtill?
Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
The traffic of the midland ſeas had marr'd?
Whether the Britain Burſe did fill apace,
And likely were to give th' Exchange diſgrace?
Of new-built Aldgate and the Moorfield croſſes,
Of ſtore of bankrupts and poor merchant's loſſes,
I urged him to ſpeak; but he (as mute
As an old courtier worn to his laſt ſuit)
Replies with only Yeas and Nays. At laſt
(To fit his element) my theme I caſt
On tradeſmen's gains: that ſet his tongue a-going.
Alas! good Sir, (quoth he) there is no doing
In court nor city now. She ſmil'd, and I,
And (in my conſcience) both gave him the lie
In one met thought. But he went on apace,
And at the preſent times with ſuch a face
He rail'd as fray'd me; for he gave no praiſe
To any but my Lord of Eſſex's days;
Call'd thoſe the Age of Action. True, (quoth he)
There's now as great an itch of bravery,
And heat of taking up, but cold lay down,
For put to puſh of pay away they run:
Our only city-trades of hope now are
Bawds, tavern-keepers, whore, and ſcrivener;
The much of privileg'd kinſmen, and the ſtore
Of freſh protections make the reſt all poor:
In the firſt ſtate of their creation
Though many ſtoutly ſtand, yet proves not one
A righteous pay-maſter. Thus ran he on
In a continued rage: ſo void of reaſon
Seem'd his harſh talk, I ſweat for fear of treaſon.
And troth (how) could I leſs? when in the prayer
For the protection of the wiſe Lord Mayor
And his wiſe brethren's worſhips, when one prayeth,
He ſwore that none could ſay Amen with faith.
To get him off from what I glow'd to hear,
(In happy time) an Angel did appear,
The bright ſign of a lov'd and well-try'd inn,
Where many citizens with their wives had been
Well us'd and often: here I pray'd him ſtay
To take ſome due refreſhment by the way.
Look how he look'd that hid his gold, his hope,
And at his return found nothing but a rope;
So he on me: refus'd, and made away,
Though willing ſhe pleaded a weary day:
I found my miſs, ſtruck hands, and pray'd him tell
(To hold acquaintance ſtill) where he did dwell;
He barely nam'd the ſtreet, promis'd the wine;
But his kind wife gave me the very ſign.

ELEGY XVII.

The Expoſtulation.

To make the doubt clear, that no woman's true
Was it my fate to prove it ſtrong in you?
Thought I, but one had breathed pureſt air,
And muſt ſhe needs be falſe becauſe ſhe's fair?
Is it your beauty's mark, or of your youth,
Or your perfection, not to ſtudy truth?
Or think you Heav'n is deaf, or hath no eyes,
Or thoſe it hath ſmile at your perjuries?
Are vows ſo cheap with women, or the matter
Whereof they're made, that they are writ in water,
And blown away with wind? or doth their breath
Both hot and cold) at once make life and death?
Who could have thought ſo many accents ſweet,
Form'd into words, ſo many ſighs ſhould meet,

As from our hearts; so many oaths, and tears
Sprinkled among, (all sweeten'd by our fears)
And the divine impression of stol'n kisses,
That seal'd the rest, should now prove empty blisses?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit? sign to break?
Or must we read you quite from what you speak,
And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
He first desire you false who 'ld wish you just?
O! I profane: though most of women be
This kind of beast, my thoughts shall except thee,
My dearest Love! though froward jealousy
With circumstance might urge thy inconstancy,
Sooner I'll think the sun will cease to cheer
The teeming earth, and that forget to bear;
Sooner that rivers will run back, or Thames
With ribs of ice in June will bind his streams;
Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
Would change her course, before you alter yours.
But, oh! that treacherous breast, to whom weak you
Did trust our counsels, and we both may rue,
Having his falsehood found too late, 't was he
That made me cast you guilty, and you me;
Whilst he (black wretch!) betray'd each simple word
We spake unto the cunning of a third.
Curst may he be that so our love hath slain,
And wander on the earth wretched as Cain!
Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity;
In plaguing him let Misery be witty!
Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
Till he be noisome as his infamy!
May he without remorse deny God thrice,
And not be trusted more on his soul's price;
And after all self-torment, when he dies
May wolves tear out his heart, vultures his eyes,
Swine eat his bowels, and his false tongue,
That utter'd all, be to some raven flung;
And let his carrion-corse be a longer feast
To the king's dogs than any other beast!
Now I have curst, let us our love revive;
In me the flame was never more alive:
I could begin again to court and praise,
And in that pleasure lengthen the short days
Of my life's lease: like painters, that do take
Delight not in made works, but whilst they make.
I could renew those times when first I saw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you lik'd, and at masks and plays
Commend the self-same actors the same ways;
Ask how you did, and often, with intent
Of being officious, be impertinent:
All which were such soft pastimes, as in these
Love was as subtilely catch'd as a disease;
But being got, it is a treasure sweet,
Which to defend is harder than to get,
And ought not be profan'd on either part,
For though 't is got by chance 't is kept by art.

ELEGY XVIII.

Whoever loves, if he do not propose
The right true end of love, he's one that goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick.
Love is a bear-whelp born; if we o'er-lick
Our love, and force it new strong shapes to take,
We err, and of a lump a monster make.
Were not a calf a monster, that were grown
Fac'd like a man, though better than his own?
Perfection is in unity: prefer
One woman first, and then one thing in her.
I, when I value gold, may think upon
The ductilness, the application,
The wholsomness, the ingenuity,
From rust, from soil, from fire, ever free:
But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made
By our new nature (use) the soul of trade.
All these in women we might think upon
(If women had them) and yet love but one.
Can men more injure women than to say
They love them for that by which they're not they?
Makes virtue woman? must I cool my blood
Till I both be and find one wise and good?
May barren angels love so: but if we
Make love to woman, virtue is not she:
As beauties, no, nor wealth. He that strays thus
From her to her's is more adulterous
Than if he took her maid. Search every sphere
And firmament, our Cupid is not there:
He's an infernal god, and under ground
With Pluto dwells, where gold and fire abound.
Men to such gods their sacrificing coals
Did not on altars lay, but pits and holes.
Although we see celestial bodies move
Above the earth, the earth we till and love:
So we her airs contemplate, words, and heart,
And virtues; but we love the centric part.
Nor is the soul more worthy or more fit
For love than this, as infinite as it.
But in attaining this desired place,
How much they err that set out at the face!
The hair a foreset is of ambushes,
Of springs, and snares, fetters, and manacles:
The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain,
And when 'tis wrinkled shipwrecks us again.
Smooth 'tis a paradise, where we would have
Immortal stay, but wrinkled 'tis a grave.
The nose (like to the sweet meridian) runs
Not 'twixt an east and west, but 'twixt two suns;
It leaves a cheek a rosy hemisphere
On either side, and then directs us where
Upon the Islands Fortunate we fall,
Not faint Canaries, but Ambrosial.
Unto her swelling lips when we are come,
We anchor there, and think ourselves at home,
For they seem all: there Syrens songs, and there
Wise Delphic oracles, do fill the ear;
Then in a creek, where chosen pearls do swell
The remora, her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
These and (the glorious promontory) her chin,
Being past the Straits of Hellespont, between
The Sestos and Abydos of her breasts,
(Not of two lovers but two Loves the nests)
Succeeds a boundless sea; but yet thine eye
Some island moles may scatter'd there descry;
And sailing towards her India, in that way
Shall at her fair Atlantic navel stay:
Though there the current be the pilot made,
Yet ere thou be where thou shouldst be embay'd,

Thou ſhalt upon another foreſt ſet,
Where many ſhipwreck, and no further get.
When thou art there, conſider what this chace
Miſ-ſpent, by thy beginning at the face.
Rather ſet out below; practiſe my art;
Some ſymmetry the foot hath with that part
Which thou doſt ſeek, and is thy map for that,
Lovely enough to ſtop, but not ſtay at:
Leaſt ſubject to diſguiſe and change it is;
Men ſay the devil never can change his:
It is the emblem that hath figured
Firmneſs; 'tis the firſt part that comes to bed.
Civility we ſee refin'd: the kiſs,
Which at the face began, tranſplanted is,
Since to the hand, ſince to th' imperial knee,
Now at the Papal foot delights to be.
If kings think that the nearer way, and do
Riſe from the foot, lovers may do ſo too:
For as free ſpheres move faſter far than can
Birds, whom the air reſiſts; ſo may that man,
Which goes this empty and ethereal way,
Than if at beauties enemies he ſtay.
Rich Nature hath in women wiſely made
Two purſes, and their mouths averſely laid:
They then which to the lower tribute owe,
That way which that exchequer looks muſt go:
He which doth not, his error is as great
As who by clyſter gives the ſtomach meat.

TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED.

Come, Madam! come; all reſt my powers defy;
Until I labour, I in labour lie.
The foe oft-times having the foe in ſight
Is tir'd with ſtanding though he never fight.
Off with that girdle, like heaven's zone glitt'ring,
But a far fairer world encompaſſing.
Unpin that ſpangled breaſtplate which your wear,
That th' eyes of buſy fools may be ſtopt there.
Unlace yourſelf, for that harmonious chime
Tells me from you that now it is bed-time.
Off with that happy buſk, which I envie,
That ſtill can be, and ſtill can ſtand, ſo nigh.
Your gown going off ſuch beauteous ſtate reveals,
As when through flow'ry meads th' hill's ſhadow
ſteals.
Off with that weary coronet, and ſhew
The hairy diadem which on your head doth grow.
Now off with thoſe ſhoes, and then ſoftly tread
In this Love's hallow'd temple, this ſoft bed.
In ſuch white robes heaven's angels us'd to be
Reveal'd to men; thou angel bring'ſt with thee
A heav'n like Mah'met's paradiſe; and though
Ill ſpirits walk in white, we eas'ly know
By this theſe angels from an evil ſprite;
Thoſe ſet our hairs but theſe our fleſh upright.
Licenſe my roaving hands, and let them go
Before, behind, between, above, below.
O my America! my Newfoundland!
My kingdom's ſafeſt when with one man mann'd.
My mine of precious ſtones! my empery!
How am I bleſt in thus diſcovering thee!
To enter in theſe bonds is to be free;
Then where my hand is ſet my ſeal ſhall be.
Full nakedneſs! all joys are due to thee;
As ſouls unbodied bodies uncloth'd muſt be,
To taſte whole joys. Gems, which you women uſe,
Are, like Atlanta's ball, caſt in men's views;
That when a fool's eye lighteth on a gem,
His earthly ſoul may court that and not them:
Like pictures or like books gay coverings made,
For lay-men are all women thus array'd.
Themſelves are only myſtic books which we
(Whom their imputed grace will dignify)
Muſt ſee reveal'd. Then ſince that I may know,
As liberally as to thy midwife ſhow
Thyſelf, caſt all, yea, this white linen, hence;
There is no pennance due to innocence.
To teach thee, I am naked firſt; why, then,
What need'ſt thou have more covering than a man?

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

ANATOMY OF THE WORLD;

Wherein, by occaſion of the untimely death of Mrs. ELIZABETH DRURY, *the frailty and the decay of this whole world is repreſented.*

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

TO THE PRAISE OF THE DEAD, AND THE ANATOMY.

WELL dy'd the world, that we might live to ſee
This world of wit in his Anatomy:
No evil want his good; ſo wilder heirs
Bedew their fathers' tombs with forced tears,
Whoſe 'ſtate requites their loſs. While thus we gain,
Well may we walk in blacks, but not complain.
Yet how can I conſent; the world is dead
While this Muſe lives? which in his ſpirit's ſtead
Seems to inform a world, and bids it be,
In ſpight of loſs or frail mortality.
And thou the ſubject of this well-born thought,
Thrice noble Maid! could'ſt not have found nor ſought
A fitter time to yield to thy ſad fate
Than while this ſpirit lives that can relate
Thy worth ſo well to our laſt nephew's eyne,
That they ſhall wonder both at his and thine.
Admired match! where ſtrives in mutual grace
The cunning pencil and the comely face;
A taſk which thy fair goodneſs made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch.
Enough it is to praiſe them that praiſe thee,
And ſay that but enough thoſe praiſes be,
Which, hadſt thou liv'd, had hid their fearful head
From th' angry checkings of thy modeſt red.
Death bars reward and ſhame; when envy's gone
And gain, 'tis ſafe to give the dead their own:
As then the wiſe Egyptians wont to lay
More on their tombs than houſes, theſe of clay,
But thoſe of braſs or marble were; ſo we
Give more unto thy ghoſt than unto thee.
Yet what we give to thee thou gav'ſt to us,
And may'ſt but thank thyſelf for being thus:
Yet what thou gav'ſt and wert, O happy maid!
Thy grace profeſs'd all due where 'tis repaid.
So theſe high ſ ngs that to thee ſuited been,
Serve but to found thy Maker's praiſe and thine,
Which thy dear ſoul as ſweetly ſings to him,
Amid the choir of ſaints and ſeraphim,
As any angel's tongue can ſing of thee;
The ſubjects differ, though the ſkill agree:
For as by infant years men judge of age,
Thy early love thy virtues did preſage
What high part thou bear'ſt in th.ſe beſt of ſongs,
Whereto no burden nor no end belongs.
Sing on, thou virgin ſoul! whoſe loſsful gain
Thy love-ſick parents have bewail'd in vain;
Never may thy name be in ſongs forgot
Till we ſhall ſing thy ditty and thy note.

AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

When that rich ſoul, which to her heav'n is gone,
Whom all do celebrate who know they 'ave one,
(For who is ſure he hath a ſoul, unleſs
It ſee, and judge, and follow worthineſs,
And by deeds praiſe it? he who doth not this
May lodge an inmate ſoul, but 'tis not his)
When that queen ended here her progreſs time,
And as t' her ſtanding houſe to heav'n did climb,
Where, loth to make the ſaints attend her long,
She's now a part both of the choir and ſong:
This world in that great earthquake languiſhed,
For in a common bath of tears it bled,
Which drew the ſtrongeſt vital ſpirits out,
But ſuccour'd them with a perplexed doubt
Whether the world did loſe or gain in this;
(Becauſe ſince now no other way there is
But goodneſs, to ſee her whom all would ſee,
All muſt endeavour to be good as ſhe)
This great conſumption to a fever turn'd,
And ſo the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd;
And as men think that agues phthyſic are,
And th' ague being ſpent give over care;
So thou, ſick world! miſtak'ſt thyſelf to be
Well, when, alas! thou'rt in a lethargy.
Her death did wound and tame thee then, and then
Thou might'ſt have better ſpar'd the ſun or man.
That wound was deep; but 'tis more miſery
That thou haſt loſt thy ſenſe and memory.
'Twas heavy then to hear thy voice of moan;
But this is worſe that thou art ſpeechleſs grown.
Thou haſt forgot thy name thou hadſt; thou waſt
Nothing but ſhe, and her thou haſt o'erpaſt;
For as a child kept from the font until
A prince, expected long, come to fulfil
The ceremonies, thou unnam'd hadſt laid,
Had not her coming thee her palace made:
Her name defin'd thee, gave thee form and frame,
And thou forgett'ſt to celebrate thy name.
Some months ſhe hath been dead, (but, being dead,
Meaſures of time are all determined)
But long ſhe hath been away, long, long; yet none
Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.
But as in ſtates doubtful of future heirs,
When ſickneſs without remedy impairs
The preſent prince, they're loth it ſhould be ſaid
The prince doth languiſh, or the prince is dead;
So mankind, feeling now a general thaw,
A ſtrong example gone, equal to law,
The cement, which did faithfully compact
And give all virtues, now reſolv'd and ſlack'd,
Though it ſome blaſphemy to ſay ſhe was dead,
Or that our weakneſs was diſcovered
In that confeſſion; therefore ſpoke no more
Than tongues, the ſoul being gone, the loſs deplore.
But though it be too late to ſuccour thee,
Sick World! yea dead, yea putrified; ſince ſhe,
Thy intrinſic balm and thy preſervative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live;
I (ſince no man can make thee live) will try
What we may gain by thy Anatomy.
Her death hath taught us, dearly, that thou art
Corrupt and mortal in thy pureſt part.
Let no man ſay, the world itſelf being dead,
'Tis labour loſt to have diſcovered
The world's infirmities, ſince there is none
Alive to ſtudy this diſſection:
For there's a kind of world remaining ſtill,
Though ſhe, which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this laſt long night
Her ghoſt doth walk, that is, a glimmering light,
A faint weak love of virtue and of good
Reflects from her on them which underſtood
Her worth; and though ſhe have ſhut in all day,
The twilight of her memory doth ſtay,
Which, from the carcaſe of the old world free,
Creates a new world, and new creatures be
Produc'd; the matter and the ſtuff of this
Her virtue, and the form our practice is;
And though to be thus elemented arm
Theſe creatures from home born intrinſic harm,
(For all aſſum'd unto this dignity,
So many weedleſs Paradiſes be,
Which of themſelves produce no ven'mous ſin,
Except ſome foreign ſerpent bring it in)
Yet becauſe outward ſtorms the ſtrongeſt break,
And ſtrength itſelf by confidence grows weak,
This new world may be ſafer, being told
The dangers and diſeaſes of the old;
For with due temper men do them forego
Or covet things, when they their true worth know.
There is no health; phyſicians ſay that we
At beſt enjoy but a neutrality:
And can there be worſe ſickneſs than to know
That we are never well, nor can be ſo?
We are born ruinous; poor mothers cry
That children come not right nor orderly,
Except they headlong come, and fall upon
An ominous precipitation.
How witty's ruin, how importunate
Upon mankind! it labour'd to fruſtrate
Even God's purpoſe, and made woman, ſent
For man's relief, cauſe of his languiſhment:
They were to good ends, and they are ſo ſtill,
But acceſſary, and principal in ill;
For that firſt marriage was our funeral;
One woman at one blow then kill'd us all,
And ſingly one by one they kill us now,
And we delightfully ourſelves allow
To that conſumption; and, profuſely blind,
We kill ourſelves to propagate our kind;
And yet we do not that; we are not men;
There is not now that mankind which was then,
When as the ſun and man did ſeem to ſtrive
(Joint-tenants of the world) who ſhould ſurvive;
When ſtag and raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
Compar'd with man, dy'd in minority;
When, if a ſlow-pac'd ſtar had ſtoln away
From the obſerver's marking, he might ſtay
Two or three hundred years to ſee 't again,
And then make up his obſervation plain;

When as the age was long, the size was great,
Man's growth confess'd and recompenc'd the meat;
So spacious and large, that every soul
Did a fair kingdom and large realm controul;
And when the very stature, thus erect,
Did that soul a good way t'wards heav'n direct:
Where is this mankind now? who lives to age
Fit to be made Methusalem his page?
Alas! we scarce live long enough to try
Whether a true-made clock run right or lie.
Old grandsires talk of yesterday with sorrow,
And for our children we reserve to-morrow.
So short is life, that every peasant strives,
In a torn house or field, to have three lives.
And as in lasting, so in length, is man
Contracted to an inch who was a span;
For had a man at first in forests stray'd,
Or shipwreck'd in the sea, one would have laid
A wager that an elephant or whale
That met him would not hastily assail
A thing so equal to him: now, alas!
The fairies and the pygmies well may pass
As credible. Mankind decays so soon,
We're scarce our fathers' shadows cast at noon;
Only death adds t' our length; nor are we grown
In stature to be men till we are none.
But this were light, did our less volume hold
All the old text; or had we chang'd to gold
Their silver, or dispos'd into less glass
Spirits of virtue which then scatter'd was:
But 'tis not so; we're not retir'd, but dampt;
And as our bodies so our minds are crampt:
'Tis shrinking, not close weaving, that hath thus,
In mind and body both, bedwarfed us.
We seem ambitious God's whole work t' undo;
Of nothing he made us, and we strive too
To bring ourselves to nothing back; and we
Do what we can to do't as soon as he.
With new diseases on ourselves we war,
And with new physic, a worse engine far.
This man, this world's vice-emperor, in whom
All faculties, all graces, are at home;
And if in other creatures they appear,
They're but man's ministers and legates there,
To work on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to civility and to man's use:
This man, whom God did woo, and, loth t' attend
Till man came up, did down to man descend;
This man, so great that all that is, is his,
Oh! what a trifle and poor thing he is!
If man were any thing, he's nothing now;
Help, or at least some time to waste, allow
To his other wants; yet when he did depart
With her, whom we lament, he lost his heart.
She, of whom th' Ancients seem'd to prophesy,
When they call'd virtues by the name of She;
She, in whom virtue was so much refin'd,
That for allay unto so pure a mind
She took the weaker sex; she that could drive
The poisonous tincture and the stain of Eve
Out of her thoughts and deeds, and purify
All by a true religious alchimy;
She, she is dead! she's dead: When thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how poor a trifling thing man is,
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
The heart being perish'd, no part can be free,
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
The supernatural food, religion,
Thy better growth grows withered and scant;
Be more than man, or thou'rt less than an ant.
Then as mankind, so is the world's whole frame
Quite out of joint, almost created lame;
For before God had made up all the rest,
Corruption enter'd and depray'd the best:
It seiz'd the angels, and then, first of all,
The world did in her cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her brains, and took a general maim,
Wronging each joint of th' universal frame.
The noblest part, man, felt it first; and then
Both beasts and plants curst in the curse of man:
So did the world from the first hour decay,
That evening was beginning of the day;
And now the springs and summers which we see,
Like sons of women after fifty be:
And new philosophy calls all in doubt
The element of fire is quite put out;
The sun is lost, and th' earth, and no man's wit
Can well direct him where to look for it:
And freely men confess that this world's spent,
When in the planets and the firmament
They seek so many new; they see that this
Is crumbled out again t' his atomies:
'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone,
All just supply, and all relation:
Prince, subject, father, son, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinks he hath got
To be a phœnix, and that then can be
None of that kind of which he is, but he.
This is the world's condition now, and now
She that should all parts to re-union bow;
She that had all magnetic force alone
To draw and fasten sunder'd parts in one;
She whom wise Nature had invented then,
When she observ'd that every sort of men
Did in their voyage in this world's sea stray,
And needed a new compass for their way;
She, that was best and first original
Of all fair copies, and the general
Steward to Fate; she, whose rich eyes and breast
Gilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East,
Whose having breath'd in this world did bestow
Spice on those isles, and bade them still smell so;
And that rich Inde, which doth gold inter,
Is but as single money coin'd from her;
She, to whom this world must itself refer,
As suburbs or the microcosm of her;
She, she is dead; she's dead! When thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how lame a cripple this world is,
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That this world's general sickness doth not lie
In any humour, or one certain part,
But as thou saw'st it rotten at the heart,
Thou see'st a hectic fever hath got hold
Of the whole substance, not to be controll'd,
And that thou hast but one way not t' admit
The world's infection, to be none of it:
For the world's subtil'st immaterial parts
Feel this consuming wound, and age's darts;

For the world's beauty is decay'd or gone,
Beauty, that's colour and proportion.
We think the heav'ns enjoy their ſpherical,
Their round proportion embracing all,
But yet their various and perplexed courſe,
Obſerv'd in diverſe ages, doth enforce
Men to find out ſo many eccentric parts,
Such diverſe down-right lines, ſuch overthwarts,
As diſproportion that pure form: it tears
The firmament in eight and forty ſhares,
And in theſe conſtellations then ariſe
New ſtars, and old do vaniſh from our eyes; [war,
As though heav'n ſuffered earthquakes, peace or
When new tow'rs riſe, and old demoliſh'd are.
They have impal'd within a zodiac
The free-born ſun, and keep twelve ſigns awake
To watch his ſteps; the Goat and Crab control
And fright him back, who elſe to either pole
(Did not theſe tropics fetter him) might run;
For his courſe is not round, nor can the ſun
Perfect a circle, or maintain his way
One inch direct, but where he roſe to-day
He comes no more, but with a cozening line
Steals by that point, and ſo is ſerpentine;
And ſeeming weary of his reeling thus,
He means to ſleep, being now ſet'n nearer us.
So of the ſtars, which boaſt that they do run
In circle ſtill, none ends where he begun;
All their proportion's lame, it ſinks, it ſwells;
For of meridians and parallels
Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net thrown
Upon the heav'ns, and now they are his own.
Loth to go up the hill, or labour thus
To go to heav'n, we make heav'n come to us.
We ſpur, we rein the ſtars, and in their race
They're diverſely content t' obey our pace.
But keeps the earth her round proportion ſtill?
Doth not a Tenarus or higher hill
Riſe ſo high like a rock, that one might think
The floating moon would ſhipwreck there and ſink?
Seas are ſo deep, that whales being ſtruck to-day,
Perchance to-morrow ſcarce at middle way
Of their wiſh'd journey's end, the bottom, die;
And men to ſound depths ſo much line untie,
As one might juſtly think that there would riſe,
At end thereof, one of th' antipodes;
If under all a vault infernal be,
(Which ſure is ſpacious, except that we
Invent another torment, that there muſt
Millions into a ſtraight hot room be thruſt)
Then ſolidneſs and roundneſs have no place:
Are theſe but warts and pockholes in the face
Of th' earth? Think ſo; but yet confeſs in this
The world's proportion diſfigur'd is;
That thoſe two legs whereon it doth rely,
Reward and puniſhment, are bent awry:
And, oh! it can no more be queſtioned
That beauty's beſt proportion is dead,
Since even grief itſelf, which now alone
Is left us, is without proportion.
She, by whoſe lines proportion ſhould be
Examin'd meaſure of all ſymmetry,
Whom had that Ancient ſeen, who thought ſouls made
Of harmony, he would at next have ſaid
That Harmony was ſhe, and thence infer
That ſouls were but reſultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies go,
As to our eyes the forms from objects flow:
She who, if thoſe great doctors truly ſaid,
That th' ark to man's proportion was made,
Had been a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both elements and paſſions liv'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all Civil war to ceaſe:
She, after whom what form ſo'er we ſee,
Is diſcord and rude incongruity; [this,
She, ſhe is dead, ſhe's dead: When thou know'ſt
Thou know'ſt how ugly a monſter this world is,
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomy,
That here is nothing to enamour thee;
And that not only faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts,
Poiſoning the fountains whence our actions ſpring,
Endanger us; but that if every thing
Be not done fitly and in proportion,
To ſatisfy wiſe and good lookers-on,
Since moſt men be ſuch as moſt think they be,
They're lothſome too by this deformity:
For good and well muſt in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worſe than indiſcreet.
But beauty's other ſecond element,
Colour and luſtre, now is as near ſpent;
And had the world his juſt proportion,
Were it a ring ſtill, yet the ſtone is gone;
As a compaſſionate turcoiſe, which doth tell,
By looking pale, the wearer is not well;
As gold falls ſick being ſtung with Mercury,
All the world's parts of ſuch complexion be.
When Nature was moſt buſy, the firſt week
Swaddling the new-born earth, God ſeem'd to like
That ſhe ſhould ſport herſelf ſometimes and play,
To mingle and vary colours every day;
And then, as though ſhe could not make enow,
Himſelf his various rainbow did allow.
Sight is the nobleſt ſenſe of any one;
Yet ſight hath only colour to feed on,
And colour is decay'd: ſummer's robe grows
Duſky, and like an oft dy'd garment ſhews
Our bluſhing red, which us'd in cheeks to ſpread,
Is inward ſunk, and only our ſouls are red.
Perchance the world might have recovered,
If ſhe whom we lament had not been dead:
But ſhe, in whom all white, and red, and blue,
(Beauty's ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unvext Paradiſe, from whom
Did all things verdure and their luſtre come,
Whoſe compoſition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous,
(For air and fire but thick groſs bodies were,
And liveliеſt ſtones but drowſy and pale to her)
She, ſhe is dead; ſhe's dead. When thou know'ſt
this,
Thou know'ſt how wan a ghoſt this our world is,
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomy,
That it ſhould more affright than pleaſure thee:
And that, ſince all fair colour then did ſink,
'Tis now but wicked vanity to think
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colours to illude men's ſenſe.

Nor in ought more this world's decay appears
Than that her influence the heav'n forbears,
Or that the elements do not feel this,
The father or the mother barren is:
The clouds conceive not rain, or do not pour,
In the due birth-time, down the balmy shower;
Th' air doth not motherly sit on the earth,
To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth:
Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs,
And false conceptions fill the general wombs;
Th' air shews such meteors, as none can see
Not only what they mean, but what they be.
Earth such new worms as would have troubled much
Th' Egyptian Magi to have made more such.
What artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heav'n hither, or constellate any thing,
So as the influence of those stars may be
Imprison'd in a herb, or charm, or tree,
And do by touch all which those stars could do?
The art is lost, and correspondence too;
For heav'n gives little, and the earth takes less,
And man least knows their trade and purposes.
If this commerce 'twixt heav'n and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffic quite forgot,
She, for whose loss we have lamented thus,
Would work more fully and pow'rfully on us;
Since herbs and roots by dying lose not all,
But they, yea ashes too, are med'cinal,
Death could not quench her virtue so, but that
It would be (if not follow'd) wonder'd at,
And all the world would be one dying swan,
To sing her Funeral praise, and vanish then.
But as some serpent's poison hurteth not,
Except it be from the live serpent shot,
So doth her virtue need her here, to fit
That unto us, she working more than it.
But she, in whom to such maturity
Virtue was grown past growth, that it must die;
She, from whose influence all impression came,
But by receiver's impotencies lame;
Who, though she could not transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet gilded every state;
So that some princes have some temperance,
Some counsellors some purpose to advance
The common profit, and some people have
Some stay, no more than kings should give to crave;
Some women have some taciturnity,
Some nunneries some grains of chastity:
She that did thus much, and much more could do,
But that our age was Iron, and rusty too;
She, she is dead; she's dead! When thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how dry a cinder this world is,
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That 'tis in vain to dew or moisty
It with thy tears, or sweat, or blood: nothing
Is worth our travail, grief, or perishing,
But those rich joys which did possess her heart,
Of which she's now partaker and a part.
But as in cutting up a man that's dead,
The body will not last out, to have read
On every part, and therefore men direct
Their speech to parts that are of most effect;
So the world's carcase would not last, if I
Were punctual in this Anatomy;
Nor smells it well to hearers, if one tell
Them their disease, who fain would think they're well.
Here, therefore, be the end; and, blessed Maid!
Of whom is meant whatever hath been said,
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue, [song,
Whose name refines coarse lines, and makes prose
Accept this tribute, and his first year's rent,
Who, till his dark short taper's end be spent,
As oft as thy feast sees this widow'd earth,
Will yearly celebrate thy second birth,
That is, thy death: for though the soul of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis born but then
When man doth die; our body's as the womb,
And as a midwife death directs it home;
And you her creatures, whom she works upon,
And have your last and best concoction
From her example and her virtue, if you
In reverence to her do think it due,
That no one should her praises thus rehearse,
As matter fit for chronicle, not verse,
Vouchsafe to call to mind that God did make
A last and lasting'st piece, a song. He spake
To Moses to deliver unto all
That song, because he knew they would let fall
The law, the prophets, and the history,
But keep the song still in their memory:
Such an opinion, in due measure, made
Me this great office boldly to invade;
Nor could incomprehensibleness deter
Me from this trying to imprison her,
Which when I saw that a strict grave could do,
I saw not why verse might not do so too.
Verse hath a middle nature; heav'n keeps souls,
The grave keeps bodies, verse the fame enrolls.

A FUNERAL ELEGY.

'Tis loss to trust a tomb with such a guest,
Or to confine her in a marble chest.
Alas! what's marble, jet, or porphyry,
Priz'd with the chrysolite of either eye,
Or with those pearls and rubies, which she was?
Join the two Indies in one tomb, 't is glass;
And so is all to her material,
Though every inch were ten Escurials;
Yet she's demolish'd; can we keep her then
In works of hands, or of the wits of men?
Can these memorials, rags of paper, give
Life to that name by which name they must live?
Sickly, alas! short-liv'd, abortive be
Those carcase verses whose soul is not she;
And can she, who no longer would be she,
(Being such a tabernacle) stoop to be
In paper wrapt? or, when she would not lie
In such an house, dwell in an elegy?
But 't is no matter; we may well allow
Verse to live so long as the world will now,
For her death wounded it. The world contains
Princes for arms, and counsellors for brains;

Lawyers for tongues, divines for hearts, and more;
The rich for ſtomachs, and for backs the poor;
The officers for hands; merchants for feet,
By which remote and diſtant countries meet:
But thoſe fine ſpirits which do tune and ſet
This organ, are thoſe pieces which begét
Wonder and love, and theſe were ſhe; and ſhe
Being ſpent, the world muſt needs decrepit be:
For ſince Death will proceed to triumph ſtill,
He can find nothing after her to kill,
Except the world itſelf; ſo great was ſhe.
Thus brave and confident may Nature be;
Death cannot give her ſuch another blow,
Becauſe ſhe cannot ſuch another ſhew.
But muſt we ſay ſhe's dead? May 't not be ſaid,
That as a ſunder'd clock is piecemeal laid,
Not to be loſt, but by the maker's hand
Repoliſh'd, without error then to ſtand?
Or as the Afric Niger ſtream enwombs
Itſelf into the earth, and after comes
(Having firſt made a natural bridge, to paſs
For many leagues) far greater than it was,
May 't not be ſaid that her grave ſhall reſtore
Her greater, purer, firmer, than before?
Heav'n may ſay this, and joy in 't; but can we,
Who live and lack her here, this 'vantage ſee?
What is't to us, alas! if there have been
An angel made a throne or cherubim?
We loſe by 't; and as aged men are glad,
Being taſteleſs grown, to joy in joys they had,
So now the ſick-ſtarv'd world muſt feed upon
This joy, that we had her who now is gone.
Rejoice then, Nature, and this world, that you,
Fearing the laſt fire's haſt'ning to ſubdue
Your force and vigour e'er it were near gone,
Wiſely beſtow'd and laid it all on one;
One whoſe clear body was ſo pure and thin,
Becauſe it need diſguiſe no thought within.
'Twas but a through-light ſcarf her mind t' inrol,
Or exhalation breath'd out from her ſoul;
One whom all men, who durſt no more, admir'd,
And whom whoe'er had worth enough deſir'd.
As when a temple's built ſaints emulate
To which of them it ſhall be conſecrate:
But as when heav'n looks on us with new eyes,
Thoſe new ſtars every artiſt exerciſe;
What place they ſhould aſſign to them they doubt,
Argue, and agree not, till thoſe ſtars go out;
So the world ſtudy'd whoſe this piece ſhould be,
Till ſhe can by no body's elſe, nor ſhe;
But like a lamp of balſamum, deſir'd
Rather t' adorn than laſt, ſhe ſoon expir'd,
Cloth'd in her virgin-white integrity:
For marriage, though it doth not ſtain, doth die.
To 'ſcape the infirmities which wait upon
Woman, ſhe went away before ſhe was one;
And the world's buſy noiſe to overcome,
Took ſo much death as ſerv'd for opium;
For though ſhe could not, nor could chooſe to die,
She hath yielded to too long on extaſy.
He which, not knowing her ſad hiſtory,
Should come to read the book of Deſtiny,
How fair and chaſte, humble and high, ſhe had been,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteen;
And meaſuring future things by things before,
Should turn the leaf to read, and read no more,
Would think that either Deſtiny miſtook,
Or that ſome leaves were torn out of the book:
But 't is not ſo: Fate did but uſher her
To years of reaſon's uſe, and then infer
Her deſtiny to herſelf, which liberty
She took, but for thus much, thus much to die:
Her modeſty not ſuffering her to be
Fellow-commiſſioner with Deſtiny,
She did no more but die. If after her
Any ſhall live which dare true good prefer,
Every ſuch perſon is her delegate
T' accompliſh that which ſhould have been her fate;
They ſhall make up that book, and ſhall have thanks
Of Fate and her for filli g up their blanks;
For future virtuous deeds are legacies
Which from the gift of her example riſe:
And 't is in heav'n part of ſpiritual mirth
To ſee how well the good play her on earth.

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL;

Wherein, by occaſion of the religious death of Mrs. Elizabeth Drury, the incommodities of the Soul in this life, and her exaltation in the next, are contemplated.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

The Harbinger to the Progreſs.

Two Souls move here, and mine (a third) muſt move
Paces of admiration and of love.
Thy Soul (dear Virgin!) whoſe this tribute is,
Mov'd from this mortal ſphere to lively bliſs,
And yet moves ſtill, and ſtill aſpires to ſee
The world's laſt day, thy glory's full degree,
Like as thoſe ſtars, which thou o'erlookeſt far,
Are in their place, and yet ſtill moved are.
No Soul (whilſt with the luggage of this clay
It clogg'd is) can follow thee half way,
Or ſee thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgo
So faſt, as now the lightning moves but ſlow.
But now thou art as high in heav'n flown
As heav'n's from us; what Soul, beſides thine own,
Can tell thy joys, or ſay he can relate
Thy glorious journals in that bleſſed ſtate?
I envy thee, (rich Soul!) I envy thee,
Although I cannot yet thy glory ſee:
And thou, (great Spirit!) which her's follow'd, haſt
So faſt, as none can follow thine ſo faſt,
So far, as none can follow thine ſo far,
(And if this fleſh did not the paſſage bar
Which long agone hadſt loſt the vulgar ſight,
Hadſt caught her) let me wonder at thy flight,
And now mak'ſt proud the better eyes, that they
Can ſee thee leſſen'd in thine airy way;
So while thou mak'ſt her Soul by progreſs known,
Thou mak'ſt a noble progreſs of thine own.
From this world's carcaſe having mounted high
To that pure life of immortality;

Since thine aſpiring thoughts themſelves ſo raiſe,
That more may not beſeem a creature's praiſe;
Yet ſtill thou vow'ſt her more, and every year
Mak'ſt a new progreſs whilſt thou wand'reſt here;
Still upward mount, and let thy Maker's praiſe
Honour thy Laura, and adorn thy lays;
And ſince thy Muſe her head in heaven ſhrouds,
Oh! let her never ſtoop below the clouds;
And if thoſe glorious ſainted ſouls may know
Or what we do or what we ſing below,
Thoſe acts, thoſe ſongs, ſhall ſtill content them beſt
Which praiſe thoſe awful pow'rs that make them bleſt.

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

The Second Anniverſary.

Nothing could make me ſooner to confeſs
That this world had an everlaſtingneſs,
Than to conſider that a year is run
Since both this lower world's and the ſun's ſun,
The luſtre and the vigour of this all,
Did ſet; 'twere blaſphemy to ſay did fall.
But as a ſhip which hath ſtruck ſail doth run
By force of that force which before it won;
Or as ſometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at thoſe two Red ſeas which freely ran,
One from the trunk, another from the head,
His ſoul be ſail'd to her eternal bed,
His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beck'ned and call'd back his ſoul,
He graſps his hands, and he pulls up his feet,
And ſeems to reach, and to ſtep forth to meet
His Soul; when all theſe motions which we ſaw
Are but as ice, which crackles as a thaw;
Or as a lute, which in moiſt weather rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her ſtrings,
So ſtruggles this dead world, now ſhe is gone,
For there is motion in corruption.
As ſome days are at the creation nam'd
Before the ſun, the which fram'd days, was fram'd
So after this ſun 's ſet ſome ſhew appears,
And orderly viciſſitude of years.
Yet a new deluge, and of Lethe flood,
Hath drown'd us all; all have forgot all good,
Forgetting her, the main reſerve of all:
Yet in this deluge, groſs and general,
Thou ſeeſt me ſtrive for life; my life ſhall be
To be hereafter prais'd for praiſing thee,
Immortal Maid! who though thou wouldſt refuſe
The name of Mother, be unto my Muſe
A father, ſince her chaſte ambition is
Yearly to bring forth ſuch a child as this.
Theſe hymns may work on future wits, and ſo
May great grand-children of thy praiſes grow;
And ſo, though not revive, embalm and ſpice
The world, which elſe would putrify with vice;
For thus man may extend thy progeny
Until man do but vaniſh, and not die.
Theſe hymns thy iſſue may encreaſe ſo long,
As till God's great *Venite* change the ſong.

Thirſt for that time, O my inſatiate Soul!
And ſerve thy thirſt with God's ſafe ſealing bowl,
Be thirſty ſtill, and drink ſtill, till thou go
To th' only health; to be hydroptic ſo,
Forget this rotten world; and unto thee
Let thine own times as an old ſtory be.
Be not concern'd; ſtudy not why or when;
Do not ſo much as not believe a man:
For though to err be worſt, to try truths forth
Is far more buſ'neſs than this world is worth.
The world is but a carcaſe; thou art fed
By it but as a worm that carcaſe bred.
And why ſhouldſt thou, poor worm! conſider more
When this world will grow better than before?
Than thoſe thy fellow worms do think upon
That carcaſe's laſt refurrection?
Forget this world, and ſcarce think of it ſo
As of old clothes caſt off a year ago.
To be thus ſtupid is alacrity;
Men thus lethargic have beſt memory.
Look upward, that's towards her whoſe happy ſtate
We now lament not but congratulate:
She to whom all this world was but a ſtage,
Where all ſat hearkning how her youthful age
Should be employ'd, becauſe in all ſhe did
Some figure of the golden times was hid;
Who could not lack whate'er this world could give,
Becauſe ſhe was the form that made it live,
Nor could complain that this world was unfit
To be ſtay'd in then when ſhe was in it;
She that firſt try'd indifferent deſires
By virtue, and virtue by religious fires;
She to whoſe perſon Paradiſe adher'd,
As courts to princes; ſhe whoſe eyes enſpher'd
Star-light, enough t' have made the South controul
(Had ſhe been there) the ſtar-full northern pole;
She, ſhe is gone; ſhe's gone! When thou know'ſt this,
What fragmentary rubbiſh this world is
Thou know'ſt, and that it is not worth a thought;
He honours it too much that thinks it nought.
Think then, my Soul! that death is but a groom
Which brings a taper to the outward room,
Whence thou ſpy'ſt firſt a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy ſight;
For ſuch approaches heav'n doth make in death:
Think thyſelf labouring now with broken breath,
And think thoſe broken and ſoft notes to be
Diviſion, and thy happieſt harmony:
Think thee laid on thy death-bed, looſe and flack,
And think that but unbinding of a pack,
To take one precious thing, thy Soul, from thence:
Think thyſelf parch'd with fever's violence,
Anger thine ague more by calling it
Thy phthyſic; chide the ſlackneſs of the fit:
Think that thou hear'ſt thy knell, and think no more
But that, as bells call'd thee to church before,
So this to the triumphant church calls thee:
Think Satan's ſerjeants round about thee be,
And think that but for legacies they thruſt;
Give one thy pride, t' another give thy luſt;
Give them thoſe ſins which they gave thee before,
And truſt th' immaculate blood to waſh thy ſcore:

Think thy friends weeping round, and think that they
Weep but becauſe they go not yet that way:
Think that they cloſe thine eyes, and think in this
That they confeſs much in the world amiſs,
Who dare not truſt a dead man's eye with that
Which they from God and angels cover not:
Think that they ſhroud thee up, and think from thence
They re-inveſt thee in white innocence:
Think that thy body rots and (if ſo low,
Thy ſoul exalted ſo, thy thoughts can go)
Think thee a prince, who of themſelves create
Worms, which inſenſibly devour their ſtate:
Think that they bury thee, and think that rite
Lays thee to ſleep but a Saint Lucy's night:
Think theſe things cheerfully, and if thou be
Drowſy or ſlack, remember then that ſhe,
She whoſe complexion was ſo even made,
That which of her ingredients ſhould invade
The other three no fear, no art, could gueſs,
So far were all remov'd from more or leſs:
But as in Mithridate or juſt perfumes.
Where all good things being met, no one preſumes
To govern or to triumph on the reſt,
Only becauſe all were, no part was beſt:
And as, though all do know that quantities
Are made of lines, and lines from points ariſe,
None can theſe lines or quantities unjoint,
And ſay this is a line or this a point;
So though the elements and humours were
In her, one could not ſay this governs there,
Whoſe even conſtitution might have won
Any diſeaſe to venture on the ſun
Rather than her, and make a ſpirit fear,
That he too diſuniting ſubject were,
To whoſe proportions if we would compare
Cubes they're unſtable, circles angular:
She who was ſuch a chain as Fate employs
To bring mankind all fortunes it enjoys,
So faſt, ſo even wrought, as one would think
No accident could threaten any link;
She, ſhe embrac'd a ſickneſs, gave it meat,
The pureſt blood and breath that e'er it ate,
And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
Title to heav'n, and plead it by his faith,
And though he may pretend a conqueſt, ſince
Heav'n was content to ſuffer violence;
Yea, though he plead a long poſſeſſion too,
(For they're in heav'n on earth who heav'n's works do),
Though he had right, and pow'r, and place, before,
Yet death muſt uſher and unlock the door:
Think further on thyſelf, my Soul! and think
How thou at firſt waſt made but in a ſink:
Think that it argued ſome infirmity,
That thoſe two Souls which then thou found'ſt in me,
Thou fed'ſt upon, and drew'ſt into thee, both
My ſecond Soul of ſenſe and firſt of growth:
Think but how poor thou waſt, how obnoxious,
Whom a ſmall lump of fleſh could poiſon thus:
This curdled milk, this poor unlitter'd whelp,
My body could, beyond eſcape or help,
Infect thee with orig'nal ſin, and thou
Couldſt neither then refuſe nor leave it now:
Think that no ſtubborn ſullen anchorite,
Which, fixt t' a pillar or a grave, doth ſit
Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwells
So ſoully as our Souls in their firſt-built cells:
Think in how poor a priſon thou doſt lie,
After enabled but to ſuck and cry: [inn,
Think when 't was grown to, moſt 't was a poor
A province pack'd up in two yards of ſkin;
And that uſurp'd or threaten'd with a rage
Of ſickneſſes, or their true mother, Age:
But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
Thou haſt thy expanſion now, and liberty:
Think that a ruſty piece diſcharg'd is flown
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
And freely flies: this to thy Soul allow;
Think thy ſhell broke, think thy Soul hatcht but now;
And think this ſlow-pac'd Soul, which late did cleave
T' a body, and went but by the body's leave,
Twenty perchance or thirty mile a-day,
Diſpatches in a minute all the way
'Twixt heav'n and earth; ſhe ſtays not in the air,
To look what meteors there themſelves prepare;
She carries no deſire to know, nor ſenſe,
Whether th' air's middle region be intenſe;
For th' element of fire, ſhe doth not know
Whether ſhe paſs'd by ſuch a place or no;
She baits not at the moon, nor cares to try
Whether in that new world men live and die:
Venus retards her not, t' inquire how ſhe
Can (being one ſtar) Heſper and Veſper be:
He that charm'd Argus' eyes, ſweet Mercury,
Works now on her, who now is grown all eye;
Who, if ſhe meet the body of the ſun,
Goes through, not ſtaying till her courſe be run;
Who finds in Mars his camp no corps of guard,
Nor is by Jove nor by his father barr'd;
But ere ſhe can conſider how ſhe went,
At once is at and through the firmament:
And as theſe ſtars were but ſo many beads
Strung on one ſtring, ſpeed undiſtinguiſh'd leads
Her through thoſe ſpheres, as through thoſe beads a ſtring,
Whoſe quick ſucceſſion makes it ſtill one thing;
As doth the pith which, leſt our bodies ſlack,
Strings faſt the little bones of neck and back;
So by the Soul doth death ſtring heav'n and earth;
For when our Soul enjoys this her third birth,
(Creation gave her one, a ſecond grace)
Heaven is near, and preſent to her face,
As colours are and objects in a room,
Where darkneſs was before, when tapers come.
This muſt, my Soul! thy long ſhort progreſs be
T' advance theſe thoughts; remember then that ſhe,
She whoſe fair body no ſuch priſon was,
But that a Soul might well be pleas'd to paſs
An age in her; ſhe whoſe rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for ſo much as they were like to her;
She in whoſe body (if we dare preſer
This low world to ſo high a mark as ſhe)
The weſtern treaſure, eaſtern ſpicery,
Europe and Afric, and the unknown reſt,
Were eaſily found, or what in them was beſt:

And when we've made this large discovery
Of all, in her some one part then will be
Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
Enough to make twenty such worlds as this;
She, whom had they known, who did first betrothe
The tutelar angels, and assign'd one both
To nations, cities, and to companies,
To functions, offices, and dignities,
And to each several man, to him and him,
They would have giv'n her one for every limb;
She of whose Soul, if we may say 't was gold,
Her body was th' electrum, and did hold
Many degrees of that. We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought;
She, she thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone,
And chides us, slow-pac'd snails! who crawl upon
Our prison's prison, earth, nor think us well
Longer than whilst we bear our brittle shell.
But 't were but little to have chang'd our room
If, as we were in this our living tomb
Oppress'd with ignorance, we still were so.
Poor Soul! in this thy flesh what dost thou know?
Thou know'st thyself so little, as thou wast not
How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot.
Thou neither know'st how thou at first cam'st in,
Nor how thou took'st the poison of man's sin;
Nor dost thou (though thou know'st that thou art so)
By what way thou art made immortal know.
Thou art too narrow, Wretch! to comprehend
Even thyself, yea, though thou wouldst but bend
To know thy body. Have not all Souls thought,
For many ages, that our body's wrought
Of air, and fire, and other elements?
And now they think of new ingredients;
And one Soul thinks one, and another way
Another thinks, and 't is an even lay.
Know'st thou but how the stone doth enter in
The bladder's cave, and never break the skin?
Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
Doth from one ventricle to th' other go?
And for the putrid stuff which thou dost spit,
Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
There are no passages, so that there is
(For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances.
And of those many opinions, which men raise
Of nails and hairs, dost thou know which to praise?
What hope have we to know ourselves, when we
Know not the least things which for our use be?
We see in authors, too stiff to recant,
A hundred controversies of an ant;
And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
To know but catechisms and alphabets
Of unconcerning things: matters of fact,
How others on our stage their parts did act,
What Cæsar did, yea, and what Cicero said,
Why grass is green, or why our blood is red,
Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto:
In this low form, poor Soul! what wilt thou do?
Oh! when wilt thou shake off this pedantry
Of being taught by sense and fantasy?
Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seem great
Below; but up unto the watch-tower get,
And see all things despoil'd of fallacies:
Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
Nor hear through labyrinths of ears, nor learn
By circuit on collections to discern:
In heav'n thou straight know'st all concerning it,
And what concerns it not shall straight forget.
That thou (but in no other school) mayst be
Perchance as learned and as full as she;
She, who all libraries hath th'roughly read
At home in her own thoughts, and practised
So much good as would make as many more;
She, whose example they must all implore,
Who would or do or think well, and confess
That all the virtuous actions they express
Are but a new and worse edition
Of her some one thought, or one action;
She who in th' art of knowing Heav'n, was grown
Here upon earth to such perfection,
That she hath, ever since to heav'n she came,
(In a far fairer print) but read the same;
She, she not satisfy'd with all this weight,
(For so much knowledge as would over-freight
Another did but ballast her) is gone
As well t' enjoy as great perfection,
And calls us after her, in that she took
(Taking herself) our best and worthiest book.
Return not, my Soul! from this ecstasy
And meditation of what thou shalt be
To earthly thoughts, till it too thee appear
With whom thy conversation must be there.
With whom wilt thou converse? What station
Canst thou choose out free from infection,
That will not give thee theirs, nor drink in thine?
Shalt thou not find a spungy slack divine
Drink and suck in th' instructions of great men,
And for the word of God vent them again?
Are there not some courts (and then no things be
So like as courts) which in this let us see
That wits and tongues of libellers are weak,
Because they do more ill than these can speak?
The poison's gone through all; poisons affect
Chiefly the chiefest parts; but some effect
In nails, and hairs, yea, excrements, will show:
So lies the poison of sin in the most low.
Up, up, my drowsy Soul! where thy new ear
Shall in the angels' songs no discord hear;
Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid
Joy in not being that which men have said;
Where she's exalted more for being good
Than for her interest of motherhood:
Up to those patriarchs which did longer sit
Expecting Christ than they've enjoy'd him yet;
Up to those prophets which now gladly see
Their prophesies grown to be history;
Up to th' apostles, who did bravely run
All the sun's course with more light than the sun;
Up to those martyrs who did calmly bleed
Oil to th' apostles' lamps, dew to their seed;
Up to those virgins who thought that almost
They made joint-tenants with the Holy Ghost,
If they to any should his temple give.
Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live

She who hath carried thither new degrees
(As to their number) to their dignities;
She who, being to herſelf a ſtate, enjoy'd
All royalties which any ſtate employ'd;
For ſhe made wars and triumph'd; reaſon ſtill
Did not o'erthrow, but rectify her will;
And ſhe made peace, for no peace is like this,
That beauty and chaſtity together kiſs:
She did high juſtice, for ſhe cruciſy'd
Ev'ry firſt motion of rebellion's pride;
And ſhe gave pardons, and was liberal,
For, only herſelf except, ſhe pardon'd all:
She coin'd in this, that her impreſſion gave
To all our actions all the worth they have:
She gave protections; the thoughts of her breaſt
Satan's rude officers could ne'er arreſt.
As theſe prerogatives being met in one
Made her a ſovereign ſtate, religion
Made her a church; and theſe two made her all.
She, who was all this all, and could not fall
To worſe by company, (for ſhe was ſtill
More antidote than all the world was ill)
She, ſhe doth leave it, and by death ſurvive
All this in heav'n, whither who doth not ſtrive
The more becauſe ſhe's there, he doth not know
That accidental joys in heav'n do grow.
But pauſe, my Soul! and ſtudy, ere thou fall
On accidental joys, th' eſſential.
Still before acceſſories do abide
A trial muſt the principal be try'd.
And what eſſential joy canſt thou expect
Here upon earth? what permanent effect
Of tranſitory cauſes? Doſt thou love
Beauty? (and beauty worthieſt is to move)
Poor cozen'd Cozener! that ſhe, and that thou,
Which did begin to love, are neither now;
You are both fluid, chang'd ſince yeſterday;
Next day repairs (but ill) laſt day's decay:
Nor are (although the river keep the name)
Yeſterday's waters and to-day's the ſame.
So flows her face and thine eyes, neither now
That ſaint nor pilgrim which your loving vow
Concern'd, remains; but whilſt you think you be
Conſtant, y' are hourly in inconſtancy.
Honour may have pretence unto our love,
Becauſe that God did live ſo long above
Without this honour, and then lov'd it ſo,
That he at laſt made creatures to beſtow
Honour on him; not that he needed it,
But that to his hands man might grow more fit:
But ſince all honours from inferiors flow,
(For they do give it, princes do but ſhow [this
Whom they would have ſo honour'd) and that
On ſuch opinions and capacities
Is built as riſe and fall to more and leſs:
Alas! 't is but a caſual happineſs.
Hath ever any man t' himſelf aſſign'd
This or that happineſs t' arreſt his mind,
But that another man which takes a worſe,
Thinks him a fool for having ta'en that courſe?
They who did labour Babel's tow'r t' erect,
Might have conſider'd, that for that effect
All this whole ſolid earth could not allow,
Nor furniſh forth materials enow;
And that his centre, to raiſe ſuch a place,
Was far too little to have been the baſe.
No more affords this world foundation
T' erect true joy, were all the means in one.
But as the Heathen made them ſeveral gods
Of all God's benefits and all his rods,
(For as the wine, and corn, and onions, are
Gods unto them, ſo agues be and war)
And as by changing that whole precious gold
To ſuch ſmall copper coins they loſt the old,
And loſt their only God, who ever muſt
Be ſought alone, and not in ſuch a thruſt:
So much mankind true happineſs miſtakes,
No joy enjoys that man that many makes.
Then, Soul! to thy firſt pitch work up again;
Know that all lines which circles do contain,
For once that they the centre touch, do touch
Twice the circumference; and be thou ſuch;
Double on heav'n thy thoughts on earth employ'd;
All will not ſerve; only who have enjoy'd
The ſight of God in fulneſs can think it;
For it is both the object and the wit.
This is eſſential joy, where neither he
Can ſuffer diminution nor we;
'Tis ſuch a full and ſuch a filling good,
Had th' angels once look'd on him they had ſtood.
To fill the place of one of them, or more,
She whom we celebrate is gone before;
She, who had here ſo much eſſential joy,
As no chance could diſtract, much leſs deſtroy;
Who with God's preſence was acquainted ſo,
(Hearing and ſpeaking to him) as to know
His face in any natural ſtone or tree,
Better than when in images they be;
Who kept, by diligent devotion,
God's image in ſuch reparation
Within her heart, that what decay was grown
Was her firſt parents' fault, and not her own;
Who, being ſollicited to any act,
Still heard God pleading his ſafe procontract;
Who by a faithful confidence was here
Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;
Whoſe twilights were more clear than our mid-day;
Who dreamt devoutlier than moſt uſe to pray;
Who being here fill'd with grace, yet ſtrove to be
Both where more grace and more capacity
At once is given: ſhe to heav'n is gone,
Who made this world in ſome proportion
A heav'n, and here became unto us all
Joy (as our joys admit) eſſential.
But could this low world joys eſſential touch,
Heav'n's accidental joys would paſs them much.
How poor and lame muſt then our caſual be?
If thy prince will his ſubjects to call thee
My Lord, and this do ſwell thee, thou art then,
By being greater, grown to be leſs man.
When no phyſician of redreſs can ſpeak,
A joyful caſual violence may break
A dangerous apoſtem in thy breaſt,
And whilſt thou joy'ſt in this the dangerous reſt,
The bag may riſe up, and ſo ſtrangle thee.
Whate'er was caſual may ever be.
What ſhould the nature change? or make the ſame
Certain, which was but caſual, when it came?

All casual joy doth loud and plainly say,
Only by coming, that it can away.
Only in heav'n joy's strength is never spent,
And accidental things are permanent.
Joy of a Soul's arrival ne'er decays;
(For that Soul ever joys, and ever stays)
Joy that their last great consummation
Approaches in the resurrection,
When earthly bodies more celestial
Shall be than angels were, for they could fall;
This kind of joy doth every day admit
Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.
In this fresh joy 'tis no small part that she,
She, in whose goodness he that names degree
Doth injure her; ('tis loss to be call'd best,
There where the stuff is not such as the rest)
She, who left such a body, as even she
Only in heav'n could learn how it can be
Made better, for she rather was two Souls,
Or like to full on both sides-written rolls,
Where eyes might read upon the outward skin
As strong records for God as minds within;
She who, by making full perfection grow,
Pieces a circle, and still keeps it so,
Long'd for, and longing for't, to heav'n is gone,
Where she receives and gives addition.
Here in a place, where mis-devotion frames
A thousand prayers to saints, whose very names
The ancient church knew not, Heav'n knows not yet,
And where what laws of poetry admit,
Laws of religion have at the least the same,
Immortal Maid! I might invoke thy name.
Could any saint provoke that appetite,
Thou here shouldst make me a French convertite;
But thou wouldst not, nor wouldst thou be content
To take this for my second year's true rent.
Did this coin bear any other stamp than his
That gave thee power to do, me to say this?
Since his will is that to posterity
Thou shouldst for life and death a pattern be;
And that the world should notice have of this,
The purpose and th' authority is his.
Thou art the proclamation, and I am
The trumpet, at whose voice the people came.

EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES

UPON THE DEATHS OF SUNDRY PERSONAGES.

AN ELEGY

ON THE

UNTIMELY DEATH OF THE INCOMPARABLE PRINCE HENRY.

Look to me, Faith! and look to my faith, God,
For both my centres feel this period.
Of weight one centre, one of greatneſs, is,
And reaſon is that centre, faith is this;
For into our reaſon flow, and there do end,
All that this natural world doth comprehend;
Quotidian things, and equidiſtant hence,
Shut in for man in one circumference;
But for th' enormous greatneſſes which are
So diſproportion'd and ſo angular,
As is God's eſſence, place, and providence,
Where, how, when, what, ſouls do departed hence:
Theſe things (eccentric elſe) on faith do ſtrike;
Yet neither all nor upon all alike;
For Reaſon, put t' her beſt extenſion,
Almoſt meets Faith, and makes both centres one;
And nothing ever came ſo near to this
As contemplation of that Prince we miſs;
For all that Faith might credit, mankind could,
Reaſon ſtill ſeconded, that this Prince would,
If then leaſt moving of the centre make,
More than if whole hell belch'd, the world to ſhake,
What muſt this do, centres diſtracted ſo,
That we ſee not what to believe or know?
Was it not well believ'd till now that he,
Whoſe reputation was an extaſy,
On neighbour ſtates, which knew not why to wake,
Till he diſcover'd what ways he would take;
For whom what princes angled, when they try'd
Met a torpedo, and were ſtupify'd;
And others' ſtudies, how he would be bent,
Was his great father's greateſt inſtrument,
And activ'ſt ſpirit, to convey and tie
This ſoul of peace unto Chriſtianity?
Was it not well believ'd that he would make
This general peace th' eternal overtake,
And that his times might have ſtretcht out ſo far
As to touch thoſe of which they emblems are?
For to confirm this juſt belief, that now
The laſt days came, we ſaw heav'n did allow
That, but from his aſpect and exerciſe,
In peaceful times rumours of wars ſhould riſe.
But now this faith is hereſy, we muſt
Still ſtay, and vex our great grandmother Duſt.
Oh! is God prodigal? Hath he ſpent his ſtore
Of plagues on us, and only now, when more
Would eaſe us much, doth he grudge miſery,
And will not let's enjoy our curſe, to die?
As for the earth, thrown loweſt down of all,
'Twere an ambition to deſire to fall;
So God, in our deſire to die, doth know
Our plot for eaſe, in being wrecched ſo:

'Therefore we live, though such a life we have
As but so many mandrake's on his grave.
What had his growth and generation done,
When, what we are, his putrefaction
Sustains us, earth, which griefs animate?
Nor hath our world now other soul than that;
And could grief get so high as heav'n, that quire,
Forgetting this their new joy, would desire
(With grief to see him) he had stay'd below,
To rectify our errors they foreknow.
Is th' other centre, reason, faster then?
Where should we look for that, now we're not men?
For if our reason be our connection
Of causes, now to us there can be none:
For, as if all the substances were spent,
It were madness to inquire of accident;
So is 't to look for Reason, he being gone,
The only subject Reason wrought upon.
If Fate have such a chain, whose divers links
Industrious men discerneth, as he thinks,
When miracle doth come, and so steal in
A new link, man knows not where to begin:
At a much deader fault must reason be,
Death having broke off such a link as he.
But now for us with busy proof to come
That we 'ave no reason would prove we had some;
So would just lamentations; therefore we
May safelier say that we are dead than he.
So, if our griefs we do not well declare
We 'ave double excuse; he's not dead, we are.
Yet would not I die yet; for though I be
Too narrow to think him as he is he,
(Our souls best baiting and mid period
In her long journey of considering God)
Yet (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
As he embrac'd the fires of love with us.
Oh! may I (since I live) but see or hear
That she-intelligence which mov'd this sphere,
I pardon Fate my life: whoe'er thou be
Which hast the noble conscience, thou art she.
I conjure thee by all the charms he spoke,
By th' oaths which only you two never broke,
By all the souls ye sigh'd, that if you see
These lines, you wish I knew your history.
So much, as you two mutual heav'ns were here,
I were an angel singing what you were.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

I HAVE learned by those laws, wherein I am little conversant, that he which bestows any cost upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not his heir. I do not therefore send this paper to your Ladyship that you should thank me for it, or think that I thank you in it; your favours and benefits to me are so much above my merits, that they are even above my gratitude, if that were to be judged by words which must express it. But, Madam, since your noble brother's fortune being your's, the evidences also concerning it are your's; so his virtues being your's, the evidence concerning that belong also to you of which, by your acceptance, this may be one piece; in which quality I humbly present it, and as a testimony how entirely your family possesseth

Your Ladyship's most humble
and thankful servant,
J DONNE.

OBSEQUIES

ON THE LORD HARRINGTON, &c.

To the Countess of Bedford.

FAIR Soul! which wast not only, as all souls be,
Then when thou wast infused, harmony,
But didst continue so, and now dost bear
A part in God's great organ, this whole sphere,
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find that any way is pervious
'Twixt heav'n and earth, and that men's actions do
Come to your knowledge and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodness grown that I can study thee,
And by these meditations refin'd
Can unapparel and enlarge my mind,
And so can make, by this soft extasy,
This place a map of heav'n, myself of thee.
Thou seest me here at midnight now all rest;
Time's dead low water, when all minds divest
To-morrow's business, when the lab'rers have
Such rest in bed, that their last churchyard grave
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this.
Now when the client, whose last hearing is
To-morrow, sleeps; when the condemned man,
(Who when he opes his eyes must shut them then
Again by death) although sad watch he keep,
Doth practise dying by a little sleep,
Thou at this midnight seest me, and as soon
As that sun rises to me midnight's noon;
All the world grows transparent, and I see
Through all, both church and state, in seeing thee;
And I discern, by favour of this light,
Myself, the hardest object of the sight.
God is the glass, as thou, when thou dost see
Him, who sees all, seest all concerning thee:
So, yet unglorify'd, I comprehend
All in these mirrors of thy ways and end.
Though God be our true glass, through which we see
All, since the being of all things is he,
Yet are the trunks, which do to us derive
Things in proportion, fit by perspective,
Deeds of good men; for by their being here
Virtues indeed remote seem to be near.
But where can I affirm or where arrest
My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?
For fluid virtue cannot be look'd on,
Nor can endure a contemplation.

As bodies change, and as I do not wear
Thoſe ſpirits, humours, blood, I did laſt year;
And, as if on a ſtream I fix mine eye,
That drop which I look'd on is preſently
Paſht with more waters from my ſight, and gone;
So in this ſea of virtues can no one
Be inſiſted on. Virtues as rivers paſs,
Yet ſtill remains that virtuous man there was
And as if man feed on man's fleſh, and ſo
Part of his body to another owe,
Yet at the laſt two perfect bodies riſe,
Becauſe God knows where every atom lies;
So if one knowledge were made of all thoſe
Who knew his minutes well, he might diſpoſe
His virtues into names and ranks; but I
Should injure Nature, Virtue, and Deſtiny,
Should I divide and diſcontinue ſo
Virtue, which did in one entireneſs grow:
For as he that ſhould ſay ſpirits are fram'd
Of all the pureſt parts that can be nam'd,
Honours not ſpirits half ſo much as he
Which ſays they have no parts but ſimple be;
So is 't of virtue; for a point and one
Are much entirer than a million.
And had Fate meant t' have had his virtues told,
It would have let him live to have been old:
So then that virtue in ſeaſon, and then this,
We might have ſeen and ſaid that now he is
Witty, now wiſe, now temperate, now juſt.
In good ſhort lives virtues are fain to thruſt,
And to be ſure betimes to get a place,
When they would exerciſe back time and ſpace.
So was it in this perſon, forc'd to be,
For lack of time, his own epitome;
So to exhibit in few years as much
As all the long-breath'd chroniclers can touch.
As when an angel down from heav'n doth fly,
Our quick thought cannot keep him company;
We cannot think now he is at the ſun,
Now through the moon, now through the air doth run;
Yet when he's come we know he did repair
To all 'twixt heav'n and earth, ſun, moon, and air;
And as this angel in an inſtant knows,
And yet we know this ſudden knowledge grows
By quick amaſſing ſeveral forms of things
Which he ſucceſſively to order brings,
When they, whoſe ſlow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot go
So faſt as he, think that he doth not ſo;
Juſt as a perfect reader doth not dwell
On every ſyllable, nor ſtay to ſpell,
Yet without doubt he doth diſtinctly ſee,
And lay together every A and B;
So in ſhort-liv'd good men's not underſtood
Each ſeveral virtue, but the compound good;
For they all virtue's paths in that pace tread,
As angels go and know, and as men read.
O! why ſhould then theſe men, theſe lumps of balm,
Sent hither the world's tempeſt to becalm,
Before by deeds they are diffus'd and ſpread,
And to make us alive themſelves be dead?
O Soul! O Circle! why ſo quickly be
Thy ends, thy birth, and death, clos'd up in thee?
Since one foot of thy compaſs ſtill was plac'd
In heav'n, the other might ſecurely have pac'd
In the moſt large extent through every path
Which the whole world, or man, th' abridgement, hath.
Thou knoweſt that though the tropic circles have
(Yea, and thoſe ſmall ones which the poles engrave)
All the ſame roundneſs, evenneſs, and all
The endleſſneſs of th' equinoctial,
Yet when we come to meaſure diſtances,
How here, how there, the ſun affected is,
When he doth faintly work, and when prevail,
Only great circles then can be our ſcale;
So though thy circle to thyſelf expreſs
All tending to thy endleſs happineſs,
And we, by our good uſe of it, may try
Both how to live well (young) and how to die;
Yet ſince we muſt be old, and age endures
His torrid zone at court and calentures,
Of hot ambition, irreligion's ice,
Zeal's agues, and hydroptic avarice,
(Infirmities which need the ſcale of truth,
As well as luſt and ignorance of youth)
Why didſt thou not for theſe give med'cines too,
And by thy doing tell us what to do?
Though as ſmall pocket-clocks, whoſe every wheel
Doth each miſmotion and diſtemper feel,
Whoſe hands get ſhaking palſies, and whoſe ſtring
(His ſinews) ſlackens, and whoſe ſoul, the ſpring,
Expires or languiſhes; whoſe pulſe, the fly,
Either beats not, or beats unevenly;
Whoſe voice, the bell, doth rattle or grow dumb,
Or idle as men which to their laſt hour come;
If theſe clocks be not wound, or be wound ſtill,
Or be not ſet, or ſet at every will;
So youth is eaſieſt to deſtruction,
If then we follow all, or follow none.
Yet as in great clocks which in ſteeples chime,
Plac'd to inform whole towns t' employ their time,
An error doth more harm, being general,
When ſmall clocks faults only on th' wearer fall;
So work the faults of age, on which the eye
Of children, ſervants, or the ſtate, rely.
Why wouldſt not thou then, which hadſt ſuch a ſoul,
A clock ſo true as might the ſun controul;
And daily hadſt from him who gave it thee
Inſtructions, ſuch as it could never be
Diſorder'd, ſtay here, as a general
And great ſun-dial, to have ſet us all?
Oh! why wouldeſt thou be an inſtrument
To this unnatural courſe? or why conſent
To this not miracle but prodigy,
That when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
Virtue, whoſe flood did with thy youth begin,
Should ſo much faſter ebb out than flow in?
Though her flood were blown in by thy firſt breath,
All is at once ſunk in the whirlpool death;
Which word I would not name, but that I ſee
Death, elſe a deſert, grown a court by thee.
Now I am ſure that if a man would have
Good company, his entry is a grave.
Methinks all cities now but ant-hills be,
Where, when the ſeveral labourers I ſee

For children, houſe, proviſion, taking pain,
They're all but ants, carrying eggs, ſtraw, and grain;
And church-yards are our cities, into which
The moſt repair that are in goodneſs rich;
There is the beſt concourſe and confluence,
There are the holy ſuburbs, and from thence
Begins God's city, New Jeruſalem,
Which doth extend her utmoſt gates to them:
At that gate then, triumphant Soul! doſt thou
Begin thy triumph: but ſince laws allow
That at the triumph-day the people may
All that they will 'gainſt the triumpher ſay,
Let me here uſe that freedom, and expreſs
My grief, though not to make thy triumph leſs.
By law to triumphs none admitted be
Till they, as magiſtrates, get victory;
Though then to thy force all youth's foes did yield,
Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field
To which thy rank in this ſtate deſtin'd thee,
That there thy counſels might get victory,
And ſo in that capacity remove
All jealouſies 'twixt prince and ſubjects love,
Thou couldſt no title to this triumph have,
Thou didſt intrude on death, uſurp a grave.
Then (though victoriouſly) thou hadſt fought as yet
But with thine own affections, with the heat
Of youth's deſires, and colds of ignorance,
But till thou ſhouldſt ſucceſsfully advance
Thine arms 'gainſt foreign enemies, which are,
Both envy and acclamations popular,
(For both theſe engines equally defeat,
Though by a diverſe mine, theſe which are great)
Till then thy war was but a Civil war,
For which to triumph none admitted are;
No more are they, who though with good ſucceſs,
In a defenſive war their power expreſs.
Before men triumph, the dominion
Muſt be enlarg'd, and not preſerv'd alone:
Why ſhouldſt thou then, whoſe battles were to win
Thyſelf from thoſe ſtraits Nature put thee in,
And to deliver up to God that ſtate
Of which he gave thee the vicariate,
(Which is thy ſoul and body) as entire
As he who takes indentures doth require;
But didſt not ſtay t' enlarge his kingdom too,
By making others what thou didſt to do:
Why ſhouldſt thou triumph now, when heav'n no more
Hath got, by getting thee, than 't had before?
For heav'n and thou, even when thou livedſt here,
Of one another in poſſeſſion were:
But this from triumph moſt diſables thee,
That that place which is conquered muſt be
Left ſafe from preſent war, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to break out.
And hath he left us ſo? or can it be
This territory was no more than he?
No; we were all his charge: the dioceſe
Of every exemplar man the whole world is;
And he was joined in commiſſion
With tutelar angels, ſent to every one.
But though this freedom to upbraid and chide
Him who triumph'd were lawful, it was ty'd
With this, that it might never reference have
Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave:
Men might at Pompey jeſt, but they might not
At that authority by which he got
Leave to triumph before by age he might;
So though, triumphant Soul! I dare to write,
Mov'd with a reverential anger, thus,
That thou ſo early wouldſt abandon us,
Yet I am far from daring to diſpute
With that great Sovereignty, whoſe abſolute
Prerogative hath thus diſpenſ'd with thee
'Gainſt Nature's laws, which juſt impugners be
Of early triumphs: and I (though with pain)
Leſſen our loſs to magnify thy gain
Of triumph, when I ſay it was more fit
That all men ſhould lack thee than thou lack it.
Though then in our times be not ſuffered
That teſtimony of love unto the dead
To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
As Saxon wives and French *foldurii* did;
And though in no degree I can expreſs
Grief in great Alexander's great exceſs,
Who at his friend's death made whole towns diveſt
Their walls and bulwarks which became them beſt;
Do not, fair ſoul! this ſacrifice refuſe,
That in thy grave I do inter my Muſe,
Which by my grief, great as thy worth, being caſt
Behind hand, yet hath ſpoke, and ſpoke her laſt.

AN ELEGY

On the LRDY MARKHAM.

MAN is the world, and death the ocean,
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This ſea environs all, and though as yet
God hath ſet marks and bounds 'twixt us and it,
Yet doth it roar, and gnaw, and ſtill pretend
To break our bank whene'er it takes a friend:
Then our land-waters (tears of paſſion) vent;
Our waters then above our firmament
(Tears, which our ſoul doth for our ſins let fall)
Take all a brackiſh taſte and funeral,
And even thoſe tears which ſhould waſh ſin are ſin:
We, after God, new-drown our world again.
Nothing but man, of all envenom'd things,
Doth work upon itſelf with inborn ſtings.
Tears are falſe ſpectacles; we cannot ſee
Through paſſion's miſt what we are, or what ſhe:
In her this ſea of death hath made no breach;
But as the tide doth waſh the ſlimy beach,
And leaves embroider'd works upon the ſand,
So is her fleſh refin'd by Death's cold hand.
As men of China, after an age's ſtay,
Do take up pore'lane where they buried clay,
So at this grave, her limbeck, (which refines
The diamonds, rubies, ſapphires, pearls, and mines,
Of which this fleſh was) her ſoul ſhall inſpire
Fleſh of ſuch ſtuff as God, when his laſt fire
Annuls this world, to recompence it, ſhall
Make and name them th' Elixir of this all.
They ſay the ſea when it gains loſeth too.
If carnal Death (the younger brother) do

Uſurp the body, our ſoul, which ſubject is
To th' elder Death by ſin, is freed by this;
They periſh both when they attempt the juſt;
For graves our trophies are, and both Death's duſt.
So, unobnoxious now, ſhe 'ath buried both;
For none to death ſins that to ſin is loth;
Nor do they die which are not loth to die;
So hath ſhe this and that virginity.
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from ſin, yet made her repent.
Of what ſmall ſpots pure white complains! Alas!
How little poiſon cracks a cryſtal glaſs!
She ſinn'd. but juſt enough to let us ſee
That God's Word muſt be true, "All ſinners be."
So much did zeal her conſcience rarify,
That extreme truth lack'd little of a lie,
Making omiſſions acts, laying the touch
Of ſin on things that ſome time may be ſuch.
As Moſes' cherubims, whoſe natures do
Surpaſs all ſpeed, by him are winged too;
So would her ſoul, already in heav'n, ſeem then
To climb by tears the common ſtairs of men.
How fit ſhe was for God I am content
To ſpeak, that Death his vain haſte may repent
How fit for us, how even and how ſweet,
How good in all her titles, and how meet
To have reform'd this forward herefy,
That women can no parts of friendſhip be:
How moral, how divine, ſhall not be told,
Leſt they that hear her virtues think her old,
And leſt we take Death's part, and make him glad
Of ſuch a prey, and to his triumph add.

ELEGY ON MRS. BOULSTRED.

Death! I recant, and ſay, unſaid by me
Whate'er hath ſlipt that might diminiſh thee.
Spiritual treaſon, atheiſm, 't is, to ſay
That any can thy ſummons diſobey.
Th' earth's face is but thy table; there are ſet
Plants, cattle, men, diſhes for Death to eat.
In a rude hunger now he millions draws
Into his bloody, or plaguy, or ſtarv'd jaws:
Now he will ſeem to ſpare, and doth more waſte,
Eating the beſt firſt, well preſerv'd to laſt:
Now wantonly he ſpoils and eats us not,
But breaks off friends, and lets us piecemeal rot.
Nor will this earth ſerve him; he ſinks the deep,
Where harmleſs fiſh monaſtic ſilence keep;
Who (were Death dead) the rows of living ſand
Might ſpunge that element, and make it land.
He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnic notes
In birds (heav'n's choriſters) organic throats,
Which (if they did not die) might ſeem to be
A tenth rank in the heav'nly hierachy.
O ſtrong and long-liv'd Death! how cam'ſt thou [in?
And how without creation didſt begin?
Thou haſt and ſhalt ſee dead before thou dy'ſt
All the four monarchies and Antichriſt.
How could I think thee nothing, that ſee now
In all this all nothing elſe is but thou?
Our births and lives, vices and virtues, be
Waſteful conſumptions and degrees of thee;
For we to live our bellows wear and breath,
Nor are we mortal, dying, dead, but death:
And though thou beeſt (O mighty bird of prey!)
So much reclaim'd by God, that thou muſt lay
All that thou kill'ſt at his feet, yet doth he
Reſerve but few, and leaves the moſt for thee;
And of thoſe few, now thou haſt overthrown
One whom thy blow makes not ours nor thine own:
She was more ſtories high: hopeleſs to come
To her ſoul, thou haſt offer'd at her lower room.
Her ſoul and body was a king and court,
But thou haſt both of captain miſs'd and fort.
As houſes fall not, though the kings remove,
Bodies of ſaints reſt for their ſouls above.
Death gets 'twixt ſouls and bodies ſuch a place
As ſin inſinuates 'twixt juſt men and grace:
Both work a ſeparation, no divorce:
Her ſoul is gone to uſher up her corſe,
Which ſhall be almoſt another ſoul, for there
Bodies are purer than beſt ſouls are here.
Becauſe in her her virtues did outgo
Her years, would'ſt thou, O emulous Death! do ſo,
And kill her young to thy loſs? Muſt the coſt
Of beauty and wit, apt to do harm, be loſt?
What though thou found'ſt her proof 'gainſt ſins of youth?
Oh! every age a diverſe ſin purſu'th.
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſtay'd, and taken better hold:
Shortly ambitious, covetous when old,
She might have prov'd; and ſuch devotion
Might once have ſtray'd to ſuperſtition.
If all her virtues might have grown, yet might
Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight.
Had ſhe perſever'd juſt, there would have been
Some that would ſin, miſ-thinking ſhe did ſin;
Such as would call her friendſhip Love, and feign
To ſociableneſs a name profane,
Or ſin by tempting, or, not daring that,
By wiſhing, though they never told her what.
Thus might'ſt thou 'ave ſlain more ſouls, hadſt thou not croſt
Thyſelf, and to triumph thine army loſt.
Yet though theſe ways be loſt, thou haſt left one,
Which is, immoderate grief that ſhe is gone:
But we may 'ſcape that ſin, yet weep as much;
Our tears are due, becauſe we are not ſuch.
Some tears, that knot of friends, her death muſt coſt,
Becauſe the chain is broke, though no link loſt.

ELEGY ON MRS. BOULSTRED.

Death! be not proud; thy hand gave not this blow;
Sin was her captive, whence thy power doth flow;
The executioner of wrath thou art,
But to deſtroy the juſt is not thy part.
Thy coming terror, anguiſh, grief, denounces;
Her happy ſtate courage, eaſe, joy, pronounces.
From out the chryſtal palace of her breaſt
The clearer ſoul was call'd to endleſs reſt,
(Not by the thund'ring voice wherewith God threats,
But as with crowned ſaints in heav'n he treats)

And, waited on by angels, home was brought,
To joy that it through many dangers fought:
The key of mercy gently did unlock
The door 'twixt heav'n and it when life did knock.
Nor boaſt the faireſt frame was made thy prey,
Becauſe to mortal eyes it did decay;
A better witneſs than thou art aſſures,
That though diſſolv'd it yet a ſpace endures;
No dram thereof ſhall want, or loſs ſuſtain,
When her beſt ſoul inhabits it again.
Go then to people curſt before they were,
Their ſouls in triumph to thy conqueſt bear.
Glory not thou thyſelf in theſe hot tears,
Which our face not for her, but our harm, wears.
The mourning livery giv'n by Grace, not thee,
Which wills our ſouls in theſe ſtreams waſht ſhould be,
And on our hearts, her memory's beſt tomb,
In this her epitaph doth write thy doom.
Blind were thoſe eyes ſaw not how bright did ſhine,
Through fleſh's miſty veil, thoſe beams divine;
Deaf were the ears not charm'd with that ſweet ſound
Which did i' th' ſpirit's inſtructed voice abound;
Of flint the conſcience did not yield and melt
At what in her laſt act it ſaw and felt. [ſight,
Weep not, nor grudge, then, to have loſt her
Taught thus our after-ſtay 's but a ſhort night;
But by all ſouls not by corruption chok'd,
Let in high rais'd notes that pow'r be invok'd,
Calm the rough ſeas by which ſhe ſails to reſt,
From ſorrows here t' a kingdom ever bleſt;
And teach this hymn of her with joy, and ſing,
"The Grave no conqueſt gets, Death hath no ſting."

ELEGY ON HIS MISTRESS.

By our firſt ſtrange and fatal interview,
By all deſires which thereof did enſue;
By our long-ſtriving hopes; by that remorſe
Which my words maſculine perſuaſive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts which ſpies and rivals threaten'd me,
I calmly beg: but by thy father's wrath,
By all pains which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee, and all the oaths which I
And thou have ſworn to ſeal joint conſtancy,
I here unſwear, and overſwear them thus;
Thou ſhalt not love by means ſo dangerous.
Temper, O fair Love! love's impetuous rage;
Be my true miſtreſs, not my feigned page.
I'll go, and, by thy kind leave leave behind
Thee, only worthy to nurſe in my mind
Thirſt to come back. O! if thou die before,
My ſoul from other lands to thee ſhall ſoar:
Thy (elſe almighty) beauty cannot move
Rage from the ſeas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wild Boreas' harſhneſs: thou haſt read
How roughly he in pieces ſhivered
Fair Orithea, whom he ſwore he lov'd.
Fall ill or good, 't is madneſs have prov'd
Dangers unurg'd: feed on this flattery,
That abſent lovers one in th' other be.
Diſſemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy body's habit nor mind: be not ſtrange
To thyſelf only: all will ſpy in thy face
A bluſhing womanly diſcovering grace.
Richly cloth'd apes are call'd apes; and as ſoon
Eclips'd as bright we call the moon the moon.
Men of France changeable cameleons,
Spittles of diſeaſes, ſhops of faſhions,
Love's fuellers, and th' righteſt company
Of players which upon the world's ſtage be,
Will too too quickly know thee: and, alas!
Th' indifferent Italian, as we paſs
His warm land, well content to think thee page,
Will hunt thee with ſuch luſt and hideous rage
As Lot's fair gueſts were vext: but none of theſe,
Nor ſpongy hydroptic Dutch, ſhall thee diſpleaſe
If thou ſtay here. Oh! ſtay here; for for thee
England is only a worthy gallery
To walk in expectation, till from thence
Our greateſt King call thee to his preſence.
When I am gone dream me ſome happineſs,
Nor let thy looks our long hid love confeſs:
Nor praiſe nor diſpraiſe me; nor bleſs nor curſe
Openly Love's force; nor in bed fright thy nurſe
With midnight's ſtartings, crying out, Oh! oh!
Nurſe, oh! my love is ſlain! I ſaw him go
O'er the white Alps alone; I ſaw him, I,
Aſſail'd, taken, fight, ſtabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.
Augur me better chance, except dread Jove
Think it enough for me to have had thy love.

ON HIMSELF.

My fortune and my choice this cuſtom break,
When we are ſpeechleſs grown to make ſtones ſpeak;
Though no ſtone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inſide ſeeſt what thou art now:
Yet thou'rt not yet ſo good; till death us lay
To ripe and mellow, here we're ſtubborn clay.
Parents make us earth, and ſouls dignify
Us to be glaſs; here to grow gold we lie.
Whilk in our ſouls ſin bred and pamper'd is,
Our ſouls become worm-eaten carcaſſes;
So we ourſelves miraculouſly deſtroy,
Here bodies with leſs miracle enjoy
Such privileges, enabled here to ſcale
Heav'n, when the trumpet's air ſhall them exhale.
Hear this, and mend thyſelf, and thou mend'ſt me,
By making me, being dead, do good for thee;
And think me well compos'd, that I could now
A laſt-ſick hour to ſyllables allow.

ELEGY.

MADAM,

That I might make your cabinet my tomb,
And for my fame, which I love next my ſoul,
Next to my ſoul provide the happieſt room,
Admit to that place this laſt funeral ſcroll.

Others by wills give legacies, but I,
Dying, of you do beg a legacy.
My fortune and my will this cuſtom break,
When we are ſenſeleſs grown, to make ſtones ſpeak:
Though no ſtone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inſide ſee what thou art now.
Yet thou'rt not yet ſo good; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow there we are ſtubborn clay.
Parents make us earth, and ſouls dignify
Us to be glaſs; here to grow gold we lie.
Whilſt in our ſouls ſin bred and pamper'd is,
Our ſouls become worm-eaten carcaſſes.

ELEGY ON THE LORD C.

Sorrow, that to this houſe ſcarce knew the way,
Is, oh! heir of it; o'er all is his pay.
This ſtrange chance claims ſtrange wonder, and to us
Nothing can be ſo ſtrange as to weep thus.
'Tis well his life's loud-ſpeaking works deſerve
And give praiſe too; our cold tongues could not ſerve:
'Tis well he kept tears from our eyes before,
That to ſit this deep ill we might have ſtore.
Oh! if a ſweet-brier climb up by a tree,
If to a paradiſe that tranſplanted be,
Or fell'd and burnt for holy ſacrifice,
Yet that muſt wither which by it did riſe,
As we for him, though no family
E'er rigg'd a ſoul for heav'n's diſcovery,
With whom more venturers more boldly dare
Venture their ſtates, with him in joy to ſhare.
We loſe, what all friends lov'd, him; he gains now
But life by death, which worſt foes would allow;
If he could have foes in whoſe practice grew
All virtues whoſe name ſubtle ſchoolmen knew.
What eaſe can hope that we ſhall ſee him beget,
When we muſt die firſt, and cannot die yet?
His children are his pictures: oh! they be
Pictures of him dead, ſenſeleſs, cold as he.
Here needs no marble tomb ſince he is gone;
He, and about him his, are turn'd to ſtone.

LETTERS

TO SEVERAL PERSONAGES.

THE STORM.

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER BROOK,

From the Iſland Voyage with the Earl of Eſſex.

THOU, which art I, ('t is nothing to be ſo)
Thou, which art ſtill thyſelf, by this ſhalt know
Part of our paſſage; and a hand or eye
By Hilliard drawn is worth a hiſtory
By a worſe painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignify'd
My lines are ſuch. 'Tis the pre-eminence
Of friendſhip only t' impute excellence.
England, t' whom we owe what we be and have,
Sad that her ſons did ſeek a foreign grave,
(For Fate or Fortune's driſts none can gainſay,
Honour and mis'ry have one face one way)
From out her pregnant entrails ſigh'd a wind,
Which at th' air's middle marble room did find
Such ſtrong reſiſtance, that itſelf it threw
Downward again; and ſo when it did view
How in the port our fleet dear time did leeſe,
Withering like pris'ners, which lie but for fees,
Mildly it kiſs'd our ſails, and, freſh and ſweet,
As to a ſtomach ſtarv'd, whoſe inſides meet;
Meat comes, it came, and ſwole our ſails, when we
So joy'd as Sarah her ſwelling joy'd to ſee;
But 't was but ſo kind as our countrymen,
Which bring friends one day's way, and leave them then.
Then like two mighty kings, which dwelling far
Aſunder meet againſt a third to war,
The ſouth and weſt winds join'd, and, as they blew,
Waves like a rolling trench before them threw.
Sooner than you read this line did the gale,
Like ſhot not fear'd till felt, our ſails aſſail;
And what at firſt was call'd a guſt, the ſame
Hath now a ſtorm's, anon a tempeſt's name.
Jonas! I pity thee, and curſe thoſe men
Who, when the ſtorm rag'd moſt, did wake thee then.
Sleep is pain's eaſieſt ſalve, and doth fulfil
All offices of death except to kill.
But when I wak'd, I ſaw that I ſaw not;
I and the ſun, which ſhould teach me, had forgot
Eaſt, weſt, day, night; and I could only ſay,
Had the world laſted, that it had been day.
Thouſands our noiſes were, yet we 'mongſt all
Could none by his right name but thunder call.
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
Than if the ſun had drunk the ſea before.
Some coffin'd in their cabbins lie, equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet muſt die;
And as ſin-burden'd ſouls from graves will creep
At the laſt day, ſome forth their cabbins peep,
And, trembling, aſk what news? and do hear ſo
As jealous huſbands, what they would not know.
Some, ſitting on the hatches, would ſeem there,
With hideous gazing, to fear away Fear:
There note they the ſhip's ſickneſſes, the maſt
Shak'd with an ague, and the hold and waiſt
With a ſalt dropſy clogg'd, and our tacklings
Snapping, like to too high-ſtretch'd treble ſtrings,
And from our tatter'd ſails rags drop down ſo
As from one hang'd in chains a year ago:
Yea, ev'n our ordnance, plac'd for our defence,
Strives to break looſe, and 'ſcape away from thence:
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gain?
Seas into ſeas thrown we ſuck in again:
Hearing hath deaf'd our ſailors; and if they
Knew how to hear, there's none knows what to ſay.
Compar'd to theſe ſtorms, death is but a qualm,
Hell ſomewhat lightſome, the Bermuda's calm.
Darkneſs, Light's eldeſt brother, his birth-right
Claims o'er the world, and to heav'n hath chas'd light.
All things are one; and that one none can be,
Since all forms uniform deformity
Doth cover; ſo that we, except God ſay
Another Fiat, ſhall have no more day:
So violent yet long theſe furies be,
That though thine abſence ſtarve me I wiſh not thee.

THE CALM.

Our ſtorm is paſt, and that ſtorm's tyrannous rage
A ſtupid Calm, but nothing it doth 'ſwage.
The fable is inverted, and far more
A block afflicts now than a ſtork before.
Storms chaſe, and ſoon wear out themſelves or us;
In Calms Heaven laughs to ſee us languiſh thus.
As ſteady as I could wiſh my thoughts were,
Smooth as thy miſtreſs' glaſs, or what ſhines there,
The ſea is now, and as the iſles which we
Seek, when we can move, our ſhips rooted be.
As water did in ſtorms, now pitch runs out;
As lead, when a fir'd church becomes one ſpout;
And all our beauty and our trim decays,
Like courts removing, or like ending plays.
The fighting place now ſeamen's rage ſupply,
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No uſe of lanthorns; and in one place lay
Feathers and duſt to-day and yeſterday.
Earth's hollowneſſes, which the world's lungs are,
Have no more wind than th' upper vault of air.
We can nor loſt friends nor ſought foes recover,
But, meteor-like, ſave that we move not, hover:
Only the calenture together draws
Dear friends, which meet dead in great fiſhes maws,
And on the hatches, as on altars, lies
Each one, his own prieſt and own ſacrifice.
Who live that miracle do multiply,
Where walkers in hot ovens do not die.
If in deſpite of theſe we ſwim, that hath
No more refreſhing than a brimſtone bath;
But from the ſea unto the ſhip we turn,
Like parboil'd wretches, on the coals to burn.
Like Bajazet encag'd, the ſhepherds ſcoff;
Or like ſlack ſinew'd Samſon, his hair off,
Languiſh our ſhips. Now as a myriad
Of ants durſt th' Emperor's lov'd ſnake invade,
The crawling gallies, ſea-gulls, finny chips,
Might brave our pinnaces, our bed-rid ſhips;
Whether a rotten ſtate and hope of gain,
Or to diſuſe me from the queaſy pain
Of being belov'd and loving; or the thirſt
Of honour or fair death outpuſht me firſt,
I loſe my end; for here, as well as I,
A deſperate may live, and coward die.
Stag, dog, and all which from or towards flies,
Is paid with life or prey, or doing dies:
Fate grudges us all, and doth ſubtilely lay
A ſcourge 'gainſt which we all forgot to pray,
He that at ſea prays for more wind, as well
Under the poles may beg cold, heat in hell.
What are we then? How little more, alas!
Is man now than before he was he was?
Nothing; for us, we are for nothing fit;
As chance or ourſelves ſtill diſproportion it.
We have no power, no will, no ſenſe. I lie;
I ſhould not then thus feel this miſery.

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Sir, more than kiſſes letters mingle ſouls,
For thus friends abſent ſpeak. This eaſe controuls
The tediouſneſs of my life: but for theſe
I could invent nothing at all to pleaſe;
But I ſhould wither in one day, and paſs
To a lock of hay that am a bottle of graſs.
Life is a voyage, and in our life's ways
Countries, courts, towns, are rocks or remoras;
They break or ſtop all ſhips, yet our ſtate's ſuch
That (though than pitch they ſtain worſe) we
muſt touch.
If in the furnace of the even Line,
Or under th' adverſe icy Pole, thou pine,
Thou know'ſt two temperate regions girded in
Dwell there; but, oh! what refuge canſt thou
win
Parch'd in the court, and in the country frozen?
Shall cities built of both extremes be choſen?
Can dung or garlic be a perfume? or can
A ſcorpion or torpedo cure a man?
Cities are worſt of all three: of all three?
(O knotty riddle!) each is worſt equally.
Cities are ſepulchres; they who dwell there
Are carcaſſes, as if none ſuch there were:
And courts are theatres where ſome men play
Princes, ſome ſlaves, and all end in one day.
The country is a deſert where the good
Gain'd inhabits not; born is not underſtood:
There men become beaſts, and, prone to all evils,
In cities blocks, and in a lewd court devils.
As in the firſt chaos confuſedly
Each element's qualities were in th' other three;
So pride, luſt, covetiſe, being ſeveral
To theſe three places, yet all are in all,
And, mingled thus, their iſſue is inceſtuous;
Falſehood is denizon'd, Virtue is barbarous.
Let no man ſay there Virtue's ſtinty wall
Shall lock vice in me; I'll do none, but know all.
Men are ſponges, which to pour out receive;
Who know falſe play rather than loſe, deceive:
For in beſt underſtandings ſin began;
Angels ſinn'd firſt, then devils, and then man.
Only perchance beaſts ſin not; wretched we
Are beaſts in all but white Integrity.
I think if men, which in theſe places live,
Durſt look in themſelves, and themſelves retrieve,
They would, like ſtrangers, greet themſelves, ſeeing then
Utopian youth grown old Italian.
Be then thine own home, and in thyſelf dwell;
Inn any where; continuance maketh hell:
And ſeeing the ſnail, which every where doth roam,
Carrying his own houſe ſtill, ſtill is at home,
Follow (for he is eaſy pac'd) this ſnail;
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy gaol:
And in the world's ſea do not, like cork, ſleep
Upon the water's face, nor in the deep
Sink like a lead without a line; but as
Fiſhes glide, leaving no print where they paſs,
Nor making ſound, ſo cloſely thy courſe go;
Let men diſpute whether thou breathe or no;
Only in this be no Galeniſt. To make
Courts hot ambitions wholeſome, do not take
A dram of country's dulneſs; do not add
Correctives, but as chemics purge the bad.
But, Sir, I adviſe not you; I rather do
Say o'er theſe leſſons which I learn'd of you,

Whom, free from Germany's ſchiſms, and lightneſs
Of France, and fair Italy's faithleſſneſs,
Having from theſe ſuck'd all they had of worth,
And brought home that faith which you carried forth,
I th'roughly love; but if myſelf I have won
To know my rules, I have, and you have DONNE.

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON.

HERE's no more news than virtue; I may as well
Tell you Calais or Saint Michael's Mount, as tell
That Vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet as, to get ſtomachs, we walk up and down,
And toil to ſweeten reſt; ſo may God frown,
If but to lothe both I haunt court and town.

For here no one is from th' extremity
Of vice by any other reaſon free,
But that the next to him ſtill's worſe than he.

In this world's warfare they whom rugged Fate
(God's Commiſſary) doth ſo th'roughly hate
As i' th' court's ſquadron to marſhal their ſtate;

If they ſtand arm'd with ſilly honeſty,
With wiſhing, prayers, and neat integrity,
Like Indians 'gainſt Spaniſh hoſts they be.

Suſpicious boldneſs to this place belongs,
And t' have as many ears as all have tongues;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

Believe, me, Sir, in my youth's giddieſt days,
When to be like the court was a player's praiſe,
Plays were not ſo like courts as courts like plays.

Then let us at theſe mimic antics jeſt,
Whoſe deepeſt projects and egregious jeſts
Are but dull morals at a game at cheſs.

But 't is an incongruity to ſmile;
Therefore I end, and bid farewell a while
At court, though from court were the better ſtyle.

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON,

At his going Ambaſſador to Venice.

AFTER thoſe rev'rend papers, whoſe ſoul is
Our good and great king's lov'd hand and fear'd name,
By which to you he derives much of his,
And (how he may) makes you almoſt the ſame,

A taper of his torch, a copy writ
From his original, and a fair beam
Of the ſame warm and dazzling ſun, though it
Muſt in another ſphere his virtue ſtream:

After thoſe learned papers, which your hand
Hath ſtor'd with notes of uſe and pleaſure too,
From which rich treaſury you may command
Fit matter whether you will write or do:

After thoſe loving papers which friends ſend
With glad grief to your ſea-ward ſteps farewell,
Which thicken on you now as pray'rs aſcend
To heaven in troops at a good man's paſſing bell;

Admit this honeſt paper, and allow
It ſuch an audience as yourſelf would aſk;
What you muſt ſay at Venice this means now,
And hath for nature what you have for taſk.

To ſwear much love, not to be chang'd before,
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor ſhall I then honour your fortune more
Than I have done your noble-wanting wit.

But 't is an eaſier load (though both oppreſs)
To want than govern greatneſs; for we are
In that our own and only buſineſs;
In this we muſt for others' vices care.

'Tis therefore well your ſpirits now are plac'd
In their laſt furnace, in activity,
Which fits them (ſchools, and courts, and wars, o'erpaſt)
To touch and taſte in any beſt degree.

For me, (if there be ſuch thing as I)
Fortune (if there be ſuch a thing as ſhe)
Spies that I bear ſo well her tyranny,
That ſhe thinks nothing elſe ſo fit for me.

But though ſhe part us, to hear my oft' prayers
For your increaſe, God is as near me here;
And to ſend you what I ſhall beg, his ſtairs
In length and eaſe are alike every where.

TO SIR HENRY GOODERE.

WHO makes the laſt a pattern for next year,
Turns no new leaf, but ſtill the ſame things reads;
Seen things he ſees again, heard things doth hear,
And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A palace, when 't is that which it ſhould be,
Leaves growing, and ſtands ſuch, or elſe decays:
But he which dwells there is not ſo; for he
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raiſe.

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,
And ſhall not better; her next change is night:
But her fair larger gueſt, to whom ſun and moon
Are ſparks, and ſhort liv'd, claims another right.

The noble ſoul by age grows luſtier;
Her appetite and her digeſtion mend:
We muſt not ſtarve, nor hope to pamper her
With woman's milk and pap unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet. You have seen
All libraries, which are schools, camps and courts;
But ask your garners if you have not been
In harvest too indulgent to your sports?

Would you redeem it? then yourself transplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
Bears no more wit than ours; but yet more scant
Are those diversions there which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit;
We can beginnings but not habits choke.
Go. Whither? Hence. You get, if you forget;
New faults, till they prescribe to us, are smoke.

Our soul, whose country's heav'n, and God her father,
Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent;
Yet so much in her travel she doth gather,
That she returns home wiser than she went.

It pays you well if it teach you to spare,
And make you asham'd to make your hawk's praise your's,
Which when herself she lessens in the air,
You then first say that high enough she tow'rs.

However, keep the lively taste you hold
Of God; love him now, but fear him more;
And in your afternoons think what you told
And promis'd him at morning prayer before.

Let falsehood like a discord anger you,
Else be not froward. But why do I touch
Things of which none is in your practice new,
And tables and fruit-trenchers teach as much?

But thus I make you keep your promise, Sir;
Riding I had you, though you still stay'd there;
And in these thoughts, although you never stir,
You came with me to Micham, and are here.

TO MR. ROWLAND WOODWARD.

Like one who in her third widowhood doth profess
Herself a Nun, ty'd to retiredness,
So affects my Muse now a chaste fallowness;

Since she to few, yet too many, hath shown
How love-song weeds and satiric thorns are grown
Where seeds of better arts were early sown.

Though to use and love poetry to me,
Betroth'd to no one art, be no adultery,
Omissions of good ill as ill deeds be.

For though to us it seem but light and thin,
Yet in those faithful scales, where God throws in
Men's works, vanity weighs as much as sin.

If our souls have stain'd their first white, yet we
May clothe them with faith and dear honesty,
Which God imputes as native purity.

There is no virtue but religion:
Wise, valiant, sober, just, are names which none
Want, which want not vice-covering discretion.

Seek we then ourselves in ourselves; for as
Men force the sun with much more force to pass,
By gathering his beams with a crystal glass;

So we (if we into ourselves will turn,
Blowing our spark of virtue) may out-burn
The straw which doth about our hearts sojourn.

You know, physicians, when they would infuse
Into any oil the souls of simples, use
Places where they may lie still warm, to choose;

So works retiredness in us. To roam
Giddily, and be every where but at home,
Such freedom doth a banishment become.

We are but farmers of ourselves; yet may,
If we can stock ourselves and thrive, uplay
Much, much good treasure, for the great rent day.

Manure thyself then; to thyself b' improv'd,
And with vain outward things be no more mov'd,
But to know that I love thee, and would be lov'd.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

Reason is our soul's left hand, Faith her right;
By these we reach divinity, that's you:
Their loves, who have the blessing of your light,
Grew from their reason; mine from fair Faith grew.

But as although a squint left hand handedness
Be ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand;
So would I (not t' encrease, but to express
My faith) as I believe so understand.

Therefore I study you first in your saints,
Those friends whom your election glorifies;
Then in your deeds, accesses and restraints,
And what you read, and what yourself devise.

But soon the reasons why you're lov'd by all
Grow infinite, and so pass reason's reach;
Then back again t' implicit faith I fall,
And rest on what the catholic voice doth teach;

That you are good; and not one heretic
Denies it; if he did, yet you are so:
For rocks, which high do seem, deep-rooted stick,
Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In ev'ry thing there naturally grows
A balsamum, to keep it fresh and new,
If 't were not injur'd by extrinsic blows;
You birth and beauty are this balm in you.

But you of learning, and religion,
And virtue, and such ingredients, have made
A Mithridate, whose operation
Keeps off or cures what can be done or said.

Yet this is not your physic but your food,
A diet fit for you; for you are here
The first good angel, since the world's frame stood,
That ever did in woman's shape appear.

Since you are then God's masterpiece, and so
His factor for our loves, do, as you do,
Make your return home gracious, and bestow
This life on that, so make one life of two:
For so, God help me! I would not miss you there
For all the good which you can do me here.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

You have refin'd me, and to worthiest things;
Virtue, art, beauty, fortune; now I see
Rareness or use, not nature, value brings,
And such as they are circumstanc'd they be.
Two ills can ne'er perplex us fin t' excuse,
But of two good things we may leave or choose.

Therefore at court, which is not virtue's clime,
Where a transcendent height (as lowness me)
Makes her not see, or not shew, all my rhime
Your virtues challenge, which there rarest be;
For as dark texts need notes, some there must be
To usher virtue, and say, This is she:

So in the country's beauty. To this place
You are the season, (Madam!) you the day;
'Tis but a grave of spices till your face
Exhale them, and a thick close bud display.
Widow'd and reclus'd, else her sweets she enshrines,
As China, when the sun at Brazil dines.

Out from your chariot morning breaks at night,
And falsifies both computations so,
Since a new world doth rise here from your light,
We your new creatures by new reck'nings go.
This shews that you from Nature lothly stray,
That suffer not an artificial day.

In this you've made the court th' antipodes,
And will'd your delegate, the vulgar sun,
To do profane autumnal offices,
Whilst here to you we sacrificers run;
And whether priests or organs you, we obey,
We sound your influence, and your dictates say.

Yet to that deity which dwells in you,
Your virtuous soul, I now not sacrifice;
These are petitions, and not hymns; they sue
But that I may survey the edifice.
In all religions as much care hath been
Of temples frames and beauty as rites within.

As all which go to Rome do not thereby
Esteem religions, and hold fast the best,
But serve discourse and curiosity
With that which doth religion but invest,
And shun th' entangling labyrinths of schools,
And make it wit to think the wiser fools:

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
You as you're Virtue's temple not as she;
What walls of tender crystal her enfold,
What eyes, hands, bosom, her pure altars be;
And after this survey oppose to all
Builders of chapels you, th' Escurial;

Yet not as consecrate, but merely as fair:
On these I cast a lay and country eye:
Of past and future stories, which are rare,
I find you all record and prophesy.
Purge but the book of Fate, that it admit
No sad nor guilty legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
You were the transcript and original;
The elements, the parent, and the growth,
And every piece of you is worth their all.
So entire are all your deeds and you, that you
Must do the same things still; you cannot two.

But these (as nicest school divinity
Serves heresy to further or repress)
Taste of poetic rage or flattery,
And need not, where all hearts one truth profess;
Oft from new proofs and new phrase new doubts grow,
As strange attire aliens the men we know.

Leaving then busy praise and all appeal
To higher courts, sense's decree is true.
The mine, the magazine, the common-weal,
The story of beauty, in Twickenam is and you.
Who hath seen one would both; as who hath been
In Paradise would seek the cherubim.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

To have written then, when you writ, seem'd to me
Worst of spiritual vices, Simony;
And not to have written then seems little less
Than worst of civil vices, thankiessness.
In this my debt I seem'd loth to confess,
In that I seem'd to shun beholdingness;
But 't is not so. Nothing, as I am, may
Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
Such borrow in their payments, and owe more,
By having leave to write so, than before.
Yet since rich mines in barren grounds are shewn,
May not I yield not gold, but coal or stone?
Temples were not demolish'd though profane;
Here Peter Jove's, there Paul hath Dina's fane,
So whether my hymns you admit or choose,
In me you' ave hallowed a Pagan muse

And denizon'd a ſtranger, who, miſ-taught
By blamers of the times they marr'd, hath ſought
Virtues in corners, which now bravely do
Shine in the world's beſt part, or all it, you.
I have been told that virtue in courtiers hearts
Suffers an oſtraciſm, and departs:
Profit, eaſe, fitneſs, plenty, bid it go,
But whither, only knowing you, I know:
Your, or you virtue, two vaſt uſes ſerves,
It ranſoms one ſex, and one court preſerves;
There's nothing but your worth, which being true,
Is known to any other, not to you;
And you can never know it; to admit
No knowledge of your worth is ſome of it:
But ſince to you your praiſes diſcords be,
Stoop others ills to meditate with me.
Oh! to confeſs we know not what we ſhould,
Is half excuſe we know not what we would,
Lightneſs depreſſeth us, emptineſs fills!
We ſweat and faint, yet ſtill go down the hills.
As new philoſophy arreſts the ſun,
And bids the paſſive earth about it run,
So we have dull'd our mind, it hath no ends,
Only the body 's buſy, and pretends.
As dead low earth eclipſes and controuls
The quick high moon, ſo doth the body ſouls.
In none but us are ſuch mixt engines ſound,
As hands of double office! for the ground
We till with them, and them to heaven we raiſe;
Who pray'rleſs labours, or without theſe prays,
Doth but one half, that's none. He which ſaid, Plough,
And look not back, to look up doth allow.
Good ſeed degenerates, and oft obeys
The ſoil's diſeaſe, and into cockle ſtrays.
Let the mind's thoughts be but tranſplanted ſo
Into the body, and baſtardly they grow.
What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
We, but no foreign tyrants, could remove
Theſe, not engrav'd, but inborn dignities,
Caſkets of ſouls, temples, and palaces:
For bodies ſhall from death redeemed be,
Souls but preſerv'd, born naturally free.
As men t' our priſons now, ſouls t' us are ſent,
Which learn vice there, and come in innocent.
Firſt feeds of every creature are in us:
Whate'er the world hath bad or precious
Man's body can produce; hence hath it been
That ſtones, worms, frogs, and ſnakes, in man are ſeen:
But whoe'er ſaw, though Nature can work ſo,
That pearl, or gold, or corn, in man did grow?
We 'ave added to the world Virginia, and ſent
Two new ſtars lately to the firmament.
Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignity
To encreaſe with ours thoſe fair ſouls company?
But I muſt end this letter; though it do
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
Virtue hath ſome perverſeneſs; for ſhe will
Neither believe her good nor others ill.
Even in you, Virtue's beſt paradiſe,
Virtue hath ſome, but wiſe, degrees of vice.
Too many virtues, or too much of one,
Begets in you unjuſt ſuſpicion;
And ignorance of vice makes virtue leſs,
Quenching compaſſion of our wretchedneſs.
But theſe are riddles. Some aſperſion
Of vice becomes well ſome complexion.
Statesmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad, a ſpider with a toad:
For ſo ill thrals not them, but they tame ill,
And make her do much good againſt her will;
But in your common-wealth, or world in you,
Vice hath no office or good work to do.
Take then no vicious purge, but be content
With cordial virtue, your known nouriſhment.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD,

On New Year's Day.

This twilight of two years, not paſt nor next,
Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
Who, (meteor-like, of ſtuff and form perplext,
Whoſe what and where in diſputation is)
If I ſhould call me any thing, ſhould miſs.

I ſum the years and me, and find me not
Debtor to th' old, nor creditor to th' new:
That cannot ſay my thanks I have forgot:
Nor truſt I this with hopes, and yet ſcarce true;
This bravery's ſince theſe times ſhewed me you.

In recompenſe I would ſhew future times
What you were, and teach them t'urge towards ſuch.
Verſe embalms Virtue! and tombs or thrones of rhymes
Preſerve frail tranſitory fame as much
As ſpice doth bodies from corrupt air's touch.

Mine are ſhort-liv'd; the tincture of your name
Creates in them, but diſſipates as faſt
New ſpirits; for ſtrong agents with the ſame
Force that doth warm and cheriſh us do waſte;
Kept hot with ſtrong extracts no bodies laſt.

So my verſe, built of your juſt praiſe, might want
Reaſon and likelihood, the firmeſt baſe,
And made of miracle, now faith is ſcant,
Will vaniſh ſoon, and ſo poſſeſs no place:
And you and it too much grace might diſgrace.

When all (as truth commands aſſent) confeſs
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I
(One corn of one low ant-hill's duſt, and leſs)
Should name, know, or expreſs, a thing ſo high,
And (not an inch) meaſure infinity.

I cannot tell them, nor myſelf, nor you,
But leave, leſt truth b' endanger'd by my praiſe,
And turn to God, who knows I think this true,
And uſeth oft, when ſuch a heart miſ-ſays,
To make it good; for ſuch a praiſer prays.

He will beſt teach you how you ſhould lay out
His ſtock of beauty, learning, favour, blood;
He will perplex ſecurity with doubt,

And clear thoſe doubts; hide from you, and ſhew you good,
And ſo encreaſe your appetite and food.

He will teach you that good and bad have not
One latitude in cloiſters and in court:
Indifferent there the greateſt ſpace hath got;
Some pity's not good there, ſome vain diſport;
On this ſide ſin with that place may comport.

Yet he, as he bounds ſeas, will fix your hours,
Which pleaſure and delight may not ingreſs;
And though what none elſe loſt be trueſt yours,
He will make you what you did not poſſeſs,
By uſing others (not vice, but) weakneſs.

He will make you ſpeak truths, and credibly,
And make you doubt that others do not ſo:
He will provide you keys and locks, to ſpy,
And 'ſcape ſpies, to good ends; and he will ſhew
What you will not acknowledge, what not know.

For your own conſcience he gives innocence,
But for your fame a diſcreet warineſs;
And (though to 'ſcape than to revenge offence
Be better) ſhe ſhews both; and to repreſs
Joy when your ſtate ſwells, ſadneſs when 't is leſs.

From need of tears he will defend your ſoul,
Or make a rebaptizing of one tear:
He cannot, (that's, he will not) diſ-inroll
Your name; and when with active joy we hear
This private Goſpel, then 't is our new-year.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Honour is ſo ſublime perfection,
And ſo refin'd, that when God was alone,
And creatureleſs at firſt, himſelf had none:

But as of th' elements theſe, which we tread,
Produce all things with which we're joy'd or fed;
And thoſe are barren both above our head;

So from low perſons doth all honour flow;
Kings, whom they would have honour'd, to us ſhew,
And but direct our honour, not beſtow.

For when from herbs the pure part muſt be won
From groſs by ſtilling, this is better done
By deſpis'd dung than by the fire or ſun.

Care not, then, Madam, how low your praiſes lie;
In labourers ballads oft more piety
God finds, than in *Te Deum*'s melody.

And ordnance rais'd on tow'rs ſo many mile
Send not their voice, nor laſt ſo long a while,
As fires from th' earth's low vaults in Sicil Iſle.

Should I ſay I liv'd darker than were true,
Your radiation can all clouds ſubdue
But one: 't is beſt light to contemplate you.

You, for whoſe body God made better clay,
Or took ſouls ſtuff, ſuch as ſhall late decay,
Or ſuch as needs ſmall change at the laſt day.

This, as an amber-drop enwraps a bee,
Covering diſcovers your quick ſoul, that we
May in your th'rough-ſhine front your hearts thoughts ſee.

You teach (though we learn not) a thing unknown
To our late times, the uſe of ſpecular ſtone,
Through which all things within without were ſhewn.

Of ſuch were temples; ſo and ſuch you are;
Being and ſeeing is your equal care,
And virtue's whole ſum is but know and dare.

Diſcretion is a wiſe man's ſoul, and ſo
Religion is a Chriſtian's; and you know
How theſe are one: her Yea is not her No.

But as our ſouls of growth and ſouls of ſenſe
Have birthright of our reaſon's ſoul, yet hence
They fly not from that, nor ſeek precedence.

Nature's firſt leſſon, ſo Diſcretion
Muſt not grudge Zeal a place, nor yet keep none,
Not baniſh itſelf, nor Religion.

Nor may we hope to ſolder ſtill and knit
Theſe two, and dare to break them; nor muſt Wit
Be colleague to Religion, but be it.

In thoſe poor types of God, (round circles) ſo
Religion's types the pieceleſs centres flow,
And are in all the lines which all ways go.

If either ever wrought in you alone,
Or principally, then Religion
Wrought your ends, and your ways Diſcretion.

Go thither ſtill, go the ſame way you went:
Who ſo would change doth covet or repent;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Begun in France, but never perfected.

Though I be dead and buried, yet I have
(Living in you) court enough in my grave;
As oft as there I think myſelf to be,
So many reſurrections waken me:
That thankfulneſs your favours have begot
In me, embalms me, that I do not rot.
This ſeaſon, as 't is Eaſter, as 't is ſpring,
Muſt both to growth and to confeſſion bring
My thoughts, diſpos'd into your influence, ſo
Theſe verſes bud, ſo theſe confeſſions grow.
Firſt I confeſs I have to others lent
Your ſtock, and over prodigally ſpent
Your treaſure; for ſince I had never known
Virtue and beauty, but as they are grown

In you, I ſhould not think or ſay they ſhine
(So as I have) in any other mine.
Next I confeſs this my confeſſion,
For 'tis ſome fault thus much to touch upon
Your praiſe to you, where half rights ſeem too much,
And make your mind's ſincere complexion bluſh.
Next I confeſs my impenitence, for I
Can ſcarce repent my firſt fault, ſince thereby
Remote low ſpirits, which ſhall ne'er read you,
May in leſs leſſons find enough to do
By ſtudying copies, not originals.

TO THE LADY BEDFORD.

You, that are ſhe and you, that's double ſhe,
In her dead face half of yourſelf ſhall ſee;
She was the other part; for ſo they do
Which build them friendſhips, become one of two;
So two, that but themſelves no third can fit,
Which were to be ſo, when they were not yet
Twins, though their birth Cuſco and Muſco take,
As divers ſtars one conſtellation make;
Pair'd like two eyes, have equal motion, ſo
Both but one means to ſee, one way to go.
Had you dy'd firſt, a carcaſs ſhe had been,
And we your rich tomb in her face had ſeen.
She, like the ſoul, is gone, and you here ſtay,
Not a live friend, but th' other half of clay:
And ſince you act that part, as men ſay, Here
Lies ſuch a prince, when but one part is there,
And do all honour and devotion due
Unto the whole, ſo we all rev'rence you;
For ſuch a friendſhip who would not adore
In you, who are all what both were before?
Not all, as if ſome periſhed by this,
But ſo as all in you contracted is:
As of this all, though many parts decay,
The pure, which elemented them, ſhall ſtay;
And though diffus'd and ſpread in infinite,
Shall recollect, and in one all unite.
So, Madam, as her ſoul to heav'n is fled,
Her fleſh reſts in the earth, as in the bed;
Her virtues do, as to their proper ſphere,
Return to dwell with you, of whom they were:
As perfect motions are all circular,
So they to you, their ſea, whence leſs ſtreams are.
She was all ſpices, you all metals; ſo
In you two we did both rich Indias know:
And as no fire nor ruſt can ſpend or waſte
One dram of gold, but what was firſt ſhall laſt,
Though it be forc'd in water, earth, ſalt, air,
Expans'd in infinite, none will impair;
So to yourſelf you may additions take,
But nothing can you leſs or changed make.
Seek not, in ſeeking new, to ſeem to doubt
That you can match her, or not be without,
But let ſome faithful book in her room be,
Yet but of Judith no ſuch book as ſhe.

TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT,

SINCE LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY,

Being at the Siege of Juliers.

Man is a lump, where all beaſts kneaded be;
Wiſdom makes him an ark where all agree;
The fool, in whom theſe beaſts do live at jar,
Is ſport to others, and a theatre;
Nor 'ſcapes he ſo, but is himſelf their prey;
All which was man in him is ate away;
And now his beaſts on one another feed,
Yet couple in anger, and new monſters breed.
How happy's he which hath due place aſſign'd
To his beaſts, and diſaforeſted his mind!
Empal'd himſelf to keep them out, not in;
Can ſow, and dares truſt corn, where they have been;
Can uſe his horſe, goat, wolf, and ev'ry beaſt,
And is not aſs himſelf to all the reſt!
Elſe man not only is the herd of ſwine,
But he's thoſe devils too which did incline
Them to an headlong rage, and made them worſe;
For man can add weight to Heav'n's heavieſt curſe.
As ſouls (they ſay) by our firſt touch take in
The poiſonous tincture of original ſin,
So to the puniſhments which God doth fling
Our apprehenſion contributes the ſtring.
To us, as to his chickens, he doth caſt
Hemlock; and we, as men, his hemlock taſte:
We do infuſe to what he meant for meat
Corroſiveneſs, or intenſe cold or heat:
For God no ſuch ſpecific poiſon hath
As kills, men know not how; his fierceſt wrath
Hath no antiparhy; but may be good
At leaſt for phyſic, if not for our food.
Thus man, that might be his pleaſure is his rod,
And is his devil that might be his God.
Since then our buſ'neſs is to rectify
Nature to what ſhe was, we're led awry
By them who man to us in little ſhow;
Greater than due no form we can beſtow
On him, for man into himſelf can draw
All; all his faith can ſwallow or reaſon chaw;
All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill;
All the round world to man is but a pill;
In all it works not, but it is in all
Poiſonous, or purgative, or cordial:
For knowledge kindles calentures in ſome,
And is to others icy opium.
As brave as true is that profeſſion then
Which you do uſe to make, that you know man:
This makes it credible you have dwelt upon
All worthy books, and now are ſuch an one.
Actions are authors, and of thoſe in you
Your friends find ev'ry day a mart of new.

TO THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

MADAM,

Man to God's image, Eve to man's, was made,
Nor find we that God breath'd a ſoul in her;

Canons will not church-functions you invade,
Nor laws to civil office you prefer.

Who vagrant tranſitory comets ſees
Wonders, becauſe they're rare; but a new ſtar,
Whoſe motion with the firmament agrees,
Is miracle, for there no new things are.

In women ſo perchance mild innocence
A ſeldom comet is, but active good
A miracle, which reaſon 'ſcapes and ſenſe,
For art and nature this in them withſtood.

As ſuch a ſtar the Magi led to view
The manger-cradled infant God below,
By virtues's beams (by fame deriv'd from you)
May apt ſouls, and the worſt, may virtue know.

If the world's age and death he argued well
By the ſun's fall, which now t'wards earth doth bend,
Then we might fear that Virtue, ſince ſhe fell
So low as woman, ſhould be near her end.

But ſhe's not ſtoop'd, but rais'd: exil'd by men
She fled to heav'n, that's heavenly things, that's you:
She was in all men thinly ſcatter'd then,
But now a maſs contracted in a few.

She gilded us, but you are gold; and ſhe
Informed us, but tranſubſtantiates you.
Soft diſpoſitions, which ductile be,
Elixir-like, ſhe makes not clean but new.

Though you a wife's and mother's name retain,
'Tis not as woman for all are not ſo;
But Virtue, having made you virtue, is fain
To adhere in theſe names, her and you to ſhew;

Elſe, being alike pure, we ſhould neither ſee,
As water being into air rarify'd,
Neither appear till in one cloud they be,
So for our ſakes you do low names abide:

Taught by great conſtellations (which, being fram'd
Of the moſt ſtars, take low names Crab and Bull,
When ſingle planets by the gods are nam'd)
You covet not great names, of great things full.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
And in the vale of kindred others ſee:
To ſome you are reveal'd as in a friend,
And as a virtuous prince far off to me.

To whom, becauſe from you all virtues flow,
And 'tis not none to dare contemplate you,
I, which do ſo, as your true ſubject, owe
Some tribute for that; ſo theſe Lines are due.

If you can think theſe flatteries they are,
For then your judgment is below my praiſe:
If they were ſo, oft flatteries work as far
As counſels, and as far th' endeavour raiſe.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
But I remain a poiſon'd fountain ſtill;
And not your beauty, virtue, knowledge, blood,
Are more above all flattery than my will.

And if I flatter any 'tis not you,
But my own judgment, who did long ago
Pronounce that all theſe praiſes ſhould be true,
And virtue ſhould your beauty and birth outgrow.

Now that my propheſies are all fulfill'd,
Rather than God ſhould not be honoured too,
And all theſe gifts confeſs'd which he inſtill'd,
Yourſelf were bound to ſay that which I do.

So I but your recorder am in this,
Or mouth and ſpeaker of the univerſe,
A miniſterial notary; for 'tis
Not I, but you and Fame, that make this verſe.

I was your prophet in your younger days,
And now your chaplain, God in you to praiſe.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

That unripe ſide of earth, that heavy clime
That gives us man up now, like Adam's time
Before he ate; man's ſhape, that would yet be
(Knew they not it, and fear'd beaſts' company)
So naked at this day, as though man there
From Paradiſe ſo great a diſtance were,
As yet the news could not arrived be
Of Adam's taſting the forbidden tree;
Depriv'd of that free ſtate which they were in,
And wanting the reward, yet bear the ſin.
But as from extreme heights who downward looks,
Sees men at children's ſhapes, rivers as brooks,
And loſeth younger forms; ſo to your eye
Theſe, (Madam!) that without your diſtance lie,
Muſt either miſt or nothing ſeem to be,
Who are at home but wit's mere *atomi*.
But I, who can behold them move and ſtay,
Have found myſelf to you juſt their midway,
And now muſt pity them; for as they do
Seem ſick to me, juſt ſo muſt I to you;
Yet neither will I vex your eyes to ſee
A ſighing ode nor croſs-arm'd elegy.
I come not to call pity from your heart,
Like ſome white-liver'd dotard, that would part
Elſe from his ſlippery ſoul with a faint groan,
And faithfully (without you ſmile) were gone.
I cannot feel the tempeſt of a frown;
I may be rais'd by love, but not thrown down;
Though I can pity thoſe ſigh twice a-day,
I hate that thing whiſpers itſelf away.
Yet ſince all love is feveriſh, who to trees
Doth talk, yet doth in love's cold ague freeze.
'Tis love, but with ſuch fatal weakneſs made,
That it deſtroys itſelf with its own ſhade. [pain,
Who firſt look'd ſad, griev'd, pin'd, and ſhew'd his
Was he that firſt taught women to diſdain.

And all things were but one nothing, dull and weak,
Until this raw diſorder'd heap did break,
And ſeveral deſires led parts away,
Water declin'd with earth, the air did ſtay,
Fire roſe, and each from other but unty'd,
Themſelves unpriſon'd were and purify'd;
So was love, firſt in vaſt confuſion hid,
An unripe willingneſs which nothing did;
A thirſt, an appetite which had no eaſe, [pleaſe.
That found a want, but knew not what would
What pretty innocence in that day mov'd,
Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd!
Both ſigh'd and interchang'd a ſpeaking eye,
Both trembled and were ſick, yet knew not why.
That natural fearfulneſs that ſtruck man dumb,
Might well (thoſe times conſider'd) man become.
As all diſcoverers, whoſe firſt eſſay
Finds but the place, after the neareſt way;
So paſſion is to woman's love, about,
Nay, farther off, than when we firſt ſet out.
It is not love that ſues or doth contend;
Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.
Man's better part conſiſts of purer fire,
And finds itſelf allow'd ere it deſire.
Love is wiſe here, keeps home, gives reaſon ſway,
And journies not till it find ſummer-way.
A weather-beaten lover, but once known,
Is ſport for every girl to practiſe on. [know,
Who ſtrives through woman's ſcorns women to
Is loſt, and ſeeks his ſhadow to outgo;
It is mere ſickneſs after one diſdain,
Though he be call'd aloud to look again.
Let others ſin and grieve; one cunning ſlight
Shall freeze my love to cryſtal in a night.
I can love firſt, and (if I win) love ſtill,
And cannot be remov'd, unleſs ſhe will.
It is her fault if I unſure remain;
She only can unty, I bind again.
The honeſties of love with eaſe I do,
But am no porter for a tedious woe.

But, Madam, I now think on you; and here,
Where we are at our heights, you but appear.
We are but clouds, you riſe from our noon-ray,
But a foul ſhadow, not your break of day.
You are at firſt-hand all that's fair and right,
And others' good reflects but back your light:
You are a perfectneſs, ſo curious hit,
That youngeſt flatteries do ſcandal it;
For what is more doth what you are reſtrain,
And though beyond, is down the hill again.
We have no next way to you, we croſs to't,
You are the ſtraight line, thing prais'd, attribute:
Each good in you's a light; ſo many a ſhade
You make, and in them are your motions made.
Theſe are your pictures to the life. From far
We ſee you move, and here your zances are;
So that no fountain good there is doth grow
In you but our dim actions faintly ſhow.
Then find I, if man's nobleſt part be love,
Your pureſt luſtre muſt that ſhadow move.
The ſoul with body is a heav'n combin'd
With earth, and for man's eaſe nearer join'd.
Where thoughts, the ſtars of ſoul, we underſtand,
We gueſs not their large natures, but command;
And love in you that bounty is of light,
That gives to all, and yet hath infinite;
Whoſe heat doth force us thither to intend,
But ſoul we find too earthly to aſcend,
Till ſlow acceſs hath made it wholly pure,
Able immortal clearneſs to endure.
Who dare aſpire this journey with a ſtain,
Hath weight will force him headlong back again.
No more can impure man retain and move
In that pure region of a worthy love,
Than earthly ſubſtance can unforc'd aſpire,
And leave his nature to converſe with fire.
Such may have eye and hand, may ſigh, may ſpeak, [break.
But like ſwoln bubbles, when they're high'ſt they
Though far removed northern iſles ſcarce find
The ſun's comfort, yet ſome think him too kind.
There is an equal diſtance from her eye;
Men periſh too far off, and burn too nigh.
But as air takes the ſun-beams equal bright
From the rays firſt to his laſt oppoſite,
So happy man, bleſt with a virtuous love,
Remote or near, or howſoe'er they move,
Their virtue breaks all clouds that might annoy;
There is no emptineſs, but all is joy.
He much profanes (whom valiant heats do move)
To ſtyle his wand'ring rage of paſſion Love.
Love, that imports in every thing delight,
Is fancied by the ſoul, not appetite;
Why love among the virtues is not known
Is, that love is them all contract in one.

TO MR. J. W.

All hail, ſweet Poet! and full of more ſtrong fire
Than hath or ſhall enkindle my dull ſpirit,
I lov'd what Nature gave thee, but thy merit
Of wit and art I love not but admire.
Who have before or ſhall write after thee,
Their works, though toughly laboured, will be
Like infancy or age to man's firm ſtay,
Or early and late twilights to mid-day.

Men ſay, and truly, that they better be
Which be envy'd than pitied; therefore I,
Becauſe I wiſh the beſt, do thee envy.
O! would'ſt thou by like reaſon pity me,
But care not for me, I, that ever was
In Nature's and in Fortune's gifts, alas!
(But for thy grace got in the Muſe's ſchool)
A monſter and a beggar, am a fool.

Oh! how I grieve that late-born modeſty
Hath got ſuch root in eaſy waxen hearts, [parts
That men may not themſelves their own good
Extol without ſuſpect of ſurquedry:
For but thyſelf no ſubject can be found
Worthy thy quill, nor any quill reſound
Thy worth but thine. How good it were to ſee
A poem in thy praiſe, and writ by thee!

Now if this ſong be too harſh for rhyme, yet as
The painter's bad god made a good devil,

It will be good profe, although the verfe be evil.
If thou forget the rhyme as thou doft pafs,
Then write, that I may follow, and fo be
Thy echo, thy debtor, thy foil, thy zany.
I fhall be thought (if mine like thine I fhape)
All the world's lion, though I be thy ape.

TO MR. T. W.

[ſure
Haste thee, harſh Verſe! as faſt as thy lame mea-
Will give thee leave, to him; my pain and pleaſure
I've given thee, and yet thou art too weak,
Feet and a reaſoning ſoul, and tongue to ſpeak.
Tell him all queſtions which men have defended
Both of the place and pains of hell, are ended;
And 'tis decreed our hell is but privation
Of him, at leaſt in this earth's habitation;
And 'tis where I am, where in every ſtreet
Infections follow, overtake, and meet.
Live I or die, by you my love is ſent;
You are my pawns, or elſe my teſtament.

TO MR. T. W.

[Fear,
Pregnant again with th' old twins, Hope and
Oft have I aſk'd for thee, both how and where
Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were;

As in our ſtreets ſly beggars narrowly
Watch motions of the giver's hand or eye,
And ever more conceive ſome hope thereby.

And now thy alms is giv'n, the letter's read,
The body riſen again the which was dead,
And thy poor ſtarveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my ſoul doth ſay grace,
And praiſe thee for't, and zealouſly embrace
Thy love; though I think thy love in this caſe
To be as gluttons, which ſay, amidſt their meat,
They love that beſt of which they moſt do eat.

INCERTO.

At once from hence my lines and I depart,
I to my ſoft ſtill walks, they to my heart;
I to the nurſe, they to the child of Art.

Yet as a firm houſe, though the carpenter
Periſh, doth ſtand; as an ambaſſador
Lies ſafe, howe'er his king be in danger;

So, though I languiſh, preſt with melancholy,
My verſe, the ſtrict map of my miſery,
Shall live to ſee that for whoſe want I die.

Therefore I envy them, and do repent
That from unhappy me things happy are ſent;
Yet as a picture or bare ſacrament
Accept theſe lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love, beſtow that love on me.

TO MR. C. B.

Thy friend, whom thy deſerts to thee enchain,
Urg'd by this unexcuſable occaſion,
Thee and the ſaint of his affection
Leaving behind, doth of both wants complain;
And let the love I bear to both ſuſtain
No blot nor maim by this diviſion;
Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
And ſtrong that love purſu'd with amorous pain.
But though beſides myſelf I leave behind,
Heav'n's liberal and the thrice fair ſun,
Going to where ſtarv'd winter aye doth won,
Yet love's hot fires, which martyr my ſad mind,
Do ſend forth ſcalding ſighs, which have the art
To melt all ice but that which walls her heart.

TO MR. S. B.

O thou! which to ſearch out the ſecret parts
Of th' India, or rather Paradiſe
Of knowledge, haſt with courage and advice
Lately launch'd into the vaſt ſea of arts,
Diſdain not in thy conſtant travelling
To do as other voyagers, and make
Some turns into leſs creeks, and wiſely take
Freſh water at the Heliconian ſpring.
I ſing not Siren-like to tempt, for I
Am harſh; nor as thoſe ſchiſmatics with you,
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But ſeeing in you bright ſparks of poetry,
I, though I brought no fuel, had deſire
With theſe articulate blaſts to blow the fire.

TO MR. B. B.

Is not thy ſacred hunger of ſcience
Yet ſatisfy'd? is not thy brain's rich hive
Full fill'd with honey, which thou doſt derive
From the arts ſpirits and their quinteſſence?
Then wean thyſelf at laſt, and thee withdraw
From Cambridge, thy old nurſe; and as the reſt
Here toughly chew and ſturdily digeſt
Th' immenſe vaſt volumes of our Common Law;
And begin ſoon, leſt my grief grieve thee too,
Which is that that which I ſhould have begun
In my youth's morning, now late muſt be done;
And I, as giddy travellers muſt do,
Which ſtray or ſleep all day, and having loſt
Light and ſtrength, dark and tir'd muſt then ride
poſt.

If thou unto thy Muſe be married,
Embrace her ever, ever multiply;
Be far from me that ſtrange adultery
To tempt thee, and procure her widowhood.

My nurſe, (for I had one) becauſe I'm cold,
Divorc'd herſelf; the cauſe being in me,
That I can take no new in bigamy;
Not my will only, but pow'r, doth withhold:
Hence comes it that theſe rhymes, which never had
Mother, want matter; and they only have
A little form, the which their father gave:
They are profane, imperfect, oh! too bad
To be counted children of Poetry,
Except confirm'd and biſhopped by thee.

TO MR. R. W.

If, as mine is, thy life a ſlumber be, [me:
Seem, when thou read'ſt theſe lines, to dream of
Never did Morpheus nor his brother wear [pear,
Shapes ſo like thoſe ſhapes whom they would ap-
As this my letter is like me, for it [and wit;
Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, mind,
It is my Deed of Gift of me to thee;
It is my will, myſelf the legacy:
So thy retirings I love, yea envy,
Bred in thee by a wiſe melancholy;
That I rejoice that unto where thou art,
Though I ſtay here, I can thus ſend my heart,
As kindly as any enamour'd patient
His picture to his abſent love hath ſent.
All news I think ſooner reach thee than me;
Heavens are heav'ns, and ſhips wing'd angels be,
The which both goſpel and ſtern threat'nings bring;
Guiana's harveſt is nipt in the ſpring,
I fear; and with us (methinks) Fate deals ſo,
As with the Jews guide God did; he did ſhew
Him the rich land, but barr'd his entry in:
Our ſlowneſs is our puniſhment and ſin.
Perchance, theſe Spaniſh bus'neſſes being done,
Which as the earth between the moon and ſun
Eclipſe the light which Guiana would give,
Our diſcontinued hopes we ſhall retrieve;
But if (as all th' all muſt) hopes ſmoke away,
Is not almighty Virtue an India?
If men be worlds, there is in every one
Something to anſwer in ſome proportion
All the world's riches; and in good men this
Virtue our form's form, and our ſoul's ſoul is.

TO MR. J. L.

Of that ſhort roll of friends writ in my heart,
Which with thy name begins, ſince their depart,
Whether in th' Engliſh provinces they be,
Or drink of Po, Sequan, or Danuby,
There's none that ſometimes greets us not; and yet
Your Trent is Lethe, that paſt us you forget.
You do not duties of ſocieties,
If from th' embrace of a lov'd wife you riſe,
View your fat beaſts, ſtretched barns, and labour'd fields,
Eat, play, ride, take of joys, which all day yields,
And then again to your embracements go;
Some hours on us your friends, and ſome beſtow
Upon your Muſe; elſe both we ſhall repent,
I that my love, ſhe that her gifts, on you are ſpent.

TO MR. J. P.

Blest are your north parts, for all this long time
My ſun is with you, cold and dark's our clime.
Heav'n's ſun, which ſtay'd ſo long from us this year,
Stay'd in your north, (I think) for ſhe was there,
And hither, by kind Nature drawn from thence,
Here rages, chafes, and threatens peſtilence;
Yet I, as long as ſhe from hence doth ſtay,
Think this no ſouth, no ſummer, nor no day.
With thee my kind and unkind heart is run,
There ſacrifice it to that beauteous ſun;
So may thy paſtures with their flowery feaſts,
As ſuddenly as lard fat thy lean beaſts;
So may thy woods, oft poll'd, yet ever wear
A green and (when ſhe liſt) a golden hair;
So may all thy ſheep bring forth twins; and ſo
In chaſe and race may thy horſe all outgo;
So may thy love and courage ne'er be cold,
Thy ſon ne'er ward, thy lov'd wife ne'er ſeem old;
But may'ſt thou wiſh great things, and them attain,
As thou tell'ſt her, and none but her, my pain.

TO MRS. M. H.

Mad Paper! ſtay, and grudge not here to burn
With all thoſe ſons whom thy brain did create;
At leaſt lie hid with me till thou return
To rags again, which is thy native ſtate.

What though thou have enough unworthineſs
To come unto great place as others do?
That's much, emboldens, pulls, thruſts, I confeſs;
But 't is not all; thou ſhouldſt be wicked too.

And that thou canſt not learn, or not of me,
Yet thou wilt go; go, ſince thou goeſt to her
Who lacks but faults to be a prince, for ſhe
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

But when thou com'ſt to that perplexing eye,
Which equally claims love and reverence,
Thou wilt not long diſpute it, thou wilt die,
And having little now, have then no ſenſe.

Yet when her warm redeeming hand (which is
A miracle, and made ſuch, to work more)
Doth touch thee, (fapleſs leaf!) thou grow'ſt by this
Her creature, glorify'd more than before.

Then as a mother, which delights to hear
Her early child miſ-ſpeak half-utter'd words,
Or becauſe Majeſty doth never fear
Ill or bold ſpeech, ſhe audience affords.

And then, cold ſpeechleſs wretch! thou dy'ſt again,
And wiſely; what diſcourſe is left for thee?
From ſpeech of ill and her thou muſt abſtain,
And is there any good which is not ſhe?

Yet may'ſt thou praiſe her ſervants, though not her,
And Wit, and Virtue, and Honour, her attend;
And ſince they're but her clothes, thou ſhalt not err
If thou her ſhape, and beauty, and grace commend.

Who knows thy deſtiny? when thou haſt done,
Perchance her cabinet may harbour thee,
Whither all noble ambitious wits do run,
A neſt almoſt as full of good as ſhe.

When thou art there, if any whom we know
Were ſav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
When ſhe revolves his papers, mark what ſhew
Of favour ſhe alone to them doth make.

Mark if, to get them, ſhe o'erſkip the reſt;
Mark if ſhe read them twice, or kiſs the name;
Mark if ſhe do the ſame that they proteſt;
Mark if ſhe mark whither her woman came:

Mark if ſlight things be objected and o'erblown;
Mark if her oaths againſt him be not ſtill
Reſerv'd, and that ſhe grieve ſhe's not her own,
And chides the doctrine that denies freewill.

I bid thee not do this to be my ſpy,
Nor to make myſelf her familiar;
But ſo much I do love her choice, that I
Would fain love him that ſhall be lov'd of her.

TO E. OF D.

With ſix Holy Sonnets.

See, Sir, how as the ſun's hot maſculine flame
Begets ſtrange creatures on Nile's dirty ſlime,
In me your fatherly yet luſty rhyme
(For theſe Songs are their fruits) have wrought the ſame;
But though th' engend'ring force from whence they came
Be ſtrong enough, and Nature doth admit
Sev'n to be born at once, I ſend as yet
But ſix, they ſay the ſeventh hath ſtill ſome maim:
I chooſe your judgment, which the ſame degree
Doth with her ſiſter, your invention, hold,
As fire theſe droſſy rhymes to purify,
Or as elixir to change them to gold.
You are that alchymiſt which always had [bad.
Wit, whoſe one ſpark could make good things of

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

SIR H. WOTTON AND MR. DONNE.

If her diſdain leaſt change in you can move,
You do not love:
For when that hope gives fuel to the fire,
You fell deſire.
Love is not love but given free;
And ſo is mine, ſo ſhould your's be.

Her heart, that melts to hear of others moan,
To mine is ſtone;
Her eyes, that weep a ſtranger's eyes to ſee,
Joy to wound me:
Yet I ſo well affect each part,
As (caus'd by them) I love my ſmart.

Say her diſdainings juſtly muſt be grac'd
With name of chaſte;
And that ſhe frowns, leſt longing ſhould exceed,
And raging breed;
So her diſdains can ne'er offend,
Unleſs ſelf-love take private end.

'Tis love breeds love in me, and cold diſdain
Kills that again;
As water cauſeth fire to fret and fume
Till all conſume,
Who can of love more rich gift make,
Than to Love's ſelf for Love's own ſake?

I'll never dig in quarry of an heart
To have no part;
Nor roaſt in fiery eyes, which always are
Canicular.
Who this way would a lover prove,
May ſhew his patience, not his love.

A frown may be ſometimes for phyſic good,
But not for food;
And for that raging humour there is ſure
A gentler cure.
Why bar you love of private end,
Which never ſhould to public tend?

A LETTER TO THE LADY CAREY, AND MRS. ESSEX RICHE,

From Amyens.

MADAM,

Here, where by all all ſaints invoked are,
It were too much ſchiſm to be ſingular,
And 'gainſt a practice general to war.

Yet turning to ſaints, ſhould my humility
To other ſaint than you directed be,
That were to make my ſchiſm hereſy.

Nor would I be a convertite ſo cold
As not to tell it: if this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply ſold.

Where, becauſe faith is in too low degree,
I thought it ſome apoſtleſhip in me
To ſpeak things which by faith alone I ſee;

That is, of you, who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is grown or ſpent:
They're your materials, not your ornament.

Others, whom we call virtuous, are not so
In their whole substance ; but their virtues grow
But in their humours, and at seasons shew.

For when, through tasteless flat humility,
In dough-bak'd men some harmlessness we see,
'Tis but his phlegm that's virtuous, and not he :

So is the blood sometimes. Who ever ran
To danger unimportun'd, he was then
No better than a sanguine-virtuous man.

So cloister'd men, who, in pretence of fear,
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have virtue in melancholy, and only there.

Spiritual choleric critics, which in all
Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
Have, through this zeal, virtue but in their gall.

We 're thus but parcel gilt ; to gold we 're grown,
When virtue is our soul's complexion;
Who knows his virtue's name or place hath none.

Virtue 's but anguish, when 't is several,
By occasion wak'd and circumstantial;
True virtue's soul always in all deeds all.

This virtue thinking to give dignity
To your soul, found there no infirmity;
For your soul was as good virtue as she.

She therefore wrought upon that part of you
Which is scarce less than soul, as she could do,
And so hath made your beauty virtue too.

Hence comes it that your beauty wounds not hearts.
As others, with profane and sensual darts,
But, as an influence, virtuous thoughts imparts.

But if such friends by th' honour of your sight
Grow capable of this so great a light,
As to partake your vitues and their might,

What must I think that influence must do
Where it finds sympathy and matter too,
Virtue and beauty, of the same stuff as you ?

Which is your noble worthy sister ; she
Of whom, if what in this my ecstasy
And revelation of you both I see,

I should write here, as in short galleries
The master at the end large glasses ties,
So to present the room twice to our eyes ;

So I should give this letter length, and say
That which I said of you ; there is no way
From either, but to th' other not to stray.

May therefore this be enough to testify
My true devotion, free from flattery.
He that believes himself doth never lie.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

August, 1614.

Fair, great, and good ! since seeing you we see
What Heav'n can do, what any earth can be ;
Since now your beauty shines, now when the sun,
Grown stale, is to so low a value run,
That his dishevell'd beams and scatter'd fires
Serve but for ladies periwigs and tires
In lovers sonnets; you come to repair
God's book of creatures, teaching what is fair.
Since now, when all is wither'd, shrunk, and dry'd,
All virtues ebb'd out to a dead low tide,
All the world's frame being crumbled into sand,
Where ev'ry man thinks by himself to stand,
Integrity, friendship, and confidence,
(Cements of greatness) being vapour'd hence,
And narrow man being fill'd with little shares,
Courts, city, church, are all shops of small wares,
All having blown to sparks their noble fire,
And drawn their sound gold ingot into wire;
All trying, by a love of littleness,
To make abridgements and to draw to less,
Even that nothing which at first we were :
Since in these time your greatness doth appear,
And that we learn by it that man to get
Towards him that's infinite must first be great ;
Since in an age so ill as none is fit
So much as to accuse, much less mend it,
(For who can judge or witness of those times
Where all alike are guilty of the crimes ?)
Where he that would be good is thought by all
A monster, or at best fantastical :
Since now you durst be good, and that I do
Discern, by daring to contemplate you,
That there may be degrees of fair, great, good,
Through your light, largeness, virtue understood ;
If in this sacrifice of mine be shewn
Any small spark of these, call it your own ;
And if things like these have been said by me
Of others, call not that idolatry ;
For had God made man first, and man had seen
The third day's fruits and flowers, and various green,
He might have said the best that he could say
Of those fair creatures which were made that day ;
And when next day he had admir'd the birth
Of sun, moon, stars, fairer than late-prais'd earth,
He might have said the best that he could say,
And not be chid for praising yesterday :
So though some things are not together true,
As that another's worthiest, and that you ;
Yet to say so doth not condemn a man
If, when he spoke them, they were both true then.
How fair a proof of this in our soul grows ?
We first have souls of growth and sense ; and those,
When our last soul, our soul immortal, came.
Were swallow'd into it, and have no name :
Nor doth he injure those souls, which doth cast
The power and praise of both them on the last :
No more do I wrong any if I adore
The same things now which I ador'd before,

The ſubject chang'd, and meaſure. The ſame thing
In a low conſtable and in the king
I reverence, his power to work on me;
So did I humbly reverence each degree
Of fair, great, good: but more, now I am come
From having found their walks to find their home:
And as I owe my firſt ſoul's thanks, that they
For my laſt ſoul did fit and mould my clay;
So am I debtor unto them whoſe worth
Enabled me to profit, and take forth
This new great leſſon, thus to ſtudy you,
Which none, not reading others firſt, could do.
Nor lack I light to read this book, though I
In a dark cave, yea, in a grave, do lie;
For as your fellow-angels, ſo you do
Illuſtrate them who come to ſtudy you.
The firſt whom we in hiſtories do find
To have profeſt all arts was one born blind;
He lack'd thoſe eyes beaſts have as well as we,
Not thoſe by which angels are ſeen and ſee;
So, though I'm born without thoſe eyes to live,
Which Fortune, who hath none herſelf, doth give,
Which are fit means to ſee bright courts and you,
Yet may I ſee you thus as now I do;
I ſhall by that all goodneſs have diſcern'd,
And though I burn my library be learn'd.

SAPPHO TO PHILÆNIS.

WHERE is that holy fire which verſe is ſaid
To have? is that enchanting force decay'd? [law,
Verſe, that draws Nature's works from Nature's
Thee, her beſt work, to her work cannot draw.
Have my tears quench'd my old poetic fire?
Why quench'd they not as well that of deſire?
Thoughts, my mind's creatures, often are with thee,
But I, their maker, want their liberty;
Only thine image in my heart doth ſit,
But that is wax, and fires environ it.
My fires have driven, thine have drawn it hence,
And I am robb'd of picture, heart, and ſenſe.
Dwells with me ſtill mine irkſome memory,
Which both to keep and loſe grieves equally.
That tells how fair thou art: thou art ſo fair
As gods, when gods to thee I do compare,
Are grac'd thereby, and to make blind men ſee
What things gods are, I ſay they're like to thee:
For if we juſtly call each ſilly man
A little world, what ſhall we call thee then?
Thou art not ſoft, and clear, and ſtraight, and fair,
As down, as ſtars, cedars, and lilies are;
But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye, only
Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
Such was my Phao a while, but ſhall be never
As thou waſt, art, and, oh! may'ſt thou be ever!
Here lovers ſwear in their idolatry
That I am ſuch, but grief diſcolours me;
And yet I grieve the leſs, leſt grief remove
My beauty, and make me unworthy of thy love.
Plays ſome ſoft boy with thee? oh! there wants yet
A mutual feeling which ſhould ſweeten it.
His chin, a thorny hairy unevenneſs,
Doth threaten, and ſome daily change poſſeſs.
Thy body is a natural Paradiſe,
In whoſe ſelf, unmanur'd, all pleaſure lies,
Nor needs perfection; why ſhouldſt thou then
Admit the tillage of a harſh rough man?
Men leave behind them that which their ſin ſhews,
And are as thieves trac'd, which rob when it ſnows;
But of our dalliance no more ſigns there are
Than fiſhes leave in ſtreams, or birds in air;
And between us all ſweetneſs may be had;
All, all that Nature yields, or Art can add.
My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two,
But ſo as thine from one another do:
And, oh! no more; the likeneſs being ſuch,
Why ſhould they not alike in all parts touch?
Hand to ſtrange hand, lip to lip none denies;
Why ſhould they breaſt to breaſt, or thighs to thighs?
Likeneſs begets ſuch ſtrange ſelf-flattery,
That touching myſelf all ſeems done to thee.
Myſelf I embrace, and mine own hands I kiſs,
And amorouſly thank myſelf for this.
Me in my glaſs I call thee; but, alas!
When I would kiſs, tears dim mine eyes and glaſs.
O! cure this loving madneſs, and reſtore
Me to me; thee my half, my all, and more:
So may thy cheeks red outwear ſcarlet dye,
And their white whiteneſs of the Galaxy:
So may thy mighty amazing beauty move
Envy in all women, and in all men love;
And ſo be change and ſickneſs far from thee,
As thou, by coming near, keep'ſt them from me.

TO BEN. JONSON.

JAN. 6. 1603.

THE ſtate and men's affairs are the beſt plays
Next your's: 't is not more nor leſs than due praiſe.
Write, but touch not the much-deſcending race
Of lords' houſes, ſo ſettled in worth's place,
As but themſelves none think them uſurpers;
It is no fault in thee to ſuffer theirs.
If the Queen maſque, or King a-hunting go,
Through all the court follow, let them. We know
Like them in goodneſs that court ne'er will be,
For that were virtue, and not flattery.
Forget we were thruſt out. It is but thus
God threatens kings, kings lords, as lords do us.
Judge of ſtrangers, truſt and believe your friend,
And ſo me; and when I true friendſhip end,
With guilty conſcience let me be worſe ſtung
Than with Popham's ſentence thieves, or Cook's tongue
Traitors are. Friends are ourſelves. This I thee tell
As to my friend, and myſelf as counſel.
Let for a while the time's unthrifty rout
Contemn learning, and all your ſtudies flout:
Let them ſcorn hell, they will a ſerjeant fear
More than we them, that ere long God may forbear,

But creditors will not. Let them increaſe
In riot and exceſs as their means ceaſe:
Let them ſcorn him that made them, and ſtill ſhun
His grace, but love the whore who hath undone
Them and their ſouls. But that they that allow
But one God, ſhould have religions enow
For the Queen's maſque, and their huſband's for more
Than all the Gentiles knew or Atlas bore.
Well, let all paſs, and truſt him who nor cracks
The bruiſed reed, nor quencheth ſmoking flax.

TO BEN. JONSON.

9 NOVEMBRIS, 1603.

If great men wrong me I will ſpare myſelf;
If mean, I will ſpare them. I know the pelf
Which is ill got the owner doth upbraid:
It may corrupt a judge, make me afraid
And a jury; but 't will revenge in this,
That though himſelf be judge he guilty is.
What care I though of weakneſs men tax me?
I'd rather ſufferer than doer be:
That I did truſt it was my nature's praiſe,
For breach of word I knew but as a phraſe.
That judgment is that ſurely can compriſe
The world in precepts, moſt happy and moſt wiſe.
What though? though leſs, yet ſome of both have we
Who have learn'd it by uſe and miſery.
Poor I! whom every petty croſs doth trouble,
Who apprehend each hurt that's done me double,
Am of this (though it ſhould ſink me) careleſs;
It would but force me t' a ſtricter goodneſs.
They have great gain of me who gain do win
(If ſuch gain be not loſs) from every ſin.
The ſtanding of great men's lives would afford
A pretty ſum, if God would ſell his Word.
He cannot; they can theirs, and break them too.
How unlike they are that they're likened to?
Yet I conclude they are amidſt my evils;
If good like gods; the naught are ſo like devils.

Amiciſſimo et meritiſſimo

BENJ. JONSON.

IN VOLPONEM.

Quod arte auſus es hic tuâ, Poeta,
Si auderent hominum Deique juris
Conſulti veteres ſequi æmularierque,
O mnes ſaperemus ad ſalutem.
His ſed ſunt veteres araneoſi;
Tam nemo veterum eſt ſequutor, ut tu,
Illos quòd ſequeris, novator audis.
Fac tamen quod agis; tuique primâ
Libri canitie induantur horâ:
Nam chartis pueritia eſt neganda;
Naſcanturque ſenes, oportet, illi
Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem.
Priſcis ingenium facit laborque
Te parem; hos ſuperes, ut et futuros
Ex noſtrâ vitioſitate ſumas,
Qua priſcos ſuperamus et futuros.

TO SIR THO. ROWE, 1603.

DEAR TOM,

Tell her, if ſhe to hired ſervants ſhew
Diſlike, before they take their leave they go;
When nobler ſpirits ſtart at no diſgrace,
For who hath but one mind hath but one face.
If then why I take not my leave ſhe aſk,
Aſk her again why ſhe did not unmaſk?
Was ſhe or proud or cruel? or knew ſhe
It would make my loſs more felt, and pity'd me?
Or did ſhe fear one kiſs might ſtay for moe?
Or elſe was ſhe unwilling I ſhould go?
I think the beſt, and love ſo faithfully,
I cannot chooſe but think that ſhe loves me.
If this prove not my faith, then let her try
How in her ſervice I would fructify.
Ladies have boldly lov'd; bid her renew
That decay'd worth, and prove the times paſt true;
Then he whoſe wit and verſe grows now ſo lame,
With ſongs to her will the wild Iriſh tame.
Howe'er, I'll wear the white and black ribband;
White for her fortunes, black for mine, ſhall ſtand.
I do eſteem her favour, not the ſtuff;
If what I have was given, I've enough,
And all's well; for had ſhe lov'd, I had not had
All my friends hate; for now departing ſad
I feel not that: yet as the rack the gout
Cures, ſo hath this worſe grief that quite put out:
My firſt diſeaſe nought but that worſe cureth,
Which (I dare foreſay) nothing cures but death.
Tell her all this before I am forgot,
That not too late ſhe grieve ſhe lov'd me not.
Burdened with this, I was to depart leſs
Willing than thoſe which die and not confeſs.

De Libro cum mutaretur, Impreſſo, Domi à pueris fruſtratim lacerato, et poſt reddito Manuſcripto.

Doctiſſimo Amiciſſimoque Viro D. D. ANDREWS.

Parturiunt madido quæ nixu præla, recepta;
Sed quæ ſcripta manu ſunt, veneranda magis.
Tranſiit in Sequanam Mœnus: victoris in ædes,
Et Francofurtum, te revehente, meat.
Qui liber in pluteos blattis cinerique relictos,
Si modo ſit præli ſanguine tinctus, abit,
Accedat calamo ſcriptus, reverenter habetur,
Involat et veterum ſcrinia ſumma patrum.
Dicat Apollo modum; pueros infundere libro
Nempe vetuſtatem canitiemque novo.
Nil mirum, medico pueros de ſemine natos
Hæc nova fata libro poſſe dediſſe novo.

Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Annou
Ipse Pater Juvenem me dabit arte senem ?
Hei miseris senibus! nos vertit dura senectus
Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Juvenem.
Hoc tibi servasti præstandum, Antique Dierum,
Quo viso, et vivit, et juvenescit Adam.
Interea, infirmæ fallamus tædia vitæ,
Libris, et Cœlorum æmulâ amicitiâ.
Hos inter, qui à te mihi redditus iste libellus,
Non mihi tam charus, tam meus antè fuit.

TO MR. TILMAN,

After he had taken Orders.

Thou, whose diviner soul hath caus'd thee now
To put thy hand unto the holy plough,
Making lay-scornings of the ministry
Not an impediment, but victory;
What bring'st thou home with thee? how is thy mind
Affected since the vintage? do't thou find
New thoughts and strings in thee? and, as steel
Touch'd with a loadstone, dost new motions feel?
Or as a ship, after much pain and care,
For iron and cloth brings home rich Indian ware?
Hast thou thus traffick'd, but with far more gain
Of noble goods, and with less time and pain?
Thou art the same materials as before,
Only the stamp is changed, but no more.
And as new-crowned kings alter the face,
But not the money's substance, so hath grace
Chang'd only God's old image by creation
To Christ's new stamp, at this thy coronation;
Or as we paint angels with wings, because
They bear God's message, and proclaim his laws:
Since thou must do the like, and so must move,
Art thou new-feather'd with celestial love?
Dear! tell me where thy purchase lies, and shew
What thy advantage is above below:
But if thy gainings do surmount expression,
Why doth the foolish world scorn that profession
Whose joys pass speech? why do they think unfit
That gentry should join families with it?
As if their day were only to be spent
In dressing, mistressing, and compliment.
Alas! poor joys, but poorer men, whose trust
Seems richly placed in sublimed dust!
(For such are clothes and beauty, which, though gay,
Are at the best but of sublimed clay)
Let then the world thy calling disrespect,
But go thou on, and pity their neglect.
What function is so noble as to be
Embassador to God and Destiny?
To open life, to give kingdoms to more
Than kings give dignities; to keep heav'n's door?
Mary's prerogative was to bear Christ; so
'Tis preachers to convey him, for they do,
As angels out of clouds, from pulpits speak,
And bless the poor beneath, the lame, the weak,
If then th' astronomers, whereas they spy
A new-found star, their optics magnify,
How brave are those who with their engine can
Bring man to heav'n, and heav'n again to man?
These are thy titles and pre-eminences,
In whom must meet God's graces, men's offences;
And so the heav'ns, which beget all things here,
And th' earth, our mother, which these things doth bear,
Both these in thee are in thy calling knit,
And make thee now a blest hermaphrodite.

UPON

MR. THO. CORYAT'S CRUDITIES.

Oh! to what height will love of greatness drive
Thy learned spirit, sesqui-superlative? [then
Venice' vast lake thou hast seen, and wouldst seek
Some vaster thing, and foundst a courtezan.
That inland sea having discovered well
A cellar-gulf, where one might sail to hell
From Heydelberg, thou long'st to see; and thou
This book, greater than all, producest now.
Infinite work! which doth so far extend,
That none can study it to any end.
'Tis no one thing; it is not fruit nor root,
Nor poorly limited with head or foot.
If man be therefore man, because he can
Reason and laugh, thy book doth half make man.
One half being made, thy modesty was such,
That thou on th' other half wouldst never touch.
When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatic!
Not till thou exceed the world? Canst thou be like
A prosperous nose-born wen, which sometimes grows
To be far greater than the mother nose?
Go, then; and to thee, when thou didst go,
Munster did towns, and Gesner authors, shew;
Mount now to Gallo-Belgicus; appear
As deep a statesman as a garreteer.
Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back,
Talk of Will. Conqueror and Prester Jack.
Go, bashful man! left here thou blush to look
Upon the progress of thy glorious book,
To which both Indies sacrifices send;
The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend,
Meaning to see't no more upon the press;
The East sends hither her deliciousness; [henee,
And thy leaves must embrace what comes from
The myrrh, the pepper, and the frankincense.
This magnifies thy leaves: but if they stoop
To neighbour wares, when merchants do unhoop
Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then
Convey these wares in parcels unto men;
If for vast tons of currants and of figs,
Of med'cinal and aromatic twigs,
Thy leaves a better method do provide,
Divide to pounds, and ounces subdivide.
If they stoop lower yet, and vent our wares,
Home-manufactures to thick popular fairs;
If omni-pregnant there, upon warm stalls
They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls,
Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
That they all kind of matter comprehend.

Thus thou, by means which th' Ancients never took,
A pandect mak'ſt and univerſal book.
The braveſt heroes for their country's good,
Scatter'd in diverſe lands their limbs and blood;
Worſt malefactors, to whom men are prize,
Do public good cut in anatomies;
So will thy book in pieces for a lord
Which caſts at Porteſcue's, and all the board
Provide whole books; each leaf enough will be
For friends paſs time and keep good to company.
Can all carouſe up thee? no, thou muſt fit
Meaſures. and fill out for the half-pint wit.
Some ſhall wrap pills, and ſave a friend's life ſo;
Some ſhall ſtop muſkets, and ſo kill a foe.
Thou ſhalt not eaſe the critics of next age
So much, as once their hunger to aſſuage;
Nor ſhall wit-piratos hope to find thee lie
All in one bottom in one library.
Some leaves may paſte ſtrings there in other books,
And ſo one may, which on another looks,
Pilfer, alas! a little wit from you,
But hardly much; and yet I think this true.
As Sibyl's was, your book is myſtical,
For every piece is as much worth as all:
Therefore mine impotency I confeſs,
The healths which my brain bears muſt be far leſs:
Thy giant-wit o'erthrows me; I am gone;
And rather than read all I would read none.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL DANIEL.

Containing his

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS,	OCTAVIA TO MARCUS ANTONIUS,
COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND,	EPISTLES,
MUSOPHILUS,	SONNETS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

If Spenſer merits Roman Virgil's name,
DANIEL at leaſt comes in for Ovid's fame;
If Spenſer rather claims Apollo's wit,
Virgil's illuſtrious name will DANIEL fit.
No higher than Apollo we can go;
But, if a loftier title you can ſhew,
That greater name let Spenſer's Muſe command,
And DANIEL be the Phœbus of our land;
For, in my judgment, if the God of verſe
In Engliſh would heroic deeds rehearſe,
No language ſo expreſſive he would chooſe,
As that of Engliſh DANIEL's lofty Muſe.

FITZ-GEOFFRY'S EPIGRAMS.

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THE LIFE OF DANIEL.

SAMUEL DANIEL was the son of a music-master, and born near Taunton in Somersetshire, in the year 1562.

At seventeen years of age he was admitted a Commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he continued about three years, and by the assistance of an able tutor, made a very considerable proficiency in all the branches of academical learning.

Those, however, which were of a graver nature, not so well suiting his genius, he applied himself principally to history and poetry, which continued to be his favourite pursuits during the remainder of his life.

At the expiration of the above mentioned term, he left the university, without taking a degree, and prosecuted his studies for some time at Wilton, under the patronage and encouragement of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, the accomplished and amiable sister of the celebrated Sir Philip Sidney, as appears from the dedication of his *Defence of Rhyme*, to her son William, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Steward of the Household, and Chancellor of Oxford.

" If all rhyming is gross, vulgar, and barbarous, I cannot but blame the fortune of the times and my own genius that cast me upon so wrong a course, drawn with the current of custom, and an unexamined example: Having been first encouraged and framed thereunto by your most worthy and honourable *Mother*, and received the first notion for the formal ordering of these compositions at Wilton, which I must ever acknowledge to have been my best school; and thereof am always to hold a feeling and grateful memory: Afterward drawn farther on by the well-liking and approbation of my worthy *Lord*, the fosterer of me and my Muse, I adventured to bestow all my whole genius therein, perceiving it agreed so well with the complexion of the times and my own constitution."

Afterwards he became tutor to the high-spirited Lady Anne Clifford, daughter of George Clifford Earl of Cumberland, the celebrated adventurer, to whose beauty and accomplishments he pays many flattering compliments in his poems.

His merit, some time after, procured him the friendship and patronage of Charles Blount, Lord Monjoy, created Earl of Devonshire by King James, as he himself acknowledges in the introduction to his poem of the *Civil Wars*; and this acknowledgment of his is the more grateful and sincere, as it was made after the death of his benefactor.

It appears also from his *Epistles*, that he experienced the munificence of Lucy, Countess of Bedford, the great patroness of the poets, particularly Donne, Jonson, and Drayton, who frequently experienced her bounty; for which, in return, they were as lavish of their incense.

He shared also with Shakspeare the munificent patronage of Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, the intimate friend of the valiant and accomplished Earl of Essex; and it is much to his honour, that he addressed an Epistle to that nobleman, on his disgrace, written in a manly and dignified strain of consolation.

In 1585, he published a translation of the " Worthy Tract," as Wood calls it, of Paulus Jovius on *Rare Inventions*, &c., to which he prefixed an ingenious preface.

In 1594, he publiſhed his *Cleopatra*, a tragedy, written after the manner of the ancients, with a chorus between each act. It is dedicated by a copy of verſes to the Counteſs of Pembroke, and was much eſteemed at that time.

The ſame year he publiſhed the *Complaint of Roſamond*, which was read with univerſal approbation, and completely eſtabliſhed his poetical reputation. The popularity of this poem is ſuppoſed by Mr. Malone, to have occaſioned the "Venus and Adonis," and "the Rape of Lucrece" of Shakſpeare; and the *Various Sonnets to Delia*, which appeared not long after, are ſuppoſed by the ſame learned critic, to have been the model of the "Sonnets" of the great poet of Nature.

It was followed, in 1611, by *A Letter from Octavia to Marcus Antonius*, in the ſame meaſure, and reſembling it alſo in the ſubject and ſtyle, being written in the manner of Ovid, with great tenderneſs and variety of paſſion.

In 1599, he ſucceeded Spenſer as Poet-Laureat to Queen Elizabeth; and Mr. Granger obſerves, that "he was then thought to have merited the laurel."

In 1603, he welcomed King James with a congratulatory poem, on his acceſſion to the throne of England, in which he pays a grateful tribute to the memory of his renowned predeceſſor.

In King James's reign he was made Gentleman extraordinary, and afterwards one of the Grooms of the Privy Chamber to Queen Anne, who took great delight in his converſation and writings.

His place at Court being of very little employment, the income of it enabled him to rent a handſome houſe and garden in Old-Street, near London, where Winſtanley ſays "he would lie obſcure ſome times two months together, the better to enjoy the company of the Muſes, and then would appear in public to recreate himſelf, and converſe with his friends."

In this retirement, he privately compoſed, for the entertainment of the Court, *The Viſion of the Twelve Goddeſſes, a Maſque*; *preſented at Hampton Court, by the Queen's moſt excellent Majeſty and her Ladies*, 1604—*The Queen's Arcadia, a Paſtoral Tragi-comedy; preſented to her Majeſty and her Ladies, by the Univerſity of Oxford*, 1605—*And Hymen's Triumph, a Paſtoral Tragi-comedy; preſented at the Queen's Court, in the Strand, at her Majeſty's magnificent entertainment of the King's moſt excellent Majeſty, being at the nuptials of Lord Roxborough:* It is dedicated to the Queen, and introduced by a prologue which is pretty; and in many parts of the piece, the paſſions are touched with great delicacy.

In 1604, he publiſhed his great work, *The Hiſtory of the Civil Wars between the Houſes of York and Lancaſter*, a poem in eight books, dedicated to Prince Charles, which raiſed his reputation ſo high as to procure him the title of the *Engliſh Lucan*.

In 1611, he publiſhed *A Defence of Rhyme, againſt a pamphlet, intituled, Obſervations on the Art of Engliſh Poeſy, wherein is demonſtratively proved, that rhyme is the fitteſt harmony of words*. This piece is in proſe, and it is addreſſed to his patron, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.

The ſame year he publiſhed *Philotas*, a Tragedy. It is dedicated by a copy of verſes to *the Prince*, afterwards Charles I. In this play, as well as in his *Cleopatra*, he has ſhewn great judgment by treading in the ſteps of the ancients. It met with ſome oppoſition, not on account of any deficiency in the poetry, or in the conduct of the deſign, but from a ſuſpicion that the character of *Philotas* was drawn for the unfortunate Earl of Eſſex, from which he vindicated himſelf in an apology printed at the end of it.

In 1613 and 1618, he publiſhed the firſt and ſecond parts of his *Hiſtory of England*, from the conqueſt, to the year 1376, which is written with ſuch brevity and perſpicuity, that Langbaine "takes it to be the *crown* of all his works."

Towards the end of his life he retired to a farm he had at Beckington, near Philips-Norton in Somerſetſhire, where, after ſome time ſpent in learned leiſure and religious contemplation, he died in October 1619, in the 57th year of his age.

He was buried in the church of Beckington, where, in gratitude to him, a monument was erected to his memory by Lady Anne Clifford, a long time after, when ſhe was Counteſs-dowager of Dorſet, Pembroke and Montgomery.

The ſame great lady had a portrait of him inſerted in a full length picture of herſelf, at Appleby Caſtle in Weſtmoreland.

He left no iſſue by his wife Juſtina, ſiſter of John Florio, author of the Italian dictionary, to whom he was married ſeveral years.

Daniel enjoyed the friendſhip and praiſes of the moſt eminent men of his age; particularly of Sir Fulk Greville, Sir John Harrington, Sir Henry Spelman, Sir Robert Cotton, Dr. Cowell, Camden, Spenſer, Jonſon, Drayton, and Browne.

Edmund Bolton and Gabriel Harvey, the former a profeſſed critic, and the latter the friend of Spenſer, and a promoter of the literature of his country, both mention him with reſpect, as a poliſher and purifier of the Engliſh language. Spenſer has given his character in "Colin Clout's come home again." Browne calls him "well-languaged Daniel;" and Drummond eſteems him "for ſweetneſs in rhyming, ſecond to none."

He complains, however, in his dedication of *Philotas*, that, notwithſtanding the ſun-ſhine of Court favour, and the joint applauſes of almoſt all the great writers of his time, he had

——————— out-liv'd the date
Of former grace, acceptance, and delight—
——————— but years hath done this wrong,
To make me write too much, and live too long.

His poems were collected and printed with his plays, in 4to, 1623, by his brother John Daniel, who appears to have been a muſician belonging to the Court. They have been ſeveral times reprinted. The laſt edition was in 2 vols. 8vo, 1718. They are now, for the firſt time, received into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

The ſtyle of Daniel is diſtinguiſhed from that of his contemporaries, by a peculiar neatneſs and ſimplicity. The original rectitude of his judgment ſeems to have ſerved him in place of examples. He uſes no antiquated words, and has no fantaſtic incongruities. He has rejected, with equal propriety, the coarſe and obſolete idioms of Spenſer, and the metaphyſical conceits of Donne. His expreſſion is clear and conciſe, and his verſification correct and harmonious. He is not deficient in tenderneſs, and ſometimes ſhews ſublimity; but want of fire and enthuſiaſm is his characteriſtic fault.

He was unhappy in the choice of the *Civil Wars*, as the ſubject of his principal poem, as it obliged him to deſcend to minute deſcriptions; and nothing merely narrative is ſuſceptible of the higher ornaments of poetry. It has, however, conſiderable merit in the execution. The deſcriptions are often beautifully expreſſive, and ſome of the pathetic paſſages, with which it abounds, are equal to any that are to be found in the whole compaſs of Engliſh poetry. In his *Complaint of Roſamond*, he has caught Ovid's manner very happily, and has often the ſoftneſs of Rowe without his effeminacy. His *Muſophilus* has a right to the merit of ſtill higher excellence. It diſplays a correctneſs and manlineſs of thought, and a beauty and harmony of verſification that leave little to wiſh. His *Sonnets* are entitled to the peculiar praiſe of having no obſcurities either of ſtyle or language. In all his pieces are to be found marks of good ſenſe and manly ſenſibility; free from pedantry and affectation, which have concurred to baniſh from uſe the productions of many of his contemporaries. He has undeſervedly ſhared the neglect they have met with, as he is innocent of their faults, and highly worthy of the attention and eſteem of the preſent age.

His merit as an hiſtorian has been judiciouſly eſtimated by Dr. Kennet.

"It is ſaid he had a good vein in poetry; and it is certain he has ſhewn great judgment in keeping it, as he did, from infecting his proſe, and deſtroying that ſimplicity which is a principal beauty in the ſtyle of an hiſtorian. His narration is ſmooth and clear, and carries every where an air of good ſenſe and juſt eloquence; and his Engliſh is much more modern than *Milton's*, though he lived before him. But *Milton* choſe to write (if the expreſſion may be allowed) a hundred years backwards; whereas, it is particularly to be admired how *Daniel* could, ſo long ago, expreſs himſelf with the ſame purity and grace as our moſt ſenſible writers do now, though we flatter ourſelves that we have conſiderably improved the language."

The moſt accurate eſtimate that has been formed of his poetical character, is given by the amiable and ingenious Mr. Headley, whoſe premature death may be juſtly regretted as a loſs to the literature of his country.

"Though very rarely ſublime, he has ſkill in the pathetic; and his pages are diſgraced with neither

pedantry nor conceit. We find both in his poetry and profe ſuch a legitimate rational flow of language, as approaches nearer the ſtyle of the 18th than the 16th century; and of which we may ſafely aſſert, that it will never become obſolete. He certainly was the Atticus of his day. It ſeems to have been his error to have entertained too great a diffidence of his own abilities. Conſtantly contented with the ſedate propriety of good ſenſe, which he no ſooner attains than he ſeems to reſt ſatisfied, though his reſources, had he but made the effort, would have carried him much farther. In this eſcaping cenſure he is not always entitled to praiſe. From not endeavouring to be great, he ſometimes miſſes of being reſpectable. The conſtitution of his mind ſeems often to have failed him in the ſultry and exhauſting regions of the Muſes; for, though generally neat, eaſy, and perſpicuous, he too frequently grows ſlack, languid, and enervated. In peruſing his long hiſtorical poem we grow ſleepy at the dead ebb of the narrative, notwithſtanding being occaſionally relieved with ſome touches of the pathetic. Unfortunate in the choice of his ſubject, he ſeems fearful of ſupplying its defects by digreſſional embelliſhment; inſtead of fixing upon one of a more fanciful caſt, which the natural coolneſs of his judgment would neceſſarily have corrected, he has cooped himſelf up within the limited and narrow pale of dry events; inſtead of caſting his eye on the general hiſtory of human nature, and giving his genius a range over her immeaſurable fields, he has confined himſelf to an abſtract diary of Fortune; inſtead of preſenting us with pictures of Truth from the effects of the paſſions, he has verſified the truth of action only; he has ſufficiently, therefore, ſhewn the hiſtorian, but by no means the poet: for, to uſe a ſentiment of Davenant's, "Truth, narrative and paſt, is the idol of hiſtorians, (who worſhip a dead thing), and truth, operative and continually alive, is the miſtreſs of poets, who hath not her exiſtence in matter but in reaſon."

To the High and Moſt Illuſtrious

PRINCE CHARLES HIS EXCELLENCE.

Sir,

Presents to gods were offered by the hands of Graces; and why not thoſe of great Princes, by thoſe of the Muſes? To you, therefore, great Prince of Honour, and Honour of Princes, I jointly preſent Poeſy and Muſic; in the one, the ſervice of my defunct brother; in the other, the duty of myſelf living; in both the devotion of two brothers, your Highneſs's humble ſervants. Your Excellence, then, who is of ſuch recommendable fame, with all nations for the curioſity of your rare ſpirit to underſtand, and ability of knowledge to judge of all things, I humbly invite; leaving the ſongs of his muſe, who living ſo ſweetly chanted the glory of your high name: Sacred is the fame of poets; ſacred the name of princes: To which

Humbly bows, and

Vows himſelf, ever

Your Highneſs's ſervant.

John Daniel.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS

BETWEEN THE HOUSES OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

A POEM. IN EIGHT BOOKS.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

What times forego Richard the Second's reign;
The fatal cauſes of this Civil War:
His uncle's pride; his greedy minions gain:
Glo'ſter's revolt, and death, deliver'd are.
Her'ford, accus'd, exil'd, call'd back again,
Pretends t' amend what others rule did marr.
The King from Ireland haſtes, but did no good;
Whilſt ſtrange prodigious ſigns foretoken blood.

I.

I SING the civil wars, tumultuous broils,
And bloody factions of a mighty land;
Whoſe people haughty, proud with foreign ſpoils,
Upon themſelves turn back their conqu'ring hand:
Whilſt kin their kin, brother the brother foils;
Like enſigns all, againſt like enſigns band;
Bows againſt bows, the crown againſt the crown;
Whilſt all pretending right, all right's thrown down.

II.

What fury, O what madneſs held thee ſo,
Dear England, (too too prodigal of blood),
To waſte ſo much, and war without a foe;
Whilſt France, to ſee thy ſpoils, at pleaſure ſtood!
How much might'ſt thou have purchas'd with leſs woe,
T' have done thee honour, and thy people good?
Thine might have been whatever lies between
The Alps and us, the Pyrenees and Rhine.

III.

Yet now what reaſon have we to complain,
Since hereby came the calm we did enjoy,
The bliſs of thee, Eliza! happy gain
For all our loſſes; when as no other way
The Heav'ns could find, but to unite again
The fatal ſever'd families, that they grow
Might bring forth thee: That in thy peace might
That glory, which few times could ever ſhew.

IV.

Come ſacred Virtue; I no muſe, but thee,
Invoke in this great labour I intend.
Do thou inſpire my thoughts: Infuſe in me
A power to bring the ſame to happy end.
Raiſe up a work for later times to ſee,
That may thy glory and my pains commend:
Make me theſe tumults rightly to rehearſe;
And give peace to my life, life to my verſe.

V.

And thou, Charles Montjoy, who did'ſt once afford
Reſt for my fortunes on thy quiet ſhore,
And cheer'd'ſt me on theſe meaſures to record
In graver tones than I had us'd before:
Behold, my gratitude makes good my word
Engag'd to thee, altho' thou be no more;
That I, who heretofore have liv'd by thee,
Do give thee now a room to live with me.

VI.

And Mem'ry, preſerv'reſs of things done, [waſte;
Come thou, unfold the wounds, the wrack, the
Reveal to me how all the ſtrife begun
'Twixt Lancaſter and York, in ages paſt:
How cauſes, counſels, and events run,
So long as theſe unhappy times did laſt;
Unintermixt with fictions, fantaſies:
I verify the truth, not poetiſe.

VII.

And to the end we may with better eaſe
Diſcern the true diſcourſe, vouchſafe to ſhew
What were the times foregoing, near to theſe,
That theſe we may with better profit know.
Tell how the world fell into this diſeaſe;
And how ſo great diſtemperature did grow:
So ſhall we ſee by what degrees it came;
How things at full do ſoon wax out of frame.

VIII.

Ten kings had from the (*a*) Norman Conqu'ror reign'd,
With intermix'd and variable fate,
When England to her greateſt height attain'd
Of pow'r, dominion, glory, wealth, and ſtate;
After it had with much ado ſuſtain'd
The violence of princes, with debate
For titles, and the often mutinies
Of nobles, for their ancient liberties.

IX.

For firſt, the Norman (*b*) conqu'ring all by might,
By might was forc'd to keep what he had got;
Mixing our cuſtoms and the form of right
With foreign conſtitutions he had brought;
Maſt'ring the mighty, humbling the poorer wight,
By all ſevereſt means that could be wrought;
And, making the ſucceſſion doubtful, rent
This new-got ſtate, and left it turbulent.

X.

(*c*) William his ſon tracing his father's ways,
(The great men ſpent in peace, or ſlain in fight,)
Upon depreſſed weakneſs only preys,
And makes his force maintain his doubtful right:
His elder brother's claim vexing his days,
His actions and exactions ſtill incite;
And giving beaſts what did to men pertain,
(Took for a beaſt) himſelf in th' end was ſlain.

XI.

His brother (*d*) Henry next commands the ſtate;
Who, Robert's title better to reject,
Seeks to repacify the people's hate;
And with fair ſhews, rather than in effect,
Allays thoſe grievances that heavy ſat;
Reforms the laws, which ſoon he did neglect;
And 'reſt of ſons, for whom he did prepare,
Leaves crown and ſtriſe to Maud his daughter's care.

XII.

Whom (*e*) Stephen, his nephew, (falſifying his oath,)
Prevents; aſſails the realm, obtains the crown;
Such tumults raiſing as torment them both,
Whilſt both held nothing certainly their own.
Th' afflicted ſtate (divided in their troth,
And partial faith) moſt miſerable grown,
Endures the while; till peace, and Stephen's death,
Gave ſome calm leiſure to recover breath.

XIII.

When (*f*) Henry, ſon to Maud the empreſs, reigns,
And England into form and greatneſs brought;
Adds Ireland to this ſceptre, and obtains
Large provinces in France; much treaſure got,
And from exactions here at home abſtains:
And had not his rebellious children ſought
T' embroil his age with tumults, he had been
The happieſt monarch that this ſtate had ſeen.

XIV.

Him (*g*) Richard follows in the government:
Who much the glory of our arms increas'd,
And all his father's mighty treaſure ſpent,
In that devoutful action of the Eaſt:
Whereto whilſt he his forces wholly bent,
Deſpite and treaſon his deſign oppreſs'd;
A faithleſs brother, and a fatal king,
Cut off his growth of glory in the ſpring.

XV.

Which wicked brother, contrary to courſe,
Falſe (*h*) John uſurps his nephew Arthur's right;
Gets to the crown by craft, by wrong, by force;
Rules it with luſt, oppreſſion, rigour, might;
Murders the lawful heir without remorſe:
Wherefore procuring all the world's deſpite,
A tyrant loath'd, a homicide convented,
Poiſon'd he dies, diſgrac'd and unlamented.

XVI.

(*i*) Henry his ſon is choſen king, tho' young,
And Lewis of France (elected firſt) beguil'd;
After the mighty had debated long,
Doubtful to chooſe a ſtranger or a child;
With him the barons (in theſe times grown ſtrong)
War for their ancient laws ſo long exil'd.
He grants the charter, that pretended eaſe;
Yet kept his own, and did his ſtate appeaſe.

XVIII.

(*k*) Edward, his ſon, a martial king, ſucceeds;
Juſt, prudent, grave, religious, fortunate:
Whoſe happy-order'd reign moſt fertile breeds
Plenty of mighty ſpirits, to ſtrength his ſtate;
And worthy minds, to manage worthy deeds,
Th' experience of thoſe times ingenerate:

(*a*) Which was in the ſpace of 260 years.

(*b*) 1067. William I. ſirnamed the Conqueror, the baſe ſon to Robert the ſixth Duke of Normandy, reigned twenty years and eight months; and left the crown of England to William, his third ſon, contrary to the cuſtom of ſucceſſion.

(*c*) 1087. William II. had wars with his elder brother, Robert Duke of Normandy; with whom his uncle Otho, and many of the nobility of England took part. He was ſlain hunting in the New Foreſt, by Sir Walter Tyrrell, ſhooting at a deer, when he had reigned thirteen years.

(*d*) 1100. Henry I. the youngeſt ſon of William the Conqueror, reigned thirty-five years and four months; whoſe ſons, (William and Richard), being drowned in the ſeas, he leaves the crown to Maud, firſt married to the Emperor Henry the Fourth, and after to Geoffrey Plantagenet, Earl of Anjou.

(*e*) 1135. Stephen, ſon to the Earl of Blois, and Adela, daughter to William the Conquerer, invades the kingdom, contends with Maud the empreſs, for the ſucceſſion, and reigned tumultuarily eighteen years and ten months.

(*f*) 1154. Henry II. ſon of Geoffrey Plantagenet, Earl of Anjou, and Maud the empreſs, aſſociated his ſon Henry in the crown and government; which turned to his great diſturbance, and ſet all his ſons (Henry, Richard, Geoffrey and John,) againſt him. He reigned thirty-four years and ſeven months.

(*g*) 1189. Richard went to the Holy Wars, was king of Jeruſalem; whilſt his brother John, by the help of the king of France, uſurped the crown of England. He was detained priſoner in Auſtria, redeemed, and reigned nine years and nine months.

(*h*) 1199. King John uſurps the right of Arthur, ſon to Geoffrey, his elder brother; and reigns ſeventeen years. He had wars with his barons, who elected Lewis, ſon to the king of France.

(*i*) 1216. Henry III. at nine years of age was crowned king, and reigned fifty-ſix years.

(*k*) 1272. Edward I. had the dominion over this whole iſland of Britain; and reigned gloriouſly thirty-four years ſeven months.

For, ever great employment for the great,
Quickens the blood, and honour doth beget.

XVIII.

And had not his miſled laſcivious ſon,
(*l*) Edward the Second, intermitted ſo
The courſe of glory happily begun,
(Which brought him and his favourites to woe),
That happy current without ſtop had run
Unto the full of his ſon Edward's flow:
But who hath often ſeen, in ſuch a ſtate,
Father and ſon like good, like fortunate?

XIX.

But now this (*m*) great ſucceeder all repairs
And reindue'd that diſcontinu'd good;
He builds up ſtrength and greatneſs for his heirs,
Out of the virtues that adorn'd his blood.
He makes his ſubjects lords of more than their's,
And ſet their bounds far wider than they ſtood:
His pow'r and fortune had ſufficient wrought,
Could but the ſtate have kept what he had got,

XX.

And had his (*n*) heir ſurviv'd him in due courſe,
What limits, England, had'ſt thou found? What bar?
What world could have reſiſted ſo great force?
O more than men! (two thunderbolts of war)
Why did not time your joined worth divorce,
T' have made your ſeveral glories greater far?
Too prodigal was Nature thus to do,
To ſpend in one age what ſhould ſerve for two.

XXI.

But now the ſceptre, in this glorious ſtate,
Supported with ſtrong pow'r and victory,
Was left unto a (*o*) child; ordain'd by Fate
To ſtay the courſe of what might grow too high,
Here was a ſtop that greatneſs did abate,
When pow'r upon ſo weak a baſe did lie.
For, leſt great Fortune ſhould preſume too far,
Such oppoſitions interpoſed are.

XXII.

Never this iſland better peopl'd ſtood;
Never more men of might, and minds addreſs'd;
Never more princes of the royal blood,
(If not too many for the public reſt),
Nor ever was more treaſure, wealth, and good,
Than when this Richard firſt the crown poſſeſs'd,
The ſecond of that name; in two accurs'd;
And well we might have miſs'd all but the firſt.

XXIII.

In this man's reign began this fatal ſtrife,
(The bloody argument whereof we treat)
That dearly coſt ſo many a prince his life,
And ſpoil'd the weak, and ev'n conſum'd the great;
That, wherein all confuſion was ſo rife,
As Memory ev'n grieves her to repeat:
And would that time might now this knowledge
But that 'tis good to learn by other's woes. [loſe,

XXIV.

Edward the Third being dead, had left this (*p*)
(Son of his worthy ſon, deceas'd of late) [child
The crown and ſceptre of this realm to wield;
Appointing the protectors of his ſtate
Two of his ſons, to be his better ſhield;
Suppoſing uncles, free from guile or hate,
Would order all things for his better good,
In the reſpect and honour of their blood.

XXV.

Of theſe, (*q*) John Duke of Lancaſter was one;
(Too great a ſubject grown for ſuch a ſtate;
The title of a king, and glory won
In great exploits, his mind did elevate
Above proportion kingdoms ſtand upon;
Which made him puſh at what his iſſue gat;)
The other, (*r*) Langley; whoſe mild temperate
Did tend unto a calmer quietneſs. [neſs

XXVI.

With theſe did (*s*) Woodſtock interpoſe his part;
A man for action violently bent,
And of a ſpirit averſe and overthwart,
Which could not ſuit a peaceful government:
Whoſe ever-ſwelling and tumultuous heart
Wrought his own ill, and others diſcontent.
And theſe had all the manage of affairs,
During the time the king was under years.

XXVII.

And in the firſt years of his government,
Things paſs'd as firſt: The wars in France proceed,
Though not with that fame fortune and event,
Being now not follow'd with ſuch careful heed:
Our people here at home grown diſcontent,
Through great exaction inſurrections breed:
Private reſpects hinder'd the common-weal;
And idle eaſe doth on the mighty ſteal.

XXVIII.

Too many kings breed factions in the court;
The head too weak, the members grown too great:
Which evermore doth happen in this ſort
When children rule: the plague which God doth threat
Unto thoſe kingdoms, which he will tranſport
To other lines, or utterly defeat.
" For, the ambitious once inur'd to reign,
" Can never brook a private ſtate again.

XXIX.

" And kingdoms ever ſuffer this diſtreſs,
" Where one, or many guide the infant king;
" Which one, or many (taſting this exceſs
" Of greatneſs and command) can never bring
" Their thoughts again t' obey, or to be leſs:
" From hence theſe inſolencies ever ſpring,
" Contempt of others, whom they ſeek to foil;
" Then follow leagues, deſtruction, ruin, ſpoil."

(*l*) 1307. Edward II. abuſed by his minions, and debauched by his own weakneſs, was depoſed from his government, when he had reigned nineteen years and ſix months; and was murdered in priſon.

(*m*) 1326. Edward III.

(*n*) Edward the Black Prince, who died before his father.

(*o*) Richard II. being but eleven years of age, was crowned king of England, 1377.

(*p*) Richard II. ſon to the Black Prince.

(*q*) The Duke of Lancaſter, intituled King of Caſtile, in the right of his wife Conſtance, eldeſt daughter to King Peter.

(*r*) Edmund Langley, Earl of Cambridge, after created Duke of York.

(*s*) Thomas of Woodſtock, after made Duke of Glouceſter.

XXX.

And whether they which underwent this charge
Permit the king to take a youthful vein,
That they their private better might enlarge:
Or whether he himself would farther strain,
(Thinking his years sufficient to discharge
The government) and so assum'd the rein.
Or howsoever, now his ear he lends
To youthful counsel, and his lusts attends.

XXXI.

And courts were never barren yet of those
Which could with subtle train, and apt advice,
Work on the prince's weakness, and dispose
Of feeble frailty, easy to entice,
And such, no doubt, about this king arose,
Whose flattery (the dang'rous nurse of vice)
Got hand upon his youth, to pleasures bent,
Which, led by them, did others discontent.

XXXII.

For now his uncles grew much to mislike
These ill proceedings: Were it that they saw
That others favour'd, did aspiring seek
Their nephew from their counsels to withdraw,
(Seeing him of a nature flexible and weak)
Because they only would keep all in awe;
Or that indeed they found the king and state
Abus'd by such as now in office sat.

XXXIII.

Or rather else they all were in the fault;
Th' ambitious uncles, th' indiscreet young king,
The greedy council, and the minions naught,
And all altogether did this tempest bring.
Besides the times, with all injustice fraught,
Concurr'd with such confus'd misgoverning;
That we may truly say, this spoil'd the state,
"Youthful counsel, private gain, partial hate."

XXXIV.

And then the king, besides his jealousies
Which nourish'd were, had reason to be led
To doubt his uncles for their loyalties;
Since John of Gaunt (as was discovered)
Had practised his death in secret wise;
And Glo'ster openly becomes the head
Unto a league, who all in arms were bent
T' oppose against the present government;

XXXV.

Pretending to remove such men as were
Accounted to abuse the king and state.
Of whom the chief they did accuse was (*t*) Veere,
Made Duke of Ireland with great Grace of late;
And (*u*) divers else, who for the place they bear
Obnoxious are, and subject unto hate:
And these must be sequester'd with all speed,
Or else they vow'd their swords should do the deed.

(*t*) Robert Veere, Duke of Ireland.

(*u*) Ann. Reg. 11. the Duke of Gloucester, with the Earls of Darby, Arundel, Nottingham, Warwick, and other Lords, having forced the king to put from him all his offices of court at this parliament, caused most of them to be executed; as John Beauchamp, Lord Steward of his house, Sir Simon Burley, Lord Chamberlain, with many other. Also the Lord Chief Justice was here executed, and all the Judges condemned to death, for maintaining the king's prerogative against these Lords, and the constitutions of the last parliament, Ann. 10.

XXXVI.

The king was forc'd in that next parliament,
To grant them what he durst not well refuse.
For thither arm'd they came, and fully bent
To suffer no repulse, nor no excuse:
And here they did accomplish their intent;
Where justice did her sword, not balance, use:
For even that sacred place they violate,
Arresting all the judges as they sat.

XXXVII.

And here had many worthy men their end,
Without all form, or any course of right.
"For still these broils, that public good pretend,
"Work most injustice, being done through spite.
"For those aggrieved evermore do bend
"Against such as they see of greatest might;
"Who though they cannot help what will go ill,
"Yet since they may do wrong, are thought they will."

XXXVIII.

And yet herein I mean not to excuse
The justices and minions of the king,
(Who might their office and their grace abuse)
But blame the course held in the managing.
"For great men over-grac'd, much rigour use;
"Presuming favourites discontentment bring;
"And disproportions harmony do break;
"Minions too great, argue a king too weak."

XXXIX.

Now that so much was granted, as was sought;
A reconcilement made, although not meant,
Appeas'd them all in shew, but not in thought,
Whilst every one seem'd outwardly content:
Though hereby king, nor peers, nor people got
More love, more strength, or easier government;
But every day things still succeeded worse:
"For good from kings is seldom drawn by force."

XL.

And lo, it thus continued, till by chance
The queen (which was the emperor's daughter (*x*) dy'd;
When as the king, t' establish peace with France,
And better for home-quiet to provide,
Sought by contracting marriage to advance
His own affairs, against his uncle's pride;
Took the young daughter (*y*) of King Charles to wife,
Which after, in the end, rais'd greater strife.

XLI.

For now his uncle Gloc'ster much repin'd
Against this French alliance, and this peace;
As either out of a tumultuous mind,
(Which never was content the wars should cease:)
Or that he did dishonourable find
Those articles, which did our state decrease:
And therefore storm'd, because the crown had wrong;
Or that he fear'd the king would grow too strong.

XLII.

But whatsoever mov'd him, this is sure,
Hereby he wrought his ruin in the end;
And was a fatal cause, that did procure
The swift approaching mischiefs that attend:

(*x*) Ann. Reg. 13.

(*y*) Ann. 20. Isabel, daughter to Charles VI.

For lo, the king no longer could endure
Thus to be croſs'd in what he did intend;
And therefore watch'd but ſome occaſion fit
T' attach the Duke, when he thought leaſt of it.

XLIII.

And Fortune to ſet forward this intent,
The Count Saint Paule (z), from France, doth hither bring;
Whom Charles the Sixth employ'd in compliment,
To ſee the queen, and to ſalute the king:
To whom he ſhews his uncle's diſcontent,
And of his ſecret dangerous practiſing;
How he his ſubjects ſought to ſullevate,
And break the league with France concluded late.

XLIV.

To whom the Count moſt cunningly replies;
" Great prince, it is within your power, with eaſe,
" To remedy ſuch fears ſuch jealouſies,
" And rid you of ſuch mutineers as theſe,
" By cutting off that, which might greater riſe;
" And now at firſt preventing this diſeaſe,
" And that before he ſhall your wrath diſcloſe:
" For who threats firſt, means of revenge doth loſe.

XLV.

" Firſt take his head, then tell the reaſon why;
" Stand not to find him guilty by your laws:
" You eaſier ſhall with him your quarrel try
" Dead than alive, who hath the better cauſe.
" For in the murmuring vulgar uſually
" This public courſe of yours compaſſion draws;
" Eſpecially in caſes of the great,
" Which work much pity in the undiſcreet.

XLVI.

" And this is ſure, though his offence be ſuch,
" Yet doth calamity attract commorſe;
" And men repine at princes bloodſhed much,
" (How juſt ſoever) judging 'tis by force.
" I know not how, their death give ſuch a touch,
" In thoſe that reach not to a true diſcourſe;
" As ſo ſhall you, obſerving formal right,
" Be held ſtill as unjuſt, and win more ſpite.

XLVII.

" And oft the cauſe may come prevented ſo;
" And therefore when 'tis done, let it be heard:
" For thereby ſhall you 'ſcape your private woe,
" And ſatisfy the world too afterward.
" What need you weigh the rumours that ſhall go?
" What is that breath, being with your life compar'd?
" And therefore, if you will be rul'd by me,
" In ſecret ſort let him diſpatched be.

XLVIII.

" And then arraign the chief of thoſe you find
" Were of his faction ſecretly compact;
" Who may ſo well be handled in their kind,
" As their confeſſions, which you ſhall exact,
" May both appeaſe the aggrieved peoples mind,
" And make their death to aggravate their fact:
" So ſhall you rid yourſelf of dangers quite, [right."
" And ſhew the world, that you have done but

XLIX.

This counſel, uttered unto ſuch an ear
As willing liſtens to the ſafeſt ways,
Works on the yielding matter of his fear,
Which eaſily to any courſe obeys:
For every prince, ſeeing his danger near,
By any means his quiet peace aſſays;
" And ſtill the greateſt wrongs that ever were,
" Have then been wrought, when kings were put [in fear."

L.

Call'd in with public pardon and releaſe (a),
The Duke of Gloc'ſter, with his 'complices;
All tumults, all contentions ſeem to ceaſe,
The land rich, people pleas'd, all in happineſs;
When ſuddenly Gloc'ſter came caught with peace,
Warwick with proffer'd love and promiſes,
And Arundel was in with cunning brought,
Who elſe abroad his ſafety might have wrought.

LI.

Long was it not e'er Gloc'ſter was convey'd
To Calais (b), and there ſtrangled ſecretly:
Warwick and Arundel cloſe priſoners laid,
Th' eſpecial men of his confederacy;
Yet Warwick's tears and baſe confeſſions ſtaid
The doom of death, and came confin'd thereby,
And ſo prolongs this not long baſe-begg'd breath;
But Arundel was put to public death.

LII.

Which public death (receiv'd with ſuch a cheer,
As not a ſigh, a look, a ſhrink bewrays
The leaſt felt touch of a degenerous fear)
Gave life to envy, to his courage praiſe;
And made his ſtout defended cauſe appear
With ſuch a face of right, as that it lays
The ſide of wrong t'wards him, who had long ſince
By parliament (c) forgiven this offence.

LIII.

And in the unconceiving vulgar ſort,
Such an impreſſion of his goodneſs gave,
As ſainted him, and rais'd a ſtrange report
Of miracles effected on his grave:
Although the wife (whom zeal did not tranſport)
" Knew how each great example ſtill muſt have
" Something of wrong, a taſte of violence,
" Wherewith the public quiet doth diſpenſe."

LIV.

The king forthwith provides him of a guard,
A thouſand archers daily to attend;
Which now upon the act he had prepar'd,
As th' argument his actions to defend:
But yet the world hereof conceiv'd ſo hard,
That all this nought avail'd him in the end.
" In vain with terror is he fortified,
" That is not guarded with firm love beſide."

LV.

Now ſtorm his grieved uncles, though in vain,
Not able better courſes to adviſe:
They might their grievance inwardly complain,
But outwardly they needs muſt temporiſe.
The king was great: and they ſhould nothing gain
T' attempt revenge, or offer once to riſe:

(z) Valerian, E. of S. Paule, who had married the king's half-ſiſter.

(a) At the parliament, in anno 11. LL. of the league with Glocester, being pardoned for their oppoſing againſt the king's proceedings, were quiet till anno 21. when upon report of a new conſpiracy, they were ſurpriſed.

(b) Mowbray, Earl Marſhal, after made Duke of Norfolk, had the charge of diſpatching the Duke of Glouceſter at Calais.

(c) The king had by parliament before pardoned the duke, and thoſe two earls; yet was the pardon revoked.

This league with France had made him now ſo
ſtrong,
That they muſt needs as yet endure this wrong.

LVI.

For like a lion that eſcapes his bounds,
Having been long reſtrain'd his uſe to ſtray,
Ranges the reſtleſs woods, ſtays on no ground,
Riots with bloodſhed, wantons on his prey;
Seeks not for need, but in his pride to wound,
Glorying to ſee his ſtrength, and what he may:
So this unbridl'd king, (freed of his fears)
In liberty, himſelf thus wildly bears.

LVII.

For ſtanding now alone, he ſees his might
Out of the compaſs of reſpective awe;
And now begins to violate all right,
While no reſtraining fear at hand he ſaw.
Now he exacts of all, waſtes in delight,
Riots in pleaſure, and neglects the law:
He thinks his crown is licens'd to do ill:
" That leſs ſhould liſt, that may do what it will."

LVIII.

Thus b'ing tranſported in this ſenſual courſe;
No friend to warn, no counſel to withſtand,
He ſtill proceedeth on from bad to worſe,
Sooth'd in all (*c*) actions that he took in hand,
By ſuch as all impiety did nurſe,
Commending ever what he did command.
" Unhappy kings! that never may be taught
" To know themſelves, or to diſcern their fault."

LIX.

And whilſt this courſe did much the kingdom
daunt,
The (*d*) Duke of Her'ford being of courage bold,
As ſon and heir to mighty John of Gaunt,
Utters the paſſion which he could not hold,
Concerning thoſe oppreſſions, and the want
Of government; which he to (*e*) Norfolk told,
To the end he (being great about the king)
Might do ſome good, by better counſelling.

LX.

Hereof doth Norfolk preſently take hold,
And to the king the whole diſcourſe relate:
Who not conceiting it as it was told,
But judging it proceeded out of hate,
Diſdaining deeply to be ſo controul'd;
That others ſhould his rule prejudicate,
Charg'd Her'ford therewithal: who re-accus'd
Norfolk, for words of treaſon he had us'd.

LXI.

Norfolk denies them peremptorily;
Her'ford re-charg'd, and ſupplicates the king
To have the combat of his enemy,
That by his ſword he might approve the thing.
Norfolk deſires the ſame as earneſtly:
And both with equal courage menacing [free:
Revenge of wrong, that none knew which was
For times of faction times of ſlander be.

LXII.

The combat granted, and the day aſſign'd,
They both in order of the field appear,
Moſt richly furniſh'd in all martial kind,
And at the point of intercombat were;
When lo! the king chang'd ſuddenly his mind,
Caſts down his warder, to arreſt them there;
As b'ing adviſ'd a better way to take,
Which might for his more certain ſafety make.

LXIII.

For now conſidering (as it likely might)
The victory might hap on Her'ford's ſide,
(A man moſt valiant, and of noble Sp'rit,
Belov'd of all, and ever worthy try'd;)
How much he might be grac'd in public fight,
By ſuch an act, as might advance his pride,
And ſo become more popular by this;
Which he fears too much he already is.

LXIV.

And therefore he reſolves to (*f*) baniſh both,
Though th' one in chiefeſt favour with him ſtood,
A man he dearly lov'd; and might be loth
To leave him, that had done him ſo much good:
Yet having cauſe to do as now he doth,
To mitigate the envy of his blood,
Thought beſt to loſe a friend to rid a foe,
And ſuch a one as now he doubted ſo.

LXV.

And therefore to perpetual exile he
Mowbray condemns; Her'ford for but ten years:
Thinking (for that the wrong of this decree,
Compar'd with greater rigour, leſs appears)
It might of all the better liked be.
But yet ſuch murm'ring of the fact he hears,
That he is fain four of the ten forgive,
And judg'd him ſix years in exile to live.

LXVI.

At whoſe departure hence out of the land,
How did the open multitude reveal
The wond'rous love they bare him underhand!
Which now in this hot paſſion of their zeal
They plainly ſhew'd, that all might underſtand
How dear he was unto the commonweal.
They fear'd not to exclaim againſt the king,
As one that fought all good men's ruining.

LXVII. [moan,

Unto the ſhore, with tears, with ſighs, with
They him conduct; curſing the bounds that ſtay
Their willing feet, that would have further gone,
Had not the fearful ocean ſtopt their way:
" Why, Neptune, haſt thou made us ſtand alone,
" Divided from the world, for this, ſay they,
" Henm'd in to be a ſpoil to tyranny,
" Leaving affliction hence no way to fly?

LXVIII.

" Are we lock'd up, poor ſouls, here to abide
" Within the wat'ry priſon of thy waves,
" As in a fold, where ſubject to the pride
" And luſt of rulers, we remain as ſlaves;
" Here in the reach of might, where non can hide
" From th' eye of wrath, but only in their graves?
" Happy confiners you of other lands,
" That ſift your ſoil, and oft 'ſcape tyrants hands.

LXIX. [were fit

" And muſt we leave him here, whom here
" We ſhould retain, the pillar of our ſtate?

(*c*) ------Nihil eſt quod credere de ſe non poſſit, cum laudatur, Dis aequa poteſtas.
(*d*) Henry Bolingbroke of Hereford.
(*e*) Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.
(*f*) Mowbray was baniſhed the very day (by the courſe of the year) whereon he murdered the Duke of Glocester.

" Whose virtues well deserve to govern it,
" And not this wanton young effeminate.
" Why should not he in regal honour sit,
" That best knows how a realm to ordinate?
" But one day yet we hope thou shalt bring back
" (Dear Bolingbroke) the justice that we lack.

LXX.

" Thus mutter'd (lo!) the malecontented sort,
" That love kings best before they have them still,
" And never can the present state comport,
" But would as often change as they change will."
For this good Duke had won them in this sort,
By succ'ring them, and pitying of their ill;
That they supposed strait it was one thing,
To be both a good man, and a good king.

LXXI.

When as the graver sort that saw the course,
And knew that princes may not be controul'd,
Lik'd well to suffer this, for fear of worse;
" Since many great one kingdom cannot hold."
For now they saw inteſtine strife of force
The apt-divided state entangle would,
If he should stay whom they would make their head,
By whom the vulgar body might be led.

LXXII.

" They saw likewise, that princes oft are fain
" To buy their quiet with the price of wrong:
And better 'twere that now a few complain,
Than all should mourn, as well the weak as strong;
Seeing still how little realms by change do gain:
And therefore learned by observing long,
" T' admire times past, follow the present will;
" Wish for good princes, but t' endure the ill."

LXXIII.

For when it nought avails, what folly then
To strive against the current of the time?
Who will throw down himself, for other men,
That make a ladder by his fall to climb?
Or who would seek t' embroil his country, when
He might have rest; suff'ring but others crime?
" Since wise men ever have preferred far
" Th' unjustest peace before the justest war."

LXXIV.

Thus they consider'd, that in quiet sat,
Rich, or content, or else unfit to strive;
Peace-lover wealth, hating a troublous state,
Doth willing reasons for their rest contrive:
But if that all were thus considerate,
How should in court the great, the favour'd thrive?
Factions must be, and these varieties;
And some must fall, that other some may rise.

LXXV.

But long the Duke remain'd not in exile,
Before that John of Gaunt, his father, dies:
Upon whose 'state the King seiz'd now, this while
Disposing of it as his enemy's.
This open wrong no longer could beguile
The world, that saw these great indignities:
Which so exasperates the minds of all,
That they resolv'd him home again to call.

LXXVI.

For now they saw 'twas malice in the King,
(Transported in his ill-conceited thought)
That made him so to prosecute the thing
Against all law, and in a course so naught.
And this advantage to the Duke did bring
More fit occasions, whereupon he wrought.
" For to a man so strong, and of such might,
" He gives him more, that takes away his right."

LXXVII.

The (*b*) King, in this mean time, (I know not how)
Was drawn into some actions forth the land,
T' appease the Irish, that revolted now:
And there attending what he had in hand, [grow,
Neglects those parts from whence worse dangers
As ignorant how his affairs did stand;
Whether the plot was wrought it should be so,
Or that his fate did draw him on to go.

LXXVIII.

Most sure it is that he committed here
An ignorant and idle oversight;
Not looking to the Duke's proceedings there,
Being in the court of France, where best he might;
Where both the King and all assured were
T' have stopt his course, being within their right:
But now he was exil'd, he thought him sure;
And, free from farther doubting, liv'd secure.

LXXIX.

So blinds the sharpest counsels of the wise
This overshadowing Providence on high,
And dazzleth all their clearest-sighted eyes,
That they see not how nakedly they lie.
There where they little think, the storm doth rise,
And overcasts their clear security;
When man hath stopt all ways, save only that
Which (as least doubted) ruin enters at.

LXXX.

And now was all disorder in th' excess,
And whatsoever doth a change portend;
As idle luxury, and wantonness,
Proteus-like varying pride, vain without end;
Wrong worker riot (motive to oppress)
Endless exactions which the idle spend,
Consuming usury, and credits crack'd,
Call'd on this purging war that many lack'd.

LXXXI.

Then ill-persuading want, in martial minds,
And wronged patience, (long oppress'd with might)
Looseness in all, (which no religion binds)
Commanding force, (the measure made of right)
Gave fuel to this fire; that easy finds
The way t' enflame, the whole endanger'd quite.
These were the public breeders of this war,
By which still greatest states confounded are.

LXXXII.

For now this peace with France had shut in here
The overgrowing humours wars do spend:
For where t' evacuate no employments were,
Wider th' unwieldy burden doth distend.
Men wholly us'd to war, peace could not bear,
As knowing no other course whereto to bend;
For brought up in the broils of these two realms,
They thought best fishing still in troubled streams.

LXXXIII.

Like to a river that is stopt his course,
Doth violate his banks, breaks his own bed,
Destroys his bounds, and over-runs by force
The neighbour fields, irregularly spread;

(*b*) Anno Regni 22.

Ev'n ſo this ſudden ſtop of war doth nurſe
Home-broils within itſelf, from others led:
So dangerous the change hereof is try'd,
Ere minds 'come ſoft, or otherwiſe employ'd.

LXXXIV.

But all this makes for thee, O Bolingbroke!
To work a way unto thy ſovereignty:
This care the heavens, Fate and Fortune took,
To bring thee to thy ſceptre eaſily.
Upon thee falls that hap which him forſook;
Who, crown'd a king, a king, yet muſt not die.
Thou wert ordain'd by Providence to raiſe
A quarrel, laſting longer than thy days.

LXXXV.

For now this abſent lord out of his land, [then,
(Where though he ſhew'd great ſprite and valour
Being attended with a worthy band
Of valiant peers, and moſt courageous men)
Gave time to them at home, that had in hand
Th' ungodly work, and knew the ſeaſon when;
Who fail not to adviſe the Duke with ſpeed,
Soliciting to what he ſoon agreed.

LXXXVI.

Who preſently, upon ſo good report,
Relying on his friends fidelity,
Conveys himſelf out of the French King's court,
Under pretence to go to Brittany;
And with his followers that to him reſort,
Landed in (*i*) England; welcom'd joyfully
Of th' alt'ring vulgar, apt for changes ſtill,
As headlong carry'd with a preſent will.

LXXXVII.

And com'ng to quiet ſhore, but not to reſt,
The firſt night of his joyful landing here,
A fearful (*k*) viſion doth his ſoul moleſt;
Seeming to ſee in rev'rent form appear
A fair and goodly woman all diſtreſt;
Which, with full-weeping eyes and rented hair,
Wringing her hands, as one that griev'd and pray'd,
With ſighs commixt with words unto him ſaid:

LXXXVIII.

"O! whither doſt thou tend, my unkind ſon?
"What miſchief doſt thou go about to bring
"To her, whoſe genius thou here look'ſt upon,
"Thy mother-country, whence thyſelf didſt ſpring?
"Whither thus doſt thou in ambition run,
"To change due courſe by foul diſordering?
"What bloodſhed, what turmoils doſt thou commence,
"To laſt for many woful ages hence?

LXXXIX.

"Stay here thy foot, thy yet unguilty foot,
"That canſt not ſtay when thou art further in:
"Retire thee yet unſtain'd, whilſt it doth boot;
"The end is ſpoil of what thou doſt begin.
"Injuſtice never yet took laſting root,
"Nor held that long, impiety did win:
"The babes unborn ſhall (O!) be born to bleed
"In this thy quarrel, if thou do proceed."

(*i*) The Duke being baniſhed in September, landed in the beginning of July after, at Ravenſpurre in Yorkſhire; found fay but with 60 men, others with 3000, and eight ſhips, ler forth and furniſhed by the Duke of Bretagne, Ann. Reg. 22.

(*k*) The genius of England appears to Bolingbroke.

XC.

This ſaid, ſhe ceas'd——when he, in troubled thought,
Griev'd at this tale, and ſigh'd, and thus replies:
"Dear country, O! I have not hither brought
"Theſe arms to ſpoil, but for thy liberties:
"The ſin be on their head that this have wrought,
"Who wrong'd me firſt, and thee do tyrannize.
"I am thy champion; and I ſeek my right:
"Provok'd I am to this, by others ſpite.

XCI.

"This, this pretence (ſaith ſhe), th' ambitious find,
"To ſmooth injuſtice, and to flatter wrong:
"Thou doſt not know what then will be thy mind,
"When thou ſhalt ſee thyſelf advanc'd and ſtrong.
"When thou haſt ſhak'd off that which others bind,
"Thou ſoon forgetteſt what thou learneſt long:
"Men do not know what then themſelves will be,
"When as more than themſelves, themſelves they ſee."

XCII.

And herewithal turning about, he wakes,
Lab'ring in ſpirit troubl'd with this ſtrange ſight;
And mus'd a while, waking adviſement takes
Of what had paſs'd in ſleep, and ſilent night;
Yet hereof no important reck'ning makes,
But as a dream that vaniſh'd with the light:
The day deſigns, and what he had in hand
Left it to his diverted thoughts unſcann'd.

XCIII.

Doubtful at firſt, he wary doth proceed;
Seems not t' affect that which he did effect;
Or elſe perhaps ſeems as he meant indeed,
Sought but his own, and did no more expect.
Then, Fortune, thou art guilty of his deed,
That didſt his ſtate above his hopes erect;
And thou muſt bear ſome blame of his great ſin,
That left'ſt him worſe than when he did begin.

XCIV.

Thou didſt conſpire with pride, and with the time,
To make ſo eaſy an aſcent to wrong,
That he who had no thought ſo high to climb,
(With fav'ring comfort ſtill allur'd along)
Was with occaſion thruſt into the crime;
Seeing others weakneſs, and his part ſo ſtrong.
"And who is there in ſuch a caſe that will
"Do good, and fear, that may live free with ill?

XCV.

We will not ſay nor think, O Lancaſter!
But that thou then didſt mean as thou didſt ſwear
Upon th' evangeliſts at Doncaſter,
In th' eye of heaven, and that aſſembly there
That thou but as an upright orderer,
Sought'ſt to reform th' abuſed kingdom here,
And get thy right, and what was thine before:
And this was all; thou would'ſt attempt no more.

XCVI.

Though we might ſay and think that this pretence
Was but a ſhadow to th' intended act;
Becauſe th' event doth argue the offence,
And plainly ſeems to manifeſt the fact

For that hereby thou might'ſt win confidence
With thoſe, whom elſe thy courſe might hap diſtract
And all ſuſpicion of thy drift remove;
" Since eaſily men credit whom they love."

XCVII.

But God forbid we ſhould ſo nearly pry
Into the low deep bury'd ſins long paſt,
T' examine and confer iniquity,
Whereof faith would no memory ſhould laſt;
That our times might not have t' exemplify
With aged ſtains; but with our own ſhame caſt,
Might think our blot the firſt, not done before,
That new-made ſins might make us bluſh the more.

XCVIII.

And let unwreſting charity believe,
That then thy oath with thy intent agreed,
And others faith thy faith did firſt deceive,
Thy after-fortune forc'd thee to this deed:
And let no man this idle cenſure give,
Becauſe th' event proves ſo, 'twas ſo decreed:
" For oft our counſels fort to other end,
" Than that which frailty did at firſt intend."

XCIX.

Whilſt thoſe that are but outward lookers on,
(Who ſeldom found theſe myſteries of ſtate)
Deem things were ſo contriv'd as they are done,
And hold that policy, which was but fate;
Imagining all former acts did run
Unto that courſe they ſee th' effects relate;
Whilſt ſtill too ſhort they come, or caſt too far,
" And make theſe great men wiſer than they are."

C.

But by degrees he ventures now on blood,
And ſacrific'd unto the people's love
The death of thoſe that chief in envy ſtood;
As th' officers, (who firſt theſe dangers prove)
The treaſurer, and thoſe whom they thought good,
(*l*) Buſby and Green by death he muſt remove:
Theſe were the men the people thought did cauſe
Thoſe great exactions, and abus'd the laws.

CI.

This done, his cauſe was preach'd with learned ſkill,
By (*m*) Arundel th' Archbiſhop; who there ſhow'd
A pardon ſent from Rome, to all that will
Take part with him, and quit the faith they ow'd
To Richard, as a prince unfit and ill,
On whom the crown was fatally beſtow'd:
And eaſy-yielding zeal was quickly caught,
With what the mouth of gravity had taught.

CII.

O that this pow'r from everlaſting giv'n,
(The great alliance made 'twixt God and us,
Th' intelligence that earth ſhould hold with heav'n)
Sacred (*n*) religion! O that thou muſt thus
Be made to ſmooth our ways unjuſt, uneven;
Brought from above, earth quarrels to diſcuſs.
Muſt men beguile our ſouls to win our wills;
And make our zeal the furtherer of ills?

CIII.

But th' ambitious, to advance their might,
Diſpenſe with heaven, and what religion would:
" The armed will find right, or elſe make right;"
If this means wrought not, yet another ſhould.
And this and other now do all incite
To ſtrength the faction that the Duke doth hold;
Who eaſily obtained what he fought;
His virtues and his love ſo greatly wrought.

CIV.

The King ſtill buſied in this Iriſh war,
(Which by his valour there did well ſucceed)
Had news how here his lords revolted are,
And how the Duke of Her'ford doth proceed;
In theſe affairs he fears are grown too far;
Haſtes his return from thence with greateſt ſpeed;
But was by tempeſts, winds, and ſeas, debarr'd,
As if they likewiſe had againſt him warr'd.

CV.

But at the length (though late) in Wales he lands;
Where thoroughly inform'd of Henry's force,
And well advertis'd how his own caſe ſtands,
(Which to his grief he ſees tends to the worſe)
He leaves t' (*o*) Aumarle, at Milford, all thoſe bands
He brought from Ireland; taking thence his courſe
To (*p*) Conway (all diſguis'd) with fourteen more,
To th' Earl of Saliſbury, thither ſent before.

CVI.

Thinking the (*q*) Earl had rais'd ſome army there;
Whom there he finds forſaken, all alone:
The forces in thoſe parts which levied were,
Were cloſely ſhrunk away, diſpers'd and gone.
The king had ſtay'd too long; and they, in fear,
Reſolv'd every man to ſhift for one.
At this amaz'd, ſuch fortune he laments;
Foreſees his fall, whereto each thing conſents.

CVII.

In this diſturb'd, tumultuous, broken ſtate,
Whilſt yet th' event ſtood doubtful what ſhould be;
Whilſt nought but headlong running to debate,
And glitt'ring troops and armour men might ſee;
Fury and fear, compaſſion, wrath, and hate,
Confus'd through all the land, no corner free:
The ſtrong, all mad, to ſtrife, to ruin bent;
The weaker wail'd; the aged they lament,

CVIII.

And blame their many years that live ſo long,
To ſee the horror of theſe miſeries.
Why had not we (ſay they) dy'd with the ſtrong
In foreign fields, in honourable wiſe,
In juſt exploits, and noble without wrong;
And by the valiant hand of enemies?
And not thus now reſerved in our age,
To home confuſion, and diſordered rage.

CIX.

Unto the temples flock the weak, devout,
Sad wailing women; there to vow, and pray
For huſbands, brothers, or their ſons gone out
To bloodſhed; whom nor tears nor love could ſtay.

(*l*) The Duke put to death William Scroope, Earl of Wiltſhire, Treaſurer of England, with Sir Henry Green, and Sir John Buſby, for miſgoverning the King and the realm.
(*m*) Thomas Arundel, Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
(*n*) Bis peccat, qui pretextu religionis peccat.
(*o*) Edward Duke of Aumarle, ſon to the Duke of York.
(*p*) Conway-caſtle in Wales.
(*q*) Montague Earl of Saliſbury.

Here grave religious fathers (which much doubt)
The ſad events theſe broils procure them may)
As prophets warn, exclaim, diſſuade theſe crimes,
By the examples freſh of other times.

CX.

And O! what do you now prepare, ſaid they;
Another conqueſt, by theſe fatal ways?
What, muſt your own hands make yourſelves a prey
To deſolation, which theſe tumults raiſe?
What Dane, what Norman ſhall prepare his way,
To triumph on the ſpoil of your decays?
That which nor France, nor all the world could do.
In union, ſhall your diſcord bring you to?

CXI.

Conſpire againſt us, neighbour nations all,
That envy at the height whereto w' are grown:
Conjure the barb'rous North, and let them call
Strange fury from far diſtant ſhores unknown;
And let them all together on us fall,
So to divert the ruin of our own;
That we, forgetting what doth ſo incenſe,
May turn the hand of malice to defence.

CXII.

Calm theſe tempeſtuous ſpirits, O mighty Lord;
This threatning ſtorm, that over-hangs the land:
Make them conſider e're they unſheath the ſword,
How vain is th' earth, this point whereon they ſtand;
And with what ſad calamities is ſtor'd
The beſt of that, for which th' ambitious band;
"Labour the end of labour, ſtrife of ſtrife,
"Terror in death, and horror after life."

CXIII.

Thus they in zeal, whoſe humbl'd thoughts were good,
Whilſt in this wide-ſpread volume of the ſkies,
The book of Providence diſcloſed ſtood,
Warnings of wrath, foregoing miſeries,
In lines of fire, and characters of blood;
There fearful forms in dreadful flames ariſe,
Amazing comets, threatning monarchs might,
And new-ſeen ſtars, unknown unto the night:

CXIV.

Red fiery dragons in the air do fly,
And burning meteors, pointed ſtreaming lights;
Bright ſtars in midſt of day appear in ſky,
Prodigious monſters, ghaſtly fearful ſights;
Strange ghoſts and apparitions terrify:
The woeful mother her own birth affrights;
Seeing a wrong deformed infant born,
Grieves in her pains, deceiv'd, in ſhame doth mourn.

CXV.

The earth, as if afraid of blood and wounds,
Trembles in terror of theſe falling blows:
The hollow concaves give out groaning ſounds,
And ſighing murmurs, to lament our woes;
The ocean all at diſcord with his bounds,
Reiterates his ſtrange untimely flows.
Nature all out of courſe, to check our courſe,
Neglects her work, to work in us remorſe.

CXVI.

So great a wreck unto itſelf doth (lo!)
Diſorder'd, proud mortality prepare,
That this whole frame doth even labour ſo
Her ruin unto frailty to declare;
And travels to fore-ſignify the woe,
That weak improvidence could not beware.
"For heav'n and earth, and air and ſeas, and all,
"Taught men to ſee, but not to ſhun their fall."

CXVII.

Is man ſo dear unto the heavens, that they
Reſpect the ways of earth, the works of ſin;
Doth this Great All, this Univerſal, weigh
The vain deſigns that weakneſs doth begin?
Or doth our fear, father of zeal, give way
Unto this error ignorance lives in; [pow'rs,
And deem our faults the cauſe that move theſe
That have their cauſe from other cauſe than ours?

CXVIII.

But theſe beginnings had this impious war,
Th' ungodly bloodſhed that did ſo defile
The beauty of thy fields, and ev'n did mar
The flow'r of thy chief pride, thou faireſt iſle:
Theſe were the cauſes that incens'd ſo far
The civil-wounding hand, enrag'd with ſpoil,
That now the living, with afflicted eye,
Look back with grief on ſuch calamity.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

King Richard moans his wrong, and wails his reign;
And here betray'd, to London he is led,
Basely attir'd, attending Her'ford's train;
Where th' one is scorn'd, the other welcomed.
His wife, mistaking him, doth much complain;
And both together greatly sorrowed:
In hope to save his life, and ease his thrall,
He yields up state, and rule, and crown and all.

I.

In dearth of faith, and scarcity of friends,
The late great mighty monarch, on the shore,
In th' utmost corner of his land attends,
To call back false obedience, fled before;
Toils, and in vain his toil and labour spends;
More hearts he sought to gain, he lost the more:
All turn'd their faces to the rising sun,
And leave his setting fortune, night begun.

II.

(*a*) Piercy, how soon, by thy example led,
The household train forsook their wretched Lord!
When with thy staff of charge dishonoured,
Thou brak'st thy faith, not steward of thy word,
And took'st his part, that after took thy head;
When thine own hand had strengthened first his sword.
" For such great merit do upbraid, and call
" For great reward, or think the great too small."

III.

And kings love not to be beholden ought;
Which makes their chiefest friends oft speed the worst: [wrought,
For those, by whom their fortunes have been
Put them in mind of what they were at first;
Whose doubtful faith if once in question brought,
'Tis thought they will offend, because they durst;
And taken in a fault, are never spar'd;
" Being easier to revenge, than to reward."

IV.

And thus these mighty actors, sons of change,
These partizans of factions often try'd,
That in the smoke of innovations strange
Build huge uncertain plots of unsure pride;
And on the hazard of a bad exchange,
Have ventur'd all the stock of life beside;
" Whilst princes rais'd, disdain to have been
" rais'd
" By those whose helps deserve not to be prais'd.

V.

But thus is Richard left, and all alone,
Save with th' unarmed title of his right;
And those brave troops, his fortune-followers, gone,
And all that pomp, (the complements of might)
Th' amusing shadows that are cast upon
The state of princes, to beguile the sight;
All vanish'd clean, and only frailty left,
Himself of all besides himself bereft.

VI.

Like when some great Colossus, whose strong base
Or mighty props are shrunk, or sunk away,
Foreshewing ruin, threatning all the place

(*a*) Thomas Piercy was Earl of Worcester, brother to the Earl of Northumberland, and Steward of the King's house.

That in the danger of his fall doth ſtay;
All ſtrait to better ſafety flock apace,
None reſt to help the ruin while they may:
" The peril great, and doubtful the redreſs,
" Men are content to leave right in diſtreſs."

VII.

And look how Thames, enrich'd with many a flood,
And goodly rivers, (that have made their graves,
And bury'd both their names, and all their good,
Within his greatneſs, to augment his waves)
Glides on with pomp of waters, unwithſtood,
Unto the ocean, (which his tribute craves)
And lays up all his wealth within that pow'r,
Which in itſelf all greatneſs doth devour.

VIII.

So flock the (*b*) mighty, with their following train,
Unto the all-receiving Bolingbroke;
Who wonders at himſelf, how he ſhould gain
So many hearts as now his party took;
And with what eaſe, and with how ſlender pain,
His fortune gives him more than he could look:
What he imagin'd never could be wrought,
Is pour'd upon him far beyond his thought.

IX.

So, often, things which ſeem at firſt in ſhew,
Without the compaſs of accompliſhment,
Once ventur'd on, to that ſucceſs do grow,
That ev'n the authors do admire th' event:
So many means which they did never know,
Do ſecond their deſigns, and do preſent
Strange unexpected helps; and chiefly then,
When th' actors are reputed worthy men.

X.

And Richard, who look'd fortune in the back,
Sees headlong lightneſs running from the right,
Amazed ſtands, to note how great a wreck
Of faith his riots caus'd; what mortal ſpite
They bear him, who did law and juſtice lack:
Sees how concealed hate breaks our in ſight,
And fear depreſſed envy, (pent before)
When fit occaſion, thus unlock'd the door.

XI.

Like when ſome maſtiff-whelp, diſpos'd to play,
A whole confuſed herd of beaſts doth chaſe,
Which with one vile conſent run all away;
If any hardier than the reſt, in place
But offer head that idle fear to ſtay,
Back ſtrait the daunted chaſer turns his face;
And all the reſt (with bold example led)
As faſt run on him, as before they fled:

XII.

So, with this bold oppoſer ruſhes on
This many-headed monſter, multitude:
And he, who late was fear'd, is ſet upon,
And by his own (Actæon-like) purſu'd;
His own, that had all love and awe forgone,
Whom breath and ſhadows only did delude,
And newer hopes, which promiſes perſuade,
Though rarely men keep promiſes ſo made.

XIII.

Which when he ſaw, thus to himſelf complains:
" O! why do you, fond, falſe-deceived, ſo
" Run headlong to that change that nothing gains,
" But gain of ſorrow, only change of woe?
" Which is all one; if he be like who reigns:
" Why will you buy with blood what you forego?
" 'Tis nought but ſhews that ignorance eſteems:
" The thing poſſeſs'd is not the thing it ſeems.

XIV.

" And when the ſins of Bolingbroke ſhall be
" As great as mine, and you unanſwered
" In theſe your hopes; then may you wiſh for me,
" Your lawful ſov'reign, from whoſe faith you fled;
" And, grieved in your ſouls, the error ſee
" That ſhining promiſes had ſhadowed:
" As th' hum'rous ſick removing, find no eaſe,
" When changed chambers change not the diſeaſe.

XV.

" Then ſhall you find this name of liberty,
" (The watch-word of rebellion ever us'd;
" The idle echo of uncertainty,
" That evermore the ſimple hath abus'd)
" But new-turn'd ſervitude, and miſery;
" And ev'n the ſame, and worſe, before refus'd.
" Th' aſpirer once attain'd unto the top,
" Cuts off thoſe means by which himſelf got up.

XVI.

" And with a harder hand, and ſtraiter rein,
" Doth curb that looſeneſs he did find before;
" Doubting th' occaſion like might ſerve again:
" His own example makes him fear the more.
" Then, O injurious land! what doſt thou gain,
" To aggravate thine own afflictions ſtore?
" Since thou muſt needs obey kings government;
" And no rule ever yet could all content.

XVII.

" What if my youth hath offer'd up to luſt
" Licentious fruits of indiſcreet deſires,
" When idle heat of vainer years did thruſt
" That fury on? Yet now when it retires
" To calmer ſtate, why ſhould you ſo diſtruſt
" To reap that good whereto mine age aſpires?
" The youth of princes have no bounds for ſin,
" Unleſs themſelves do make them bounds within.

XVIII.

" Who ſees not, that ſees ought, (woe worth
" the while)
" The eaſy way, that greatneſs hath to fall?
" Environ'd with deceit, hemm'd in with guile;
" Sooth'd up in flatt'ry, fawned on of all;
" Within his own living as in exile;
" Hears but with others ears, or not at all;
" And ev'n is made a prey unto a few,
" Who lock up grace, that would to other ſhew.

XIX.

" And who (as let in leaſe) do farm the crown,
" And joy the uſe of majeſty and might;
" Whilſt we hold but the ſhadow of our own,
" Pleas'd with vain ſhews, and dallied with de-
" light.

(*b*) The Duke of York, left governor of the realm in the abſence of the king, having levied a great army, as if to have oppoſed againſt Bolingbroke, brought moſt of the nobility of the kingdom to take his part.

" They, as huge unproportion'd mountains grown,
" Between our land and us, ſhadowing our light,
" Bereave the reſt of joy, and us of love,
" And keep down all, to keep themſelves above.

XX.

" Which wounds, with grief, poor unreſpect-
" ed zeal,
" When grace holds no proportion in the parts;
" When diſtribution in the common-weal
" Of charge and honour, due to good deſerts,
" Is ſtopt; when others greedy hands muſt deal
" The benefit that Majeſty imparts;
" What good we meant, comes gleaned home but
" light; [right."
" Whilſt we are robb'd of praiſe, they of their

XXI.

Thus he complain'd—When lo, from Lancaſter,
(The new entitl'd Duke) with order ſent
Arriv'd (*c*) Northumberland, as to confer,
And make relation of the Duke's intent:
And offer'd there, if that he would refer
The controverſy unto Parliament,
And puniſh thoſe that had abus'd the ſtate,
As cauſers of this univerſal hate;

XXII.

And alſo ſee that juſtice might be had
On thoſe the Duke of Glo'ſter's death procur'd,
And ſuch remov'd from council as were bad;
His couſin Henry would, he there aſſur'd,
On humble knees before his grace be glad
To aſk him pardon, to be well ſecur'd,
And have his right and grace reſtor'd again:
The which was all he labour'd to obtain.

XXIII.

And therefore doth an enterparle exhort;
Perſuades him leave that unbeſeeming place,
And with a princely hardineſs reſort
Unto his people, that attend his grace.
They meant his public good, and not his hurt;
And would moſt joyful be to ſee his face.
He lays his ſoul to pledge, and takes his oath,
The hoſt of Chriſt, an hoſtage for his troth.

XXIV.

This proffer, with ſuch proteſtations, made
Unto a king that ſo near danger ſtood,
Was a ſufficient motive to perſuade,
When no way elſe could ſhew a face ſo good:
Th' unhonourable means of ſafety bad
Danger accept, what majeſty withſtood.
" When better choices are not to be had,
" We needs muſt take the ſeeming beſt of bad."

XXV.

Yet ſtands h' in doubt a while what way to take;
Conferring with that ſmall remaining troop
Fortune had left; which never would forſake
Their poor, diſtreſſed Lord; nor ever ſtoop
To any hopes the ſtronger part could make:
Good (*d*) Carliſle, Ferby, and Sir Stephen Scroope,
With that moſt worthy (*e*) Montague, were all
That were content with majeſty to fall.

XXVI.

Time, ſpare; and make not ſacrilegious theft
Upon ſo memorable conſtancy:
Let not ſucceeding ages be bereft
Of ſuch examples of integrity.
Nor thou, magnan'mous (*f*) Leigh muſt not be left
In darkneſs, for thy rare fidelity;
To ſave thy faith, content to loſe thy head;
That rev'rent head, of good men honoured.

XXVII.

Nor will my conſcience I ſhould injury
Thy memory, moſt truſty (*g*) Jenico,
For b'ing not ours; though wiſh that Gaſcony
Claim'd not for hers the faith we rev'rence ſo;
That England might have this ſmall company
Only to her alone, having no moe.
But let's divide this good betwixt us both;
Take ſhe thy birth, and we will have thy troth.

XXVIII.

Grave (*h*) Montague, whom long experience taught
In either fortune, thus advis'd his king:
" Dear ſov'reign, know, the matter that is ſought,
" Is only how your majeſty to bring
" (From out of this poor ſafety you have got)
" Into their hands, that elſe hold ev'ry thing.
" For now, but only you they want of all;
" And wanting you, they nothing theirs can call.

XXIX.

" Here have you craggy rocks to take your part,
" That never will betray their faith to you;
" Theſe truſty mountains here will never ſtart,
" But ſtand t' upbraid their ſhame that are untrue.
" Here may you fence your ſafety with ſmall art,
" Againſt the pride of that confuſed crew:
" If men will not, theſe very cliffs will fight,
" And be ſufficient to defend your right.

XXX.

" Then keep you here; and here you ſhall be-
hold,
" Within ſhort ſpace, the ſliding faith of thoſe
" That cannot long their reſolution hold,
" Repent the courſe their idle raſhneſs choſe.
" For that ſame mercenary faith they ſold,
" With leaſt occaſions diſcontented grows,
" And inſolent thoſe voluntary bands;
" Preſuming how by them he chiefly ſtands.

XXXI.

" And how can he thoſe mighty troops ſuſtain
" Long time, where now he is, or any where?
" Beſides, what diſcipline can he retain,
" Whereas he dares not keep them under fear,
" For fear to have them to revolt again?
" So that itſelf when greatneſs cannot bear
" With her own weight, muſt needs confus'dly fall,
" Without the help of other force at all.

XXXII.

" And hither to approach he will not dare;
" Where deſerts, rocks, and hills, no ſuccours give;
" Where deſolation, and no comforts are;
" Where few can do no good, many not live.

(*c*) The Earl of Northumberland ſent to the King, from Henry Bolingbroke, now Duke of Lancaſter.
(*d*) The Biſhop of Carliſle.
(*e*) Montague Earl of Saliſbury.

(*f*) This was ſir Peter Leigh's anceſtor, (of Lyme in Cheſhire) that now is.
(*g*) Jenico d' Artois, a Gaſcoign.
(*h*) The Earl of Saliſbury his ſpeech to King Richard.

" Beſides, we have the ocean, to prepare
" Some other place, if this ſhould not relieve:
" So ſhall you tire his force, conſume his ſtrength,
" And weary all his followers out at length.

XXXIII.

" Do but refer to time, and to ſmall time;
" And infinite occaſions you ſhall find,
" To quel the rebel, even in the prime
" Of all his hopes, beyond all thought of mind.
" For many (with the conſcience of the crime)
" In colder blood will curſe what they deſign'd;
" And bad ſucceſs upbraiding their ill fact, [act.
" Draws them (whom others draw) from ſuch an

XXXIV.

" For if the leaſt imagin'd overture
" But of conceiv'd revolt men once eſpy,
" Strait ſhrink the weak; the great will not endure;
" Th' impatient run; the diſcontented fly:
" The friend his friend's example doth procure;
" And all together haſte them preſently,
" Some to their home, ſome hide; others that ſtay
" To reconcile themſelves, the reſt betray.

XXXV.

" What hope have you that ever Bolingbroke
" Will live a ſubject, that hath try'd his fate?
" Or what good reconcilement can you look,
" Where he muſt always fear, and you muſt hate?
" And never think that he this quarrel took,
" To re-obtain thereby his private ſtate:
" 'Twas greater hopes, that hereto him did call;
" And he will thruſt for All, or elſe loſe All.

XXXVI.

" Nor truſt this ſubtle agent, nor his oath.
" You know his faith—You try'd it beforehand.
" His fault is death—And now to loſe his troth,
" To ſave his life, he will not greatly ſtand
" Nor truſt your kinſman's proffer; ſince you both
" Shew, blood in princes is no ſtedfaſt band.
" What though he hath no title?—He hath might:
" That makes a title, where there is no right.

XXXVII.

Thus he.——When that good (*i*) biſhop thus replies,
Out of a mind that quiet did affect:
" My lord, I muſt confeſs, as your caſe lies,
" You have great cauſe your ſubjects to ſuſpect,
" And counterplot againſt their ſubtleties,
" Who all good care and honeſty neglect;
" And fear the worſt what inſolence may do,
" Or armed fury may incenſe them to.

XXXVIII.

" But yet, my lord, fear may as well tranſport
" Your care, beyond the truth of what is meant;
" As otherwiſe neglect may fall too ſhort,
" In not examining of their intent:
" But let us weigh the thing, which they exhort;
" 'Tis peace, ſubmiſſion, and a parliament:
" Which, how expedient 'tis for either part,
" 'Twere good we judg'd with an impartial heart.

XXXIX.

" And firſt, for you, my lord, in grief we ſee
" The miſerable caſe wherein you ſtand;
" Void here of ſuccour, help, or majeſty,
" On this poor promontory of your land:
" And where how long a time your grace may be
" (Expecting what may fall into your hand)
" We know not; ſince th' event of things do lie
" Cloſ'd up in darkneſs, far from mortal eye.

XL.

" And how unfit it were you ſhould protract
" Long time, in this ſo dangerous diſgrace?
" As though that you good ſp'rit and courage lack'd,
" To iſſue out of this opprobrious place:
" When ev'n the face of kings do oft exact
" Fear and remorſe in faulty ſubjects baſe;
" And longer ſtay a great preſumption draws,
" That you were guilty, or did doubt your cauſe.

XLI.

" What ſubjects ever ſo enrag'd would dare
" To violate a prince; t' offend the blood
" Of that renowned race, by which they are
" Exalted to the height of all their good?
" What if ſome things by chance miſguided were,
" Which they have now rebelliouſly withſtood?
" They never will proceed with that deſpite,
" To wreck the ſtate, and to confound the right.

XLII.

" Nor do I think that Bolingbroke can be
" So blind ambitious to affect the crown;
" Having himſelf no title, and doth ſee
" Others, if you ſhould fail, muſt keep him down.
" Beſides, the realm, though mad, will never 'gree
" To have a right ſucceſſion overthrown;
" To raiſe confuſion upon them and theirs,
" By prejudicing true and lawful heirs.

XLIII.

" And now it may be, fearing the ſucceſs
" Of his attempts, or with remorſe of mind,
" Or elſe diſtruſting ſecret practices,
" He would be glad his quarrel were reſign'd;
" So that there were ſome orderly redreſs
" In thoſe diſorders, which the realm did find:
" And this, I think, he now ſees were his beſt;
" Since further actions further but unreſt.

XLIV.

" And for th' impoſſibility of peace,
" And reconcilement, which my lord objects;
" I think, when dying injury ſhall ceaſe,
" (The cauſe pretended) then ſurceaſe th' effects:
" Time, and ſome other actions, may increaſe,
" As may divert the thought of theſe reſpects;
" Others (*k*) law of forgetting injuries,
" May ſerve our turn in like calamities.

XLV.

" And for his oath, in conſcience and in ſenſe,
" True honour would not ſo be found untrue,
" Nor ſpot his blood with ſuch a foul offence
" Againſt his ſoul, againſt his God, and you.
" Our Lord forbid, that ever with th' expence
" Of heav'n, and heav'nly joys, that ſhall enſue,
" Mortality ſhould buy this little breath,
" T' endure the horror of eternal death.

XLVI.

" And therefore, as I think, you ſafely may
" Accept this proffer, that determine ſhall
" All doubtful courſes by a quiet way;
" Needful for you, fit for them, good for all.

(*i*) The Biſhop of Carliſle.

(*k*) Lex Amneſtiae.

" And here, my sov'reign, to make longer stay,
" T' attend for what you are unsure will fall,
" May slip th' occasion, and incense their will:
" For fear, that's wiser than the truth, doth ill."

XLVII.

Thus he persuades, out of a zealous mind,
Supposing men had spoken as they meant;
And unto this the king likewise inclin'd,
As wholly unto peace and quiet bent;
And yields himself to th' earl:—Goes, leaves behind
His safety, sceptre, honour, government:
For gone, All's gone——He is no more his own:
And they rid quite of fear, he of the crown.

XLVIII.

A place there is, where proudly rais'd there stands
A huge aspiring rock, neighb'ring the skies,
Whose surly brow imperiously commands
The sea his bounds, that at his proud feet lies;
And spurns the waves, that in rebellious bands
Assault his empire, and against him rise.
Under whose craggy government there was
A niggard narrow way, for men to pass:

XLIX.

And here, in hidden cliffs, concealed lay
A troop of armed men, to intercept
The unsuspecting king; that had no way
To free his foot, that into danger stept.
The dreadful ocean on the one side lay;
The hard-encroaching mountain th' other kept.
Before him, he beheld his hateful foes;
Behind him, trait'rous enemies enclose.

L.

Environ'd thus, the earl begins to cheer
His all-amazed lord, by him betray'd:
Bids him take courage, there's no cause of fear;
These troops but there to guard him safe were laid.
To whom the king: what need so many here?
This is against your oath, my lord, he said.
But now he sees in what distress he stood:
To strive was vain; t' entreat would do no good.

LI.

And therefore on with careful heart he goes;
Complains (but to himself) sighs, grieves, and frets;
At Rutland dines, though feeds but on his woes:
The grief of mind hinder'd the mind of meats.
For sorrow, shame, and fear, scorn of his foes;
The thought of what he was, and what now threats;
Then what he should, and now what he hath done;
Musters confused passions all in one.

LII.

To Flint from thence, unto a restless bed,
That miserable night he comes convey'd;
Poorly provided, poorly followed;
Uncourted, unrespected, unobey'd;
Where if uncertain sleep but hovered
Over the drooping cares that heavy weigh'd,
Millions of figures fantasy presents
Unto that sorrow, waken'd grief augments.

LIII.

His new misfortune makes deluding sleep
Say 'twas not so:——False dreams the truth deny.
Wherewith he starts; feels waking cares do creep
Upon his soul, and gives his dream the lie;
Then sleeps again:——And then again as deep
Deceits of darkness mock his misery.
So hard believ'd was sorrow in her youth;
That he thinks truth was dreams, and dreams were truth.

LIV.

The morning light presents unto his view
(Walking upon a turret of the place)
The truth of what he sees is prov'd too true,
A hundred thousand men before his face
Came marching on the shore, which thither drew.
And more to aggravate his great disgrace,
Those he had wrong'd, or done to them despite,
(As if they him upbraid) came first in sight.

LV.

There might he see that false, forsworn, vile crew,
Those shameless agents of unlawful lust;
His pandars, parasites, (people untrue
To God and man, unworthy any trust)
Preaching unto that fortune that was new,
And with unblushing faces foremost thrust;
As those that still with prosp'rous fortune sort,
And are as born for court, or made in court.

LVI.

There he beheld, how humbly diligent
New adulation was to be at hand;
How ready falsehood stept; how nimbly went
Base pick-thank flatt'ry, and prevents command.
He saw the great obey, the grave consent,
And all with this new-rais'd aspirer stand:
But, which was worst, his own part acted there
Not by himself; his pow'r not his appear.

LVII.

Which whilst he view'd, the duke he might perceive
Make t'wards the castle to an interview:
Wherefore he did his contemplation leave,
And down into some fitter place withdrew;
Where now he must admit, without his leave,
Him, who before with all submission due,
Would have been glad t' attend, and to prepare
The grace of audience with respective care.

LVIII.

Who now being come in presence of his king,
(Whether the sight of majesty did breed
Remorse of what he was encompassing,
Or whether but to formalize his deed)
He kneels him down with some astonishing;
Rose—— Kneels again (for craft will still exceed)
When as the king approach'd, put off his hood,
And welcom'd him; though wish'd him little good.

LIX.

" To whom the duke began: my lord, I know,
" That both uncall'd, and unexpected too,
" I have presumed in this sort to shew,
" And seek the right which I am born unto.
" Yet pardon, I beseech you, and allow
" Of that constraint, which drives me thus to do.
" For since I could not by a fairer course
" Attain mine own, I must use this of force.

LX.

" Well; so it seems, dear cousin, said the king:
" Though you might have procur'd it otherwise:
" And I am here content in ev'ry thing
" To right you, as yourself shall best devise.

" And God vouchſafe, the force that here you
" bring
" Beget not England greater injuries."
And ſo they part.——The duke made haſte from
thence;
It was no place to end this difference.

LXI.

Strait towards London, in this heat of pride,
They forward ſet, as they had fore-decreed;
With whom the captive king, conſtrain'd, muſt
ride,
Moſt meanly mounted on a ſimple ſteed:
Degraded of all grace and eaſe beſide,
Thereby neglect of all reſpect to breed.
For th' overſpreading pomp of prouder might
Muſt darken weakneſs, and debaſe his ſight.

LXII.

Approaching near the city, he was met
With all the ſumptuous ſhews joy could deviſe;
Where new deſire to pleaſe did not forget
To paſs the uſual pomp of former Guiſe.
Striving applauſe, as out of priſon let,
Runs on, beyond all bounds, to novelties;
And voice, and hands, and knees, and all do now
A ſtrange deformed form of welcome ſhew.

LXIII.

And manifold confuſion running, greets,
Shouts, cries, clap hands, thruſts, ſtrives, and preſ-
ſes near:
Houſes impov'riſh'd were t' enrich the ſtreets,
And ſtreets left naked, that (unhappy) were
Plac'd from the ſight where joy with wonder
meets;
Where all of all degrees ſtrive to appear;
Where divers-ſpeaking zeal one murmur finds,
In undiſtinguiſh'd voice to tell their minds.

LXIV.

He that in glory of his fortune ſat,
Admiring what he thought could never be,
Did feel his blood within ſalute his ſtate,
And lift up his rejoicing ſoul, to ſee
So many hands and hearts congratulate
Th' advancement of his long-deſir'd degree;
When, prodigal of thanks, in paſſing by,
He re-ſalutes them all with cheerful eye.

LXV.

Behind him, all aloof, came penſive on
The unregarded king; that drooping went
Alone, and (but for ſpite) ſcarce look'd upon:
Judge, if he did more envy, or lament?
See what a wondrous work this day is done?
Which th' image of both fortunes doth preſent;
In th' one to ſhew the beſt of glory's face,
In th' other, worſe than worſt of all diſgrace.

LXVI.

Now Iſabel, the young, afflicted queen,
(Whoſe years had never ſhew'd her but de-
lights,
Nor lovely eyes before had ever ſeen
Other than ſmiling joys, and joyful ſights:
Born great, match'd great, liv'd great, and ever
been
Partaker of the world's beſt benefits)
Had plac'd herſelf, hearing her lord ſhould paſs
That way, where ſhe unſeen in ſecret was;

LXVII.

Sick of delay, and longing to behold
Her long-miſs'd love in fearful jeopardies:
To whom although it had in ſort been told
Of their proceeding, and of his ſurpriſe;
Yet thinking they would never be ſo bold.
To lead their lord in any ſhameful wiſe;
But rather would conduct him as their king,
As ſeeking but the ſtate's re-ordering.

LXVIII.

And forth ſhe looks, and notes the foremoſt
train; [there.
And grieves to view ſome there ſhe wiſh'd not
Seeing the chief not come, ſtays, looks again;
And yet ſhe ſees not him that ſhould appear.
Then back ſhe ſtands; and then deſires, as fain
Again to look, to ſee if he were near,
At length a glitt'ring troop far off ſhe ſpies;
Perceives the throng, and hears the ſhouts and
cries.

LXIX.

Lo yonder! now at length he comes, faith ſhe:
Look, my good women, where he is in ſight.
Do you not ſee him? Yonder; that is he!
Mounted on that white courſer, all in white;
There where the thronging troops of people be.
I know him by his ſeat: He ſits upright.
Lo, now he bows! Dear lord, with what ſweet
grace!
How long have I long'd to behold that face!

LXX.

O what delight my heart takes by mine eye!
I doubt me when he comes but ſomething near,
I ſhall ſet wide the window——What care I.
Who doth ſee me, ſo him I may ſee clear?
Thus doth falſe joy delude her wrongfully
(Sweet lady) in the thing ſhe held ſo dear:
For, nearer come, ſhe finds ſhe had miſtook,
And him ſhe mark'd was Henry Bolingbroke.

LXXI.

Then envy takes the place in her ſweet eyes,
Where ſorrow had prepar'd herſelf a ſeat;
And words of wrath, from whence complaints
ſhould riſe,
Proceed from eager looks, and brows that threat:
" Traitor, ſaith ſhe; is't thou, that in this wiſe
" To brave thy lord and king art made ſo great?
" And have mine eyes done unto me this wrong,
" To look on thee? For this ſtay'd I ſo long?

LXXII.

" Ah! have they grac'd a perjur'd rebel ſo?
" Well; for their error I will weep them out,
" And hate the tongue defil'd, that prais'd my foe;
" And loathe the mind, that gave me not to doubt.
" What? Have I added ſhame unto my woe?
" I'll look no more—Ladies, look you about;
" And tell me if my lord be in this train;
" Leſt my betraying eyes ſhould err again.

LXXIII.

And in this paſſion turns herſelf away.
The reſt look all, and careful note each wight;
Whilſt ſhe, impatient of the leaſt delay,
Demands again: And what! not yet in ſight?
Where is my lord: What! gone ſome other way?
I muſe at this—O God, grant all go right:

Then to the window goes again at last,
And sees the chiefest train of all was past;

LXXIV.

And sees not him her soul desir'd to see:
And yet hope spent makes her not leave to look.
At last her love-quick eyes, which ready be
Fastens on one; whom though she never took
Could be her lord; yet that sad cheer which he
Then shew'd, his habit and his woful look,
The grace he doth in base attire retain,
Caus'd her she could not from his sight refrain.

LXXV.

" What might he be, she said, that thus alone
" Rides pensive in this universal joy?
" Some I perceive, as well as we, do moan:
" All are not pleas'd with ev'ry thing this day.
" It may be, he laments the wrong is done
" Unto my lord, and grieves; as well he may.
" Then he is some of ours; and we of right
" Must pity him, that pities our sad plight.

LXXVI.

" But stay: Is't not my lord himself I see?
" In truth, if 'twere not for his base array,
" I verily should think that it were he:
" And yet his baseness doth a grace bewray.
" Yet God forbid—Let me deceived be:
" And be it not my lord, although it may:
" Let my desire make vows against desire;
" And let my sight approve my sight a liar.

LXXVII.

" Let me not see him but himself, a king:
" For so he left me, so he did remove.
" This is not he, this feels some other thing;
" A passion of dislike, or else of love.
" O yes, 'tis he! That princely face doth bring
" The evidence of majesty to prove:
" That face I have conferr'd which now I see,
" With that within my heart, and they agree."

LXXVIII.

Thus as she stood assur'd, and yet in doubt;
Wishing to see, what seen she griev'd to see;
Having belief, yet fain would be without;
Knowing, yet striving not to know 'twas he:
Her heart relenting; yet her heart so stout,
As would not yield to think what was, could be;
Till quite condemn'd by open proof of sight,
She must confess, or else deny the light.

LXXIX.

For whether love in him did sympathise,
Or chance so wrought to manifest her doubt;
Ev'n just before where she thus secret prys,
He stays, and with clear face looks all about.
When she—'Tis, O! too true, I know his eyes:
Alas! it is my own dear lord, cries out:
And with that cry sinks down upon the floor;
Abundant grief lack'd words to utter more.

LXXX.

Sorrow keeps full possession in her heart;
Locks it within; stops up the way of breath;
Shuts senses out of door from ev'ry part;
And so long holds there, as it hazardeth
Oppressed nature, and is forc'd to part,
Or else must be constrain'd to stay with death:
So by a sigh it lets in sense again,
And sense at length gives words leave to explain.

LXXXI.

Then like a torrent had been stopt before,
Tears, sighs, and words, doubled together flow;
Confus'dly striving whether should do more,
The true intelligence of grief to shew.
Sighs hinder'd words; words perish'd in their store;
Both, intermix'd in one, together grow.
One would do all; the other more than's part;
Being both sent equal agents from the heart.

LXXXII.

At length, when past the first of sorrows worst,
When calm'd confusion better form affords;
Her heart commands, her words should pass out first,
And then her sighs should interpoint her words;
The whiles her eyes out into tears should burst.
This order with her sorrow she accords;
Which orderless, all form of order brake;
So then began her words, and thus she spake:

LXXXIII.

" What! dost thou thus return again to me?
" Are these the triumphs for thy victories?
" Is this the glory thou dost bring with thee,
" From that unhappy Irish enterprise?
" And have I made so many vows to see
" Thy safe return, and see thee in this wise?
" Is this the look'd-for comfort thou dost bring;
" To come a captive, that went'st out a king?

LXXXIV.

" And yet, dear lord, though thy ungrateful land
" Hath left thee thus; yet I will take thy part,
" I do remain the same, under thy hand;
" Thou still dost rule the kingdom of my heart:
" If all be lost, that government doth stand;
" And that shall never from thy rule depart.
" And so thou be, I care not how thou be:
" Let greatness go, so it go without thee.

LXXXV.

" And welcome come, how so unfortunate;
" I will applaud what others do despise.
" I love thee for thyself, not for thy state:
" More than thyself is what without thee lies;
" Let that more go, if it be in thy fate;
" And having but thyself, it will suffice.
" I married was not to thy crown, but thee;
" And thou, without a crown, all one to me.

LXXXVI.

" But what do I here lurking idly moan,
" And wail apart; and in a single part [one;
" Make several grief? which should be both in
" The touch being equal of each other's heart.
" Ah! no, sweet lord, thou must not moan alone;
" For without me thou art not all thou art;
" Nor my tears without thine are fully tears,
" For thus unjoin'd, sorrow but half appears.

LXXXVII.

" Join then our plaints, and make our grief
" full grief;
" Our state being one, let us not part our care:
" Sorrow hath only this poor bare relief,
" To be bemoan'd of such as woful are.
" And should I rob thy grief, and be the thief,
" To steal a private part, and several share;

" Defrauding sorrow of her perfect due?
" No, no, my lord; I come to help thee rue."

LXXXVIII.

Then forth she goes a close concealed way,
(As grieving to be seen not as she was);
Labours t' attain his presence all she may;
Which, with most hard ado was brought to pass.
For that night understanding where he lay,
With earnest 'treating she procur'd her pass,
To come to him. Rigour could not deny
Those tears, (so poor a suit) or put her by.

LXXXIX.

Ent'ring the chamber, where he was alone,
(As one whose former fortune was his shame)
Loathing th' upbraiding eye of any one
That knew him once, and knows him not the same:
When having given express command that none
Should press to him; yet hearing some that came,
Turns angrily about his grieved eyes;
When lo! his sweet afflicted queen he spies.

XC.

Strait clears his brow, and with a borrow'd smile;
" What! my dear queen! Welcome, my dear, " he says:"
And (striving his own passion to beguile,
And hide the sorrow which his eye betrays)
Could speak no more; but wrings her hands the while:
And then—Sweet lady! And again he stays.
Th' excess of joy and sorrow both affords
Affliction none, or but poor niggard words.

XCI.

She that was come with a resolved heart,
And with a mouth full stor'd, with words well chose;
Thinking, this comfort will I first impart
Unto my lord, and thus my speech dispose:
Then thus I'll say; thus look; and with this art,
Hide mine own sorrow, to relieve his woes.
When being come, all this prov'd nought but wind;
Tears, looks, and sighs, do only tell her mind.

XCII.

Thus both stood silent, and confused so
Their eyes relating how their hearts did mourn:
Both big with sorrow, and both great with woe,
In labour with what was not to be born;
This mighty burden wherewithal they go,
Dies undeliver'd, perishes unborn.
Sorrow makes silence her best orator,
Where words may make it less, not shew it more

XCIII.

But he, whom longer time had learn'd the art
T' endure affliction, as a usual touch,
Strains forth his words, and throws dismay apart,
To raise up her, whose passions now were such
As quite oppress'd her over-charged heart,
(Too small a vessel to contain so much;)
And cheers, and moans, and feigned hopes doth frame,
As if himself believ'd, or hop'd the same.

XCIV.

And now the while these princes sorrowed,
Forward ambition (come so near her end)
Sleeps not, nor slips th' occasion offered,
T' accomplish what it did before intend.
A parliament is forthwith summoned
In Richard's name; whereby they might pretend
A form to grace disorder, and a shew
Of holy right, the right to overthrow.

XCV.

Order, how much predominant art thou!
That if but only thou pretended art,
How soon deceiv'd mortality doth bow,
To follow thine, as still the better part?
'Tis thought that rev'rent form will not allow
Iniquity, or sacred right pervert.
Within our souls since then thou dwell'st so strong;
How ill do they, that use thee, to do wrong?

XCVI.

So ill did they, that in this formal course
Sought to establish a deformed right;
Who might as well effected it by force,
But that men hold it wrong what's wrought by might.
Offences urg'd in public, are made worse:
The shew of justice aggravates despite.
" The multitude that look not to the cause,
" Rest satisfy'd so it seem done by laws."

XCVII.

And now they divers articles object,
Of rigor, malice, private favourings,
Exaction, riot, falsehood, and neglect;
Crimes done, but seldom answered by kings;
Which subjects do lament, but not correct.
And all these faults which Lancaster now brings
Against a king, must be his own, when he
By urging others sins, a king shall be.

XCVIII.

For all that was most odious was devis'd,
And publish'd in these articles abroad:
All th' errors of his youth were here compris'd,
Calamity with obloquy to load,
And more to make him publicly despis'd,
Libels, invectives, railing rhymes were sow'd
Among the vulgar, to prepare his fall
With more applause, and good consent of all.

XCIX.

Look how the day-hater, Minerva's (*l*) bird,
Whilst privileg'd with darkness and the night,
Doth live secure t' himself, of others fear'd:
If but by chance discover'd in the light,
How doth each little fowl (with envy stirr'd)
Call him to justice, urge him with despite;
Summon the feather'd flocks of all the wood,
To come to scorn the tyrant of their blood?

C.

So fares this king, laid open to disgrace,
Whilst ev'ry mouth (full of reproach) inveighs,
And ev'ry base detractor, in this case,
Upon th' advantage of misfortune plays:
Down-falling greatness, urged on apace,
Was follow'd hard by all disgraceful ways,
Now in the point t' accelerate an end,
Whilst misery had no means to defend.

(*l*) The owl is said to be Minerva's bird,

CI.

Upon thoſe articles in parli'ment,
So heinous made, enforc'd, and urg'd ſo hard,
He was adjudg'd unfit for government,
And of all regal pow'r and rule debarr'd:
For who durſt contradict the duke's intent?
Or if they durſt, ſhould patiently be heard?
Deſire of change, old wrongs, new hopes, freſh fear,
Being far the major part, the cauſe muſt bear.

CII.

Yet muſt we think, that ſome which ſaw the courſe,
(The better few, whom paſſion made not blind)
Stood careful lookers on, with ſad commorſe,
Amaz'd to ſee what headlong rage deſign'd;
And in a more conſiderate diſcourſe
Of tragical events, thereof divin'd;
And would excuſe and pity thoſe defects,
Which with ſuch hate the adverſe parts objects:

CIII.

Saying, "Better years might work a better care;
"And time might well have cur'd what was amiſs;
"Since all theſe faults fatal to greatneſs are,
"And worſe deſerts have not been puniſh'd thus.
"But yet in this, the heavens (we fear) prepare
"Confuſion for our ſins, as well as his;
"And his calamity beginneth our:
"For he his own, and we abus'd his pow'r."

CIV.

Thus murmur'd they: When to the king were ſent
Certain, who might perſuade him to forſake
And leave his crown, and with his free conſent
A voluntary reſignation make;
Since that he could no other way prevent
Theſe dangers, which he elſe muſt needs partake.
For not to yield to what fear would conſtrain,
Would bar the hope of life that did remain.

CV.

And yet this ſcarce could work him to conſent
To yield up that ſo ſoon, men hold ſo dear:
"Why, let him take (ſaid he) the government;
"And let me yet the name, the title bear.
"Leave me that ſhew, and I will be content;
"And let them rule and govern without fear.
"What! can they not my ſhadow now endure;
"When they, of all the reſt, do ſtand ſecure?

CVI.

"Let me hold that, I aſk no other good:
"Nay, that I will hold—Henry, do thy worſt.
"For e're I yield my crown, I'll loſe my blood;
"That blood, that ſhall make thee and thine accurs'd."
Thus reſolute a-while he firmly ſtood;
'Till love of life, and fear of being ſore'd,
Vanquiſh'd th' innated valour of his mind;
And hope and friends ſo wrought, that he reſign'd.

CVII.

Then to the Tow'r, (where he remained) went
The duke, with all the peers in company,
To take his offer with his free conſent,
And this his reſignation teſtify;
And thereof to inform the parli'ment,
That all things might be done more formally,
And men thereby reſt better ſatisfy'd,
As of an act not forc'd or falſify'd.

CVIII.

And forth he's brought unto th' accompliſhment,
Deck'd with the crown in princely robes that day:
Like as the dead, in other lands, are ſent
Unto their graves in all their beſt array.
And ev'n like good did him this ornament:
For what he brought he muſt not bear away;
But buries there his glory and his name,
Entomb'd both in his own, and others blame.

CIX.

And there unto th' aſſembly of theſe ſtates,
His ſorrow for their long-endured wrong
Through his abus'd authority relates,
Excuſes with confeſſions mix'd among:
And glad (he ſays) to finiſh all debates,
He was to leave the rule they ſought for long;
Proteſting, if it might be for their good,
He would as gladly ſacrifice his blood.

CX.

There he his ſubjects all in general
Aſſoils, and quits of oath and fealty;
Renounces int'reſt, title, right, and all
That appertain'd to kingly dignity:
Subſcribes thereto, and doth to witneſs call
Both heav'n and earth, and God, and ſaints on high,
To teſtify his act; and doth profeſs
To do the ſame with moſt free willingneſs.

CXI.

'Tis ſaid, with his own hands he gave the crown
To Lancaſter; and wiſh'd to God he might
Have better joy thereof than he had known;
And that his pow'r might make it his by right.
And furthermore he crav'd (of all his own)
But life to live apart a private wight:
The vanity of greatneſs he had try'd,
And how unſurely ſtands the foot of pride.

CXII.

This brought to paſs, the lords return with ſpeed,
The parli'ment hereof to certify;
Where they at large publiſh'd the king's own deed,
And form of his reſignment verbally:
And thereupon doth Lancaſter proceed,
To make his claim unto the monarchy;
And ſhews the right he hath, both by deſcent,
And by recov'ry to the government.

CXIII.

Which being granted, (*m*) Canterbury roſe,
And animates them by the ſacred word
In this their courſe: And by this text he ſhews
"How well they made their choice of ſuch a lord;

(*m*) The Archbiſhop of Canterbury takes his text out of the firſt book of Kings, chap. ix. Vir dominabitur in populo.

" Who, as a man, was able to diſpoſe, [ſword
" And guide the ſtate: And how the royal
" Ought to be at man's commandment;
" Not at a child's or one as impotent.

cxiv.

" Since when the greatneſs of his charge exceeds
" The ſmallneſs of his pow'rs, he muſt collate
" The ſame on others—Whence, ſays he, pro-
" ceeds
" This rav'nous expilation of the ſtate:
" Whence no man any more the public heeds,
" Than ſo much as imports his private ſtate.
" Our health is from our head: If that be ill,
" Diſtemper'd, faint and weak, all the reſt will.

cxv.

" Then to the preſent all his ſpeech he draws,
" And ſhews what admirable parts abound
" In this brave prince; being fit to give them
" laws:
" Fit for his valour; fit for judgment ſound."
And Lancaſter, indeed I would thy cauſe
Had had as lawful and as ſure a ground,
As had thy virtues and thy noble heart,
Ordain'd and born for an imperial part.

cxvi.

Then had not that confus'd ſucceeding age
Our fields ingrain'd with blood, our rivers dy'd
With purple-ſtreaming wounds of our own rage,
Nor ſeen our princes ſlaughter'd, peers deſtroy'd.
Then had'ſt not thou, dear country, come to
wage
War with thyſelf, nor thoſe afflictions try'd
Of all-conſuming diſcord here ſo long;
Too mighty now, againſt thyſelf too ſtrong,

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

Henry the IV. the crown eſtabliſhed.
The lords that did to Gloc'ſter's death conſent,
Degraded, do rebel; are vanquiſhed.
King Richard unto Pomfret caſtle ſent,
Is by a cruel knight there murdered,
After the lords had had their puniſhment.
His corps from thence to London is convey'd;
And there, for all to view, is open laid.

I.

Now riſen is that head, by which did ſpring
The birth of two ſtrong heads, two crowns, two rights;
That monſtrous ſhape, that afterward did bring
Deform'd confuſion to diſtracted wights.
Now is attain'd that dearly purchas'd thing,
That fill'd the world with lamentable fights;
And now attain'd, all care is how to frame
Means to eſtabliſh, and to hold the ſame.

II.

Firſt, he attends to build a ſtrong conceit
Of his uſurped pow'r in people's minds,
And arms his cauſe with furniture of weight;
Which eaſily the ſword, and greatneſs finds.
Succeſſion, conqueſt, and election ſtraight
Suggeſted are, and prov'd in all their kinds.
More than enough they find, who find their might [right.
Hath force to make all (that they will have)

III.

Though one of theſe might very well ſuffice,
His preſent approbation to procure:
" But who his own cauſe makes, doth ſtill deviſe
" To make too much, to have it more than ſure.
" Fear caſts too deep, and ever is too wiſe:
" No uſual plots the doubtful can ſecure."
And all theſe diſagreeing claims he had,
With hope to make one good of many bad.

IV.

Like unto him that fears, and fain would ſtop
An inundation working on apace;
Runs to the breach, heaps mighty matter up;
Throws indigeſted burdens on the place:
Loads with huge weights the outſide, and the top,
But leaves the inner parts in feeble caſe;
Whilſt th' under-ſearching water working on,
Bears proudly down all that was idly done:

V.

So fares it with our indirect deſigns,
And wrong-contrived labours, at the laſt;
Whilſt working time, and juſtice, undermines
The feeble frame, held to be wrought ſo faſt:
Then when out-breaking vengeance uncombines
The ill-join'd plots, ſo fairly overcaſt;
Turns up thoſe huge pretended heaps of ſhews,
And all theſe weak illuſions overthrows.

VI.

But after having made his title plain,
Unto his coronation he proceeds:
Which, in moſt ſumptuous ſort, (to entertain
The gazing vulgar, whom this ſplendour feeds)
Is ſtately furniſh'd, with a glorious train;
Wherein the former kings he far exceeds;
And all t' amuſe the world, and turn the thought,
Of what and how 'twas done, to what is wrought.

VII.

And that he might on many props repoſe,
He ſtrengths his own, and who his part did take:
New officers, new counſellors he choſe.
His eldeſt ſon, the Prince of Wales doth make:
His ſecond, Lord High Steward. And to thoſe
Had hazarded their fortunes for his ſake,
He gives them charge as merits their deſert,
And raiſes them by cruſhing th' adverſe part.

VIII.

So that hereby the univerſal face
Of court, with all the offices of ſtate,
Are wholly chang'd, by death or by diſgrace,
Upon th' advantage of the people's hate;
" Who ever envying thoſe of chiefeſt place,
" (Whom neither worth nor virtue, but their fate
" Exalted hath) do, when their kings do naught,
" (Becauſe it's in their pow'r) judge it their fau't."

IX.

And in their ſtead, ſuch as were popular,
And well deſerving, were advanc'd by grace.
Grave Shirley he ordains Lord Chancellor,
Both worthy for his virtues, and his race:
And Norbury he appoints for Treaſurer;
A man though mean, yet fit to uſe that place:
And others t' other rooms; whom people hold
So much more lov'd, how much they loathe the old.

X.

And it behoves him now to do his beſt
T' approve his vow, and oath made to the ſtate:
And many great diſorders he redreſs'd;
Which always uſurpation makes the gate
To let itſelf into the people's breaſt,
And ſeeks the public beſt t' accommodate:
Wherein injuſtice better doth than right;
" For who reproves the lame, muſt go upright."

XI.

Though it be eaſy to accuſe a ſtate
Of imperfection, and miſgovernment;
And eaſy to beget in people hate
Of preſent rule, which cannot all content:
A few attempt it, that effect it not:
Yet t' introduce a better government
Inſtead thereof, if we t' example look,
The undertakers have been overtook.

XII.

Then againſt (*a*) thoſe he ſtrictly doth proceed,
Who chief of Glos'ſter's death were guilty thought:
Not ſo much for th' hatred of that deed;
But under this pretext, the means he ſought
To ruin ſuch whoſe might did much exceed
His pow'r to wrong, or elſe could well be wrought.
Law, juſtice, blood, the zeal unto the dead,
Were on his ſide, and his drift coloured.

XIII.

Here many of the (*b*) greateſt of the land
Accus'd were of the act; ſtrong proofs brought out;
Which ſtrongly were refell'd. The lords all ſtand,
To clear their cauſe, moſt reſolutely ſtout.

The king perceiving what he took in hand,
Was not with ſafety to be brought about,
Deſiſts to urge their death in any wiſe;
Reſpecting number, ſtrength, friends, and allies.

XIV.

Nor was it time now, in his tender reign,
And infant young beginning government,
To ſtrive with blood; when lenity muſt gain
The mighty men, and pleaſe the diſcontent.
" New kings do fear, when old courts farther ſtrain."
Eſtabliſh'd ſtates to all things will conſent.
He muſt diſpenſe with his will, and their crime,
And ſeek t' oppreſs and wear them out with time.

XV.

Yet not to ſeem but to have ſomething done
In what he could not as he would effect,
To ſatisfy the people, (that begun
Revenge of wrong, and juſtice to expect)
He caus'd be put to execution one,
Who to perform this murder was elect;
A baſe companion, few or none would miſs;
Who firſt did ſerve their turn, and now ſerves his.

XVI.

And to abaſe the too high ſtate of thoſe
That were accus'd, and leſſen their degrees;
Aumarle, Surrey, and Exeter, muſt loſe
The names of dukes, their titles, dignities,
And whatſoever profits thereby riſe:
The earls, their titles, and their ſignories:
And all they got in th' end of Richard's reign,
Since Gloc'ſter's death, they muſt reſtore again;

XVII.

By this, as if by oſtraciſm, t' abate
That great preſumptive wealth whereon they ſtand.
For firſt, hereby impov'riſhing their ſtate,
He kills the means they might have to withſtand;
Then equals them with other whom they hate,
Who (by their ſpoils) are rais'd to high command;
That weak, and envy'd, if they ſhould conſpire,
They wreck themſelves, and he hath his deſire.

XVIII.

Yet by this grace (which muſt be held a grace,
As both they and the world are made believe)
He thinks t' have dealt benignly in this caſe,
And left them ſtate enough, to let them live:
And that the taking from them means and place,
Was nothing in reſpect what he did give:
But they that know how their own reck'ning goes,
Account not what they have, but what they loſe.

XIX.

The parliament which now is held, decreed,
Whatever pleas'd the king but to propound;
Confirm'd the crown to him, and to his ſeed,
And by their oath their due obedience bound;
Which was the pow'r that ſtood him beſt in ſtead,
And made whatever broken courſes ſound.
For what he got by fortune, favour, might,
It was the ſtate that now muſt make his right.

XX.

Here was agreed, (to make all more ſecure)
That Richard ſhould remain for evermore
Cloſe priſoner; leſt the realm might chance endure
Some new revolt, or any freſh uproar:

(*a*) The nobility accuſed for the death of Thomas of Woodſtock, Duke of Glocester.

(*b*) The Dukes of Surrey, Exeter, and Aumarle; the Earls of Salisbury and Glocester; the Biſhop of Carliſle, Sir Thomas Blount, and others, were the parties accuſed for the death of the Duke of Glocester.

And that if any ſhould ſuch broil procure,
By him, or for him, he ſhould die therefor.
So that a talk of tumult, and a breath,
Would ſerve him as his paſſing-bell to death.

XXI.

Yet reverend Carliſle, thou didſt there oppoſe
Thy holy voice, to ſave thy prince's blood,
And freely check'd'ſt this judgment, and his foes:
When all were bad, yet thou dar'ſt to be good.
Be it enroll'd, (that time may never loſe
The memory) how firm thy courage ſtood;
When pow'r, diſgrace, nor death could ought divert
Thy glorious tongue thus to reveal thy heart.

XXII.

" Grave, rev'rent lords, ſince that this ſacred place,
" Our Aventine retire, our holy hill,
" This place, ſoul of our ſtate, the realms beſt grace
" Doth privilege me, ſpeak what reaſon will:
" Let me but ſay my conſcience in this caſe;
" Leſt ſin of ſilence ſhew my heart was ill:
" And let theſe walls witneſs, if you will not,
" I do diſcharge my ſoul of this foul blot.

XXIII.

" Never ſhall this poor breath of mine conſent,
" That he that two and twenty years hath reign'd
" As lawful lord, and king by juſt deſcent,
" Should here be judg'd, unheard, and unarraign'd;
" By ſubjects too, (judges incompetent
" To judge their king, unlawfully detain'd)
" And unbrought forth to plead his guiltleſs cauſe;
" Barring th' anointed liberty of laws.

XXIV.

" Have you not done enough with what is done?
" Muſt needs diſorder grow from bad to worſe?
" Can never miſchief end as it begun;
" But being once out, muſt further out of force?
" Think you, that any means under the ſun,
" Can aſſecure ſo indirect a courſe?
" Or any broken cunning build ſo ſtrong,
" As can hold out the hand of vengeance long?"

XXV.

Stopt there was his too veh'ment ſpeech with ſpeed,
And he ſent cloſe to ward from where he ſtood;
His zeal untimely deem'd too much t' exceed
The meaſure of his wit, and did no good.
They reſolute, for all this, do proceed
Unto that judgment could not be withſtood.
The king had all he crav'd, or could compel;
And all was done—let others judge how well.

XXVI.

Now, Muſe, relate a woful accident,
And tell the bloodſhed of theſe mighty peers,
Who (lately reconcil'd) reſt diſcontent,
Griev'd with diſgrace, remaining in their fears:
However, ſeeming outwardly content,
Yet th' inward touch that wounded honour bears,
Reſts cloſely wrankling, and can find no eaſe,
Till death of one ſide cure this great diſeaſe.

XXVII.

Means how to feel and learn each other's heart,
By the Abbot's ſkill of Weſtminſter is found;
Who ſecretly diſliking Henry's part,
Invites theſe lords, and thoſe he meant to ſound;
Feaſts them with coſt, and draws them on with art;
And dark and doubtful queſtions doth propound:
Then plainer ſpeaks, and yet uncertain ſpeaks:
Then wiſhes well—then off abruptly breaks.

XXVIII.

" My lords, ſaith he, I fear we ſhall not find
" This long-deſired king ſuch as was thought.
" But yet he may do well—God turn his mind:
" 'Tis yet new days—but ill bodes new and nought.
" Some yet ſpeed well—though all men of my kind
" Have cauſe to doubt. His ſpeech is not forgot,
" That princes had too little; we too much.
" God give him grace—but 'tis ill truſting ſuch."

XXIX.

This open-cloſe, apparent-dark diſcourſe,
Drew on much ſpeech—and every man replies:
And ev'ry man adds heat—and words enforce,
And urge out words. For when one man eſpies
Another's mind like his; then ill breeds worſe;
And out breaks all in th' end, what cloſeſt lies.
For when men well have fed, th' blood being warm,
Then are they moſt improvident of harm.

XXX.

Bewray they did their inward boiling ſpite;
Each ſtirring others to revenge their cauſe.
One ſays, he never ſhould endure the ſight
Of that forſworn, that wrongs both land and laws.
Another vows the ſame; of his mind right.
A third t' a point more near the matter draws;
Swears if they would, he would attempt the thing,
To chaſe th' uſurper, and replace their king.

XXXI.

Thus one by one kindling each other's fire,
Till all inflam'd, they all in one agree;
All reſolute to proſecute their ire,
Seeking their own, and country's cauſe to free;
And have his firſt, that their blood did conſpire.
For no way elſe, they ſaid, but this, could be
Their wrong-detained honour to redeem;
Which true-bred blood ſhould more than life eſteem.

XXXII.

" And let not this our new-made faithleſs lord,
" Saith (c) Surrey, think that we are left ſo bare,
" (Though bare enough) but we will find a ſword
" To kill him with, when he ſhall not beware."
For he that is with life and will enſtor'd,
Hath (for revenge) enough, and needs not care:
For time brings means to furniſh him withal;
Let him but wait th' occaſions as they fall.

XXXIII.

Then of the manner how t' effect the thing,
Conſulted was——and in the end agreed,
That at a maſque and common revelling,
Which was ordain'd; they ſhould perform the deed:
For that would be leaſt doubted of the king,
And fitteſt for their ſafety to proceed.
The night, their number, and the ſudden act,
Would daſh all order, and protect their fact.

(c) Thomas late Duke of Surrey.

XXXIV.

Beſides, they might under the fair pretence
Of tilts and tournaments, which they intend,
Provide them horſe and armour for defence,
And all things elſe convenient for their end.
Beſides, they might hold ſure intelligence
Among themſelves, without ſuſpect t' offend:
The king would think, they fought but grace in court,
With all their great preparing in this ſort.

XXXV.

A ſolemn oath religiouſly they take,
By intermutual vows proteſting there,
This never to reveal, nor to forſake
So good a cauſe for danger, hope, or fear.
The ſacrament, the pledge of faith, they take:
And ev'ry man upon his ſword doth ſwear,
By knighthood, honour, or what elſe ſhould bind,
To aſſecure the more each other's mind.

XXXVI.

And when all this was done, and thought well done,
And every one aſſures him good ſucceſs,
And eaſy ſeems the thing to every one,
That nought could croſs their plot, or them ſuppreſs;
Yet one among the reſt, (whoſe mind not won
With th' over-weaning thought of hot exceſs,
Nor headlong carry'd with the ſtream of will,
Nor by his own election led to ill;)

XXXVII.

Judicious (*d*) Blount, (whoſe learning, valour, wit,
Had taught true knowledge in the courſe of things;
Knew dangers as they were; and th' hum'rous fit
Of 'wareleſs diſcontent, what end it brings)
Counſels their heat with calm grave words, and fit,
(Words well forethought, that from experience ſprings)
And warns a warrier carriage in the thing,
Leſt blind preſumption work their ruining.

XXXVIII.

" My lords, ſaith he, I know your wiſdom's ſuch,
" As that of mine advice you have no need;
" I know you know how much the thing doth touch
" The main of all your ſtates, your blood, your ſeed;
" Yet ſince the ſame concerns my life as much
" As his, whoſe hand is chiefeſt in this deed,
" And that my foot muſt go as far as his;
" I think my tongue may ſpeak what needful is.

XXXIX.

" The thing we enterpriſe, I know, doth bear
" Great poſſibility of good effect;
" For that ſo many men of might there are,
" That venture here this action to direct;
" Which meaner wights, of truſt and credit bare,
" Not ſo reſpected could not look t' effect.
" For none, without great hopes, will follow ſuch,
" Whoſe pow'r and honour doth not promiſe much.

XL.

" Beſides this new and doubtful government,
" The wav'ring faith of people vain and light;
" The ſecret hopes of many diſcontent;
" The natural affection to the right;
" Our lawful ſov'reign's life, in priſon pent,
" Whom men begin to pity now, not ſpite
" Our well-laid plot and all, I muſt confeſs,
" With our juſt cauſe, doth promiſe good ſucceſs.

XLI.

" But this is yet the outward, faireſt ſide
" Of our deſign—within reſts more of fear,
" More dread of ſad event yet undeſcry'd, were.
" Than (my moſt worthy lords) I would there
" But yet I ſpeak not this, as to divide cheer;
" Your thoughts from th' act, or to diſmay your
" Only to add unto your forward will,
" A mod'rate fear, to caſt the worſt of ill.

XLII.

" Danger before, and in, and after th' act,
" You needs muſt grant is great, and to be weigh'd,
" Before; leſt while we do the deed protract,
" It be by any of ourſelves bewray'd:
" For many being privy to the fact,
" How hard is it to keep it unbetray'd?
" When the betrayer ſhall have life and grace,
" And rid himſelf of danger and diſgrace.

XLIII.

" For though ſome few continue reſolute,
" Yet many ſhrink, which at the firſt would dare,
" And be the foremoſt men to execute,
" If th' act and motion at one inſtant were:
" But intermiſſion ſuffers men diſpute
" What dangers are, and caſt with further care.
" Cold doubt cavils with honour, ſcorneth fame;
" And in the end, fear weighs down faith with ſhame.

XLIV.

" Then in the act what perils ſhall we find,
" If either place, or time, or other courſe,
" Cauſe us to alter th' order now aſſign'd;
" Or that than we expect things happen worſe?
" If either error, or a fainting mind,
" An indiſcreet amazement, or remorſe,
" In any at that inſtant ſhould be found;
" How much it might the act, and all confound?

XLV.

" After the deed, the dangers are no leſs;
" Leſt that our forwardneſs not ſeconded
" By our own followers and accomplices,
" (Being kept back, or ſlow, or hindered),
" The haſty multitude ruſh on, t' oppreſs
" Confuſed weakneſs, there unſuccoured;
" Or raiſe another head of that ſame race,
" T' avenge his death, and proſecute the caſe.

XLVI.

" All this, my lords, muſt be conſidered,
" (The beſt and worſt of that which may ſucceed)
" That valour mix'd with fear, boldneſs with dread,
" May march more circumſpect, with better heed.
" And to prevent theſe miſchiefs mentioned,
" Is by our faith, our ſecreſy, and ſpeed:
" For ev'n already is the work begun;
" And we reſt all undone, till all be done.

XLVII.

" And though I could have wiſh'd another courſe,
" In open field t' have hazarded my blood;

(*d*) Sir Thomas Blount.

" Yet ſome are here, whoſe love is of that force
" To draw my life, whom zeal hath not with-
ſtood.
" But like you not of your deſign the worſe:
" If the ſucceſs be good, your courſe is good;
" And ending well, our honour then begins:
" No hand of ſtrife is pure, but that which wins."

XLVIII.

This ſaid, a ſad ſtill ſilence held their minds,
Upon the fearful project of their woe;
But that not long e'er forward fury finds,
Encouraging perſuaſions on to go.
" We muſt, (ſaid they) we will; our honour binds;
" Our ſafety bids; our faith muſt have it ſo.
" We know the worſt can come: 'tis thought upon.
" We cannot ſhift—being in, we muſt go on."

XLIX.

And on, indeed, they went——but O! not far;
A fatal ſtop travers'd their headlong courſe;
Their drift 'comes known, and they diſcover'd are:
For ſome (of many) will be falſe of force.
Aumarle became the man that all did mar,
Whether through indiſcretion, chance, or worſe;
He makes his peace with off'ring others blood,
And ſhews the king how all the matter ſtood.

L.

Then lo! diſmay'd confuſion all poſſeſs'd
Th' afflicted troop, hearing their plot deſcry'd.
Then runs amaz'd diſtreſs, with ſad unreſt,
To this, to that; to fly, to ſtand, to hide:
Diſtracted terror knew not what was beſt;
On what determination to abide.
At laſt, deſpair would yet ſtand to the ſword,
To try what friends would do, or fate afford.

LI.

Then this, then that man's aid, they crave, implore;
Poſt here for help, ſeek there their followers;
Conjure their friends they had, labour for more;
Solicit all reputed favourers,
Who Richard's cauſe ſeem'd to affect before:
And in his name write, pray, ſend meſſengers,
To try what faith was left, if by this art
Any would ſtep to take affliction's part.

LII.

And ſome were found—And ſome again drew back:
Uncertain pow'r could not itſelf retain.
Entreat they may; authority they lack:
And here and there they march (but all in vain)
With deſp'rate courſe; like thoſe that ſee their wreck,
Ev'n on the rocks of death; and yet they ſtrain,
That death may not them idly find t' attend
Their certain laſt, but work to meet their end.

LIII.

And long they ſtand not, e're the chief ſurpris'd,
Conclude with their dear blood their tragedy:
And all the reſt diſpers'd, run, ſome diſguis'd
To unknown coaſt; ſome to the ſhores do fly;
Some to the woods, or whither fear adviſ'd:
But running from, all to deſtruction hie.
The breach once made upon a batter'd ſtate,
Down goes diſtreſs: no ſhelter ſhrouds their fate.

LIV.

And now what horror in their ſouls doth grow!
What ſorrows with their friends and near allies!
What mourning in their ruin'd houſes now!
How many children's plaints, and mother's cries!
How many woful widows left to bow
To ſad diſgrac'd! What periſh'd families!
What heirs of high rich hopes their thought muſt frame
To baſe down-looking poverty and ſhame!

LV.

This ſlaughter and calamity foregoes
Thy eminent deſtruction, woeful king:
This is the bloody comet of thy woes,
That doth foretel thy preſent ruining.
Here was thy end decreed, when theſe men roſe;
And ev'n with their's this act thy death did bring,
Or haſten'd at the leaſt upon this ground;
Yet if not this, another had been found.

LVI.

Kings, lords of times, and of occaſions, may,
Take their advantage when, and how they liſt,
For now the realm, he thought, in this diſmay,
T' avoid like miſchiefs, neither would reſiſt,
Nor feel the wound at all: ſince by this way,
All future diſturbations would deſiſt.
The root cut off, from whence theſe tumults roſe,
He would have reſt, the commonwealth repoſe.

LVII.

He knew this time: and yet he would not ſeem
Too quick to wrath, as if affecting blood;
But yet complains ſo far, that men might deem
He would 'twere done, and that he thought it good:
And wiſh'd that ſome would ſo his life eſteem,
As rid him of theſe fears wherein he ſtood.
And therewith (e) eyes a knight that then was by,
Who ſoon could learn his leſſon by his eye.

LVIII.

The man he knew was one that willingly
For one good look would hazard ſoul and all;
An inſtrument for any villany,
That needed no commiſſion more at all:
A great eaſe to the king, that ſhould hereby
Not need in this a courſe of juſtice call,
Nor ſeem to will the act. For tho' what's wrought
Were his own deed, he grieves ſhould ſo be thought.

LIX.

" So foul a thing (O!) thou Injuſtice art,
" That tott'reſt both the doer and diſtreſt,
" For when a man hath done a wicked part,
" How doth he ſtrive t' excuſe, to make the beſt,
" To ſhift the fault, t' unburden his charg'd heart;
" And glad to find the leaſt ſurmiſe of reſt!
" And if he could make his ſeem others ſin,
" What great repoſe, what eaſe he finds therein?"

LX.

This knight—but yet why ſhould I call him knight,
To give Impiety to the rev'rent ſtyle?
Title of honour, worth, and virtue's right,
Should not be given to a wretch ſo vile.
But pardon me, if I do not aright;
It is becauſe I will not here defile

(e) This knight was Sir Pierce of Exon.

My unſtainſtain'd verſe with his opprobrious name,
And grace him ſo, to place him in the ſame.

LXI.

This caitiff goes, and with him takes eight more,
As deſp'rate as himſelf, impiouſly bold,
(Such villains, as he knew would not abhor
To execute what wicked act he would)
And haſtes him down to Pomfret: where before,
The reſtleſs king convey'd, was laid in hold:
There would he do the deed he thought ſhould bring
To him great grace and favour with his king.

LXII.

Whether the ſoul receives intelligence
By her near genius of the body's end,
And ſo imparts a ſadneſs to the ſenſe,
Foregoing ruin, whereto it doth tend:
Or whether Nature elſe hath conference
With profound ſleep, and ſo doth warning ſend
By prophetiſing dreams, what hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear:

LXIII.

However, ſo it is; the now ſad king
(Toſs'd here and there, his quiet to confound)
Feels a ſtrange weight of ſorrows gathering
Upon his trembling heart, and ſees no ground;
Feels ſudden terror bring cold ſhivering;
Liſts not to eat; ſtill muſes; ſleeps unſound:
His ſenſes droop, his ſteddy eyes unquick;
And much he ails, and yet he is not ſick.

LXIV.

The morning of that day which was his laſt,
After a weary reſt riſing to pain,
Out of a little grate his eyes he caſt
Upon thoſe bord'ring hills, and open plain,
And views the town, and ſees how people paſs'd;
Where others liberty makes him complain
The more his own, and grieves his ſoul the more;
Conferring captive crowns, with freedom poor.

LXV.

" O happy man," ſaith he, " that lo I ſee
" Graſing his cattle in thoſe pleaſant fields!
" If he but knew his good, (how bleſſed he,
" That feels not what affliction greatneſs yields!)
" Other than what he is he would not be,
" Nor change his ſtate with him that ſceptre wields.
" Thine, thine is that true life—that is to live,
" To *reſt* ſecure, and not riſe up to *grieve*.

LXVI.

" Thou ſitt'ſt at home ſafe by thy quiet fire,
" And hear'ſt of others harms, but feeleſt none;
" And there thou tell'ſt of kings, and who aſpire,
" Who fall, who riſe, who triumphs, who do moan.
" Perhaps thou talk'ſt of me, and doſt inquire
" Of my reſtraint; why here I live alone;
" And pitieſt this my miſerable fall;
" For pity muſt have part; envy not all.

LXVII.

" Thrice happy you, that look as from the ſhore,
" And have no venture in the wreck you ſee;
" No int'reſt, no occaſion to deplore
" Other men's travels, while yourſelves ſit free.
" How much doth your ſweet reſt make us the more
" To ſee our miſery, and what we be!
" Whoſe blinded greatneſs ever in turmoil,
" Still ſeeking happy life, makes life a toil.

LXVIII.

" Great (*f*) Diocleſian, (and more great there-fore,
" For yielding up what whereto pride aſpires)
" Reckn'ning thy gardens in Illyria more
" Than all the empire, all what th' earth ad-mires;
" Thou well did'ſt teach, that he is never poor
" That little hath, but he that much deſires;
" Finding more true delight in that ſmall ground,
" Than in poſſeſſing all the earth was found.

LXIX.

" Are kings (that freedom give) themſelves not free,
" As meaner men, to take what they may give?
" What! are they of ſo fatal a degree,
" That they cannot deſcend from that, and live?
" Unleſs they ſtill be kings, can they not be?
" Nor may they their authority ſurvive?
" Will not my yielded crown redeem my breath?
" Still am I fear'd?—Is there no way but death?

LXX.

Scarce this word *death* from ſorrow did pro-ceed,
When in ruſh'd one, and tells him, ſuch a knight
Is new arriv'd; and comes from court in ſpeed.
" What news (ſaid he) with him, that trait'rous wight?
" What more removing yet?—alas! what need?
" Are we not far enough ſent out of ſight?
" Or is this place here not ſufficient ſtrong,
" To guard us in? Or muſt we have more wrong?"

LXXI.

By this the bloody troop were at the door;
When as a ſudden and a ſtrange diſmay
Enforc'd them ſtrain who ſhould go in before.
One offers, and in off'ring makes a ſtay:
Another forward ſets, and doth no more:
A third the like: and none durſt make the way.
So much the horror of ſo vile a deed,
In vileſt minds, deters them to proceed.

LXXII.

At length, as to ſome great advent'rous fight,
This *bravo* cheers theſe daſtards all he can;
And valiantly their courage doth incite,
And all againſt one weak, unmarmed man.
A great exploit, and fit for ſuch a knight;
Wherein ſo much renown his valour wan.
But ſee how men that very preſence fear,
Which once they knew authority did bear!

LXXIII.

Then on thruſts one, and he would foremoſt be,
To ſhed another's blood; but loſt his own.
For ent'ring in, as ſoon as he did ſee
The face of majeſty, to him well known;
Like Marius' ſoldier at Minternum, he
Stood ſtill amaz'd, his courage overthrown.
The king ſeeing this, ſtarting from where he ſat,
Out from his trembling hand his weapon gat.

LXXIV.

Thus ev'n his foes, who came to bring him death,
Bring him a weapon, that before had none;

(*f*) Primus Imperium communicavit, et poſuit Dioclefianus; et in eo ponendo dixiſſe fertur. Recipe Jupiter imperium, quod mihi commodaſti.

Thatyet he might not idly loſe his breath,
But lie reveng'd in action, not alone.
Andthis good chance that thus much favoureth,
He lacks not—For he preſently ſpeeds on;
And lion-like, upon the reſt he flies:
And here falls one;—and there another lies.

LXXV.

And up and down he traverſes his ground;
Nov wards a felling blow, now ſtrikes again;
Then nimbly ſhifts a thruſt, then lends a wound;
Nov back he gives, then ruſhes on amain.
His quick and ready hand doth ſo confound
Thee ſhameful beaſts, that four of them lie ſlain:
And all had periſh'd happily and well,
But for one act, that (O!) I grieve to tell.

LXXVI.

This coward knight ſeeing with ſhame and fear,
His men thus ſlain, and doubting his own end,
Leaps up into a chair, that (lo!) was there;
The whilſt the king did all his courage bend
Againſt thoſe four, which now before him were,
Doubting not who behind him doth attend;
And plies his hands undaunted, unaffear'd,
And with good heart, and life for life he ſtirr'd.

LXXVII.

And whilſt he this, and that, and each man's blow
Doth eye, defend, and ſhift, being laid to ſore;
Backward he bears for more advantage now,
Thinking the wall would ſafeguard him the more;
When lo! with impious hand, O wicked thou,
That (ſhameful) durſt not come to ſtrike before,
Behind him gav'ſt that lamentable wound,
Which laid that wretched prince flat to the ground.

LXXVIII.

Now proditorious wretch, what haſt thou done,
To make this barb'rous baſe aſſaſſinate
Upon the perſon of a prince; and one
Foreſpent with ſorrow, and all deſolate?
With great advancement haſt thou hereby won,
By being the inſtrument to perpetrate
So foul a deed? Where is thy grace in court,
For ſuch a ſervice, acted in this ſort?

LXXIX.

Firſt, he for whom thou doſt this villany,
Though pleas'd therewith, will not avouch thy fact,
But let the weight of thine own infamy
Fall on thee unſupported and unback'd:
Then all men elſe will loathe thy treachery,
And thou thyſelf abhor thy proper act.
"So th' wolf, in hope the lion's grace to win,
"Betraying other beaſts, loſt his own ſkin."

LXXX.

But now, as this ſweet prince diſtended lay,
And him nor life nor death their own could call;
(For life removing, rid not all away;
And death, though ent'ring, had not ſeiz'd on all;)
That ſhort-tim'd motion had a little ſtay,
(The mover ceaſing) though it were but ſmall:
As th' organ ſound a time ſurvives the ſtop,
Before it doth the dying note give up:

LXXXI.

When lo! there ſtreams a ſpring of blood ſo faſt,
From thoſe deep wounds, as all embru'd the face,
Of that accurſed caitiff, as he paſs'd
(After the deed effected) through the place:
And therewithal, thoſe dying eyes did caſt
Such an upbraiding look on his diſgrace,
(Seeming to check ſo cowardly a part)
As left th' impreſſion even in his heart.

LXXXII.

And this one king, moſt near in blood ally'd,
Is made th' oblation for the other's peace:
Which peace yet was not hereby ratify'd,
So as it could all future fears releaſe.
For though the other did forthwith provide,
To have the rumour run of his deceaſe, [was
By drawing the (*g*) corps to London, where it
Laid, three days to be ſeen, with open face.

LXXXIII.

Yet ſo great was this execrable deed,
As men would ſcarce therein believe their eyes,
Much leſs their ears: and many ſought to feed
The eaſy creditors of novelties,
By voicing him (*b*) alive—how he was freed
By ſtrange eſcape out of his miſeries.
And many did conſpire now to relieve
Him dead, who had forſaken him alive.

LXXXIV.

And many ſuffer'd for his cauſe, when now
He had none. Many wiſh'd for him again,
When they perceiv'd th' exchange did not allow
Their hopes ſo much as they did look to gain,
By trafficking of kings; and all ſaw how
Their full expectances were in the wain.
They had a king was more than him before;
But yet a king, where they were nought the more.

LXXXV.

And ſure this murd'red prince, though weak he was,
He was not ill; nor yet ſo weak, but that
He ſhew'd much martial valour in his place,
Advent'ring oft his perſon for the ſtate:
And might amongſt our better princes paſs;
Had not the flatt'ry, rapine, and debate
Of factious lords, and greedy officers,
Diſgrac'd his actions, and abus'd his ears.

LXXXVI.

Nor is it ſo much princes weakneſſes,
As the corruption of their miniſters,
Whereby the commonwealth receives diſtreſs.
For they attending their particulars,
Make imperfections their advantages,
To be themſelves both kings and counſellors,
And ſure this commonwealth can never take
Hurt by weak kings, but ſuch as we do make.

LXXXVII.

Beſides, he was (which people much reſpect
In princes, and which pleaſes vulgarly)
Of goodly pers'nage, and of ſweet aſpect;
Of mild acceſs, and liberality;
And feaſts, and ſhews, and triumphs did affect,
As the delights of youth and jollity.

(*g*) The corps was conveyed from Pomfret to London; where it lay with open face in Paul's three day's; and after a ſolemn obſequy, was had to Langley, and there meanly interred.

(*b*) King Richard bruited to be alive, after he was thus murdered; which begat a conſpiracy for the which Sir Roger Clarendon (ſuppoſed to be the baſe ſon of the Black Prince) was executed, with divers friars.

But here the great (*i*) profuſion, and expence
Of his revenues, bred him much offence:

LXXXVIII.

And gave advantage unto enmity,
This grievous accuſation to prefer;
" That he conſum'd the common treaſury;
" Whereof he being the ſimple uſager
" But for the ſtate, (not in propriety)
" Did alien at his pleaſure, and transfer
" The ſame t' his minions, and to whom he liſt;
" By which the commonwealth was to ſubſiſt.

LXXXIX.

" Whereby, ſaid they, the poor concuſſed ſtate,
" Shall ever be exacted for ſupplies."
Which accuſation was th' occaſion that
His ſucceſſor, by order, nullifies
Many his (*k*) parents, and did revocate
And reaſſume his liberalities.

(*i*) He had in his court 1000 perſons, in ordinary allowance of diet; 300 ſervitors in his kitchen; above 300 ladies, chamberers, and launderers. His apparel was ſumptuous; and ſo was it generally in his time. He had one coat of gold and ſtone, valued at 30,000 merks. One interview with the French king at Ardes, when his wife Iſabel was delivered unto him, coſt him 300,000 merks.

(*k*) Henry IV. revoketh all letters-patent of annuities, granted by King Edward and King Richard, anno regni 6.

And yet, for all theſe waſtes, theſe gifts and feaſts,
He was not found a (*l*) bankrupt in his cheſts.

XC.

But they who took to Syndick in this ſort
The actions of a monarch, knew thoſe things
Wherein the accounts were likely to fall ſhort,
Between the ſtate of kingdoms and their kings;
Which preſident, of peſtilent import,
(Had not the heav'ns bleſs'd thy endeavourings)
Againſt thee, Henry, had been likewiſe brought,
Th' example made of thy example wrought.

XCI.

For though this bounty, and this lib'ralneſs,
A glorious virtue be; it better fits
Great men than (*m*) kings. Who giving in exceſs,
Give not their own, but others benefits:
Which calls up many's hopes, but pleaſures leſs;
Deſtroying far more love, than it begets.
" For juſtice is their virtue—That alone
" Makes them fit ſure, and glorifies the throne.

(*l*) When he was firſt ſurpriſed in Wales, the Duke of Lancaſter had in Holt Caſtle 100,000 merks in coin, and 200,000 merks in jewels; and at his reſignation in the tower, 300,000 l. in coin, beſides plate and jewels.

(*m*) A prince exceſſive in gifts, makes his ſubjects exceſſive in ſuits.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

King Henry his excuſes publiſhes
For Richard's death; and truce doth entertain
With France.—The Scots aggriev'd for wrongs, addreſs
Themſelves to war; and are appeas'd again.
—The Welch rebel.—The Piercies practices
(To part the ſtate) are ſtopp'd; in battle ſlain.
Continual troubles ſtill afflict this king;
Till death an end doth to his travels bring.

I.

The bounds once overgone that hold men in,
They never ſtay; but on from bad to worſe.
" Wrongs do not leave off there where they begin,
" But ſtill beget new miſchiefs in their courſe.
Now, Henry, thou haſt added to thy ſin
Of uſurpation, and intruding force,
A greater crime; which makes that gone before
T' appear more than it did, and noted more.

II.

For now thou art enforc'd t' apologiſe
With (*a*) foreign ſtates, for two enormous things,
Wherein thou doſt appear to ſcandalize
The public right, and common cauſe of kings:
Which, though (with all the ſkill thou canſt deviſe)
Thou overlay'ſt with faireſt colourings;
Yet th' underwork, tranſparent, ſhews too plain.
" Where open acts accuſe, th' excuſe is vain.

III.

And theſe defences are but compliments,
To dally with confining potentates;
Who, buſied in their proper governments,
Do ſeldom tend th' affairs of other ſtates:
Their wiſdom, which to preſent pow'r conſents,
Live dogs before dead lions eſtimates:
" And no man more reſpects theſe public wrongs,
" Than ſo much as t' his private ſtate belongs.

(*a*) Commiſſioners are ſent to foreign princes, to excuſe and juſtify the king's proceedings.

IV.

Yet moſt it ſeem'd the French king to import,
As ſharer in his daughter's injury:
" Though blood in princes links not in ſuch ſort,
" As that it is of any power to tie,
Where their eſtates may ſeem t' adventure hurt;
Or where there is not a neceſſity,
That doth combine them with a ſtronger chain,
Than all theſe great alliances contain.

V.

For though this king might have reſentiment,
And will t' avenge him of this injury;
Yet at that time his (*b*) ſtate being turbulent,
Factious, and full of partiality,
And oftentimes he himſelf impotent,
By means of his frenetic malady;
It was not likely any good could riſe,
By undertaking ſuch an enterpriſe.

VI.

And therefore, both ſides, upon intercourſe,
(As fitted beſt their preſent terms) agreed,
The former (*c*) truce continue ſhould in force,
According as it had been fore-decreed

(*b*) In this time of Charles VI. began the Civil Wars in France, between the Dukes of Orleans and Burgoign.

(*c*) The truce made with Richard II. renewed for 30 years; but broken the next year after, upon their part; ſending Jaques de Bourbon with forces into Wales, to the aid of Glendour.

Upon the match with Richard; and a courſe
For Iſabel (with all convenient ſpeed)
Provided, with an honourable train
Suiting her ſtate, to be ſent home again:

VII.

Whom willingly they would have ſtill retain'd,
And match'd unto the (*d*) prince. But ſhe (though young;
Yet ſenſible of that which appertain'd
To honour and renown) ſcorn'd any tongue,
That offer'd ſuch a motion; and diſdain'd
To have it thought, ſhe would but hear that wrong
Mov'd to her, of her lord and huſband dead,
To have his murderers race enjoy his bed.

VIII.

Beſides, the French (doubting the government,
Thus gotten, would be ſubject ſtill to ſtrife)
Not willing were to urge her to conſent
T' accept a troublous and uncertain life:
And being return'd, ſhe grew in th' end content
To be (at home) a (*e*) Duke of Orlean's wife;
'Scap'd from ſuch ſtorms of pow'r, holding it beſt
To be below herſelf, to be at reſt.

IX.

And ſo hath Henry aſſecur'd that ſide,
And therewithal his (*f*) ſtate of Gaſcony;
Which, on th' intelligence was notify'd
Of Richard's death, were wrought to mutiny;
And hardly came to be repacify'd,
And kept to hold in their fidelity.
So much to him were they affectioned,
For having been amongſt them born and bred.

X.

Theſe toils abroad, theſe tumults with his own,
(As if the frame of all diſjointed were,
With this diſorder'd ſhifting of the crown)
Fell in the revolution of one year.
Beſide, the Scot (in diſcontentment grown,
For the detaining, and ſupporting here, [Dunbar)
The ſcourge of all that kingdom, (*g*) George
With fire and ſword proclaims an open war;

XI.

Taking their time in theſe diſturbances,
And newneſs of a wav'ring government,
T' avenge them of their former grievances,
And by our ſpoils their fortunes to augment.
Againſt whoſe forces Henry furniſhes
A pow'rful army, and in perſon went;
But wars with a retiring enemy,
With much more travel than with victory.

XII.

And being (by ſharp deformed winter's force)
Caus'd to retire, he finds new ſtorms at home,
From other coaſts ariſing; that prov'd worſe
Than thoſe which now he was returned from.

In (*b*) Wales, a cauſe of law, by violent courſe,
Was (from a variance) now a war become;
And Owen Glendour, who with Grey of late
Conteſts for private lands, now ſeeks a ſtate.

XIII.

Whom to repreſs, he early in the ſpring,
With all proviſions fit, doth forward ſet;
When ſtrait his enemies (not purpoſing
To hazard battle) to the mountains get:
Where after long and weary travelling,
Without performing any great defeat,
He only their proviſions waſtes and burns,
And with ſome prey of cattle home returns.

XIV.

Wherewith the rebel rather was the more
Encourag'd than undaunted; and begun
T' adventure farther than he did before;
Seeing ſuch a monarch had ſo little done,
Being come in perſon with ſo great a pow'r,
And ſuddenly again retir'd and gone.
" For in this caſe they help, who hurt ſo ſmall;
" And he hath nothing done, that doth not all."

XV.

But now (behold!) other new heads (*i*) appear,
New hydra's of rebellion, that procure
More work to do, and give more cauſe of fear;
And ſhew'd, that nothing in his ſtate ſtood ſure.
And theſe ev'n of his chiefeſt followers were,
Of whom he might preſume him moſt ſecure;
Who had th' eſpecial engines been, to rear
His fortunes up unto the ſtate they were.

XVI.

The Piercies were the men—men of great might,
Strong in alliance, and in courage ſtrong;
Who now conſpire, under pretence to right
Such wrongs as to the commonwealth belong:
Urg'd either through their conſcience, or deſpite;
Or finding now the part they took was wrong.
Or elſe ambition hereto did them call,
Or others envy'd grace; or rather all.

XVII.

And ſuch they were, who might preſume t' have done
Much for the king, and honour of the ſtate;
Having the chiefeſt actions undergone,
Both foreign and domeſtical of late:
Beſide that famous day of (*k*) Homeldon,
Where Hotſpur gave that wonderful defeat
Unto the Scots, as ſhook that kingdom more
Than many monarchs armies had before.

XVIII.

Which might perhaps advance their minds ſo far,
Above the level of ſubjection, as

(*d*) The king labours to have Queen Iſabel matched to his ſon Henry, Prince of Wales.

(*e*) Queen Iſabel was married to Charles, ſon to Louis Duke of Orleans.

(*f*) Thomas Piercy, Earl of Worceſter, was ſent into Gaſcony, with 200 men at arms, and 400 archers, to aſſiſt Sir Robert Knowles, lieutenant there; where he pacified that country, being incenſed by the French to revolt, upon their diſcontentment for the death of King Richard, whom they eſpecially loved for being born at Bourdeaux.

(*g*) George Dunbar, Earl of March, flying out of Scotland, was received and cherished in England, and warred gainſt his country.

(*b*) Owen Glendour, an Eſquire in North Wales, conteſting with the Lord Grey of Ruthven, for certain lands which he claimed by inheritance; and being not powerful enough by his own means to recover them, procured force, and made war upon the Lord Grey; and after attempts for the principality of that country, Anno regni 2.

(*i*) Anno Regni 3.

(*k*) In this battle of Homeldon, the Lord Henry Piercy, (ſirnamed Hotſpur) accompanied with George Dunbar, Earl of March, overthrew the Scottiſh forces: Where were ſlain 23 knights, and 10,000 of the commons; the Earls of Fife, Murray, Angus, with five hundred other of meaner degree, taken priſoners.

T' assume to them the glory of that war;
Where all things by their pow'r were brought to pass.
They being so mighty, and so popular,
And their command so spacious as it was,
Might (in their state) forget, how all these things
That subjects do effect, must be their kings.

XIX.

And so fell after into discontent,
For that the king requir'd to have as his, [meant
Those lords were taken prisoners; whom they
To hold still as their proper purchases:
Then, that he would not at their suit consent
To work their cousin Mortimer's release
Out of the rebel Owen Glendour's hands,
Who held him prisoner in disgraceful bands.

XX.

But be what will the cause, strong was their plot,
Their parties great, means good, the season fit;
Their practice close, their faith suspected not;
Their states far off, and they of wary wit:
Who with large promises so woo the Scot
To aid their cause, as he consents to it;
And glad was to disturb that furious stream
Of war on us, that else had swallowed them.

XXI.

Then join they with the Welch; who, now well train'd
In arms and action, daily grew more great;
Their leader by his wiles had much attain'd,
And done much mischief on the English State:
Beside his pris'ner Mortimer he gain'd,
From being a foe, to b' his confederate;
A man the king much fear'd—And well he (*l*) might; [right
Lest he should look whether his Crown stood

XXII.

For Richard, (for the quiet of the state)
Before he took those Irish wars in hand,
About succession doth deliberate;
And finding how the certain right did stand,
With full consent this man did ordinate
The heir apparent to the Crown and land;
Whose competency was of tender touch: [much.
Although his might was small, his right was

XXIII.

With these the Piercies them confederate,
And as three heads conjoin in one intent;
And instituting a triumvirate,
Do part the land in triple government;
Dividing thus among themselves the state:
The Piercies should rule all the North from Trent;
And Glendour, Wales: The Earl of March should be ['gree.
Lord of the South, from Trent—And so they

XXIV.

Then those fair baits these trouble states still use,
(Pretence of common good, the king's ill course)
Must be cast forth, the people to abuse,
And give their cause and them the better force.
The king for tyranny they do accuse,
By whom the State was grown from bad to worse;
A perjur'd man, who held all faith in scorn;
Whose trusted oaths had others made forsworn.

XXV.

And (*m*) therewithal the execrable act
On their late murder'd king they aggravate:
" How he employ'd the doers of the fact,
" Whom afterwards he did remunerate;
" And daily such taxations did exact,
" As were against the order of the state;
" Presuming those great sums he did impose,
" About his private uses to dispose.

XXVI.

" And how he was environed with such
" As had possess'd him; and in stand'rous sort
" Accus'd them so, as they durst not approach
" To clear themselves of such unjust report.
" And thereupon they flatly disavouch
" To yield him more obedience, or support:
" And as t' a perjur'd Duke of Lancaster,
" Their cartel of defiance they prefer;

XXVII.

" Protesting these objections to make good
" With sword in hand; and to confirm and seal
" Their undertaking with their dearest blood,
" As procurators for the commonweal.
" And that upon their consciences it stood,
" And did import their duty and their zeal
" Unto the state, as peers, to see redress'd
" Those miseries wherewith it was oppress'd."

XXVIII.

Great seem'd their cause; and greatly too did add
The people's love thereto, these crimes impos'd;
That many gather'd to the troops they had,
And many sent them aid, though undisclos'd:
So that the king (with all main speed) was glad,
Both by his remonstrances well compos'd,
And with his sword (his best defence) provide
To right himself, and to correct their pride.

XXIX.

" Divulging first a fair apology
" Of his clear heart, touching the foul report
" Of that assassinate; which utterly
" He doth abjure: Protesting, in no sort
" T' agree thereto, in will or privity.
" And how he had been used to exhort,
" The state could witness best; by whose con-
" sent
" Was granted what he had in parli'ment:

XXX.

" Which never was but only one supply,
" In four years troublous and expensive reign;
" And that upon extreme necessity,
" The safety of the public to maintain.

(*l*) In the 9th year of the reign of King Richard II. was by parliament ordained Roger Earl of March, heir apparent to the Crown.

This Roger was the son of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippa, the only daughter of Lionel Duke of Clarence the third son of K. Edward III. who by her had issue this Roger, and Elizabeth. Roger had issue four children; all which (save only Anne) died without issue. Anne was married to Richard Earl of Cambridge, second son to Edmund Duke of York. This Richard (beheaded at Southampton) had issue by Anne, Richard, (firnamed Plantagenet) after Duke of York.

(*m*) The Piercies article against Henry IV. Anno Regni, 4.

" And that the Piercies beſt could teſtify,
" How moſt that money iſſued was again;
" To whom the ſame was render'd, to the end
" To war the Scot, and borders to defend.

XXXI.

" And that the reſt was to the ſame effect,
" For which it was obtain'd, in like ſort ſpent.
" And whereas they did ſlanderouſly object,
" How that they durſt not hazard to preſent
" In perſon their defences, in reſpect
" He was incens'd by ſome malevolent:
" It was moſt falſe—for he knew no defence
" They were to make, till now they made offence.

XXXII.

" And how far he had been from cruelty,
" Both Wales and Scotland could him witneſs
" Where thoſe effects of his great clemency, [bear;
" In ſparing blood, did to his coſt appear.
" Much more his ſubjects find his lenity;
" Whoſe love he ſeeks to have, and not their fear.
" But thus, ſaid he, they ever do pretend
" To have receiv'd a wrong, who wrong intend."

XXXIII.

Not to give time unto th' increaſing rage,
And gath'ring fury; forth he march'd with ſpeed,
Leſt more delay, or giving longer age
To th' evil grown, it might the cure exceed.
All his beſt men at arms, and leaders ſage;
All he prepar'd he could: and all did need:
For to a mighty work thou goeſt, O king,
That equal ſpirits, and equal pow'rs ſhall bring.

XXXV.

There ſhall young Hotſpur, with a fury led,
Engrapple with ſon, as fierce as he:
There martial Worc'ſter, long experienced
In foreign arms, ſhall come t' encounter thee.
There Douglas, to thy Stafford, ſhall make head;
There Vernon, for thy valiant Blount, ſhall be.
There ſhalt thou find a doubtful bloody day,
Though ſickneſs keep Northumberland away.

XXXV.

Who yet reſerv'd (though after quit for this)
Another tempeſt on thy head to raiſe;
As if ſtill wrong-revenging Nemeſis
Meant to afflict all thy continuing days.
And here this field he happily doth miſs,
For thy great good; and therefore well he ſtays.
What might his force have done, being brought
When that already gave ſo much to do? [thereto,

XXXVI.

The ſwift (*p*) approach, and unexpected ſpeed,
The king had made upon this new-rais'd force,
In th' unconfirmed troops much fear did breed,
Untimely hind'ring their intended courſe.
The joining with the Welch, they had decreed,
Was hereby daſh'd; which made their cauſe the worſe:
Northumberland, with forces from the North,
Expected to be there, was not ſet forth.

XXXVII.

And yet undaunted Hotſpur (ſeeing the king
So near arriv'd) leaving the work in hand,
With forward ſpeed his forces marſhalling,
Sets forth, his father coming to withſtand;
And with a cheerful voice encouraging
His well-experienc'd and advent'rous band,
Brings on his army, eager unto fight,
And plac'd the ſame before the king in ſight.

XXXVIII.

" This day, ſaith he, my valiant truſty friends,
" Whatever it doth give, ſhall glory give:
" This day with honour frees our ſtate, or ends
" Our miſery with fame, that ſtill ſhall live.
" And do but think, how well the ſame he ſpends,
" Who ſpends his blood, his country to relieve!
" What! have we hands; and ſhall we ſervile be?
" Why were ſwords made; but to preſerve men
" free?

XXXIX.

" Beſides, th' aſſured hope of victory,
" Which we may ev'n fore-promiſe on our ſide
" Againſt this weak conſtrained company;
" Whom force and fear, not will and love, doth
" Againſt a prince, whoſe foul impiety [guide;
" The Heav'ns do hate; the earth cannot abide.
" Our number being no leſs, our courage more;
" No doubt we have it, if we work therefor."

XL.

This ſaid, and thus reſolv'd, ev'n bent to charge
Upon the king who well their order view'd,
And wary noted all the courſe at large
Of their proceedings, and their multitude:
And deeming better, if he could diſcharge
The day with ſafety, and ſome peace conclude;
Great (*q*) proffers ſent of pardon and of grace,
If they would yield, and quietneſs embrace.

XLI.

Which though his fears might drive him to pro-
To time his buſ'neſs for ſome other end; [poſe;
Yet ſure he could not mean t' have peace with
Who did in that ſupreme degree offend. [thoſe
Nor were they ſuch as would be won with ſhews,
Or breath of oaths, or vows could apprehend;
So that (in honour) th' offers he doth make,
Were not for him to give, nor them to take.

XLII.

And yet thus much his courſes do approve,
He was not bloody in his natural;
And yield he did to more, than might behove
His dignity to have diſpens'd withal.
And unto Worc'ſter he himſelf did move
A reconcilement to be made of all;
But Worc'ſter knowing 't could not be ſecur'd,
His nephew's onſet yet for all procur'd.

XLIII.

Which ſeeing, the king with greater wrath in-
cens'd,
Rage againſt fury doth with ſpeed prepare:

(*p*) The king (haſtened forward by George Dunbar) was in ſight of his enemies, lying in camp near to Shrewſbury, ſooner than he was expected. For the Piercies ſuppoſed he would have ſtaid longer than he did at Burton upon Trent, for the coming of his council with other forces, which were there to meet him. Whereupon they left to aſſail the town of Shrewſbury, and prepared to encounter the king's forces, anno regni 4.

(*q*) The abbot of Shrewſbury, and one of the clerks of the Privy Seal, were ſent from the king to the Piercies, to offer them pardon, if they would come to any reaſonable agreement. Whereupon the Earl of Worceſter coming to the king, received many kind proffers; and promiſing to move his nephew therein, did at his return (as is ſaid) conceal them, and haſtened to the battle; which was fought near Shrewſbury, anno regni 4.

" And though (ſaid he) I could have well diſ-
" pens'd
" With this day's blood, which I have fought to
" ſpare;
" That greater glory might have recompens'd
" The forward worth of theſe that ſo much dare;
" That we might good have had by th' overthrown,
" And th' wounds we make might not have been
" our own:

XLIV.

" Yet ſince that other men's iniquity
" Calls on the ſword of wrath againſt my will;
" And that themſelves exact this cruelty,
" And I conſtrained am this blood to ſpill:
" Then on, brave followers; on courageouſly,
" True-hearted ſubjects, againſt traitors ill:
" And ſpare not them who ſeek to ſpoil us all;
" Whoſe ſoul, confuſed end, ſoon ſee you ſhall."

XLV.

Forthwith began theſe fury-moving ſounds,
The notes of wrath, the muſic brought from hell;
The rattling drums, (which trumpet's voice con-
founds)
The cries, th' encouragements, the ſhouting ſhrill,
That all about the beaten air rebounds
Confuſed, thund'ring murmurs, horrible;
To rob all ſenſe, except the ſenſe to fight.
Well hands may work: The mind hath loſt his
ſight.

XLVI.

O war! begot in pride and luxury,
The child of malice, and revengeful hate;
Thou impious good, and good impiety,
Thou art the ſoul refiner of a ſtate;
Unjuſt-juſt ſcourge of men's iniquity,
Sharp-eaſer of corruptions deſperate:
Is there no means, but that a ſin-ſick land
Muſt be let blood with ſuch a boiſt'rous hand?

XLVII.

How well might'ſt thou have here been ſpar'd
this day,
Had not wrong-counſell'd Piercy been perverſe?
Whoſe forward hand, inur'd to wounds, makes
way
Upon the ſharpeſt fronts of the moſt fierce;
Where now an equal fury thruſts, to ſlay
And back-repel that force, and his diſperſe.
Then theſe aſſail; then thoſe re-chaſe again;
Till ſtay'd with new made hills of bodies ſlain.

XLVIII.

There lo! that new appearing glorious ſtar,
Wonder of arms, the terror of the field,
Young (*r*) Henry lab'ring where the ſtouteſt are,
And ev'n the ſtouteſt forceth back to yield:
There is that hand bolden'd to blood and war,
That muſt the ſword in wondrous actions
wield:
Though better he had learn'd with others blood;
A leſs expence to us, to him more good.

XLIX.

Yet here had he not ſpeedy ſuccour lent
To his endanger'd father, near oppreſs'd,
That day had ſeen the full accompliſhment
Of all his travels, and his final reſt.
For Mars-like Douglas all his forces bent
T' encounter, and to grapple with the beſt;
As if diſdaining any other thing
To do that day, but to ſubdue a king.

L.

And three, with fiery courage, he aſſails;
Three, all as kings adorn'd in royal wiſe;
And each ſucceſſive after other quails,
Still wond'ring whence ſo many kings ſhould riſe.
And doubting leſt his hand or eye-ſight fails,
(In theſe confounded) on a fourth he flies,
And him unhorſes too: Whom had he ſped,
He then all kings in him had vanquiſhed.

LI.

For Henry had divided (as it were)
The perſon of himſelf into four parts;
To be leſs known, and yet known ev'ry where,
The more to animate his people's hearts:
Who cheered by his preſence, would not ſpare
To execute their beſt and worthieſt parts.
By which, two ſpecial things effected are;
His ſafety, and his ſubjects better care.

LII.

And never worthy prince a day did quit
With greater hazard, and with more renown,
Than thou did'ſt, mighty Henry, in this fight;
Which only made thee owner of thine own!
Thou never prov'dſt the tenure of thy right
(How thou did'ſt hold thy eaſy-gotten crown)
Till now: And now thou ſhew'ſt thyſelf chief lord,
By that eſpecial right of kings, the ſword.

LIII.

And dear it coſt, and much good blood is ſhed,
To purchaſe thee a ſaving victory:
Great (*s*) Stafford, thy High Conſtable, lies dead,
With Shorley, Clifton, Gawſell, Calverly,
And many more, whoſe brave deaths witneſſed
Their noble valour and fidelity:
And many more had left their deareſt blood
Behind that day, had Hotſpur longer ſtood.

LIV.

But he, as Douglas with his fury led,
Ruſheth into the thickeſt woods of ſpears,
And brakes of ſwords, ſtill laying at the head,
(The life of th' army) whilſt he nothing fears,
Or ſpares his own; comes all environed
With multitude of pow'r, that over-bears
His manly worth: Who yields not in his fall;
But fighting dies, and dying kills withal.

LV.

What ark, what trophy, what magnificence
Of glory, Hotſpur, had'ſt thou purchas'd here;
Could but thy cauſe as fair as thy pretence,
Be made unto thy country to appear!
Had it been her protection and defence,
(Not thy ambition) made thee ſell ſo dear
Thyſelf this day! ſhe muſt have here made good
An everlaſting ſtatue for thy blood.

LVI.

Which thus miſ-ſpent, thy army preſently
(As if they could not ſtand when thou wer't down)

(*r*) Prince Henry, at this battle, was not ſeventeen years of age.

(*s*) Edmond Earl of Stafford, Conſtable of England,

Diſpers'd in rout, betook them all to fly;
And Douglas, faint with wounds, and over-
thrown,
Was taken; who yet won the enemy
Which took him, (by his noble valour ſhewn,
In that day's mighty work) and was preſerv'd
With all the grace and honour he deſerv'd.

LVII.

(*t*) Worc'ſter (who had eſcap'd unhappily
His death in battle) on a ſcaffold dies,
The next day after, in the company
Of other chiefeſt of that enterprife.
And ſo the tempeſt of this mutiny
Became allay'd; and thoſe great jeopardies
Blown over in this ſort, the coaſts well clear'd,
But for one threat'ning cloud that yet appear'd.

LVIII.

Northumberland recover'd, ſtill out ſtands;
The principal of this great family,
And faction: Having Berwick in his hands,
With other holds: Strong by confed'racy
With Scotland: mighty by his own command.
And likely now his utmoſt pow'r to try,
T' avenge him on the ruin of his blood,
And join with Wales, which yet undaunted ſtood.

LIX.

Which mov'd the king, (who had too much
endur'd
In this days work, to hazard new again)
By all the apteſt means could be procur'd,
To lay to draw him in by any train.
And write he did, and vow'd, and him aſſur'd
(Upon his princely word) to entertain
With former grace, if he would but ſubmit,
And come to yield th' obedience that was fit.

LX.

The earl being now by this defeat diſmay'd,
(And fearing his confederates would fail,
With fortune, and betray, rather than aid
Thoſe who are down; being for their own avail)
Relying on his ſoverign's oath, obey'd;
Which with his tender griefs did much prevail:
And in he came, and had no detriment,
But (for a ſhew) ſome ſhort impriſonment.

LXI.

The parli'ment that afterward enſu'd,
Reſtor'd him t' all his dignities and lands.
And now none but the Welch ſeem'd to ſeclude
The king, from having wholly in his hands
All peace within: And them he had purſu'd,
Whilſt this brave army, with theſe ready bands,
Were yet on foot; could he but have got pay
To hold them, and his charge of war defray.

LXII.

But that he could not gain, though all the ways
That might be wrought, he labours to procure
Means to effect the ſame. But thoſe delays,
And long protraction, which he muſt endure
By way of parli'ment, ſo much betrays
The opportunity, that might ſecure
His undertaking; as th' occaſion loſt,
Drave both the ſtate and him to greater coſt.

(*t*) Thomas Piercy, Earl of Worceſter; with Sir Richard Vernon, and the Baron of Kinderton, were taken in the battle, and beheaded.

LXI.

For now the (*u*) rebel, thus forborn, grows
ſtrong,
Both in his reputation and ſucceſs:
For having with his pow'r held out ſo long,
Many adventure with more forwardneſs
To yield him aid, and to ſupport his wrong.
And foreign princes (in his buſineſs
Whom he ſolicits) now will lend their hand
To hold him up, ſeeing himſelf can ſtand.

LXIV.

And thus he proſpers: Whilſt the king here
ſpent
Much time to (*x*) levy treaſure, to maintain
His charge abroad: Which, with that diſcontent,
That murmur, thoſe denials, he doth gain;
As that he finds it ev'n as turbulent
To war for it, as with it, all his reign;
Though he had thoſe enforcements of expence,
Both for offence, retainments, and defence.

LXV.

For here beſide theſe troubles in the land,
His large dominions held abroad require
A plentiful, and a prepared hand,
To guard them; where ſo (*y*) mighty men aſpire
T' affail, diſtract, and trouble his command,
With hopes and promiſes, with ſword and fire.
And then as deep imports his coaſts to clear,
Which by his neighbours much infeſted were:

LXVI.

The Flemings, Britons, with the French and
all,
Attempt incurſions, and work much deſpite.
Orleans for Guien: And here the (*z*) Count St.
Paul
For Calais labours, and the Iſle of Wight;
Wherein though neither had ſucceſs at all;
Yet Cler'mont overcame, and won by fight
Important holds in Gaſcony the while,
And did the Engliſh much diſtreſs and ſpoil.

LXVII.

All which require proviſions to withſtand;
And all are ſuccour'd with great providence.
A navy, to ſecure the ſeas, is mann'd;
And (*a*) forces ſent to Calais, for defence.
And wherein other parts defective ſtand,
They are ſupply'd with careful diligence:
So that his ſubjects could not but well know,
That what they granted, he did ſure beſtow.

(*u*) The French king ſends aid to Owen Glendour, with 140 ſhips, which landed at Milford Haven, An. reg. 6.

(*x*) An. Reg. 6. With much ado, the laity granted two fifteenths, upon condition that the Lord Furnival ſhould receive all the money, and ſee it to be ſpent in the king's wars.

(*y*) The Duke of Orleans, with an army of 6000 men, entered into Guienne, and beſieged Vergi the ſpace of three months, and returned without obtaining it. Anno Reg. 5. The Count Clermont, ſon to the Duke of Bourbon, with Monſieur de la Brett, won divers caſtles in Gaſcony. The ſame time the Count St. Paul invadeth the iſle of Wight with 1600 men.

(*z*) Anno Regni 6. The Count St. Paul beſiegeth the caſtle of Mark, within three miles of Calais. The Britons, under the conduct of the Lord of Caſtils, ſpoiled and burnt the town of Plymouth.

(*a*) The king ſends 4000 men to Calais, and 3000 to the ſeas, under the conduct of his ſecond ſon, Thomas of Lancaſter, afterwards Duke of Clarence.

LXVIII.

Nor did he ſpare himſelf, nor his; but (bent
All wholly unto active worthineſs)
The Prince of Wales unto his province ſent,
Where he was ſure he ſhould not take his eaſe:
His ſecond ſon is with the Earl of Kent,
Employ'd as governor to keep the ſeas.
A (*b*) third, though very young, likewiſe ſent forth
With Weſtmorland, attends unto the north.

LXIX.

Thus were they bred, who after were to be
Men amongſtmen. Here, with theſe grave adjoints,
(Theſe learned maſters) they were taught to ſee
Themſelves, to read the world, and keep their points.
Thus were they entered in the firſt degree
(And accidence) of action; which acquaints
Them with the rules of worth and nobleneſs;
Which in true concord they learn'd well t' expreſs.

LXX.

And whilſt h' attends the ſtate thus carefully,
The Earl of March's children are convey'd
Out of the Tow'r of Windſor ſecretly;
Being pris'ners there not for their merit laid,
But for their blood; and to the end whereby
This chain of nature might be interlaid
Between the father and his high intents,
To hold him back, to ſave theſe innocents.

LXXI.

For which attempt, (though it were fruſtrated
By their recov'ry, who were got again)
Aumarle (now Duke of York) is challenged
By his own (*c*) ſiſter, to have laid that train;
Who late her lord (with others) ruined,
In ſecretly betraying them, t' obtain
His grace and peace—which yet contents him not:
For who hath grace and peace by treaſon got?

LXXII.

So much did love t' her executed lord
Predominate in this fair lady's heart,
As in that region it would not afford
Nature a place to reſt in any part
Of her affections; but that ſhe abhorr'd
Her proper blood, and left to do the part
Of ſiſterhood, to do that of a wife;
T' avenge a huſband's death, by brother's life.

LXXIII.

Upon which accuſation, preſently
The duke committed is, without much ſtir
Or vulgar noiſe; for that it tenderly
Did touch the ſecret'ſt wounds of Lancaſter;
When ſtrait another (*d*) new conſpiracy
(As if it were a certain ſucceſſor,
Ally'd to this) engender'd in the north,
Is by th' Archbiſhop Scroope with pow'r brought forth.

LXXIV.

And with fair zeal and piety approv'd,
To be for th' univerſal benefit
And ſuccour of the people; who (ſoon mov'd
By ſuch perſuaders as are held upright,
And for their zeal and charity belov'd)
Uſe not t' examine if the cauſe be right,
But leap into the toil, and are undone
By following them that they rely'd upon.

LXXV.

Here new aſperſions, with new obloquies,
Are laid on old deſerts; and future ill
On preſent ſuff'rings bruted to ariſe,
That farther (*e*) grievances engender will.
And then concuſſion, rapine, pillories,
Their catalogue of accuſations fill:
Which to redreſs, they do preſume to make
Religion to avow the part they take.

LXXVI.

And ev'n as Canterbury did produce
A pardon, to advance him to the crown;
The like now (*f*) York pronounces, to induce
His faction for the pulling of him down:
Whilſt th' ignorant, deceiv'd by this abuſe,
Makes others ends to be as if their own.
But what would theſe have done againſt the crimes,
Oppreſſions, riots, waſtes of other times?

LXXVII.

Since now they had a monarch, and a man,
Rais'd by his worth, and by their own conſent,
To govern them; and works the beſt he can,
T' advance the crown, and give the ſtate content;
Commits not all to others care, nor ran
An idle courſe, or on his minions ſpent.
" But thus the horſe at firſt bites at the bit,
" That after is content to play with it."

LXXVIII.

Grown to a mighty pow'r (attending now
Northumberland, with his prepared aid)
The biſhop (by a parley) is, with a ſhow
Of combination, cunningly betray'd
By (*g*) Weſtmoreland; whoſe wit did overthrow
(Without a ſword) all theſe great fears, and ſtay'd
The mightieſt danger that did ever yet
Thy crown and ſtate, diſturbed Henry, threat.

LXXIX.

For which this (*h*) rev'rend prieſt with Mowbray dies;
Who both drawn on with paſſion of deſpite,
To undertake this fatal enterpriſe,
(The one his brother's bloodſhead to require;
The other for his father's injuries)
Did wrong themſelves, and did not others right.
" For who through the eyes of their affections look,
" And not of judgment, thus are overtook."

(*b*) John, after Duke of Bedford, ſent with Ralph Nevile, Earl of Weſtmoreland, into the north.

(*c*) The Lady Spencer, ſiſter to Edward D. of York, late wife to Thomas Lord Spencer, (executed at Briſtol, anno reg. 1.) accuſed her brother to be the chief author of conveying away the Earl of March's ſons out of the Tower of Windſor.

(*d*) Henry Piercy, Earl of Northumberland, again conſpires againſt the king; with Rich. Scroope, Archbiſhop of York; Thomas Mowbray, Earl Marſhal; Thomas Lord Burdolph, and others. They aſſembled the citizens of York, with the country adjoining, to take their part, for the commodity of the realm.

(*e*) They divulge grievous articles againſt the king.

(*f*) The Archbiſhop of York offers pardon to all that take their part againſt the king.

(*g*) The Earl of Weſtmoreland, with John D. of Lancaſter, gathered an army againſt the conſpirators; whoſe power being too great for them, the Earl made ſemblance to join with the Archbiſhop, for redreſs of ſuch grievances as he prerended; and ſo circumvented, and diſfurniſhed him of his forces, anno reg. 6.

(*h*) The Archbiſhop was brother to William Scroope, Earl of Wiltſhire, Treaſurer of England, before beheaded. Thomas Mowbray, Earl Marſhal, ſon to the Duke of Norfolk, baniſhed about the quarrel with Henry Bolingbroke.

LXXX.

Whereof, when news came to (*i*) Northumberland,
(Who ſeldom other than of miſery
Seems born to hear; being ever behind hand
With fortune, and his opportunity)
To Scotland flies: Where giv'n to underſtand
Of ſome entrapment by conſpiracy,
Gets into Wales; whence he adventured
T' attempt another day, and loſt his head.

LXXXI.

Whereby once more thoſe parts are quieted:
When as the (*k*) king (who never had his brow
Seen free from ſweat, nor heart from trouble rid)
Was, with ſuſpicion that his ſon grew now
Too popular, and forward, ſo much fed
By wicked inſtruments (who well knew how
To gain by princes fears) as he thereby
Fell in his grief to great extremity.

LXXXII.

Which when that virtuous prince (who born to be
The model of a glorious monarch) heard,
With humble proteſtations did ſo free
His father's fears, and his own honour clear'd,
As that he plainly made the world to ſee,
How baſe detraction and deceit appear'd;
And that a heart ſo nobly built, could not
Contain (within) a thought that wore a blot.

LXXXIII.

Wherewith the king betakes him to ſome peace;
Yet to a peace much like a ſick man's ſleep,
(Whoſe unrelenting pains do never ceaſe,
But always watch upon his weakneſs keep)
That never any Sabbath of releaſe
Could free his travels, and afflictions deep:
But ſtill his cares held working all his life,
Till death concludes a final end with ſtrife.

LXXXIV.

Whoſe herald, ſickneſs, being employ'd before,
With full commiſſion to denounce his end;
And pain and grief enforcing more and more,
Beſieg'd the hold that could not long defend;
Conſuming ſo all that reſiſting ſtore
Of thoſe proviſions nature deign'd to lend,
As that the walls (worn thin) permit the mind
To look out thorough, and his frailty find.

LXXXV.

For now (as if thoſe vapours vaniſh'd were,
Which heat of boiling blood and health did breed,
To cloud the judgment) things do plain appear
In their own colours, as they are indeed;
When as th' illighten'd ſoul diſcovers clear
Th' abuſive ſhews of ſenſe, and notes with heed
How poor a thing is pride; "When all, as ſlaves,
"Differ but in their fetters, not their graves."

LXXXVI.

And lying on his laſt, afflicted bed,
Pale death and conſcience both before him ſtand;
Th' one holding out a book, wherein he read
In bloody lines the deeds of his own hand:
The other ſhews a glaſs, which figured
An ugly form of foul corrupted ſand;
Both bringing horror in the high'ſt degree,
With what he was, and what he ſoon ſhould be.

LXXXVII.

Which ſeeing, (all trembling, and confus'd with fear,)
He lay a while amaz'd with this affright:
At laſt commands ſome that attending were,
To fetch the crown, and ſet it in his ſight:
On which, with fixed eye, and heavy cheer,
Caſting a look—"O God, ſaith he, what right
"I had to thee, I now in grief conceive!
"Thee—which with blood I held, with horror leave!"

LXXXVIII.

And herewithal, the ſoul (rapt with the thought
Of miſchiefs paſt) did ſo attentive weigh
Theſe preſent terrors, whilſt (as if forgot)
The dull oppreſſed body ſenſeleſs lay;
That he as breathleſs quite, quite dead is thought:
When lo! the ſon comes in, and takes away
This fatal crown from thence; and out he goes,
As if impatient longer time to loſe.

LXXXIX.

To whom (call'd back for this preſumptuous deed)
The king, return'd from out his eccſtaſy, [ſpeed,
Began—"O ſon, what need'ſt thou make ſuch
"To be before hand with thy miſery?
"Thou ſhalt have time enough, if thou ſucceed,
"To feel the ſtorms that beat on dignity.
"And if thou could'ſt but be (be any thing)
"In liberty, then never be a king.

XC.

"Nay, father, ſince your fortune did attain
"So high a ſtand, I mean not to deſcend,
"Replies the prince. As if what you did gain,
"I were of ſpirit unable to defend.
"Time will appeaſe them well, who now complain,
"And ratify our int'reſt in the end.
"What wrong hath not continuance quite outworn?
"Years make that right, which never was ſo born.

XCI.

"If ſo, God work his pleaſure, ſaid the king:
"Yet thou muſt needs contend with all thy might,
"Such evidence of virtuous deeds to bring,
"That well may prove our wrong to be our right.
"And let the goodneſs of the managing
"Raiſe out the blot of foul attaining quite;
"That diſcontent may all advantage miſs,
"To wiſh it otherwiſe than now it is.

XCII.

"And ſince my death my purpoſe doth prevent,
"Touching this Holy War I took in hand,
"(An action wherewithal my ſoul had meant
"T' appeaſe my God, and reconcile my land)
"To thee is left to finiſh my intent;
"Who, to be ſafe, muſt never idly ſtand:
"But ſome great actions entertain thou ſtill,
"To hold their minds, who elſe will practiſe ill.

(*i*) The Earl of Northumberland returning out of Wales, recovers new forces in Yorkſhire; and is, with the Lord Bardolph, overcome at Bramham moor, and ſlain in the battle, anno regni 9.

(*k*) The king grows jealous of his ſon Henry, Prince of Wales; who, with a better mind than faſhion, came to his father, and cleared himſelf, anno regni 13.

XCIII.

" Thou haſt not that advantage by my reign,
" To riot it, as they whom long deſcent
" Hath purchas'd love by cuſtom: But with pain
" Thou muſt contend to buy the world's content.
" What their birth gave them thou haſt yet to
" gain,
" By thine own virtues and good government:
" So that unleſs thy worth confirm the thing,
" Thou never ſhalt be father to a king.

XCIV.

" Nor art thou born in thoſe calm days, where
" reſt
" Hath brought aſleep ſluggiſh ſecurity:
" But in tumultuous times, where minds addreſs'd
" To factions, are inur'd to mutiny;
" A miſchief, not by force to be ſuppreſs'd,
" Where rigour ſtill begets more enmity.
" Hatred muſt be beguil'd with ſome new courſe,
" Where ſtates are ſtiff, and princes doubt their
force."

XCV.

This, and much more, affliction would have ſaid,
Out of th' experience of a troublous reign,
(For which his high deſires had dearly paid
The int'reſt of an ever-toiling pain)
But that this all-ſubduing pow'r here ſtay'd [again)
His falt'ring (*l*) tongue; and pain (t' enforce 't
Barr'd up th' oppreſſed paſſages of breath,
To bring him quite under the ſtate of death.

XCVI.

In whoſe poſſeſſion I muſt leave him now;
And now into the ocean of new toils,
Into the ſtormy main (where tempeſts grow
Of greater ruins, and of greater ſpoils)
Set forth my courſe (to haſten on my vow)
O'er all the troublous deep of theſe turmoils.
And if I may but live t' attain the ſhore
Of my deſired end, I wiſh no more.

(*l*) Anno dom. 1412, the king died in the 46th year of his age, when he had reigned 13 years and 6 months; and left four ſons, Henry, after him king, the Duke of Clarence, John Duke of Bedford, and Humphry Duke of Glocester.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS.

BOOK V.

The Argument.

Henry the V. cuts off his enemy,
The Earl of Cambridge, that conſpir'd his death.
Henry the VI. (marry'd unluckily)
His, and his country's glory ruineth.
Suffolk, that made the match, preferr'd too high,
Going t' exile, a pirate murdereth.
What means the Duke of York obſerv'd, to gain
The worlds good will, ſeeking the crown t' attain.

I.

Close ſmother'd lay the low depreſſed fire,
Whoſe after-iſſuing flames confounded all,
The whilſt victorious (*a*) Henry did conſpire
The wreck of France, that at his feet did fall:
Whilſt joys of gotten ſpoils, and new deſire
Of greater gain, to greater deeds did call
His conqu'ring troops; that could no thoughts retain,
Save thoughts of glory, all that active reign.

II.

Whom here, methinks, (as if he did appear
Out of the cloudy darkneſs of the night)
I do behold approach with martial cheer,
And with a dreadful (and yet lovely) ſight:
Whoſe eye gives courage, and whoſe brow hath fear,
Both repreſenting terror and delight;
And ſtays my courſe, and off my purpoſe breaks;
And in upbraiding words thus fiercely ſpeaks.

III.

" Ungrateful times! that impiouſly neglect
" That worth, that never times again ſhall ſhow.
" What! merits all our toil no more reſpect?
" Or elſe ſtands idleneſs aſham'd to know
" Thoſe wondrous actions, that do ſo object
" Blame to the wanton, ſin unto the ſlow?
" Can England ſee the beſt that ſhe can boaſt
" Lie thus ungrac'd, undeck'd, and almoſt loſt?

IV.

" Why do you ſeek for feigned palladines,
" (Out of the ſmoke of idle vanity)
" Who may give glory to the true deſigns
" Of Bourchier, Talbot, Nevile, Willoughby?
" Why ſhould not you ſtrive to fill up your lines,
" With wonders of your own, with verity?
" T' enflame their offspring with the love of good,
" And glorious true examples of their blood.

V.

" What everlaſting matter here is found,
" Whence new immortal iliads might proceed!
" That thoſe whoſe happy graces do abound
" In bleſſed accents, here may have to feed
" Good thoughts, on no imaginary ground
" Of hungry ſhadows, which no profit breed;
" Whence, muſic like, inſtant delight may grow;
" Yet when men all do know, they nothing know.

VI.

" And why doſt thou, in lamentable verſe,
" Nothing but bloodſhed, treaſons, ſin and ſhame,
" The worſt of times, th' extreme of ills rehearſe;
" To raiſe old ſtains, and to renew dead blame?
" As if the minds of th' evil and perverſe,
" Were not far ſooner trained from the ſame,
" By good example of fair virtuous acts,
" Than by the ſhew of foul ungodly facts.

(*a*) Henry V. began his reign March 20. 1412.

VII.

" Would God our times had had ſome ſacred
" wight,
" Whoſe words as happy as our ſwords had been,
" To have prepar'd for us trophies aright
" Of undecaying frames t' have reſted in;
" Triumphant arks of perdurable might:
" O holy lines! that ſuch advantage win
" Upon the ſcythe of time, in ſpite of years:
" How bleſſed they, who gain what never wears!

VIII.

" For what is it to do; if what we do
" Shall periſh near as ſoon as it is done?
" What is that glory we attain unto
" With all our toil, if loſt as ſoon as won?
" A ſmall requital for ſo great ado,
" Is this poor preſent breath, a ſmoke ſoon gone;
" Or theſe dumb ſtones, erected for our ſake:
" Which formleſs heaps few ſtormy changes make.

IX.

" Tell great Eliza, (ſince her days are grac'd
" With thoſe bright ornaments to us deny'd)
" That ſhe repair what darkneſs hath defac'd,
" And get our ruin'd deeds re-edify'd.
" She! in whoſe all-directing eye is plac'd
" A pow'r, the higheſt pow'rs of wit to guide;
" She may command the work, and overſee
" The holy frame, that might eternal be.

X.

" For would ſhe be content that time ſhould
" make
" A rav'nous prey upon her glorious reign;
" That darkneſs and the night ſhould overtake
" So clear a brightneſs ſhining without ſtain?
" Ah! no. She foſters ſome, no doubt, that wake
" For her eternity, with pleaſing pain.
" And if ſhe for herſelf prepare this good,
" Let her not ſo neglect thoſe of her blood."

XI.

This that great monarch Henry ſeem'd to crave:
When (weighing what a holy motive here
Virtue propos'd, and fit for him to have,
Whom all times ought of duty hold moſt dear)
I ſigh'd—and wiſh'd that ſome would take t' engrave,
With curious hand, ſo proud a work to rear,
(To grace the preſent, and to bleſs times paſt)
That might for ever to our glory laſt!

XII.

So ſhould our well-taught times have learn'd alike,
How fair ſhin'd virtue, and how foul vice ſtood;
When now myſelf am driven to miſlike
Thoſe deeds of worth I dare not vow for good:
I cannot moan who loſe, nor praiſe who ſeek
By mighty actions here t' advance their blood.
I muſt ſay, who wrought moſt, leaſt honour had:
However good the cauſe, the deeds were bad.

XIII.

And only tell the worſt of ev'ry reign;
And not the intermeddled good report.
I leave what glory virtue did attain
At th' ever memorable Agincourt.
I leave to tell, what wit, what pow'r did gain
Th' aſſieged Roan, Caen, Dreux; or in what ſort:
How majeſty with terror did advance
Her conq'ring foot on all-ſubdued France.

XIV.

All this I paſs; and that magnan'mous king,
Mirror of virtue, miracle of worth;
Whoſe mighty actions, with wiſe managing,
Forc'd prouder boaſting climes to ſerve the north:
The beſt of all the beſt the earth can bring,
Scarce equals him in what his reign brought forth;
Being of a mind as forward to aſpire,
As fit to govern what he did deſire.

XV.

His comely body was a goodly ſeat,
Where virtue dwelt moſt fair, as lodg'd moſt pure:
A body ſtrong; where uſe of ſtrength did get
A ſtronger ſtate to do, and to endure.
His life he makes th' example to beget
Like ſpirit in thoſe he did to good inure;
And gave to worth ſuch life and livelihood,
As if he greatneſs ſought but to do good.

XVI.

He, as the chief and all-directing head,
Did with his ſubjects as his members live;
And them to goodneſs forced not, but led;
Winning, not much to have, but much to give,
(Deeming the pow'r of his, his pow'r did ſpread)
As born to bleſs the world, and not to grieve:
Adorn'd with others ſpoils, not ſubjects ſtore;
No king exacting leſs, none winning more.

XVII.

He, after that corrupted faith had bred
An ill inur'd obedience for command,
And languiſhing luxurioufneſs had ſpread
Wayward unaptneſs over all the land;
Thoſe long-unorder'd troops ſo marſhalled,
Under ſuch formal diſcipline to ſtand,
That ev'n his ſoul ſeem'd only to direct
So great a body ſuch exploits t' effect.

XVIII.

He brings abroad diſtracted diſcontent,
Diſpers'd all humours into actions high;
And to unite them all in one conſent,
Plac'd the fair mark of glory in their eye;
That malice had no leiſure to diſſent,
Nor envy time to practiſe treachery.
The preſent actions do divert the thought
Of madneſs paſt, while minds were ſo well
wrought.

XIX.

Here now were pride, oppreſſion, uſury,
(The canker-eating miſchiefs of the ſtate)
Call'd forth to prey upon the enemy;
Whilſt the home-burden'd better lighten'd ſat.
Exactors did not with a greedy eye
Examine ſtates, or private riches rate.
The ſilent (*b*) courts warr'd not with buſy words
Nor wreſted law gave the contentious ſwords.

XX.

Now nothing entertains th' attentive ear,
But ſtratagems, aſſaults, ſurpriſes, fights:
How to give laws to them that conquer'd were;
How to articulate with yielding wights.
The weak with mercy, and the proud with fear,
How to retain: To give deſerts their rights;

(*b*) The courts of juſtice.

Were now the arts—And nothing else wasthought,
But how to win, and maintain what was got.

XXI.

Nor here were any privately possess'd,
Or held alone imprison'd majesty;
Proudly debarring entrance from the rest,
As if the prey were theirs by victory,
Here no detractor wounds who merits best;
Nor shameless brow cheers on impiety.
Virtue who all her toil with zeal had spent,
Not here all unrewarded sighing went.

XXII.

But here, the equally-respecting eye
Of pow'r, looking alike on like deserts,
Blessing the good, made others good thereby;
More mighty by the multitude of hearts.
The field of glory unto all doth lie
Open alike; honour to all imparts.
So that the only fashion in request,
Was, to be good, or good-like as the rest.

XXIII.

So much, O thou example, dost effect,
(Being far a better (*c*) master than command
That how to do, by doing dost direct,
And teacheft others action by thy hand.
" Who follows not the course that kings elect?
" When princes work, who then will idle stand?
" And when that doing good is only thought
" Worthy reward; who will be bad for nought?

XXIV.

And had not (*d*) th' Earl of Cambridge, with vain speed,
Untimely practis'd for another's right,
With hope t' advance those of his proper seed,
(On whom the rule seem'd destined to light)
The land had seen none of her own to bleed,
During this reign, nor no aggrieved sight:
None the least blackness interclouded had
So fair a day, nor any eye look'd sad.

XXV.

But now when France perceived from afar
The gath'ring tempest growing on from hence,
Ready to fall, threat'ning their state to marr,
They labour all means to provide defence:
And practising how to prevent this war,
And shut out such calamities from thence;
Do foster here some discord lately grown,
To hold ambition busied with her own.

XXVI.

Finding those humours which they saw were fit
Soon to be wrought, and easy to be fed,
Swol'n full with envy, that the crown should sit
There where it did, (as if established)
And whom it touch'd in blood, to grieve at it;
They with such hopes and helps solicited,
That this great earl was drawn t' attempt the thing,
And practiseth to depose the king.

XXVII.

For being of mighty means to do the deed,
And yet of mightier hopes than means to do;
And yet of spirit that did his hopes exceed;
And then of blood as great, to add thereto:
All these, with what the gold of France could breed,
(Being pow'rs enough a climbing mind to woo)
He so employ'd, that many he had won
Ev'n of the (*e*) chief the king rely'd upon.

XXVIII.

The well-known right of th' Earl of March allur'd
A leaning love; whose cause he did pretend:
Whereby he knew that so himself procur'd
The crown for his own children in the end.
For the earl being (as he was assur'd)
Unapt for issue; it must needs descend
On those of his, being next of Clarence race,
As who by course of right should hold the place.

XXIX.

It was the time, when as the forward prince
Had all prepar'd for his great (*f*) enterprise;
And ready stand his troops to part from hence,
And all in stately form and order lies;
When open fame gives out intelligence,
Of these bad complots of his enemies.
Or else this time of purpose chosen is;
Though known before, yet let run on till this.

XXX.

That this might yield the more to aggravate
Upon so foul a deed untimely sought,
Now at this point t' attempt to ruinate
So glorious a design so forward brought;
Whilst careful virtue seeks t' advance the state,
And for her everlasting honour sought:
That though the cause seem'd right, and title strong;
The time of doing it yet makes it wrong.

XXXI.

But strait an unlamented death he had.
And strait were joyfully the anchors weigh'd,
And all flock fast aboard with visage glad;
As if the sacrifice had now been paid
For their good speed, that made their stay so sad,
Lothing the least occasion that delay'd.
And now new thoughts, great hopes, calm seas, fair winds,
With present action entertain their minds.

XXXII.

No other cross, O Henry, saw thy days
But this, that touch'd thy now possessed hold;
Nor after long, till this man's (*g*) son assays
To get of thine the right that he controul'd;
For which contending long, his life he pays.
So that it fatal seem'd, the father should
Thy winning seek to stay; and then his son
Should be the cause to lose, when thou hadst won.

XXXIII.

Yet now in this so happy a meanwhile,
And interlighting times thy virtues wrought,
That discord had no leisure to defile
So fair attempts with a tumultuous thought:

(*c*) ------Docet talerare laberes; non jubet.

(*d*) Richard Earl of Cambridge, the second son to Edmund Langley, Duke of York; married Anne, the daughter of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, descended from Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son to King Edward III. By whose right, Richard Duke of York, son to this Earl of Cambridge, afterwards claimed the crown,

(*e*) The Earl of Cambridge conspiring the death of the king, was, with Henry Scroope, Lord Treasurer, and Sir Thomas Grey, executed at Southampton, anno regni. 3.

(*f*) At Southampton.

(*g*) Richard Duke of York, son to the Earl of Cambridge, by Anne daughter to the Earl of March, made his claim in the 30th year of Henry VI.

And ev'n thyſelf thyſelf didſt ſo beguile
With ſuch attention upon what was ſought,
That time affords not now (with fear or hate)
Others to ſeek, thee to ſecure thy ſtate.

XXXIV.

Or elſe how eaſy had it been for thee,
All the pretendent race t' have laid full low?
If thou proceeded hadſt with cruelty,
Not ſuff'ring any fatal branch to grow.
But unſuſpicious magnanimity
Shames ſuch effects of fear and force to ſhew;
Buſied in free and open actions, ſtill
Being great—For being good, hates to be ill.

XXXV.

And yet ſuch wrongs are held meet to be done,
And often for the ſtate thought requiſite;
As when the public good depends thereon,
When great injuſtice is eſteem'd great right.
But yet, what good with doing ill is won?
Who hath of blood made ſuch a benefit,
As hath not fear'd more after than before;
And made his peace the leſs, his plague the more?

XXXVI.

For otherwiſe dealt this undaunted king,
That cheriſhed the offſpring of his foes,
And his competitors to grace did bring;
And them his friends for arms and honours choſe:
As if plain courſes were the ſafeſt thing,
Where upright goodneſs ſure and ſtedfaſt goes;
Free from that ſubtle maſk'd impiety,
Which this depraved world calls policy.

XXXVII.

Yet how hath fate diſpos'd of all this good?
What have theſe virtues after-times avail'd?
In what ſtead hath high-raiſed valour ſtood,
When this continuing cauſe of greatneſs fail'd?
Then when proud grown the irritated,
Enduring not itſelf, itſelf aſſail'd;
As though that proweſs had but learn'd to ſpill
Much blood abroad, to cut her throat with ſkill.

XXXVIII.

How doth th' Eternal, in the courſe of things,
Immix the cauſes both of good and ill?
That thus the one effects of th' other brings;
As what ſeems made to bliſs, is born to ſpill?
What! from the beſt of virtues, glory, ſprings
That which the world with miſery doth fill?
Is th' end of happineſs but wretchedneſs?
Hath ſin his plague, and virtue no ſucceſs?

XXXIX.

Either that is not good the world holds good;
Or elſe is ſo confus'd with ill, that we
(Abuſed with th' appearing likelihood)
Run to offend, whilſt we think good to be:
Or elſe the heav'ns made man (in furious blood)
To torture man; allotting no courſe free
From miſchief long. Sending fair days, that breed
But ſtorms; to make more foul times that ſucceed.

XL.

Who would have thought that ſo great victories,
Such conqueſts, riches, land, and kingdom gain'd,
Could not but have eſtabliſh'd in ſuch wiſe
This pow'rful ſtate, in ſtate to have remain'd?
Who would have thought that miſchief could deviſe
A way, ſo ſoon, to loſe what was attain'd?
As if pow'r were but ſhew'd to grieve, not grace,
And to reduce us into far worſe caſe.

XLI.

With what contagion, France, didſt thou infect
This land, by thee made proud, to diſagree?
T' enrage them ſo, their own ſwords to direct
Upon themſelves, that were made ſharp in thee?
Why didſt thou teach them here at home t' erect
Trophies of their blood, which of thine ſhould be?
Or was the date of thine affliction out;
And ſo (by courſe) was ours to come about?

XLII.

But that untimely death of this (*b*) great king,
Whoſe nine years reign ſo mighty wonders wrought,
To thee thy hopes, to us deſpair did bring;
Not long to keep and govern what was got.
For thoſe that had th' affairs in managing,
Although their country's good they greatly ſought;
Yet ſo ill accidents unfitly fell,
That their deſigns could hardly proſper well.

XLIII.

An (*i*) infant king doth in the ſtate ſucceed,
Scarce one year old, left unto others guide:
Whoſe careful truſt, though ſuch as ſhew'd indeed
They weigh'd their charge more than the world beſide,
And did with duty, zeal, and love proceed;
Yet (for all what their travel could provide)
Could not woo fortune to remain with us,
When this her minion was departed thus:

XLIV.

But by degrees, firſt this, then that regain'd,
The turning tide bears back with flowing chance
Unto the dauphin, all we had attain'd;
And fills the late low-running hopes of France.
When Bedford (who our only hold maintain'd
Death takes from us, their fortune to advance;
And then home-ſtriſe, that on itſelf did fall,
Neglecting foreign cure, did ſoon loſe all.

XLV.

Near threeſcore years are paſs'd ſince Boling broke
Did firſt attain (God knows how juſt) the crown
And now his race, for right poſſeſſors took,
Were held of all to hold nought but their own:
When Richard Duke of York begins to look
Into their right, and makes his title known;
Wak'ning up ſleeping right, that lay as dead,
To witneſs how his race was injured.

XLVI.

His father's end, in him no fear could move,
T' attempt the like, againſt the like of might;
Where long poſſeſſion now of fear and love,
Seem'd to preſcribe ev'n an innated right.
So that to prove his ſtate, was to diſprove
Time, law, conſent, oath, and allegiance quite:
And no way but the way of blood there was,
Through which (with all confuſion) he muſt paſ

(*b*) Henry V. reigned nine years and ten months, and died in the 36th year of his age.

(*i*) Henry VI. ſcarce one year old when he began his reign, was committed to the charge of the two good dukes Bedford and Gloceſter, his uncles.

XLVII.

" And how much better for him had it been,
" T' endure a wrong with peace, than with ſuch
" toil
" T' obtain a bloody right?---Since right is ſin,
" That is ill fought, and purchaſed with ſpoil."
But this ſo wretched ſtate are kingdoms in,
Where one man's cauſe ſhall all the reſt embroil:
" And oft t' advance a tyrant to a crown,
" Men run t' undo the ſtate that is their own."

XLVIII.

And yet that opportunity which led
Him to attempt, ſeem'd likewiſe him t' excuſe:
A feeble ſpirited king that governed,
Who ill could guide the ſceptre he did uſe;
His enemies, that his worth maliced,
Who both the land and him did much abuſe:
The peoples love; and his apparent right,
May ſeem ſufficient motives to incite.

XLIX.

Beſides, the now ripe wrath (deferr'd till now)
Of that ſure and unfailing juſticer,
That never ſuffers wrong ſo long to grow,
And to incorporate with right ſo far,
As it might come to ſeem the ſame in ſhew,
(T' encourage thoſe that evil-minded are
By ſuch ſucceſs) but that at laſt he will
Confound the branch, whoſe root was planted ill.

L.

Elſe might the impious ſay, with grudging ſpite,
" Doth God permit the great to riot free,
" And bleſs the mighty though they do unright,
" As if he did unto their wrongs agree?
" And only plague the weak and wretched wight,
" For ſmalleſt faults, ev'n in the high'ſt degree?
" When he but uſing them for others ſcourge,
" Likewiſe of them at length the world doth purge.

LI.

" But could not yet for bloodſhed ſatisfy
" The now well-ruling of th' ill-gotten crown?
" Muſt ev'n the good receive the penalty
" Of former ſins, that never were their own?
" And muſt a juſt king's blood (with miſery)
" Pay for a bad, unjuſtly overthrown?
" Well!---then we ſee, right in his courſe muſt go:
" And men, t' eſcape from blood, muſt keep it ſo."

LII.

And ſure this king that now the crown poſſeſs'd,
(Henry the Sixth) was one whoſe life was free
From that command of vice, whereto the reſt
Of moſt theſe mighty ſov'reigns ſubjects be;
And number'd might have been among the beſt
Of other men, if not of that degree.
A right good man, but yet an evil king;
Unfit for what he had in managing.

LIII.

Of humble ſpirit, of nature continent;
No thought t' encreaſe he had; ſcarce keep his
own:
For pard'ning apter, than for puniſhment;
He chokes his pow'r, to have his bounty known.
Far from revenge; ſoon won; ſoon made content;
As fitter for a cloiſter than a crown:
Whoſe holy mind ſo much addicted is
On th' world to come, that he neglecteth this.

LIV.

With ſuch a weak-good, feeble-godly king,
Hath Richard Duke of York his cauſe to try;
Who by th' experience of long managing
The wars of France with ſupreme dignity;
And by his own great worth, with furthering
The common good againſt the enemy,
Had wrought, that zeal and love attend his might,
And make his ſpirit equal to his right.

LV.

For now the Duke of Bedford being dead,
He is ordain'd the (*k*) regent to ſucceed
In France, for five years: where he travel'd
With ready hand, and with as careful heed,
To ſeek to turn back fortune, (that now fled)
And hold up falling pow'r in time of need:
And got and loſt; and re-attains again,
That which again was loſt for all his pain.

LVI.

His time expir'd, he ſhould for five years more
Have had his charge prolong'd: but (*l*) Somerſet,
That ſtill had envy'd his command before,
That place and honour for himſelf did get:
Which adds that matter to th' already ſtore
Of kindled hate, which ſuch a fire doth ſet
Unto the touch of a confounding flame,
As both their bloods could never quench the ſame.

LVII.

And now the weakneſs of that feeble head
(That doth neglect all care, but his ſoul's care)
So eaſy means of practice miniſt'red
Unto th' ambitious members, to prepare
Their own deſires to what their humours led;
That all good actions coldly followed are,
And ſev'ral tending hopes do wholly bend
To other now than to the public end.

LVIII.

And to draw on more ſpeedy miſery,
The king unto a fatal match is led,
With (*m*) Rayner's daughter, King of Sicily;
Whom, with unlucky ſtars, he married.
For by the means of this affinity,
Was loſt all that his father conquered;
Ev'n as if France had ſome Erynnis ſent,
T' avenge their wrongs done by the inſolent.

LIX.

This marriage was the (*n*) Earl of Suffolk's
deed,
With great rewards won to effect the ſame;
Which made him that he took ſo little heed
Unto his country's good, or his own ſhame:
It being a match could ſtand us in no ſtead,
For ſtrength, for wealth, for reputation, fame;
But cunningly contriv'd for others gain;
And coſt us more than Anjou, Mons, and Main.

(*k*) The Duke of York made regent in France, after the death of the Duke of Bedford.

(*l*) Edmund Duke of Somerſet, a great enemy of the Duke of York.

(*m*) This Rayner was Duke of Anjou, and only enjoyed the title of King of Sicily.

(*n*) William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, after created Duke of Suffolk, the chiefeſt inſtrument in this marriage; which was ſolemniſed, anno regni 23. between the king and the Lady Margaret, daughter to Rayner Duke of Anjou; to whom was delivered up the duchy of Anjou, and the county of Main, upon the concluſion of the match.

LX.

And yet (as if he had accomplished
Some mighty benefit unto the land)
He got his travels to be registered
In parliament, for evermore to stand
A witness to approve all what he did;
To th' end that if hereafter it were scann'd,
Authority might yet be on his side,
As doing nought but what was ratify'd.

LXI.

Imagining th' allowance of that place
Would make that good, the which he knew was naught;
And so would his negociation grace,
As none might think it was his private fault.
Wherein though wit dealt wary in this case,
Yet in the end itself it overwrought:
Striving to hide, he open'd it the more;
His after-care shew'd craft had gone before.

LXII.

Dear didst thou buy, O king, so fair a wife,
So rare a spirit, so high a mind the while;
Whose portion was destruction, dowry strife;
Whose bed was sorrow, whose embracing spoil;
Whose maintenance cost thee and thine their life;
And whose best comfort never was but toil.
What Paris brought this booty of desire,
To set our mighty Ilium here on fire?

LXIII.

I grieve I should be forc'd to say thus much,
To blame her, whom I yet must wonder at;
Whose so sweet beauty, wit, and worth were such,
As (though she fortune lost) she glory gat.
Yet doth my country's zeal so nearly touch,
That here my muse it doth exasperate;
Although unwilling that my pen should give
Stain to that sex by whom her fame doth live.

LXIV.

For sure those virtues well deserv'd a crown:
And had it not been ours, no doubt she might
Have been among the worthies of renown,
And now sat fair with fame, with glory bright.
But coming in the way where sin has grown
So foul and thick, it was her chance to light
Amidst the gross infection of those times;
And so came stain'd with black disgraceful crimes.

LXV.

For some the world must have, on whom to lay,
The heavy burden of reproach and blame;
Against whose deeds th' afflicted may inveigh,
As th' only authors whence destruction came:
When yet, perhaps, 'twas nor in them to stay
The current of that stream, nor help the same;
But living in the eye of action so,
Not hind'ring it, are thought to draw on woe.

LXVI.

So much unhappy do the mighty stand,
Who stand on other than their own defence,
When as destruction is so near at hand;
That if by weakness, folly, negligence,
They do not coming misery withstand,
They shall be deem'd the authors of th' offence,
And to call in that which they kept not out;
And curs'd, as they who brought those plagues about;

LXVII.

And so remain for ever registered
In that eternal book of infamy:
When yet how many other causes led
As well to that as their iniquity?
The worst complots oft lie close smothered:
And well-meant deeds fall out unluckily;
Whilst the aggriev'd stand not to weigh th' intent,
But ever judge according to th' event.

LXVIII.

I say not this t' excuse thy sin, O queen,
Nor clear their faults who mighty actors are;
I cannot but affirm thy (o) pride hath been
A special means this commonwealth to mar;
And that thy wayward will was plainly seen
In vain ambition, to presume too far:
And that by thee the only way was wrought,
The Duke of Gloc'ster to his death was brought:

LXIX.

A man, though seeming in thy thought to sit
Between the light of thy desires and thee,
Yet did his taking thence plainly permit
Others to look to that they could not see
During his life, nor would adventure it:
When his remove quite made that passage free;
That by his fall thinking to stand alone,
Thou scarce couldst stand at all when he was gone.

LXX.

For this duke (as protector) many years
Had rul'd the land, during the king's young age;
And now the self same charge and title bears.
As if he still were in his pupilage:
Which such disgrace unto the queen appears,
That (all incens'd with an ambitious rage)
She doth conspire to have him made away,
As one that stay'd the current of her sway.

LXXI.

Thrust thereinto not only with her pride,
But by her father's counsel and consent;
Who griev'd likewise that any one beside,
Should have the honour of the government:
And therefore he such deep advice apply'd,
As foreign craft and cunning could invent,
To circumvent an unsuspecting wight,
Before he could discern of their despite.

LXXII.

And many ready hands she strait doth find
To aid her deed, of such as could not brook
The length of one man's office in this kind;
Who all th' especial charges undertook,
Rul'd all himself, and never had the mind
T' impart a part with others, who would look
To have likewise some honour in their hands,
And griev'd at such engrossing of commands.

LXXIII.

For had he not had such a greedy (p) love
To entertain his offices too long,
Envy had been unable to reprove
His acted life, unless she did him wrong.
But having liv'd so many years above,
He grieves now to descend, to be less strong;

(o) The pride and haughtiness of this Queen Margaret, gave the first original to the mischiefs that followed, by the death of Humphrey, Duke of Glocester, protector.

(p) Nil tam utile, quam brevem potestatem esse quae magna sit.

And kills that fame which virtue did beget,
Chofe to be held lefs good, than feem lefs great.

LXXIV.

" For could the mighty but give bounds to pride,
" And weigh back Fortune e're fhe pull them
" down;
" Contented with enough, with honour fatisfy'd;
" Not ftriving how to make fo much their own,
" As to leave nothing for the reft befide;
" Who feem by their high-fpreading overgrown,
" Whilft they themfelves remain in all mens fight,
" The odious mark of hatred and defpite:

LXXV.

" Then never fhould fo many tragedies
" Burden our knowledge with their bloody end;
" Nor their difgrac'd, confounded families,
" From fo high pride to fo low fhame defcend;
" But planted on that ground where fafety lies,
" Their branches fhould t' eternity extend.
" But ever they who overlook fo much,
" Will overfee themfelves, their ftate is fuch."

LXXVI.

Severe (*q*) he was, and ftrictly did obferve
Due form of juftice towards every wight;
Unmoveable, and never won to fwerve
For any caufe, in what he thought was right:
Wherein although he did fo well deferve,
In the licentious yet it bred defpite;
" So that ev'n virtue feems an actor too,
" To ruin thofe fortune prepares t' undo."

LXXVII.

Now fuch being forward, who (the queen well
Hated his might, and glad to innovate; [knew
Unto fo great and ftrong a party grew,
As it was eafy to fubvert his ftate;
And only hope of alteration drew
Many to yield, that had no caufe to hate.
" For ev'n with goodnefs men grow difcontent,
" Where ftates are ripe to fall, and virtue fpent."

LXXVIII.

And taking all the rule into her hand,
(Under the fhadow of that feeble king)
Thee duke fh' excludes from office and command;
And in the reach of enmity doth bring,
From that refpected height where he did ftand,
(When malice fcarce durft mutter any thing),
And now the worft of him comes all reveal'd,
Which former fear, or rigour kept conceal'd.

LXXIX.

Now is he taxed that he rather fought
His private profit than the public good;
And many things prefumptuoufly had wrought,
Other than with our laws and cuftoms ftood:
As one that into the land have brought
The civil form, in cafes touching blood: [found;
And fuch poor crimes—that fhew'd their fpite was
But yet bewray'd, their matter wanted ground.

LXXX.

Yet ferv'd they well the turn, and did effect
That which is eafy wrought in fuch a cafe;
Where what fuborned juftice fhall object,
Is to the purpofe, and muft pafs with grace;

(*q*) The virtues of Humphrey Duke of Glocefter.

And what the wretched bring, of no effect;
Whofe heinous faults his matter muft deface.
" For where pow'r hath decreed to find the of-
" fence,
" The caufe is better ftill than the defence."

LXXXI.

A parliament at Berry fummoned,
Difpatch'd the deed more fpeedily than well.
For thither came the (*r*) duke without all dread,
Or ought imagining of what befel:
Where now the matter is fo followed,
That he convented is, e're he could tell
He was in danger, or had done offence;
And prefently to prifon fent from thence.

LXXXII.

Which quick and fudden action gave no time
For men to weigh the juftice of the deed;
Whilft looking only on the urged crime,
Unto the farther drift they take no heed.
For thefe occafions taken in the prime
Of courfes new, that old diflikes fucceed,
Leave not behind that feeling touch of wrong.
" Satiety makes paffions ftill lefs ftrong."

LXXXIII.

And yet they feem'd fome mutiny to doubt,
For thus proceeding with a man of might;
Confid'ring he was popular and ftout,
And refolute would ftand upon his right:
And therefore did they caft this way about,
To have him clofely murder'd out of fight;
That fo his trouble, and his death hereby,
Might come together, and together die.

LXXXIV.

Reck'ning it better, fince his end is meant,
And muft be wrought, at once to rid it clear,
And put it to the fortune of th' event,
Than by long doing to be long in fear:
When in fo fuch courfes of high punifhment,
The deed and the attempt like danger bear.
And oft things done (perhaps) do lefs annoy,
Than may the doing handled with delay.

LXXXV.

And fo they had it ftrait accomplifhed.
For next day after his commitment, he
Is dead brought forth, being found fo in his bed;
Which was by fudden ficknefs faid to be,
That had upon his forrows newly bred,
As by apparent tokens men might fee.
" And thus O ficknefs, thou art oft bely'd,
" When death hath many ways to come befide."

LXXXVI.

Are thefe the deeds high foreign wits invent?
Is this that wifdom whereof they fo boaft?
Well;—then I would it never had been fpent
Here amongft us, nor brought from out their coaft.
Let their vile cunning, in their limits pent,
Remain among themfelves that it like moft:

(*r*) The Duke of Glocefter coming to this parliament from his caftle of the Vize in Wiltfhire, was arrefted by John Lord Beaumont, high conftable, the dukes of Buckingham and Somerfet, with others; who appointed certain of the King's houfehold to attend upon him: but he died before he was brought to his anfwer; fome fay of forrow, others of a palfy, or an impofthume, anno regni 25. The Duke of Suffolk was a principal inftrument in this buſineſs

And let the north (they count of colder blood)
Be held more grofs, fo it remain more good.

LXXXVII.

Let them have fairer cities, goodlier foils,
And fweeter fields for beauty to the eye,
So long as they have thefe ungodly wiles,
Such deteftable, vile impiety.
And let us want their vines, their fruits the whiles,
So that we want not faith and honefty.
We care not for thofe pleafures; fo we may
Have better hearts, and ftronger hands than they.

LXXXVIII.

Neptune, keep out from thy embraced ifle
This foul contagion of iniquity;
Drown all corruptions, coming to defile
Our fair proceedings order'd formally.
Keep us mere Engliih: let not craft beguile
Honour and juftice, with ftrange fubtilty:
Let us not think how that our good can frame,
Which ruin'd hath the authors of the fame.

LXXXIX.

But by this impious means, that worthy man
Is brought unto this lamentable end:
And now that current with main fury ran
(The ftop remov'd that did the courfe defend)
Unto the full of mifchief, that began
T' an univerfal ruin to extend;
That Ifthmus falling, which the land did keep
From the entire poffeffion of the deep.

XC.

And now the king alone, all open lay,
No under prop of blood to ftay him by:
None but himfelf ftands weakly in the way,
'Twixt York and the affected fov'reignty.
Gone is that bar, that would have been the ftay,
T' have kept him back from mounting up fo high.
" But fee, (ah!) fee: what ftate ftand thefe men
" in,
" That cannot live *without*, nor *with* their kin?"

XCI.

The queen hath yet by this her full defire;
And now fhe with her minion Suffolk reigns:
Now fhe hath all authority entire,
And all affairs unto herfelf retains.
And only (*s*) Suffolk is advanced higher;
He is the man rewarded for his pains;
He, that did in her ftead moft chiefly ftand,
And more advanc'd her than he did the land.

XCII.

Which when they faw, who better did expect,
Then they began their error to defcry,
And well perceive that only the defect
Was in their judgment, paffion-drawn awry;
Found formal rigour fitter to direct,
Than pride and infolent inconftancy.
" Better feverity that's right and juft,
" Than impotent affections led by luft."

XCIII.

And thereupon in forrow thus complain:
" What wond'rous inconvenience do they feel,
" Where as fuch imbecility doth reign,
" As fo neglects the commonweal?

" Wherever one or other doth obtain,
" So high a grace thus abfolute to deal;
" The whilft th' aggriev'd fubject fuffers ftill
" The pride of fome predominating will.

XCIV.

" And ever one remov'd, a worfe fucceeds:
" So that the beft that we can hope, is war,
" Tumults and ftirs, that this difliking breeds;
" The fword muft mend, what infolence doth
" mar.
" For what rebellions, and what bloody deeds
" Have ever follow'd, where fuch courfes are?
" What oft removes? what death of counfellors?
" What murder? what exile of officers?

XCV.

" Witnefs the Spencers, Gaveftone, and Vere;
" The mighty minions of our feebleft kings;
" Who ever fubjects to their fubjects were,
" And only the procurers of thefe things.
" When worthy monarchs, that hold honour dear,
" Matter themfelves and theirs; which ever brings
" That univerfal rev'rence and refpect.
" For who weighs him, that doth himfelf neglect?

XCVI.

" And yet our cafe is like to be far worfe;
" Having a king, though not fo bent to ill,
" Yet fo neglecting good; that giving force,
" By giving leave, doth all good order kill;
" Suff'ring a violent woman take her courfe,
" To manage all according to her will:
" Which how fhe doth begin, her deeds expreis;
" And what will be the end, ourfelves may guefs.

XCVII.

Which after follow'd ev'n as they did dread:
When now the fhameful lofs of (*t*) France much
Which unto Suffolk is attributed, [grieves
As who in all men's fight moft hateful lives;
And is accus'd, that (*u*) he (with lucre led)
Betrays the ftate, and fecret knowledge gives
Of our defigns: and all that we did hold,
By his corruption is or loft or fold.

XCVIII.

And as he deals abroad, fo likewife here
He robs at home the treafury no lefs;
Here, where all authorities doth bear,
And makes a *monopoly* of offices.
He is enrich'd; he's rais'd, and placed near:
And only he gives counfel to oppreis.
Thus men object; whilft many, up in arms,
Offer to be revenged of thefe harms.

XCIX.

The queen perceiving in what cafe fhe ftood,
To lofe her minion, or engage her ftate;
(After with long contention in her blood,
Love and ambition did the caufe debate)
She yields to pride; and rather thought it good
To facrifice her love unto their (*x*) hate.

4

(*s*) De la Pole is created Duke of Suffolk, anno regni, 26, and is banifhed, and murdered the next year after.

(*t*) The duchy of Normandy was loft in the year 1449, after it had been held thirty years, conquered by Henry V. anno regni 27.

(*u*) Articles objected againft De la Pole, Duke of Suffolk.

(*x*) At the parliament at Leiceiter, the lower houfe befought the king, that fuch perfons as aflented to the rendering of Anjou and Main, might be duly punifhed: Of which fact, they accufed as principals the Duke of Suffolk, the Lord Say, Treafurer of England, with others,

Than to adventure elſe the loſs of all;
Which by maintaining him was like to fall.

c.

Yet ſeeking at the firſt to temporiſe,
She tries if that ſome ſhort impriſonment
Would calm their heat. When that would not ſuffice,
Then to exile him ſhe muſt needs conſent;
Hoping that time would ſalve it in ſuch wiſe,
As yet at length they might become content,
And ſhe again might have him home at laſt,
When this firſt fury of their rage was paſt.

ci.

But as he to his judged (y) exile went,
Hard on the ſhore he comes encountered
By ſome, that ſo far off his honour ſent,
As put his back-return quite out of dread:
For there he had his rightful puniſhment,
Though wrongly done; and there he loſt his head.
Part of his blood hath Neptune, part the ſand;
As who had miſchief wrought by ſea and land.

cii.

Whoſe death when ſwift-wing'd Fame at full convey'd
To this diſturbed Queen, miſdoubting nought;
Deſpite and ſorrow ſuch affliction laid
Upon her ſoul, as wond'rous paſſions wrought.
" And art thou Suffolk, thus (ſaid ſhe) betray'd?
" And have my favours thy deſtruction brought?
" Is this their gain whom highneſs favoureth;
" Who chief preferr'd, ſtand as preferr'd to death?

ciii.

" O fatal grace! without which men complain,
" And with it periſh—what prevails, that we
" Muſt wear the crown, and other men muſt reign;
" And cannot ſtand to be, that which we be?
" Muſt our own ſubjects limit and conſtrain
" Our favours, whereas they themſelves decree?
" Muſt we our love at their appointment place?
" Do we command, and they direct our grace?

civ.

" Muſt they our pow'r thus from our will di-
" vide?
" And have we might, but muſt not uſe our might?
" Poor majeſty, which other men muſt guide;
" Whoſe diſcontent can never look aright.
" Forevermore we ſee, thoſe who abide
" Gracious in our's are odious in their ſight,
" Who would all-maſt'ring majeſty deſeat
" Of her beſt grace; that is, to make men great.

cv.

" But well;---we ſee, although the king be
" head,
" The ſtate will be the heart. This ſov'reignty
" Is but in place, not pow'r; and governed
" By th' equal ſceptre of neceſſity.
" And we have ſeen more princes ruined
" By their immod'rate fav'ring privately,
" Than by ſeverity in general:
" For beſt he's lik'd, that is alike to all."

cvi.

Thus ſtorms this lady, all diſquieted;
When as far greater (z) tumults now burſt out;
Which cloſe and cunningly were practiſed,
By ſuch as ſought great hopes to bring about.
For up in arms in Kent were gathered
A mighty, inſolent, rebellious rout,
Under a dang'rous head; who to deter
The ſtate the more, himſelf nam'd Mortimer.

cvii.

The Duke of York, that did not idle ſtand,
(But ſeeks to work on all advantages),
Had likewiſe in this courſe a ſecret hand,
And hearten'd on their chiefeſt 'complices;
To try how here the people of the land
Would (if occaſion ſerv'd) b' in readineſs
To aid that line, if one ſhould come indeed
To move his right, and in due courſe proceed:

cviii.

Knowing himſelf to be the only one
That muſt attempt the thing, if any ſhould;
And therefore lets the rebel now run on,
With that falſe name, t' effect the beſt he could;
To make a way for him to work upon,
Who but on certain ground adventure would.
For if the traitor ſped, the gain were his;
If not, yet he ſtands ſafe, and blameleſs is.

cix.

T' attempt with others dangers, not his own,
He counts it wiſdom if it could be wrought;
And t' have the humour of the people known,
Was now that which was chiefly to be ſought.
For with the beſt he knew himſelf was grown
In ſuch account, as made him take no thought;
Having obſerv'd in thoſe he meant to prove,
Their wit, their wealth, their carriage, and their love.

cx.

With whom, and with his own alliances,
He firſt begins to open (in ſome wiſe)
The right he had; yet with ſuch doubtfulneſs,
As rather ſorrow than his driſt deſcries:
Complaining of his country's wretchedneſs,
In what a miſerable caſe it lies:
And how much it imports them to provide,
For their defence, againſt this woman's pride.

cxi.

Then with the diſcontented he doth deal,
In ſounding theirs, not utt'ring his intent;
As b'ing advis'd not ſo much to reveal,
Whereby they might be made again content:
But when they grieved for the commonweal,
He doth perſuade them to be patient,
And to endure—there was no other courſe:
Yet ſo perſuades, as makes their malice worſe.

cxii.

And then with ſuch as with the time did run,
In moſt upright opinion he doth ſtand;
As one that never croſs'd what they begun,
But ſeem'd to like that which they took in hand:

Whereupon the King, to appeaſe the commons, ſequeſtered them from their offices and rooms; and after baniſhed the Duke for five years.

(y) As the Duke was ſailing into France, he was encountered with a ſhip of war appertaining to the Duke of Exeter; who took him, and brought him back to Dover; where his head was ſtriken off, and his body left on the ſands, anno regni 27

(z) The commons of Kent aſſembled themſelves in great number; and had to their Captain Jack Cade, who named himſelf Mortimer, couſin to the Duke of York; with purpoſe to redreſs the abuſes of the government.

Seeking all causes of offence to shun,
Praises the rule, and blames th' unruly land;
Works so with gifts and kindly offices,
That ev'n of them he serves his turn no less.

CXIII.

Then as for those who were his followers,
(Being all choice men for virtues or deserts),
He so with grace and benefits prefers,
That he becomes the monarch of their hearts.
He gets the learned for his counsellors,
And cherishes all men of rarest parts:
"To whom good done doth an impression strike
"Of joy and love, in all that are alike."

CXIV.

And now by means of th' intermitted war,
Many most valiant men impov'rished,
Only by him fed and relieved are;
Only respected, grac'd, and honoured.
Which let him in unto their hearts so far,
As they by him were wholly to be led.
"He only treads the sure and perfect path
"To greatness, who love and opinion hath."

CXV.

And to have one some certain province his,
As the main body that must work the feat;
Yorkshire he chose, the place wherein he is
By title, livings, and possessions great.
No country he prefers so much as this;
Here hath his bounty her abiding seat;
Here is his justice and relieving hand,
Ready to all that in distress do stand.

CXVI.

What with his tenants, servants, followers, friends,
And their alliances and amities;
All that shire universally attends
His hand, held up to any enterprise.
And thus far Virtue with her pow'r extends;
The rest, touching th' event, in Fortune lies.
With which accomplements so mighty grown,
Forward he tends with hope t' attain a crown.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS.

BOOK VI.

The Argument.

The bad ſucceſs of Cade's rebellion,
York's open practice, and conſpiracy;
His coming in; and his ſubmiſſion.
Th' effect of printing, and artillery.
Bourdeaux revolts; craves our protection.
Talbot, defending ours, dies glorioufly.
The French wars end——and York begins again:
And at St. Alban's Somerſet is ſlain.

I.

The furious train of that (*a*) tumultuous rout
Whom cloſe ſubaiding pow'r, and good ſucceſs,
Had made unwiſely proud, and fondly ſtout,
Thruſt headlong on, oppreſſion to oppreſs;
And now to fulneſs grown, boldly give out
That they the public wrongs meant to redreſs.
" Formleſs themſelves, reforming do pretend;
" As if confuſion could diſorder mend."

II.

And on they march with their falſe-named head,
Of baſe and vulgar birth, though noble feign'd;
Who puff'd with vain deſires, to London led
His raſh, abuſed troops, with ſhadows train'd.
When as the king thereof aſcertained,
Suppoſing ſome ſmall pow'r would have reſtrain'd
Diſorder'd rage; ſends with a ſimple crew,
Sir Humphrey Stafford, whom they overthrew.

III.

Which ſo increas'd th' opinion of their might,
That much it gave to do, and much it wrought;
Confirm'd their rage, drew on the vulgar wight,
Call'd forth th' tim'rous, freſh partakers brought.
For many, though moſt glad their wrongs to right,
Yet durſt not venture their eſtates for nought:
But ſee'ng the cauſe had ſuch advantage got,
Occaſion makes them ſtir, that elſe would not.

IV.

So much he errs that ſcorns, or elſe neglects
The ſmall beginnings of ariſing broils;
And cenſures others, not his own defects,
And with a ſelf-conceit himſelf beguiles;
Thinking ſmall force will compaſs great effects,
And ſpares at firſt to buy more coſtly toils:
" When true obſerving Providence, in war,
" Still makes her foes far ſtronger than they are."

V.

Yet this good fortune all their fortune marr'd;
" Which fools by helping, ever doth ſuppreſs:"
For wareleſs inſolence (whilſt undebarr'd
Of bounding awe) runs on to ſuch exceſs.
That following luſt, and ſpoil, and blood ſo hard,
Sees not how they procure their own diſtreſs
The better loathing courſes ſo impure,
Rather will like their wounds than ſuch a cure.

VI.

For whilſt this wild, unreined multitude
(Led with an unforeſeeing, greedy mind,

(*a*) The commons of Kent, with their leader, Jack Cade, divulge their many grievances: amongſt which, that the king was driven to live only on his commons, and other men to enjoy the revenues of the crown; which cauſed poverty in his Majeſty, and the great payments of the people now late granted to the king in parliament. Alſo they deſire, that the king would remove all the falſe progeny and affinity of the late Duke of Suffolk, which be openly known; and them to puniſh: and to take about his perſon the true lords of his royal blood; to wit, the mighty prince, the Duke of York, late exiled by the traiterous motion of the falſe Duke of Suffolk, and his affinity, &c. Alſo they crave, that they who contrived the death of the high and mighty prince, Humphrey Duke of Glocester, might have puniſhment,

Of an imagin'd good, that did delude
Their ignorance, in their desires made blind)
Ransack the city, and (with hands embru'd)
Run to all outrage in th' extremest kind;
Heaping up wrath and horror more and more,
They add fresh guilt to mischiefs done before.

VII.

And yet see'ng all this sorting to no end,
But to their own; no promis'd aid t' appear;
No such partakers as they did attend,
Nor such successes as imagin'd were;
Good men resolv'd the present to defend:
Justice against them, with a brow severe.
Themselves fear'd of themselves; tir'd with excess,
"Found mischief was no fit way to redress."

VIII.

And as they stand in desp'rate comberment,
Environ'd round with horror, blood and shame;
Cross'd of their course, despairing of th' event,
A pardon (that smooth bait for baseness) came;
Which as a snare to catch the impotent,
Being once pronounc'd, they strait embrace the same:
And as huge snowy mountains melt with heat,
So they dissolv'd with hope, and home they get;

IX.

Leaving their (*b*) Captain to discharge alone
The shot of blood, consumed in their heat;
Too small a sacrifice for mischiefs done,
Was one man's breath, which thousands did defeat.
"Unrighteous death, why art thou but alone
"Unto the small offender and the great?
"Why art thou not more than thou art, to those
"Thousands spoil, and thousands lives do lose?"

X.

This fury passing with so quick an end,
Disclos'd not those that on th' advantage lay;
Who see'ng the course to such disorder tend,
Withdrew their foot, asham'd to take that way;
Or else prevented whilst they did attend
Some mightier force, or for occasion stay:
But what they meant, ill fortune must not tell;
Mischief b'ing oft made good by speeding well.

XI.

Put by from this, the (*c*) Duke of York designs
Another course to bring his hopes about;
And with those friends affinity combines
In surest bonds, his thoughts he poureth out;
And closely feels, and closely undermines
The faith of whom he had both hope and doubt;
Meaning in more apparent, open course,
To try his right, his fortune, and his force.

XII.

Love and alliance had most firmly join'd
Unto his part that mighty family,
The far distended stock of Nevil's kind;
Great by their many-issu'd progeny;
But greater by their worth that clearly shin'd,
And gave fair light to their nobility;
So that each corner of the land became
Enrich'd with some great worthy of that name.

XIII.

But greatest in renown doth Warwick sit;
That brave king-maker, Warwick, so far grown
In grace with Fortune, that he governs it,
And monarchs makes; and made, again puts down;
What revolutions his first-moving wit
Here brought about, are more than too well known;
The fatal kindle-fire of those hot days;
Whose worth I may, whose work I cannot praise.

XIV.

With him, with Richard Earl of Salisbury,
Courtney and Brooke, and other his dear friends,
He intimates his mind; and openly
The present bad proceedings discommends;
Laments the state, the people's misery,
And (that which such a pitier seldom mends)
Oppression, that sharp two-edged sword,
That others wounds, and wounds likewise his lord.

XV.

"My lords," saith he, "how things are carry'd here,
"In this corrupted state, you plainly see;
"What burden our abused shoulders bear,
"Charg'd with the weight of imbecility:
"And in what base account all we appear,
"That stand without her grace that all must be;
"And who they be, and how their course succeeds,
"Our shame reports, and time bewrays their deeds.

XVI.

"Anjou and Main, (the maim that foul appears;
"Th' eternal scar of our dismember'd land)
"Guien, all lost; that did three hundred years
"Remain subjected under our command.
"From whence, methinks, there sounds unto our hand
"ears
"The voice of those dear ghosts, whose living
"Got it with sweat, and kept it with their blood,
"To do us (thankless us) their offspring good:

XVII.

"And seem to cry, What! can you thus behold
"Their hateful feet upon our graves should tread?
"Your fathers' graves; who gloriously did hold
"That which your shame hath left recovered?
"Redeem our tombs, O spirits too too cold;
"Pull back these tow'rs our arms have honoured:
"These tow'rs are your's: these forts we built for you: due.
"These walls do bear our names, and are your

XVIII.

"Thus well they may upbraid our wretchedness,
"Whilst we (as if at league with infamy)
"Riot away for nought whole provinces;
"Give up as nothing worth all Normandy;
"Traffic important holds, sell fortresses
"So long, that nought is left but misery,

(*b*) Anno regni 29.

(*c*) The Duke of York, who at this time was in Ireland, (sent thither to appease a rebellion; which he effected in such sort, as got him and his lineage exceeding love and liking with that people ever after) returning home, and pretending great injuries to be offered him, both whilst he was in the king's service, and likewise upon his landing in North Wales; combines himself with Richard Nevile, Earl of Salisbury, second son to Ralph, Earl of Westmoreland, (whose daughter he had married), and with Richard Nevile (the son) Earl of Warwick, with other his especial friends; with whom he consults for the reformation of the government, after he had complained of the great disorders therein: laying the blame, for the loss of Normandy, upon the Duke of Somerset; whom, upon his returning thence, he caused to be arrested, and committed.

" Poor Calais, and theſe water-walls about,
" That baſely pound us in from breaking out.

XIX.

" And (which is worſe) I fear we ſhall in th'
" end
" (Thrown from the glory of invading war)
" Be forc'd our proper limits to defend;
" Wherever men are not the fame they are;
" The hope of conqueſt doth their ſpirits extend
" Beyond the uſual pow'rs of valour far.
" For more is he that ventureth for more,
" Than who fights but for what he had before.

XX.

" Put to your hands, therefore, to reſcue now
" Th' endanger'd ſtate (dear lords) from this diſ-
" And let us in our honour labour now [grace;
" To bring this ſcorned land in better caſe.
" No doubt but God our action will allow,
" That knows my right, and how they rule the
" place,
" Whoſe weakneſs calls up our unwillingneſs,
" As op'ning ev'n the door to our redreſs.

XXI.

" Though I proteſt, it is not for a crown
" My ſoul is mov'd; (yet if it be my right,
" I have no reaſon to refuſe mine own)
" But only theſe indignities to right.
" And what if God (whoſe judgments are un-
" known)
" Hath me ordain'd the man; that by my might
" My country ſhall be bleſt? If ſo it be;
" By helping me, you raiſe yourſelves with me."

XXII.

Thoſe in whom zeal and amity had bred
A fore-impreſſion of the right he had,
Theſe ſtirring words ſo much encouraged,
That (with deſire of innovation mad)
They ſeem'd to run afore, not to be led,
And to his fire do quicker fuel add:
For where ſuch humours are prepar'd before,
The op'ning them makes them abound the more.

XXIII.

Then counſel take they, fitting their deſire:
(For nought that fits not their deſire is weigh'd)
The (*d*) duke is ſtrait adviſed to retire
Into the bounds of Wales, to levy aid:
Which, under ſmooth pretence, he doth require;
T' amove ſuch perſons as the ſtate betray'd,
And to redreſs th' oppreſſion of the land:
The charm which weakneſs ſeldom doth withſtand.

XXIV.

Ten thouſand ſtrait caught with this bait of breath,
Are towards greater look'd-for forces led;
Whoſe pow'r the king by all means travaileth,
In their ariſing to have ruined:
But their preventing head ſo compaſſeth,
That all ambuſhments warily are fled;
Refuſing ought to hazard by the way,
Keeping his greatneſs for a greater day.

XXV.

And to the city ſtrait directs his courſe;
The city, ſeat of kings, and king's chief grace!
Where having found his entertainment worſe
By far than he expected in that place;
Much diſappointed, draws from thence his force,
And towards better truſt marcheth apace;
And down in Kent, (fatal for diſcontents)
Near to thy banks, fair Thames doth pitch his tents.

XXVI.

And there, intrench'd, plants his artillery;
Artillery, th' infernal (*e*) inſtrument
New brought from hell, to ſcourge mortality
With hideous roaring and aſtoniſhment.
Engine of horror! fram'd to terrify
And tear the earth, and ſtrongeſt tow'rs to rent:
Torment of thunder! made to mock the ſkies,
As more of pow'r in our calamities.

XXVII.

If that firſt fire ſubtle Prometheus brought,
Stol'n out of heav'n did ſo afflict mankind,
That ever ſince plagu'd with a curious thought
Of ſtirring ſearch, could never quiet find;
What hath he done, who now by ſtealth hath got
Lightning and thunder both, in wond'rous kind?
What plague deſerves ſo proud an enterpriſe?
Tell, muſe; and how it came; and in what wiſe.

XXVIII.

It was the time when fair (*f*) Europa ſat
With many goodly diadems addreſs'd,
And all her parts (in flouriſhing eſtate)
Lay beautiful, in order, at their reſt.
No ſwelling member, unproportionate,
Grown out of form, fought to diſturb the reſt:
The leſs ſubſiſting by the greater's might;
The greater by the leſſer kept upright.

XXIX.

No noiſe of tumult ever wak'd them all;
Only perhaps ſome private jar within,
For titles, or for confines, might befal;
Which ended, ſoon made better love begin;
But no eruption did in general
Break down their reſt with univerſal ſin:
No public ſhock diſjointed this fair frame,
Till Nemeſis from out the Orient came;

XXX.

Fierce Nemeſis, mother of Fate and change!
Sword-bearer of th' eternal Providence!
(That had ſo long with ſuch afflictions ſtrange
Confounded Aſia's proud magnificence,

(*d*) The Duke of York raiſeth an army in the Marches of Wales, under pretext to remove divers counſellors about the king; and to revenge the manifeſt injuries done to the commonwealth: and withal he publiſheth a declaration of his loyalty, and the wrongs done him by his adverſaries; offering to take his oath upon the bleſſed ſacrament, to have been ever true liege-man to the king, and ſo ever to continue. Which declaration was written from his caſtle of Ludlow, January 9. anno regni 30. February 16. the king, with the Duke of Somerſet, and other lords, ſet forward towards the Marches; but the Duke of York took other ways, and made up towards London.

(*e*) The uſe of guns, and great ordnance, began about this time, or not long before.

(*f*) This principal part of Europe, which contained the moſt flouriſhing ſtate of Chriſtendom, was at this time in the hands of many ſeveral princes and commonwealths, which quietly governed the ſame: For being ſo many, and none over great, they were leſs attemptive to diſturb others, and more careful to keep their own, with a mutual correſpondence of amity. As Italy had then many more principalities and commonwealths than it hath: Spain was divided into many kingdoms: France conſiſted of divers free princes. Both the Germanies, of many more governments.

And brought foul impious barbarism to range
On all the glory of her excellence)
Turns her stern look at last unto the West,
As griev'd to see on earth such happy rest.

XXXI.

And for Pandora calleth presently;
Pandora, Jove's fair gift, that first deceiv'd
Poor Epimetheus imbecility,
That thought he had a wond'rous boon receiv'd;
By means whereof curious mortality
Was of all former quiet quite bereav'd:
To whom b'ing come, deck'd with all qualities,
The wrathful goddess breaks out in this wise:

XXXII.

" Dost thou not see in what secure estate
" Those flourishing fair Western parts remain?
" As if they had made covenant with fate,
" To be exempted free from others pain;
" At one with their desires, friends with debate;
" In peace with pride, content with their own gain;
" Their bounds contain their minds, their minds
" apply'd
" To have their bounds with plenty beautify'd.

XXXIII.

" Devotion (mother of obedience)
" Bears such a hand on their credulity,
" That it abates the spirit of eminence,
" And buries them with humble piety.
" For see what works, what infinite expence,
" What monuments of zeal they edify!
" As if they would (so that no stop were found)
" Fill all with temples, make all holy ground.

XXXIV.

" But we must cool this all-believing zeal,
" That hath enjoy'd so fair a turn so long;
" And other revolutions must reveal,
" Other desires, other designs among:
" Dislike of this first by degrees shall steal
" Upon the souls of men, persuaded wrong;
" And that abused (g) pow'r which thus hath
" wrought,
" Shall give herself the sword to cut her throat.

XXXV.

" Go therefore thou, with all thy stirring train
" Of swelling sciences, the gifts of grief;
" Go loose the links of that soul-binding chain,
" Enlarge this uninquisitive belief:
" Call up men's spirits, that simpleness retain;
" Enter their hearts, and knowledge make the
" To open all the doors, to let in light; [thief,
" That all may all things see, but what is right.

XXXVI.

" Opinion arm against opinion grown;
" Make new-born contradiction still to rise,
" As if Thebes founder (Cadmus) tongues had
" sown
" Instead of teeth for greater mutinies.
" Bring new-defended faith against faith known;
" Weary the soul with contrarieties;
" Till all religion become retrograde,
" And that fair 'tire the mask of sin be made.

XXXVII.

" And better to effect a speedy end,
" Let there be found two fatal instruments;
" The one to publish, th' other to defend
" Impious contention, and proud discontents:
" Make that instamped characters may send
" Abroad to thousands, thousand men's intent;
" And in a moment may dispatch much more,
" Than could a world of pens perform before.

XXXVIII.

" Whereby all quarrels, titles, secrecies,
" May unto all be presently made known;
" Factions prepar'd, parties allur'd to rise;
" Sedition under fair pretensions sown
" Whereby the vulgar may become so wise,
" That (with a self-presumption over-grown)
" They may of deepest mysteries debate,
" Control their betters, censure acts of state.

XXXIX.

" And then when this dispersed mischief shall
" Have brought confusion in each mystery,
" Call'd up contempt of states in general,
" Ripen'd the humour of impiety;
" Then have they th' other engine, wherewithal
" They may torment their self-wrought misery,
" And scourge each other in so strange a wise,
" As time or tyrants never could devise.

XL.

" For by this stratagem they shall confound
" All th' ancient form and discipline of war;
" Alter their camps, alter their fights, their ground;
" Daunt mighty spirits, prowess and manhood mar:
" For basest cowards from a-far shall wound
" The most courageous, forc'd to fight a-far;
" Valour wrapt up in smoke (as in the night)
" Shall perish without witness, without fight.

XLI.

" But first, before this general disease
" Break forth into so great extremity,
" Prepare it by degrees: First kill this ease.
" Spoil this proportion; mar this harmony:
" Make (b) greater states upon the lesser seize;
" Join many kingdoms to one sov'reignty:
" Raise a few great, that may (with greater
" pow'r)
" Slaughter each other and mankind devour.

XLII.

" And first begin with factions to divide
" The faireſt land; that from her thrusts the rest,
" As if she car'd not for the world beside:
" A world within herself, with wonders blest!
" Raise such a strife as time shall not decide,
" Till the dear blood of most of all her best
" Be poured forth; and all her people tost'd
" With unkind tumults, and almost all lost.

XLIII.

" Let her be made the sable stage, whereon
" Shall first be acted bloody tragedies;
" That all the neighbour states gazing thereon,
" May make their profit by her miseries:
" And those whom she before had march'd upon,
" (Having by this both time and mean to rise)
" Made martial by her arms, shall grow so great,
" As (save their own) no force shall them defeat.

XLIV.

" Then when their pow'r, unable to sustain
" And bear itself, upon itself shall fall,

(g) The Church.

(b) The many States of Christendom reduced to a few.

" She may (recover'd of her wounds again)
" Sit and behold their parts as tragical.
" For there muſt come a time, that ſhall obtain
" Truce for diſtreſs; when make-peace Hymen
" ſhall
" Bring the conjoined adverſe pow'rs to bed,
" And ſet the crown (made one) upon one head.

XLV.

" Out of which bleſſed union ſhall ariſe
" A ſacred branch, (with grace and glory bleſt)
" Whoſe virtue ſhall her land ſo patrouiſe,
" As all our pow'r ſhall not her days moleſt:
" For ſhe (fair ſhe) the minion of the ſkies,
" Shall purchaſe (of the high'ſt) to her's ſuch reſt,
" (Standing between the wrath of heav'n and
" them)
" As no diſtreſs ſhall touch her diadem:

XLVI.

" And from the rocks of ſafety ſhall deſcry
" The wondrous wrecks that wrath lays ruined:
" All round about her blood and miſery;
" Powers betray'd, princes ſlain, kings maſſacred;
" States all confus'd, brought to calamity,
" And all the face of kingdoms altered:
" Yet ſhe the ſame inviolable ſtands,
" Dear to her own, wonder to other lands.

XLVII.

" But let not her defence diſcourage thee,
" For never one but ſhe ſhall have this grace,
" From all diſturbs to be ſo long kept free,
" And with ſuch glory to diſcharge that place.
" And therefore, if by ſuch a pow'r thou be
" Stopt of thy courſe; reckon it no diſgrace;
" Sith ſhe alone (b'ing privileg'd from high)
" Hath this large patent of her dignity."

XLVIII.

This charge the goddeſs gave—When ready ſtrait
The ſubtle meſſenger, accompany'd
With all her crew of arts that on her wait,
Haſtes to effect what ſhe was counſelled:
And out ſhe pours of her immenſe conceit,
Upon ſuch ſearching ſpirits as travailed
In penetrating hidden ſecrecies;
Who ſoon theſe means of miſery deviſe.

XLIX.

And boldly breaking with rebellious mind
Into their mother's cloſe-lock'd treaſury,
They minerals combuſtible do find,
Which (in ſtopt concaves placed cunningly)
They fire: And fire impriſon'd againſt kind,
Tears out a way, thruſts out his enemy;
Barking with ſuch a horror, as if wroth
With man, that wrongs himſelf and nature both.

L.

And this beginning had this curſed frame,
Which (*i*) York now planted hath againſt his king;
Preſuming by his pow'r, and by the fame,
His purpoſe unto good effect to bring;
When divers of the graveſt council came,
Sent from the king, to underſtand what thing
Had thruſt him into theſe proceedings bad;
And what he ſought, and what intent he had.

LI.

Who with words mildly-ſharp, gently-ſevere,
Wrought on thoſe wounds that muſt be touch'd with heed;
Applying rather ſalves of hope than fear,
Leſt corroſives ſhould deſp'rate miſchiefs breed.
" And what, my Lord, (ſaid they) ſhould move
" you here,
" In this unſeemly manner to proceed?
" Whoſe worth b'ing ſuch as all the land admires,
" Hath fairer ways than theſe to your deſires.

LII.

" Will you whoſe means, whoſe many friends,
" whoſe grace
" Can work the world in peace unto your will,
" Take ſuch a courſe as ſhall your blood deface,
" And make (by handling bad) a good cauſe ill?
" How many hearts hazard you in this caſe,
" That in all quiet plots would aid you ſtill?
" Having in court a party far more ſtrong
" Than you conceive, preſs'd to redreſs your
" wrong.

LIII.

" Fie! fie! forſake this hateful courſe, my Lord;
" Down with theſe arms, that will but wound
" your cauſe.
" What peace may do, hazard not with the ſword:
" Lay down the force that from your force with-
" draws;
" And yield: And we will mediate ſuch accord,
" As ſhall diſpenſe with rigor and the laws;
" And interpoſe this ſolemn faith of our
" Betwixt your fault and the offended pow'r.

LIV.

Which engines of proteſts, and proffers kind,
Urg'd out of ſeeming grief and ſhews of love,
So ſhook the whole (*k*) foundation of his mind,
As they did all his reſolution move;
And preſent ſeem'd unto their courſe inclin'd,
So that the King would (*l*) Somerſet remove;
The man, whoſe moſt intolerable pride
Trod down his worth, and all good men's beſide.

LV.

Which they there vow'd ſhould preſently be done.
For what will not peace-lovers willing grant,
Where dang'rous events depend thereon,
And men unfurniſh'd and the ſtate in want?
And if with words the conqueſt will be won,
The coſt is ſmall: And who holds breath ſo ſcant,
As then to ſpare, though with indignity?
" Better deſcend, than end in majeſty."

LVI.

And hereupon the duke diſſolves his force,
Submits him to the king on public vow;

(*i*) The Duke of York being not admitted into the city, paſſed over Kingſton-bridge, and ſo into Kent; and on Brent heath, near Dartford, pitch'd his field. The King makes after, and embattel'd upon Blackheath: From whence he ſends the Biſhops of Wincheſter and Ely, with the Earls of Saliſbury and Warwick, to mediate a peace.

(*k*) And finding the Kentiſh men not to anſwer his expectation, and the King's forces far more than his; he willingly condeſcends to conditions of peace.

(*l*) Edmund Duke of Somerſet, of the Houſe of Lancaſter, deſcended from John of Gaunt, was the eſpecial man againſt whom he pretended his quarrel.

The rather too presuming on this course,
For that his son, the earl of March, was now
With mightier pow'rs abroad; which would enforce
His peace; which else the king would not allow.
For seeing not all of him in him he hath,
His death would but give life to greater wrath.

LVII.

Yet coming to the king, in former place
(His foe) the duke of Somerset he finds;
Whom openly reproaching to his face,
He charg'd with treason in the highest kinds.
The duke returns like speeches of disgrace;
And fiery words bewray'd their flaming minds:
But yet the trial was for them deferr'd,
Till fitter time allow'd it to be heard.

LVIII.

At Westminster a council summoned,
Deliberates what course the cause should end
Of th' apprehended Duke of York; whose head
Doth now on others doubtful breath depend.
Law fiercely urg'd his act, and found him dead;
Friends fail'd to speak, where they could not defend:
Only the king himself for mercy stood; [Only
As prodigal of life, niggard of blood.

LIX.

And as if angry with the laws of death,
" Ah! why should you, said he, urge things so far?
" You, that inur'd with mercenary breath,
" And hired tongue, so peremptory are;
" Braving on him whom sorrow prostrateth:
" As if you did with poor affliction war,
" And prey on frailty folly hath betray'd;
" Bringing the laws to wound, never to aid.

LX.

" Dispense sometimes with stern severity;
" Make not the laws still traps to apprehend:
" Win grace upon the bad with clemency;
" Mercy may mend, whom malice made offend.
" Death gives no thanks, but checks authority;
" And life doth only majesty commend.
" Revenge dies not; rigor begets new wrath:
" And blood hath never glory; mercy hath.

LXI.

" And for my part, (and my part should be chief.)
" I am most willing to restore his state;
" And rather had I win him with relief,
" Than lose him with despite, and get more hate.
" Pity draws love: Bloodshed is nature's grief:
" Compassion follows the unfortunate;
" And losing him, in him I lose my pow'r.
" We rule who live—The dead are none of our.

LXII.

" And should our rigour lessen then the fame,
" Which we with greater glory should retain?
" No; let him live—His life must give us fame;
" The child of mercy newly born again.
" As often burials are physician's shame;
" So many deaths argue a king's hard reign.
" Why should we say, The law must have her vigour?
" The law kills him; but quits not us of rigour?

LXIII.

" You, to get more preferment by your wit,
" Others to gain the spoils of misery,
" Labour with all your pow'r to follow it;
" Shewing us fears, to draw on cruelty.
" You urge th' offence, not tell us what is fit;
" Abusing wrong-informed majesty;
" As if our pow'r were only but to slay;
" And that to save were a most dang'rous way."

LXIV.

Thus out of pity spake that holy king;
Whom mild affections led to hope the best:
When Somerset began to urge the thing
With words of hotter temper, thus expreset:
" Dear sov'reign lord, the cause in managing
" Is more than yours; 't imports the public rest.
" We all have part; it toucheth all our good:
" And life's ill spar'd, that's spar'd to cost more blood.

LXV.

" Compassion here is cruelty, my lord:
" Pity will cut our throats, for saving so.
" What benefit enjoy we by the sword,
" If mischief shall escape to draw on mo?
" Why should we give what law cannot afford;
" To b' accessaries to our proper woe?
" Wisdom must judge 'twixt men apt to amend,
" And minds incurable, born to offend.

LXVI.

" It is no private cause, I do protest,
" That moves me thus to prosecute this deed:
" Would God his blood and mine had well releas'd
" The dangers that his pride is like to breed.
" Although at me he seems to have address'd
" His spite; 'tis not the end he hath decreed.
" I am not he alone he doth pursue:
" But thorough me, he means to shoot at you.

LXVII.

" For thus these great reformers of a state,
" Aspiring to attain the government,
" Still take advantage of the people's hate,
" Who ever hate such as are eminent.
" (For who can great affairs negociate,
" And all a wayward multitude content?)
" And then these people-minions, they must fall
" To work out us, to work themselves int' all.

LXVIII.

" But note, my lord, first who is in your hand;
" Then how he hath offended; what's his end.
" It is the man, whose race would seem to stand
" Before your right, and doth a right pretend:
" Who (traitor-like) hath rais'd a mighty band,
" With colour, your proceedings to amend:
" Which if it should have happen'd to succeed,
" You had not now sat to adjudge his deed.

LXIX.

" If oftentimes the person, not th' offence,
" Have been sufficient cause of death to some,
" Where public safety puts in evidence
" Of mischief, likely by their life to come;
" Shall he, whose fortune and his insolence,
" Have both deserv'd to die, escape that doom;
" When you shall save your land, your crown thereby;
" And since you cannot live, unless he die?"

LXX.

Thus ſpake th' aggrieved duke, that gravely ſaw
Th' incompatible pow'rs of princes minds;
And what affliction his eſcape might draw
Unto the ſtate, and people of all kinds:
And yet the humble yielding, and the awe
Which (*m*) York there ſhew'd, ſo good opinion finds,
That (with the rumour of his ſon's great ſtrength,
And French affairs) he there came quit at length,

LXXI.

For ev'n the fear t' exaſperate the heat
Of th' Earl of March, whoſe forward youth and might
Well follow'd ſeem'd a proud revenge to threat,
If any ſhame ſhould on his father light;
And then deſire in Gaſcoign to re-get
The glory loſt, which home-broils hinder might,
Advantaged the duke, and ſav'd his head,
Which queſtionleſs had elſe been hazarded.

LXXII.

For now had (*n*) Bourdeaux offer'd (upon aid)
Preſent revolt, if we would ſend with ſpeed:
Which fair advantage to have then delay'd
Upon ſuch hopes, had been a ſhameful deed.
And therefore this all other courſes ſtay'd,
And outwardly theſe inward hates agreed,
Giving an interpauſe to pride and ſpite;
Which breath'd but to break out with greater might.

LXXIII.

Whilſt dreadful Talbot, terror late of France,
Againſt the genius of our fortune ſtrove,
The down-thrown glory of our ſtate t' advance;
Where France far more than France he now doth prove!
For friends, opinion, and ſucceeding chance,
(Which wrought the weak to yield, the ſtrong to love)
Were not the fame that he had found before
In happier times, when leſs would have done more.

LXXIV.

For both the (*o*) Britain and Burgonian now
Came alter'd with our luck, and won with theirs.
Thoſe bridges, and the gates that did allow
So eaſy paſſage unto our affairs;
Judging it ſafer to endeavour how
To link with ſtrength, than lean unto deſpairs.
" And who wants friends to back what he begins,
" In lands far off gets not, although he wins."

LXXV.

Which too well prov'd this fatal enterpriſe,
The laſt that loſt us all we had to loſe;
Where, though advantag'd by ſome mutinies,
And petty lords that in our cauſe aroſe;
Yet thoſe great fail'd, whoſe ready, quick ſupplies,
Ever at hand, cheer'd us, and quell'd our foes.

(*m*) The Duke was ſuffer'd to go to his caſtle at Wigmore.

(*n*) The city of Bourdeaux ſend their ambaſſadors, offering to revolt from the French part, if aid might be ſent unto them: Whereupon John Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewſbury, was employed with a power of 3000 men, and ſurprized the city of Bourdeaux.

(*o*) The Dukes of Britanny and Burgundy were great means, in times paſt, for the conquering of France.

Succours from far come ſeldom to our mind:
" For who holds league with Neptune and the wind?"

LXXVI.

Yet worthy (*p*) Talbot, thou did'ſt ſo employ
The broken remnants of diſ-ſcatter'd pow'r,
That they might ſee it was our deſtiny,
Not want of ſpirit, that loſt us what was our:
Thy dying hand ſold them the victory
With ſo dear wounds, as made the conqueſt ſour;
So much it coſt to ſpoil who were undone,
And ſuch ado to win when they had won.

LXXVII.

For as a fierce, courageous maſtiff farcs,
That having once ſure faſten'd on his foe,
Lies tugging on that hold; never forbears,
What force ſoever force him to forego:
The more he feels his wounds, the more he dares;
As if his death were ſweet, in dying ſo:
So held his hold this lord, whilſt he held breath;
And ſcarce, but with much blood, lets go in death.

LXXVIII.

For though he ſaw prepar'd againſt his ſide,
Both unlike fortune, and unequal force,
Born with the ſwelling current of their pride
Down the main ſtream of a moſt happy courſe;
Yet ſtands he ſtiff, undaſh'd, unterrify'd;
His mind the ſame, although his fortune worſe:
Virtue in greateſt dangers b'ing beſt ſhown;
And though oppreſs'd, yet never overthrown.

LXXIX.

For reſcuing of beſieg'd Chatillion,
(Where having firſt conſtrain'd the French to fly,
And following hard on their confuſion)
Comes (lo!) encounter'd with a ſtrong ſupply
Of freſh-arriving pow'rs, that back thruſt on
Thoſe flying troops, another chance to try;
Who double arm'd, (with ſhame and fury) ſtrain
To wreak their foil, and win their fame again.

LXXX.

Which ſeeing, th' undaunted Talbot (with more might
Of ſpir't to will, than hands of pow'r to do)
Preparing t' entertain a glorious fight,
Cheers up his weary'd ſoldiers thereunto.
" Courage, faith he—thoſe braving troops in ſight,
" Are but the ſame that now you did undo.
" And what if there be come ſome more than they?
" They come to bring more glory to the day.

LXXXI.

" Which day muſt either thruſt us out of all,
" Or all with greater glory back reſtore.
" This day your valiant worth adventure ſhall,
" For what our land ſhall never fight for more:
" If now we fail, with us is like to fall
" All that renown which we have got before.
" This is the laſt—if we diſcharge the ſame,
" The fame ſhall laſt to our eternal fame.

LXXXII.

" Never had worthy men for any fact
" A more fair, glorious theatre than we;

(*p*) The Earl of Shrewſbury, accompanied with his ſon, Sir John Talbot, Lord Liſle, by the right of his wife, with the Lords Molins, Harrington, and Cameis, Sir John Howard, Sir John Vernon, and others, recovered divers towns in Gaſcony; amongſt others, the town and caſtle of Chaſtillion in Perigeut, which the French ſoon after beſieged.

" Whereon true magnanimity might act
" Brave deeds, which better witneſſed could be.
" For lo! from yonder turrets yet unſack'd,
" Your valiant fellows ſtand your worth to ſee;
" T' avouch your valour, if you live to gain;
" And if we die, that we dy'd not in vain.

LXXXIII.

" And ev'n our foes (whoſe proud and pow'rful might
" Would ſeem to ſwallow up our dignity)
" Shall not keep back the glory of our right;
" Which their confounded blood ſhall teſtify:
" For in their wounds our gory ſwords ſhall write
" The monuments of our eternity.
" For vile is honour, and a title vain,
" The which true worth and danger do not gain.

LXXXIV.

" For they ſhall ſee, when we (in careleſs ſort)
" Shall throw ourſelves on their deſpiſed ſpears;
" 'Tis not deſpair that doth us ſo tranſport,
" But ev'n true fortitude that nothing fears;
" Sith we may well retire us in ſome ſort:
" But ſhame on him that ſuch a foul thought bears.
" For be they more, let fortune take their part;
" We'll tug her too, and ſcratch her e'er we part."

LXXXV.

This ſaid, a freſh-infus'd deſire of fame
Enters their warm'd blood, with ſuch a will,
That they deem'd long they were not at the game;
And though they march'd apace, thought they ſtood ſtill,
And that their ling'ring foes too ſlowly came
To join with them, ſpending much time but ill.
" Such force had words fierce humours up to call,
" Sent from the mouth of ſuch a general."

LXXXVI.

Who yet his forces weighing, (with their fire)
Turns him about in private to his (*q*) ſon,
(A worthy ſon, and worthy ſuch a ſire)
And telleth him what ground he ſtood upon,
Adviſing him in ſecret to retire;
Conſid'ring how his youth, but now begun,
Would make it unto him at all no ſtain;
His death ſmall fame, his flight no ſhame could gain.

LXXXVII.

To whom th' aggrieved ſon, (as if diſgrac'd)
" Ah! father, have you then ſelected me
" To be the man, whom you would have diſplac'd
" Out of the roll of immortality?
" What have I done this day, that hath deſac'd
" My worth; that my hands work deſpis'd ſhould be?
" God ſhield I ſhould bear home a coward's name:
" He long enough hath liv'd, who dies with fame."

LXXXVIII.

At which the father, touch'd with ſorrowing joy,
Turn'd him about, (ſhaking his head) and ſays,
" O my dear ſon, worthy a better day,
" To enter thy firſt youth in hard aſſays!"
And now had wrath, impatient of delay,
Begun the fight, and farther ſpeeches ſtays.
Fury thruſts on; ſtriving whoſe ſword ſhould be
Firſt warmed in the wounds of th' enemy.

(*q*) The Lord Liſle was adviſed by his father to retire him out of the battle.

LXXXIX.

Hotly theſe ſmall (but mighty minded) bands
(As if ambitious now of death) do ſtrain
Againſt innumerable armed hands,
And gloriouſly a wondrous fight maintain;
Ruſhing on all whatever ſtrength withſtands,
Whetting their wrath on blood, and on diſdain;
And ſo far thruſt, that hard 'twere to deſcry,
Whether they more deſire to kill, or die.

XC.

Frank of their own, greedy of others blood,
No ſtroke they give but wounds, no wound but kills:
Near to their hate, cloſe to their work they ſtood;
Hit where they would, their hand obeys their wills;
Scorning the blow from far that doth no good,
Loathing the crack, unleſs ſome blood it ſpills:
No wounds could let out life that wrath held in,
Till others wounds reveng'd did firſt begin.

XCI.

So much true reſolution wrought in thoſe
Who had made covenant with death before,
That their ſmall number (ſcorning ſo great foes)
Made France moſt happy, that there were no more;
And fortune doubt to whom ſhe might diſpoſe
That weary day; or unto whom reſtore
The glory of a conqueſt dearly bought,
Which ſcarce the conqueror could think well got.

XCII.

For as with equal rage, and equal might,
Two adverſe winds combat, with billows proud,
And neither yield: (ſeas, ſkies maintain like fight,
Wave againſt wave oppos'd, and cloud to cloud:)
So war both ſides with obſtinate deſpite,
With like revenge; and neither party bow'd:
Fronting each other with confounding blows,
No wound one ſword unto the other owes.

XCIII.

Whilſt Talbot (whoſe freſh ardour having got
A marvellous advantage of his years)
Carries his unfelt age as if forgot,
Whirling about where any need appears.
His hand, his eye, his wits all preſent, wrought
The function of the glorious part he bears:
Now urging here, now cheering there, he flies;
Unlocks the thickeſt troops, where moſt force lies.

XCIV.

In midſt of wrath, of wounds, of blood and death,
There is he moſt, where as he may do beſt;
And there the cloſeſt ranks he ſevereth,
Drives back the ſtouteſt pow'rs that forward preſs'd:
There makes his ſword his way—there laboureth
Th' in'fatigable hand that never ceas'd;
Scorning unto his mortal wounds to yield,
Till death became beſt maſter of the field.

XCV.

Then like a ſturdy oak, that having long
Againſt the wars of fierceſt winds made head,
When (with ſome forc'd tempeſtuous rage more ſtrong)
His down-born top comes over-maſtered,
All the near bord'ring trees (he ſtood among)
Cruſh'd with his weighty fall, lie ruined;

So lay his ſpoils, all round about (r) him ſlain,
T' adorn his death, that could not die in vain.

XCVI.

On th' other part, his moſt all-daring (s) ſon
(Although the inexperience of his years
Made him leſs ſkill'd in what was to be done;
And yet did carry him beyond all fears)
Into the main batallion, thruſting on
Near to the king, amidſt the chiefeſt peers,
With thouſand wounds became at length oppreſs'd;
As if he ſcorn'd to die, but with the beſt.

XCVII.

Who thus both having gain'd a glorious end,
Soon ended that great day; that ſet ſo red,
As all the purple plains that wide extend,
A ſad tempeſtuous ſeaſon witneſſed.
So much ado had toiling France to rend
From us the right ſo long inherited;
And ſo hard went we from what we poſſeſt,
As with it went the blood we loved beſt.

XCVIII.

Which blood not loſt, but faſt laid up with [heed
In everlaſting fame, is there held dear,
To ſeal the memory of this day's deed;
Th' eternal evidence of what we were:
To which our fathers, we, and who ſucceed,
Do owe a ſigh, for that it (t) touch'd us near.
Nor muſt we ſin ſo much, as to neglect
The holy thought of ſuch a dear reſpect.

XCIX.

Yet happy hapleſs day, bleſt ill-loſt breath,
Both for our better fortune, and your own!
For what foul wounds, what ſpoil, what ſhameful death,
Had by this forward reſolution grown;
If at St. Albans, Wakefield, Barnet-heath,
It ſhould unto your infamy been ſhown?
Bleſt you, that did not teach how great a fault
Ev'n Virtue is in actions that are naught.

C.

Yet would this ſad day's loſs had not been all
That this day loſt: Then ſhould we not much plain,
If hereby we had com'n but there to fall,
And that day ended, ended had our pain.
Then ſmall the loſs of France, of Guien ſmall:
Nothing the ſhame to be turn'd home again,
Compar'd with other ſhames—but now France loſt,
Sheds us more blood than all her winning coſt.

CI.

For loſing war abroad, at home loſt peace;
B'ing with our unſupporting ſelves cloſe pent;
And no deſigns for pride, (that did increaſe)
But our own throats, and our own puniſhment:
The working ſpirit ceas'd not, though work did ceaſe,
Having fit time to practiſe diſcontent,
And ſtir up ſuch as could not long lie ſtill;
"Who not employ'd to good, muſt needs do ill."

CII.

And now this grief of our received ſhame,
Gave fit occaſion for ambitious care,
To draw the chief reproach of all the ſame
Of ſuch as obvious unto hatred are,
Th' eſpecial men of ſtate: Who all the blame
Of whatſoever fortune doth muſt bear.
For ſtill in vulgar ears delight it breeds,
To have the hated authors of miſdeeds.

CIII.

And therefore eaſily great (u) Somerſet
(Whom envy long had ſingled out before)
With all the volley of diſgraces met,
As th' only mark that fortune plac'd therefore:
On whoſe ill-wrought opinion ſpite did whet
The edge of wrath, to make it pierce the more:
And grief was glad t' have gotten now on whom
To lay the fault of what muſt light on ſome.

CIV.

Whereon th' again out-breaking York begins
To build new models of his old deſire:
And ſee'ng the booty fortune for him wins,
Upon the ground of this enkindled ire,
He takes th' advantage of others ſins
To aid his own, and help him to aſpire.
For doubting peace ſhould better ſcan deeds paſt,
He thinks not ſafe to have his ſword out laſt.

CV.

Eſpecially ſince ev'ry man (now preſs'd
To innovation) do with rancour ſwell;
A ſtirring humour gen'rally poſſeſs'd
Thoſe peace-ſpilt times, weary of being well:
The weak with wrongs, the happy tir'd with reſt;
And many mad, for what they could not tell.
The world, ev'n great with change, thought it went wrong,
To ſtay beyond the bearing time ſo long.

CVI.

And therefore now theſe lords confedered
(Being much increas'd in number and in ſpite)
So ſhap'd their courſe, that gath'ring to a head,
They grew to be of formidable might:
Th' abuſed world ſo haſtily is led, [light)
(Some for revenge, ſome for wealth, ſome for de-
That York (from ſmall-beginning troops) ſoon draws
A world of men to venture in his cauſe.

CVII.

Like as proud Severn from a private head,
With humble ſtreams at firſt doth gently glide,
Till other rivers have contributed
The ſpringing riches of their ſtore beſide;
Wherewith at length (high-ſwelling) ſhe doth ſpread
Her broad-diſtended waters laid ſo wide,

(r) The death of John Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, who had ſerved in the wars of France moſt valiantly, for the ſpace of 30 years.

(s) The death of the Lord Liſle, ſon to this worthy Earl of Shrewsbury.

(t) 1453, anno regni 32. Thus was the duchy of Aquitain loſt; which had remained in the poſſeſſion of the crown of England by the ſpace almoſt of 300 years. The right whereof came by the marriage of King Henry II. with Eleanor, daughter to William Duke of Aquitain. In this duchy are 4 archbiſhops, 24 biſhops, 50 earldoms, 202 baronies, and above 1000 captainſhips and bailiwicks.

(u) York procures the hatred of the people againſt the Duke of Somerſet; and ſo wrought, in a time of the king's ſickneſs, that he cauſed him to be arreſted in the queen's great chamber, and ſent to the Tower of London; accuſing him to have been the occaſion of the loſs of France: But the king being recovered, he was again ſet at liberty, anno regni 32. The Duke of York perceiving his accuſations not to prevail againſt the Duke of Somerſet, reſolves to obtain his purpoſe by open war: And ſo being in Wales, accompanied with his ſpecial friends, aſſembled an army, and marched towards London.

That coming to the ſea, ſhe ſeems from far,
Not to have tribute brought, but rather war:

CVIII.

Ev'n ſo is York now grown; and now is bent
T' encounter with the beſt, and for the beſt:
Whoſe near approach the (x) king haſtes to prevent
With hope (far off) to have his pow'r ſuppreſs'd;
Fearing the city, leſt ſome inſolent
And mutinous, ſhould hearten on the reſt
To take his part. But he ſo forward ſet,
That at St. Albans both the armies met.

CIX.

Whereto their haſte far fewer hands did bring,
Than elſe their better leiſure would have done;
And yet too many for ſo foul a thing;
Sith who did beſt, hath but diſhonour won.
For whilſt ſome offer peace, ſent from the king,
Warwick's too forward hand hath war begun;
A war, that doth the face of war deform;
Which ſtill is foul, but fouleſt wanting form.

CX.

And never valiant leaders (ſo well known
For brave performed actions done before)
Did blemiſh their diſcretion and renown
In any weak-effected ſervice more;

Bringing ſuch pow'rs into ſo ſtraight a town,
As to ſome city-tumult or uproar:
Which ſlaughter (and no battle) might be thought,
Sith that ſide us'd their ſwords, and this their throat.

CXI.

But this on th' error of the king is laid,
And upon Somerſet's deſire t' obtain
The day with peace; for which they longer ſtay'd
Than wiſdom would, advent'ring for the main:
Whoſe force in narrow ſtreets once overlaid,
Never recover'd head; but ev'n there ſlain
The duke and all the greateſt leaders are,
The king himſelf b'ing taken priſoner.

CXII.

Yet not a pris'ner to the outward eye,
For that he muſt ſeem grac'd with his loſt day;
All things b'ing done for his commodity,
Againſt ſuch men as did the ſtate betray.
For with ſuch apt-deceiving clemency,
And ſeeming order, York did ſo allay
That touch of wrong, as made him make great ſtealth
In weaker minds, with ſhew of commonwealth.

CXIII.

Long-look'd-for pow'r thus got into his hand,
The former face of court doth new appear;
And all th' (y) eſpecial charges of command
To his partakers diſtributed were.
Himſelf is made protector of the land;
A title found, which covertly did bear
All-working pow'r under another ſtyle;
And yet the ſov'reign part doth act the while.

CXIV.

The king held only but an empty name,
Left with his life; whereof the proof was ſuch,
As ſharpeſt pride could not tranſpierce the ſame,
Nor all-deſiring greedineſs durſt touch:
Impiety had not enlarg'd their ſhame
And yet ſo wide, as to attempt ſo much.
Miſchief was not full ripe for ſuch foul deeds;
Left for th' unbounded malice that ſucceeds.

(x) King Henry ſets forward from London with 20,000 men of war, to encounter with the Duke of York: attended with Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, and Humphrey his ſon, Earl of Stafford, Edmund Duke of Somerſet, Henry Piercy Earl of Northumberland, James Butler, Earl of Wiltſhire and Ormond, Jaſper, Earl of Pembroke, the ſon of Owen Tudor, half brother to the king, Thomas Courtney, Earl of Devonſhire, John Lord Clifford, the Lords Sudley, Barnes, Roſs, and others.

The Duke of York, with the lords, pitched their battel without the town, in a place called Keyfield: And the king's power (to their great diſadvantage) took up the town; where being aſſailed, and wanting room to uſe their power, were miſerably overthrown and ſlaughtered. On the king's ſide were ſlain, Edmund Duke of Somerſet; who left behind him three ſons, Edmund, Henry, and John. Here was alſo ſlain, the Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Stafford, the Lord Clifford, Sir Robert Vere, with divers others, to the number of 5000; and on the lords part, but 600. And this was the firſt battel at St. Albans, May 23. anno regni 33. The Duke of York, with other lords, came to the king where he was, and craved grace and forgiveneſs on their knees, of that that they had done in his preſence; intending nothing but for the good of him and his kingdom: With whom they removed to London; concluding there to hold a parliament the 9th of July following.

(y) Richard Earl of Saliſbury made Lord Chancellor, and the Earl of Warwick Governor of Calais.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS.

BOOK VII.

The Argument.

The King's repriz'd—York and his ſide retires;
And making head again, is put to flight:
Returns into the land, his right requires:
Having regain'd the King, confirms his right;
And whilſt his raſh improvidence aſpires,
Is ſlain at Wakefield by Queen Marg'ret's might;
Who (at St. Albans) back her lord regains:
Is forc'd from thence—And March the Crown attains.

I.

DISORDINATE (*a*) authority, thus gain'd,
Knew not at firſt, or durſt not to proceed
With an outbreaking courſe; but ſtood reſtrain'd
Within the compaſs of reſpective heed:
Diſtruſt of friends, and pow'r of foes, detain'd
That mounting will from making too much ſpeed.
For though he held the pow'r he long'd to win,
Yet had not all the keys to let him in.

II.

The queen abroad, with a revenging hand
(Arm'd with her own diſgrace, and others ſpite,
Gath'ring th' oppreſſed party of the land)
Held over him the threat'ning ſword of might;
That forc'd him in the terms of awe to ſtand,
(Who elſe had burſt up right, to come t' his right)
And kept him ſo confus'd, that he knew not
To make uſe of the means which he had got.

III.

For either by his fearing to reſtrain
The perſon of the king; or by neglect
Of guarding him with a ſufficient train;
The watchful queen with cunning doth effect
A practice, that recovers him again,
(As one that with beſt care could him protect:)
And he's convey'd to Coventry, to thoſe
Who well knew how of majeſty diſpoſe.

IV.

Though this weak king had blunted thus before
The edge of pow'r with ſo dull clemency,
And left him nothing elſe was gracious, more
Than ev'n the title of his ſov'reignty;
Yet is that title of ſo precious ſtore,
As it makes golden leaden majeſty:
And where, or howſoever it doth ſit,
Is ſure t' have the world attend on it.

V.

Whether it be, that form and eminence,
Adorn'd with pomp and ſtate, begets this awe;
Or whether an inbred obedience
To right and pow'r, doth our affections draw:
Or whether ſacred kings work reverence,
And make that nature now, which was firſt law:
We know not—But the head will draw the parts;
And good kings, with our bodies, have our hearts.

VI.

For lo! no ſooner was his perſon join'd
With this diſtracted body of his friends,
But ſtrait the duke, and all that faction, find
They loſt the only engine for their ends;

(*a*) The Duke of York, in reſpect that King Henry, for his holineſs of life, and clemency, was highly eſteemed of the commons, durſt not attempt any violent courſe againſt his perſon; but only labours to ſtrengthen his own party; which he could not do, but by the oppreſſion and diſplacing of many worthy men, with committing other violences, whereunto neceſſity enforced him, for the preferment of his friends, which raiſed a greater party againſt him than that he had made.

Authority (*b*) with majesty combin'd,
Stands bent upon them now, and pow'rful sends
Them summons to appear; who lately held
That pow'r themselves, and could not be compell'd.

VII.

Wherewith confus'd, as either not prepar'd
For all events; or see'ng the times not fit;
Or men's affections failing in regard;
Or their own forces, not of pow'r as yet:
They all retire them home; and neither dar'd
T' appear, or to stand out to answer it.
This unfore-thought-on accident confounds
All their designs, and frustrates all their grounds.

VIII.

As usually it fares with those that plot
These machines of ambition and high pride;
Who (in their chiefest counsels overshot)
For all things save what serve the turn, provide;
Whilst that which most imports, rests most forgot,
Or weigh'd not, or contemn'd, or undescry'd;
That something may be ever over-gone,
Where courses shall be crost'd, and men undone.

IX.

York into Wales, Warwick to Calais hies;
Some to the north, others to other parts;
As if they ran both from their dignities,
And also from themselves, and their own hearts:
" (The mind decay'd, in public jeopardies,
" To th' ill at hand only itself converts)"
That none would think York's hopes, b'ing so
near dry,
Could ever flow again, and swell so high.

X.

And yet, for all this ebbing chance, remains
The spring that feeds that hope, (which leaves
men last):
Whom no affliction so entire restrains,
But that it may remount as in times past.
Though he had lost his place, his pow'r, his pains;
Yet held his love, his friends, his title fast:
The whole frame of that fortune could not fail;
As that which hung by more than by one nail.

XI.

Else might we think, what error had it been,
These parts thus sever'd not t' have quite destroy'd?
But that they saw it not the way to win.
Some more dependences there were beside;
Which age and fate keeps us from looking in,
That their true counsels come not right descry'd:
Which our presumptuous wits must not condemn;
They b'ing not ignorant, but we of them.

XII.

For here we look upon another crown,
Another image of nobility,
(Which civil discord had not yet brought down
Unto a lower range of dignity);
Upon a pow'r as yet not overflown
With th' ocean of all-drowning sov'reignty.
These lords who thus against their king draw
swords,
Taught kings to come how to be more than lords.

XIII.

Which well this queen observ'd; and therefore
sought
To draw them in, and ruin them with (*c*) peace,
Whom force (she saw) more dangerous had wrought,
And did their pow'r and malice but increase.
And therefore to the city having got,
A council was convok'd, all jars to cease:
Where come these lords at length; but yet so
strong,
As if to do, rather than suffer wrong.

XIV.

Here Scottish-border broils, and fears of France,
Urg'd with the present time's necessity,
Brought forth a subtle-shadow'd countenance
Of quiet peace, resembling amity;
Wrapt in a strong and curious ordinance
Of many articles, bound solemnly.
As if those gordian knots could be so ty'd,
As no impatient sword could them divide:

XV.

Especially, whereas the self-same ends
Concur not in a point of like respect;
For that each party covertly intends
Thereby their own designments to effect:
Which peace with more endang'ring wounds offends,
Than war can do; that stands upon suspect,
And never can be ty'd with other chain,
Than intermutual benefit and gain.

XVI.

As well by this concluded act is seen;
Which had no pow'r to hold in minds outbent,
But quickly was dissolv'd and cancell'd clean,
Either by Warwick's fortune or intent.
However urg'd, the (*d*) servants of the queen
Assaulted his, as he from council went;
Where his own person eagerly pursu'd,
Hardly (by boat) escap'd the multitude.

XVII.

Which deed, most heinous made, and urg'd as his,
The queen (who soon th' advantage apprehends)
Thought forthwith t' have committed him on this:
But he prevents, flies northward to his friends:
Shews them his danger, and what hope there is
In her; that all their overthrows intends:
" And that these drifts th' effects of this peace are;
" Which gives more deadly wounding blows than
" war."

(*b*) The queen, with her party, having recovered the king, and withdrawing him far from London, (where they found the Duke of York was too much favoured by the citizens) grew to be very strong, by means that so many lords, and much people, oppressed and discontented with these proceedings of their enemies, resorted daily unto them. Whereupon the king summoned the duke and his adherents, to appear before him at Coventry: but they (finding their present strength not sufficient to make good their answer) retired themselves into several parts. The Duke of York withdraws him to Wigmore, in Wales; the Earl of Salisbury into the North, the Earl of Warwick to Calais.

(*c*) Divers grave persons were sent to the Duke of York, to mediate a reconciliation; and a great council was called at London, An. Reg. 36 to agree all differences. Whither came the Earl of Salisbury, with 500 men; the Duke of York, with 400; and was lodged at his house at Baynard's Castle. The Dukes of Exeter and Somerset, with 800 men, lodged without Temple-Bar. The Earl of Northumberland, the Lords Egremont and Clifford, with 1500, and lodged without the city. The Earl of Warwick, from Calais, with 600 men all in his livery. The Lord Mayor kept continual watch with 2000 men in armour, during the treaty. Wherein, by the great travel and exhortation of the archbishop of Canterbury, with other grave prelates, a reconciliation was concluded, and celebrated with a solemn procession.

(*d*) The Earl of Warwick is set upon by the queen's servants.

XVIII.

Struck with his heat, began th' other's fire,
(Kindled with danger and disdain) t' enflame;
Which having well prepar'd to his desire,
He leaves the farther growing of the same,
And unto Calais (to his strong retire)
With speed betakes him, to prevent the same
Of his impos'd offence; left, in disgrace,
He might be dispossessed of that place.

XIX.

York strait advis'd the Earl of Sal'sbury
T' address him to the king: And thereupon,
With other grievances, to signify
Th' injurious act committed on his son;
And there to urge the breach of th' amity,
By these sinister plots to be begun:
But he so strongly goes, as men might guess,
He purpos'd not to crave, but make redress.

XX.

Whom the (e) Lord Audley hasting to restrain,
(Sent with ten thousand men well furnished)
Encounter'd on Blore-Heath; where he is slain,
And all his pow'r and force discomfited:
Which chance so open'd, and let out again,
The hopes of York, whom peace had fettered
That he resolves whatever should befal,
To set up's rest, to venture now for all.

XXI.

Fury unty'd, and broken out of bands,
Runs desp'rate presently to either head:
Faction and war (that never wanted hands
For blood and mischief) soon were furnished,
Affection finds a side; and out it stands;
Not by the cause, but by her int'rest led:
And many urging war, most forward are;
"Not that 'tis just, but only that 'tis war.

XXII.

Whereby the duke is grown t' a mighty head
In Shropshire, with his Welch and northern aid:
To whom came Warwick, having ordered
His charge at Calais; and with him convey'd
Many brave leaders, that adventured
Their fortunes on the side that he had laid:
Whereof, as chief, Trollop and Blunt excell'd;
But (f) Trollop fail'd his friends; Blount faithful held.

XXIII.

The king (provok'd these mischiefs to prevent,
Follow'd with Somerset and Exeter)
Strongly appointed, all his forces bent,
Their malice to correct, or to deter:
And drawing near, a (g) rev'rend prelate sent
To proffer pardon, if they would refer
Their cause to peace; as b'ing a cleaner course
Unto their ends, than this foul barb'rous force.

XXIV.

"For what a war (said he) is here begun,
"Where ev'n the victory is held accurst?
"And whoso wins, it will be so ill won,
"That though he have the best, he speeds the worst.
"For here your making is to be undone;
"Seeking t' obtain the state, you lose it first.
"Both sides b'ing one, the blood consum'd all one;
"To make it yours, you work to have it none.

XXV

"Leave then with this, though this be yet a stain
"T' attempt this sin, to be so near a fall.
"The doubtful die of war cast at the main,
"Is such, as one bad chance may lose you all.
"A certain sin seeks an uncertain gain;
"Which got, yourselves ev'n wail and pity shall.
"No way but peace leads out from blood and fears,
"To free yourselves, the land, and us from tears."

XXVI.

Whereto the discontented part replies,
"That they hereto by others wrongs enforc'd,
"Had no way else but these extremities,
"And worst means of redress, t' avoid the worst.
"For since that peace did but their spoils devise,
"And held them out from grace, (as men divorc'd
"From th' honours that their fortunes did afford)
"Better die with the sword, than by the sword.

XXVII.

"For if pacts, vows or oaths, could have done ought,
"There had enough been done; but to no end,
"Save to their ruin, who had ever sought
"T' avoid these broils, as grieving to contend:
"Smoth'ring disgraces, draw'ng to parts remote,
"As exil'd men; where now they were t' attend
"His grace, with all respect and reverence;
"Not with the sword of malice, but defence."

XXVIII.

Whereby they shew'd, that words were not to win:
But yet the (h) pardon works so feelingly,
That to the king that very night came in
Sir Andrew Trollop, with some company;
Contented to redeem his sin with sin,
Disloyalty with infidelity;
And by this means became discover'd quite
All th' orders of th' intended next day's fight.

XXIX.

Which so much wrought upon their weaken'd fears,
That presently their camp brake up, ere day;
And ev'ry man with all his speed prepares,
According to their course to shift their way. [bears;
(i) York, with his youngest son, t'wards Ireland
Warwick to Calais, where his safety lay;
To that sure harbour of conspiracy,
Envy's retreat, rebellion's nursery.

XXX.

Which (k) fatal place seems that with either hand
Is made t' offend. For France sh' afflicts with th' one;
And with the other did infest this land;
As if ordained to do good to none:

(e) James Tuchet, Lord Audley, slain at Blore-Heath, and his army discomfited by the Earl of Salisbury, with the loss of 2000 men, anno regni, 38.

(f) Sir Andrew Trollop afterward fled to the king. John Blount remained with the lords.

(g) The king being at Worcester, sends the Bishop of Salisbury to the lords, to induce them to peace, and to offer pardon.

(h) The Bishop of Salisbury offered pardon to all such as would submit themselves.

(i) The Duke of York, with his youngest son, the Earl of Rutland, withdrew him into Ireland, where he was exceedingly beloved.

(k) The inconvenience of Calais at that time.

But as a gate to both our ills did ſtand,
To let out plagues on us, and in' her own.
A part without us, that ſmall good hath been,
But to keep leſs entire the whole within.

XXXI.

And there, as in their all and beſt ſupport,
Is Warwick got, with March and Sal'ſbury;
When all the gates of England, ev'ry port
And ſhore cloſe ſhut, debars their re-entry;
Lock'd out from all, and all left in that ſort,
As no means ſeems can aid their miſery. [more
This wound giv'n without blow, weakens them
Than all their loſs of blood had done before.

XXXII.

For now again upon them frowningly
Stands pow'r with fortune, trampling on their ſtates,
And brands them with the marks of infamy,
Rebellions, treaſons, and aſſaſſinates;
Attaints their blood in all poſterity;
Ranſacks their lands, ſpoils their confederates;
And lays ſo hideous colours on their crimes,
As would have terrify'd more tim'rous times;

XXXIII.

But here could do no good—For why, this age
B'ing in a courſe of motion, could not reſt
Until the revolution of their rage
Came to that point whereto it was addreſs'd.
Miſfortune, croſſes, ruin could not 'ſuage
That heat of hope, or of revenge at leaſt.
" The world once ſet a-work, cannot ſoon ceaſe;
" Nor ever is the ſame it is in peace."

XXXIV.

For other motions, other int'reſts here,
The acting ſpirits up and awake do keep:
" Faith, friendſhip, honour, is more ſure, more " dear,
" And more itſelf than when it is aſleep."
Worth will ſtand out, and doth no ſhadows fear:
Diſgraces make impreſſions far more deep;
When eaſe, ere it will ſtir, or break her reſt,
Lies ſtill, bears all, content to be oppreſt.

XXXV.

York, and his ſide, could not while life remain'd,
Though thus diſpers'd, but work and interdeal;
Nor any ſword at home could keep reſtrain'd
Th' outbreaking pow'rs of this innated zeal.
This humour had ſo large a paſſage gain'd
On th' inward body of the commonweal,
That 'twas impoſſible to ſtop by force
This current of affection's violent courſe.

XXXVI.

Yet they at home (diſorder to keep forth)
Did all what pow'r could do, or wit invent:
Plac'd in th' avoided rooms men of great worth;
Young (*l*) Somerſet with ſtrength to Calais ſent;
Northumberland and Clifford to the north,
Whereof they only had the government:
Defend all landings, bar all paſſages,
Strive to redreſs the public grievances.

(*l*) Henry the young Duke of Somerſet was, anno regni 27. made captain of Calais; and a Privy Seal ſent to the Earl of Warwick, to diſcharge him of that place; who, in reſpect he was made captain there by parliament, would not obey the Privy Seal.
(*m*) The parliament at Coventry.

XXXVII.

And to this end ſummon a (*m*) parli'ment;
Wherein when as the godly king would not
Unto th' attainder of the lords conſent,
The queen in grief (and in her paſſions hot)
Breaks out in ſpeech lovingly violent.
" And what (ſaith ſhe) my lord, have you forgot
" To rule, and be a king? Why will you thus
" Be mild to them, and cruel unto us?

XXXVIII.

" What good have you procur'd by clemency,
" But giv'n to wild preſumption much more head?
" And now what cure, what other remedy
" Can to our deſp'rate wounds be miniſtered?
" Men are not good, but for neceſſity;
" Nor orderly are ever born, but bred.
" Sad want and poverty makes men induſtrious;
" But law muſt make them good, and fear ob-
" ſequious.

XXXIX.

" My lord, he governs well, that's well obey'd;
" And temp'rate rigour ever ſafely ſits.
" For as to him who (*n*) Cotis did upbraid,
" And call'd his rigour madneſs, raging fits:
" Content thee, thou unſkilful man, he ſaid;
" My madneſs keeps my ſubjects in their wits.
" So to like courſe, my lord, y'are forc'd to fall;
" Or elſe you muſt in th' end undo us all.

XL.

" Look but, I pray, on this dear part of you!
" This branch ſprung from your blood, your own
" aſpect!
" Look on this child; and think what ſhall enſue
" To this fair hope of ours, by your neglect!
" Though you reſpect not us, wrong not his due;
" That muſt his right, left you, from you expect;
" The right of the renowned Lancaſters,
" His father's father's, and great grandfather's."

XLI.

Then turns t' her ſon: " O ſon! doſt thou
" not ſee? [tears!
" He is not mov'd, nor touch'd, nor weighs our
" What ſhall I do? what hope is left for me;
" When he wants will to help, and thou want'ſt
" years?
" Could yet theſe hands of thine but part'ners be
" In theſe my labours to keep out our fears,
" How well were I? that now alone muſt toil,
" And turn, and toſs; and yet undone the while.

XLII.

" I know if thou could'ſt help, thy mother thus
" Should not beyond her ſtrength endure ſo much
" Nor theſe proud rebels, that would ruin us,
" 'Scape with their heinous treaſons without touch:
" I know thou would'ſt conceive how dangerous
" Mercy were unto thoſe, whoſe hopes were ſuch;
" And not preſerve whom law hath overthrown,
" Saving their livelihood, to loſe our own.

XLIII.

" But ſith thou canſt not, nor I able am,
" Thou muſt no more expect of me, dear ſon;
" Nor yet in time to come thy mother blame,
" If thou by others weakneſs be undone.

(*n*) Cotis a tyrant of Thrace.

"The world, with me, muſt teſtify the ſame,
" That I have done my beſt, what could be done;
" And have not fail'd, with hazard of my life,
" The duty of a mother and a wife.

XLIV.

" But well—I ſee which way the world will go:
" And let it go"— And ſo turns her about,
Full with ſtout grief, and with diſdainful woe;
Which now her words ſhut up, her looks outlet
The caſt of her ſide-bended eye, did ſhew
Both ſorrow and reproof; fee'ing ſo great doubt,
And no pow'r to redreſs, but ſtand and vex,
Impriſon'd in the fetters of her ſex.

XLV.

Yet ſo much wrought theſe moving arguments,
(Drawn from that blood where nature urg'd her right)
As his all-upward tending zeal relents,
And downward to his ſtate declines his ſight;
And ſo to their attainers he conſents,
Provided he, on their ſubmiſſion, might
Out of his princely pow'r, in his own name,
Without a (*o*) parli'ment, revoke the ſame.

XLVI.

Whilſt (*p*) Somerſet with main endeavour lay
To get his giv'n (but ungot) government,
The ſtout Caliſians (bent another way)
Fiercely repel him, fruſtrate his intent:
Yet takes he Guines; landing at Whitſand Bay.
Whereas the ſwords he brought would not conſent
To wound his foes—The fight no rancour hath:
Malice was friends; and war was without wrath.

XLVII.

Though he their hands, yet Warwick had their hearts;
To whom both men and ſhipping they betray'd;
Whilſt England's (though debarred) ſhore imparts
To him her other-where intended aid.
For the Lord (*q*) Rivers paſſing to thoſe parts,
T' have freſh ſupplies unto the Duke convey'd;
At Sandwich, with his ſon accompany'd,
Staying for wind, was taken in his bed.

XLVIII.

Whoſe ſhipping and proviſions (*r*) Warwick takes
For Ireland, with his chieftain to confer;
And within thirty days this voyage makes,
And back returns e'er known to have been there:
So that the heav'ns, the ſea, the wind partakes
With him, as if they of his faction were;
Or that his ſpir't and valour were combin'd
With deſtiny, t' effect what he deſign'd.

XLIX.

Which working, though without, and on the ſhore,
Reach'd yet unto the centre of the land;
Search'd all thoſe humours that were bred before;
Shakes the whole frame whereon the ſtate did ſtand:
" Affection, pity, fortune, fear, b'ing more
" Far off and abſent, than they are at hand.
" Pity becomes a traitor with th' oppreſs'd;
" And many have been rais'd, by b'ing ſuppreſs'd."

L.

For they had left, although themſelves were gone,
Opinion and their memory behind;
Which ſo prevails, that nought could here be done,
But ſtraight was known as ſoon as once deſign'd.
Court, council-chamber, cloſet, all were won,
To be revealers of the prince's mind:
So falſe is faction, and ſo ſmooth a liar,
As that it never had a ſide entire.

LI.

Whereby th' exil'd had leiſure to prevent,
And circumvent whatever was devis'd; [bent,
Which made that (*s*) Falconbridge to Sandwich
That fortreſs and the governor ſurpris'd;
Who preſently from thence to Calais ſent,
Had his unguilty blood there ſacrific'd:
And Falconbridge returning back, relates
Th' affection here, and zeal of all eſtates.

LII.

Drawn with which news, and with a ſpir't that dar'd
T' attempt on any likelihood of ſupport;
They take th' advantage of ſo great regard:
Their landing here ſecur'd them in ſuch ſort
By Falconbridge: The fatal bridge prepar'd
To be the way of blood, and to tranſport
Returning fury to make greater wounds,
Than ever England ſaw within her bounds.

LIII.

And but with fifteen hundred men do land,
Upon a land with many millions ſtor'd;
So much did high-preſuming courage ſtand
On th' aid home-diſobedience would afford.
Nor were their hopes deceived—for ſuch a hand
Had innovation ready for the ſword,
As e'er they near unto the city drew,
Their pow'r beyond all former greatneſs grew.

LIV.

Muſe, what may we imagine was the cauſe
That fury works thus univerſally?
What humour, what affection is it, draws
Sides of ſuch pow'r to this nobility?
Was it their conſcience, to redreſs the laws;
Or malice to a wrong-plac'd ſov'reignty,
That caus'd them (more than wealth or life) deſire
Deſtruction, ruin, bloodſhed, ſword and fire?

LV.

Or was the pow'r of lords (thus inter-plac'd
Betwixt the height of princes, and the ſtate)
Th' occaſion that the people ſo embrac'd
Their actions, and attend on this debate?

(*o*) At this parliament at Coventry, in the year 1459, in the 38th year of King Henry VI. is Richard Duke of York, with his ſon Edward, and all his poſterity, and partakers, attainted, to the ninth degree; their goods and poſſeſſion eſcheated; their tenants ſpoiled of their goods; the town of Ludlow, pertaining to the Duke of York, ranſacked; and the Ducheſs of York ſpoiled of her goods.

(*p*) Henry Duke of Somerſet, with the Lords Audley and Roſs, attempted the town of Calais, but were repulſed; his people yielding themſelves to the Earl of Warwick, and himſelf hardly eſcaped.

(*q*) The Lord Rivers, and his ſon, Sir Anthony Woodvil, were taken by John Dinham at Sandwich; whither they were ſent to guard the town, and ſupply the Duke of Somerſet.

(*r*) The Earl of Warwick ſailed into Ireland, to confer with the Duke of York.

(*s*) The Lord Falconbridge ſent to Sandwich, took the town, and Sir Simon Montfort, governor thereof.

Or had their greatneſs, with their worth, embas'd
The touch of royalty to ſo low rate,
As their opinion could ſuch tumults move?
Then pow'r and virtue, you contagious prove.

LVI.

And Periander's levell'd ears of corn
Shew what is fitteſt for the public reſt;
And that the higheſt minions which adorn
A commonweal, (and do become it beſt)
Are zeal and juſtice, law, and cuſtoms, born
Of high deſcent; that never do infeſt
The land with falſe ſuggeſtions, claims, affrights,
To make men loſe their own for others rights.

LVII.

But now againſt this diſproportion bends
The feeble (*t*) king all his beſt induſtry:
And from abroad, Skales, Lovel, Kendal, ſends,
To hold the city in fidelity;
The city, which before (for other ends)
Was wrought to leave the part of royalty:
Where, though the king's command was of no pow'r,
Yet work theſe lords ſo, that they took the Tow'r.

LVIII.

And from thence labour to bring in again
The outlet will of diſobediency;
Send terror, threats, entreaties, but in vain.
(*u*) Warwick and March are with all jollity
And grace receiv'd. The (*x*) city's love did gain
The beſt part of a crown: For whoſe defence,
And entertaining ſtill, ſtays (*y*) Sal'ſbury,
Whilſt March and Warwick other fortunes try;

LIX.

Conducting their freſh troops againſt their king,
(Who leaves a woman to ſupply his ſtead:)
And near (*z*) Northampton both embattelling,
Made now the very heart of England bleed:
Where what ſtrange reſolutions both ſides bring,
And with what deadly rancour they proceed,
Witneſs the blood there ſhed, and foully ſhed;
That cannot but with ſighs be regiſtred.

LX.

There (*a*) Buckingham, Talbot, and Egremont,
Beaumont and Lucy; parts of Lancaſter,
(Parts moſt important, and of chief account)
In this unhappy day extinguiſh'd are.
There the (*b*) Lord Grey (whoſe faith did not amount
Unto the truſt committed to his care)
Betrays his king, born to be ſtrangely toſs'd;
And late again attain'd, again is loſt.

(*t*) The king (from Coventry) ſends the Lord Skales, the Lord Lovel, the Earl of Kendal, to London, with others, to keep the city in obedience.

(*u*) The Earls of March, Warwick, and Saliſbury, landing at Sandwich, were met by the Archbiſhop of Canterbury; who, with his croſs borne before him, accompanied them to London, anno regni 38.

(*x*) The affection which the city of London bare to the Duke of York, was an eſpecial mean for the raiſing of that ing to the crown.

(*y*) The Earl of Saliſbury left to keep the city.

(*z*) The battel of Northampton.

(*a*) The Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Shrewſbury, the Lord Egremont, John Viſcount Beaumont, Sir William Lucy, ſlain.

(*b*) The Lord Edmund Grey of Ruthen, who led the van guard of King Henry, withdrew himſelf, and took part with the lords.

LXI.

Again is loſt this outſide of a (*c*) king,
Ordain'd for others uſes, not his own;
Who to the part that had him could but bring
A feeble body only, and a crown;
But yet was held to be the deareſt thing
Both ſides did labour for ſo much, to crown
Their cauſe with the appearency of might;
From whom, and by whom they muſt make their right:

LXII.

When he himſelf (as if he nought eſteem'd
The higheſt crown on earth) continues one;
Weak to the world: Which his religion deem'd
Like to the breath of man; vain, and ſoon gone!
Whilſt the ſtout queen, by ſpeedy flight, redeem'd
The ſafety of herſelf, and of her ſon:
And with her (*d*) Somerſet to Durham fled;
Her pow'rs ſuppreſs'd, her heart unvanquiſhed.

LXIII.

So much for abſent York is acted here,
Attending Engliſh hopes on th' Iriſh coaſt:
Which when, unlook'd for, they related were,
Ambition (ſtill on horſeback) comes in poſt,
And ſeems with greater glory to appear;
As made the more by b'ing ſo long time loſt:
And to the parli'ment with ſtate is led,
Which his aſſociates had fore-ſummoned.

LXIV.

And com'n into the chamber of the peers,
He ſets himſelf down in the chair of ſtate;
Where ſuch an unexpected face appears
Of an amazed court, that gazing ſat
With a dumb ſilence, (ſeeming, that it fears
The thing it went about t' effectuate)
As if the place, the cauſe, the conſcience gave
Bars to the words their forced courſe ſhould have.

LXV.

'Tis ſtrange thoſe times which brought ſuch hands for blood,
Had not bred tongues to make good any ſide;
And that no proſtituted conſcience ſtood,
And injuſtice to have juſtify'd;
(As men of the forlorn hope, only good
In deſpereteſt acts to be employ'd)
And that none in th' aſſembly there was found,
That would t' ambitious deſcant give a ground:

LXVI.

That ev'n himſelf (forc'd of neceſſity)
Muſt be the orator of his own cauſe.
For having view'd them all, and could eſpy
None proff'ring once to ſpeak; (all in a pauſe)
On this friend looks with an inviting eye,
And then on that, (as if he woo'd applauſe)
Holding the cloth of ſtate in his hand;
The ſign which he would have them underſtand.

LXVII.

But ſee'ng none move; with an imperial port
Gath'ring his ſpir'ts, he riſes from his ſeat;
Doth with ſuch pow'r of words his cauſe ſupport,
As ſeems all others cauſes to defeat.

(*c*) The king is convey'd to London; the Tower yielded up to the lords; and the Lord Skales (who kept it) murdered.

(*d*) The Duke of Somerſet.

" And ſure, who works his greatneſs in that ſort,
" Muſt have more pow'rs than thoſe that are born great.
" Such revolutions are not wrought, but when
" Thoſe ſpir'ts do work, which muſt be more than men."

LXVIII.

He argues firſt his right, ſo long withheld
By th' uſurpation of the Lancaſters;
" The right of a direct line, always held
" The ſacred courſe of blood; our anceſtors,
" Our laws, our rev'rent cuſtoms have upheld
" With holy hands. Whence when diſorder errs,
" What horrors, what confuſion do we ſee;
" Until it be reduc'd where it ſhould be?

LXIX.

" And how it proſpers with this wretched land,
" Witneſs the univerſal miſery,
" Wherein (as if accurs'd) the realm doth ſtand;
" Depriv'd of ſtate, wealth, honour, dignity:
" The church, and commons, underneath the hand
" Of violence, extortion, robbery.
" No face of order, no reſpect of laws:
" And thus complains of what himſelf is cauſe;

LXX.

" Accuſing others inſolence, that they
" Exhauſted the revenues of the crown;
" So that the king was forc'd only to prey
" Upon his ſubjects, poor and wretched grown:
" And that they now ſought Ireland to betray,
" And Calais to the French; which he had known
" By th' intercepted notes of their own hand,
" Who were the only traitors of the land;

LXXI.

" And yet procur'd th' attainders moſt unjuſt
" Of others guiltleſs and unſpotted blood,
" Who evermore had labour'd in their truſt,
" And faithful ſervice for their country's good;
" And who with extreme violence were thruſt
" Quite out of all, ſpoil'd of their livelihood,
" Expos'd to all the miſeries of life;
" Which they endur'd, to put off blood and ſtrife.

LXXII.

" But ſince (ſaith he) their malice hath no end,
" But t' end us all, and to undo the land;
" (For which the hateful French gladly attend,
" And at this inſtant have their ſwords in hand)
" And that the God of heav'n doth ſeem to bend
" Unto our cauſe, whereto the beſt men ſtand;
" And that this blood of mine ſo long time fought,
" Reſerved ſeems for ſomething to be wrought.

LXXIII.

" It reſts within your judgments to upright
" Or elſe to ruin utterly the land:
" For this be ſure, I muſt purſue my right
" Whilſt I have breath, or I and mine can ſtand.
" Think whether this poor ſtate, b'ing in this plight,
" Stands not in need of ſome upraiſing hand;
" Or whether 'tis not time we ſhould have reſt,
" And this confuſion and our wounds redreſt."

LXXIV.

This ſaid, he turns aſide, and out he goes;
Leaves them to counſel what was to be done:
Where, though the moſt part gather'd were of thoſe
Who with no oppoſition ſure would run,
Yet ſome, more temp'rate, offer'd to propoſe
That which was fit to be conſider'd on;
Who, though they knew his claim was fair in ſight,
Yet thought it now lack'd the right face of right:

LXXV.

Since for the ſpace of threeſcore years, the crown
Had been in act poſſeſs'd, in three deſcents;
Confirm'd by all the (*e*) nobles of renown,
The peoples ſuffrages, oaths, parli'ments;
So many acts of ſtate, both of our own,
And of all other foreign governments:
" That wrong, by order, may grow right by this;
" Sith right th' obſerver but of order is.

LXXVI.

" And then conſid'ring firſt how Bolingbroke,
" Landing in Yorkſhire but with threeſcore men,
" By the conſent of all that kingdom, took
" The crown upon him, held for lawful then:
" His uncle York, and all the peers betook
" Themſelves to him, as to their ſov'reign; when
" King Richard's wrongs, and his propinquity,
" Did ſeem to make no diſtance in their eye.

LXXVII.

" Nor was without example in thoſe days;
" Wherein (as in all ages) ſtates do take
" The ſide of public peace, to counterpriſe
" The weight of wrong, which time may rightful make.
" No elderhood (*f*) Rufus and Henry ſtays
" Th' imperial crown of England t' undertake:
" And John before his nephew Arthur ſpeeds;
" Whom, though depriv'd, Henry his ſon ſucceeds.

LXXVIII.

" Edward the third made ſov'reign of the ſtate
" Upon his father's deprivation was.
" All which, though ſeeming wrongs, yet fairly ſat
" In their ſucceeders, and for right did paſs."
And if they could ſo work, t' accommodate
And calm the peers, and pleaſe the populace;
They wiſh'd the crown might where it ſtood remain,
Succeeding inconvenience to reſtrain.

LXXIX.

Thus th' ancient fathers of the law adviſe,
Grave Baron Thorpe, and learned Forteſcue;
Who, though they could not faſhion otherwiſe
Thoſe ſtrong-bent humours, which averſive grew,
Yet ſeem'd to qualify th' extremities,
And ſome reſpect more to their ſov'reign drew;
That, during life, it was by all agreed
He ſhould be king, and York ſhould him ſucceed.

LXXX.

Which preſently enacted, was (beſide)
Proclaim'd throughout with all ſolemnities,
And intermutually there ratify'd
With proteſtations, vows, and oaths likewiſe;

(*e*) Non confirmatur tractu temporis, quod de jure ab initio non ſubſiſtit.

(*f*) William Rufus and Henry I. preferred before their elder brother.

Built up with all the ſtrength of form, t' abide
Whatever oppoſitions could ariſe;
And might have ſeem'd ſure and authentical,
Had all this body of the ſtate been all.

LXXXI.

But Trent, thou kept'ſt a part; Thames had not all:
The north divided honour with the ſouth;
And like pow'r held like greatneſs ſeveral:
Where other right ſpake with another mouth;
Another heir another prince they call,
Whom natural ſucceſſion follow doth;
The branch of kings, the true ſon of the crown;
To whom no father can but leave his own.

LXXXII.

The king, as huſband to the crown, doth by
The wife's infe'ffment hold; and only here
Enjoys the ſame for life by courteſy;
Without pow'r to diſpoſe it other where;
After his death, but as th' authority,
Order and cuſtom of ſucceſſion bear:
And therefore Henry's act cannot undo
The right of him whom it belongs unto.

LXXXIII.

And this unnatural intruſion here
Of that attainted blood, out of all courſe,
Effected with confuſion and with fear,
Muſt be reduc'd to other terms of force.
Theſe inſolencies juſtice cannot bear:
The ſword (whereto they only had recourſe)
Muſt cut this knot ſo intricately ty'd,
Whoſe vain contrived ends are plain deſcry'd.

LXXXIV.

Thus they give out—and out the ſword in hand
Is drawn for blood, to juſtify the ſame;
And by a ſide with many a worthy mann'd:
Great Somerſet, Exeter, Buckingham,
With Clifford, Courtney, and Northumberland,
(Lords of as mighty courage, as of name)
Which all againſt York's forced courſes bend;
Who having done, yet had not made an end:

LXXXV.

But to another work is forc'd to go,
The laſt turmoil lab'ring ambition had;
Where pride and overweening led him ſo,
(For fortunes paſt) as made the iſſue ſad.
For whether ſafer counſel would or no,
His yet unfurniſh'd troops he deſp'rate led
From Sandall caſtle unto Wakefield green,
Againſt far mightier forces of the queen.

LXXXVI.

Where round enclos'd by (*g*) ambuſhments forelaid,
Hard working for his life, (but all in vain)
With number and confuſion overlaid,
Himſelf and valiant Sal'ſbury are ſlain;
With whom the moſt, and deareſt blood decay'd
Of his courageous and advent'rous train:
So ſhort a life had thoſe long hopes of his,
Born not to wear the crown he wrought for thus;

LXXXVII.

But in the riſe of his out-ſpringing luſt,
Now in the laſt of hope receiv'd this fall;
Now that his working pow'rs ſo far had thruſt,
That his deſires had but this ſtep to all.
When, ſo near home, he ſeem'd paſt all diſtruſt,
This unexpected wreck doth him befall:
This ſucceſſor th' inheritor foregoes;
The play-game made of fortune, and his foes.

LXXXVIII.

Whoſe young ſon, Rutland, (made the ſacrifice
For others ſins, e'er he knew how to ſin)
Brought only but to ſee this exerciſe
Of blood and wounds, ends e'er he did begin:
Whoſe tears, whoſe moan, whoſe lamentable cries,
Could neither mercy nor compaſſion win.
The branch of ſuch a tree, though tender now,
Was not thought fit ſhould any longer grow.

LXXXIX.

Which turning chance t' a long ungraced ſide,
Brings back their almoſt quelled hopes again;
And thruſt them on to uſe the preſent tide
And flow of this occaſion, to regain
Th' inthralled monarch, and to undecide
The late concluded act they held for vain:
And moves their armies, new refreſh'd with ſpoil,
For more confuſion, and for more turmoil:

XC.

Victoriouſly proceeding unwithſtood,
Till at (*b*) St. Albans Warwick's forc'd t' a ſtand.
Whereas (to make his own undoing good)
The king is brought againſt himſelf to band:
His pow'r and crown is ſet againſt his blood;
Forc'd on the ſide not of himſelf to ſtand.
Divided king! in what a caſe thou art,
To have thy hand thus bent againſt thy heart!

XCI.

And here this famous fatal place again
Is made the ſtage of blood—again theſe ſtreets,
Embru'd with ſlaughter, cover'd with the ſlain,
Witneſs what deſp'rate wrath with rancour meets.
But fortune now is in another vein,
Another ſide her turning favour greets;
The (*i*) king here lately loſt, is now here won;
Still ſure t' undo the ſide that he was on.

XCII.

(*k*) Warwick, with other genius than his own,
Had here to do: Which made him ſee the face
Of ſad misfortune in the ſelf ſame town,
Where proſp'rous winning lately gave him grace:
And Marg'ret here, this martial amazon,
Was with the ſpir't of herſelf in place;
Whoſe labours fortune ev'n to pity ſtir,
And b'ing a woman, could but give it her.

XCIII.

The reputation and encouragement
Of Wakefield glory waken'd them to this:
And this ſeems now the full accompliſhment
Of all their travel, all their combrances.
For what can more diſturb this government,
When York extinct, and Warwick conquer'd is?
Directing Sal'ſb'ry left without a head,
What reſts there now that all's not finiſhed?

(*g*) The battle of Wakefield, where the Duke of York is ſlain; the Earl of Saliſbury taken, and beheaded at York; Edmund Earl of Rutland, youngeſt ſon to the Duke of York, murdered after the battle, by the Lord Clifford

(*b*) The ſecond battle at St. Albans.
(*i*) The king is again recovered by the queen.
(*k*) The Earl of Warwick, with the Duke of Norfolk, put to flight; and Sir John Grey ſlain on the king's ſide.

XCIV.

Thus for the ſick preſerving nature ſtrives
Againſt corruption and the loathſome grave,
When out of death's cold hands ſhe back reprieves
Th' almoſt confounded ſpir'ts ſhe fain would ſave;
And them cheers up, illightens and revives,
Making faint ſickneſs words of health to have,
With looks of life as if the worſt were paſt;
When ſtraight comes diſſolution, and his laſt.

XCV.

So fares it with this late revived queen;
Whoſe victories thus fortunately won,
Have but as only light'ning motions been
Before the ruin that enſu'd thereon.
For now another ſpringing pow'r is ſeen,
Whereto (as to the new-ariſing ſun)
All turn their faces, leaving thoſe low rays
Of letting fortune, which no climber weighs.

XCVI.

Now is young March more than a Duke of York:
For youth, love, grace, and courage, make him more;
All which for fortune's favour now do work,
Who graceth freſheſt actors evermore;
Making the firſt attempt the chiefeſt work
Of any man's deſigns that ſtrives therefore.
"The after ſeaſons are not ſo well bleſt;
"For thoſe firſt ſpir'ts make their firſt actions beſt."

XCVII.

Now as the Lybian lion, when with pain
The weary hunter hath purſu'd his prey
From rocks to brakes, from thickets to the plain,
And at the point thereon his hands to lay
Hard by his hopes, his eye upon his gain,
Outruſhing from his den, rapts all away;
So comes young March their ends to diſappoint,
Who now were grown ſo near unto the point.

XCVIII.

The love of theſe important ſouthern parts,
Of Eſſex, Surrey, Middleſex, and Kent,
The queen had wholly loſt; as they whoſe hearts
Grew ill affected to her government,
Upon th' uncivil and preſumptuous parts,
Play'd by the northern troops grown inſolent;
Whom, though ſhe could not govern otherwiſe,
Yet th' ill that's wrought for her, upon her lies.

XCIX.

"So wretched is this execrable war,
"This civil ſword—wherein, though all we ſee
"Be foul, and all things miſerable are,
"Yet moſt diſtreſsful is the victory;
"Which is not only th' extreme ruiner
"Of others, but her own calamity:
"Where who obtains, what he would cannot do;
"Their pow'r hath part, who help him thereunto."

C.

The (*l*) city, whoſe good will they moſt deſire,
(Yet thereunto durſt not commit their ſtate)
Sends them not thoſe proviſions they require;
Which ſeem'd reſtrained by the people's hate:

(*l*) The queen, after the battle of St. Albans, ſent to the Mayor of London for certain proviſions, who, willing to furniſh her therewithal, the commons of the city ſtayed the ſame, and would not permit the carts to paſs: whereupon the Lord Mayor ſent to excuſe himſelf, and to appeaſe the diſpleaſure of the queen.

Yet March's help far off, and near this fire
(To win them time) forc'd them to meditate
A reconcilement: Which well entertain'd,
Was fairly now grown on, and nearly gain'd:

CI.

When with a thouſand tongues ſwift-wing'd fame comes,
And tells of March's gallant victories;
Who what withſtands ſubdues; all overcomes;
Making his way through fierceſt enemies:
As having now to caſt in greater ſums
The reck'ning of his hopes, that mainly riſe.
His father's death gives more life unto wrath;
And vexed valour greater courage hath.

CII.

And now, as for his laſt, his lab'ring worth
Works on the coaſt which on fair Severn lies;
Whereto his father (paſſing to the north)
Sent him to levy other freſh ſupplies:
But hearing now what Wakefield had brought forth,
Imploring aid againſt theſe injuries,
Obtains from Gloc'ſter, Worc'ſter, Shrewſbury,
Important pow'rs to work his remedy.

CIII.

Which he againſt (*m*) Pembroke and Ormond bends;
Whom Marg'ret (now upon her victory)
With all ſpeed poſſible from Wakefield ſends,
With hope to have ſurpris'd him ſuddenly.
Wherein, though ſhe all means, all wit extends,
To th' utmoſt reach of wary policy,
Yet nothing her avails—no plots ſucceed,
T' avert thoſe miſchiefs which the heav'ns decreed.

CIV.

For near the (*n*) croſs ally'd unto his name,
He croſs'd thoſe mighty forces of his foes,
And with a ſpir't ordain'd for deeds of fame
Their eager fighting army overthrows;
Making all clear behind from whence he came,
Bearing down wholly what before him roſe,
Like to an all-confounding torrent ſeems;
And was made more by Warwick's mighty ſtreams.

CV.

With th' inundation of which greatneſs, (*o*) he
(Having no bounds of pow'r to keep him back)
March'd to the city: At whoſe entrance free,
No ſigns of joy, nor no applauding lack.
Whoſe near approach when this ſad queen did ſee,
(T' avoid theſe rocks of her near threat'ning wreck)
With her griev'd troops northward ſhe hence de-
And leaves to youth and fortune theſe ſouth parts. [parts,

(*m*) Jaſper Earl of Pembroke, and James Butler Earl of Ormond and Wiltſhire.

(*n*) The battle of Mortimer's Croſs, where Owen Tudor, father to the Earl of Pembroke, who had married King Henry's mother, was taken and beheaded.

(*o*) The Earl of Warwick, after his overthrow at St. Albans, retires with all the forces he could make, and joins with the young Duke of York; who, coming to London, and received with all joy, a great council was preſently called of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal; where King Henry was adjudged inſufficient for the government of the realm, and to be deprived of all regal authority; and the Duke of York elected for king, and afterward proclaimed by the name of Edward the IVth, March 4. 1460, at the age of 18. And ſo Henry VI., after he had reigned 38 years 6 months, was depoſed.

cvi.

Glory with admiration entering now,
Open'd that eaſy door to his intent,
As that there needs not long time to allow
The right he had unto the government;
Nor Henry's injuries to diſavow,
Againſt his oath, and th' act of parli'ment.
" For here the ſpeedi'ſt way he takes t' accord
" Diff'rence in law, that pleads it with the ſword."

cvii.

Gather'd to ſee his muſter'd companies,
Stood all the flocking troops of London ſtreets,
When Falconbridge (with gentle feeling) tries
How ſtrong the pulſe of their affection beats;
And reck'ning up the grievous miſeries,
And deſolation which the country threats,
Aſk'd them, whom they would have to be their king;
To lead thoſe troops, and ſtate in form to bring?

cviii.

Whereto, with ſuch an univerſal ſhout,
" The Earl of March," the multitude replies,
As the rebounding echo ſtraight throughout
(From tow'r to tow'r reverberated) flies
To th' ears of thoſe great lords, who ſat about
The conſultation for this enterpriſe,
Whoſe care is ſav'd, which moſt they ſtood upon;
For what they counſel how to do, is done.

cix.

And nothing now, but to confirm him king,
Remains (which muſt not long remain) to do:
The preſent heat doth ſtraight diſpatch the thing,
With all thoſe ſolemn rites that 'long thereto:
So that what York, with all his traveling,
Force and intruſion, could not get unto;
Is now thus freely laid upon his ſon,
Who muſt make fair what foully was begun.

cx.

Whoſe end attain'd, had it here made an end
Of foul deſtruction, and had ſtay'd the blood
Which Towton, Exham, Tewkſbury did ſpend
With deſp'rate hands, and deeper wound withſtood;
And that none other crown brought to contend
With that of his, had made his ſeem leſs good;
How had this long afflicted land been bleſt!
Our ſighs had ended, and my muſe had reſt.

cxi.

Which now (but little paſt half her long way)
Stands trembling at the horrors that ſucceed;
Weary with theſe embroilments, fain would ſtay
Her farther courſe, unwilling to proceed:
And fain to ſee that glorious holiday
Of union which this diſcord re-agreed,
Knows not as yet what to reſolve upon,
Whether to leave off here, or elſe go on.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS.

BOOK VIII.

The Argument.

King Edward pow'r againſt King Henry led,
And hath at Towton Field the victory:
From whence King Henry into Scotland fled,
Where he attempts his ſtate's recovery:
Steals into England; is diſcovered:
Brought pris'ner to the Tow'r diſgracefully.
And Edward, whilſt Great Warwick doth aſſay
A match in France, marries the Lady Grey.

I.

On, yet, ſad verſe—Though thoſe bright ſtars from whence
Thou had'ſt thy light, are ſet for evermore;
And that theſe times do not like grace diſpenſe
To our endeavours, as thoſe did before:
Yet on—Since ſhe, whoſe beams do re-incenſe
This ſacred fire, ſeems as reſerv'd in ſtore
To raiſe this work, and here to have my laſt,
Who had the firſt of all my labours paſt.

II.

On, with her bleſſed favour, and relate
With what new bloodſhed this new choſen lord
Made his firſt entry to th' afflicted ſtate;
Paſs'd his firſt act of public with the ſword;
Engor'd his new-worn crown; and how he gat
Poſſeſſion of affliction, and reſtor'd
His right unto a royal miſery,
Maintained with as bloody dignity.

III.

Shew how our great Pharſalian field was fought
At (*a*) Towton in the north; the greateſt day
Of ruin that diſſenſion ever brought
Unto this kingdom. Where two crowns did ſway
The work of ſlaughter—Two kings cauſes wrought
Deſtruction to one people, by the way
Of their affections, and their loyalties;
As if one for theſe ills could not ſuffice.

IV.

Where Lancaſter, and that courageous ſide,
(That noble conſtant part) came furniſhed
With ſuch a pow'r, as might have terrify'd
And over-run the earth; had they been led
The way of glory, where they might have try'd
For th' empire of all Europe, as thoſe did
The Macedonian led into the eaſt;
Their number being double at the leaſt.

V.

And where brave York comes as completely mann'd
With courage, valour, and with equal might;
Prepar'd to try with a reſolved hand
The metal of his crown, and of his right:
Attended with his fatal firebrand
Of war, Warwick, that blazing ſtar of fight!
The comet of deſtruction that portends
Confuſion and diſtreſs, what way he tends.

VI.

What rage, what madneſs, England, do we ſee
That this brave people, in ſuch multitude

(*a*) Edward being proclaimed and acknowledged for king, preſently ſets forward towards the north, to encounter with King Henry VI., who in Yorkſhire had aſſembled a puiſſant army of near 60,000 men; and at a place called Towton, about 4 miles from York, both their powers met, where was fought the greateſt battle our ſtories mention in all theſe Civil Wars, where both the armies conſiſted of above 100,000 men, and all of our own nation.

Run to confound themſelves! And all to be
Thus mad for lords, and for mere ſervitude!
What might have been, if (Roman like, and free)
Theſe gallant ſpir'ts had nobler ends purſu'd,
And ſtrain'd to points of glory and renown,
For good of the republic, and their own?

VII.

But here no Cato with a ſenate ſtood
For Commonwealth—Nor here were any ſought
T' emancipate the ſtate for public good,
But only headlong for their faction wrought.
Here ev'ry man runs on to ſpend his blood,
To get but what he had already got.
For whether Pompey, or a Cæſar won,
Their ſtate was ever ſure to be all one.

VIII.

And firſt, before theſe fatal armies met,
Had forward Warwick laid the paſſage free,
At Ferry-Briggs; where the Lord (*b*) Clifford (ſet
With an advent'rous gallant company,
To guard that ſtrait, York's further march to let)
Began the ſcene to this great tragedy;
Made the firſt entrance on the ſtage of blood;
Which now ſet wide for wounds, all open ſtood.

IX.

When Edward to exhort his men began,
With words, whereto both ſpir't and majeſty
His pers'nage: For that he was a man
(Beſides a king) whoſe crown ſat gracefully.
" Com'n is the day, ſaid he, wherein who can
" Obtain the beſt, is beſt. This day muſt try
" Who hath the wrong; and whence our ills have been:
" And 'tis our ſwords muſt make us honeſt men.

X.

" For though our cauſe (by God and men al-low'd)
" Hath in it honour, right, and honeſty;
" Yet all as nothing is to be avow'd,
" Unleſs withal we have the victory.
" For juſtice is (we ſee) a virtue proud,
" And cleaves to pow'r, and leaves weak miſery:
" And therefore ſee'ng the caſe we now ſtand in,
" We muſt reſolve either to die or win.

XI.

" So that if any here doth find his heart
" To fail him for this noble work, or ſtands
" Irreſolute this day; let him depart,
" And leave his arms behind, for worthier hands.
" I know enow will ſtay to do their part;
" Here to redeem themſelves, wives, children, lands,
" And have the glory that thereby ſhall riſe,
" To free their country from theſe miſeries."

XII.

But here what needed words to blow the fire,
In flame already, and enkindl'd ſo,
As when it was proclaim'd they might retire,
Who found unwillingneſs to undergo
That vent'rous work; they all did ſo conſpire
To ſtand out fortune, that not one would go,
To bear away a hand from blood; not one
Defraud the field of th' evil might be done?

XIII

Where (*c*) Warwick too (producing in their fight
An argument, whereby he did conclude
There was no hope of ſafety, but by fight)
Doth ſacrifice his horſe to fortitude;
And thereby did the leaſt conceit of flight,
Or any ſuccour by eſcape exclude;
" See'ng in the ſtreight of a neceſſity,
" The means to win, is t' have no means to fly."

XIV.

It was upon the twilight of that day,
That peaceful day when the religious bear
The olive branches as they go to pray,
(And we, in lieu, the blooming palm uſe here)
When both the armies, ready in array
For th' early ſacrifice of blood, appear
Prepar'd for miſchief, e're they had full light
To ſee to do it, and to do it right.

XV

Th' advantage of the time, and of the wind,
(Which both with York ſeem as retain'd in pay)
Brave (*d*) Falconbridge takes hold on and aſſign'd
The archers their flight-ſhafts to ſhoot away:
Which th' adverſe ſide (with fleet and dimneſs blind,
Miſtaken in the diſtance of the way)
Anſwer with their ſheaf arrows, that came ſhort
Of their intended aim, and did no hurt.

XVI

But gather'd by th' on marching enemy,
Returned were like clouds of ſteel; which pour
Deſtruction down, and did new-night the ſky,
As if the day had fail'd to keep his hour.
Whereat the ranged horſe break out, deny
Obedience to the riders, ſcorn their pow'r;
Diſrank the troops, ſet all in diſarray,
To make th' aſſailant owner of the day.

XVII.

Thus thou peculiar engine of our land!
(Weapon of conqueſt! Maſter of the field!)
Renowned bow! (that mad'ſt this crown command
The tow'rs of France, and all their pow'rs to yield)
Art made at home to have th' eſpecial hand
In our diſſentions, by thy work upheld:
Thou firſt did'ſt conquer us; then rais'd our ſkill
To vanquiſh others; here ourſelves to ſpill.

XVIII.

And now how com'ſt thou to be out of date,
And all-neglected leav'ſt us, and art gone;
And with thee th' ancient ſtrength, the manly ſtate
Of valour and of worth, that glory won?
Or elſe ſtay'ſt thou till new priz'd ſhot abate?
(That never ſhall affect what thou haſt done)
And only but attend'ſt ſome bleſſed reign,
When thou and virtue ſhall be grac'd again.

(*b*) The Lord Clifford ſlain at Ferry-Briggs.

(*c*) The Earl of Warwick, before the battle began, with his own hands killed his horſe

(*d*) William Nevil, Lord Falconbridge, after created Earl of Kent.

XIX.

But this ſhort tempeſt drave Northumberland
(Who led the van-guard of king Henry's ſide)
With eager heat join battle out of hand,
And this diſorder with their ſwords to hide.
Where twice five hours theſe furious armies ſtand,
And fortune's balance weigh'd on neither ſide:
Nor either did but equal bloodſhed gain
Till Henry's (e) chiefeſt leaders all were ſlain.

XX.

Then lo thoſe ſpir'ts, which from theſe heads derive
Their motions, gave off working; and in haſte
Turn all their backs to death, and mainly ſtrive
Who from themſelves ſhall run away moſt faſt.
The after-fliers on the former drive;
And they again by the purſuers chas'd,
Make bridges of their fellows backs, to paſs
The brooks and rivers whereas danger was.

XXI.

Witneſs, O clear-ſtream'd Cock! within whoſe banks
So many thouſand crawling helpleſs lay,
With wounds and wearineſs; who in their ranks
Had valiantly behav'd themſelves that day;
And might have had more honour and more thanks,
By ſtanding to their work, and by their ſtay.
" But men at once life ſeem to love and loath
" Running to loſe it, and to ſave it both."

XXII.

Unhappy Henry, from a little hill,
Plac'd not far off, (whence he might view the fight)
Had all th' entire full proſpect of this ill,
With all the ſcatter'd ſlaughter, in his ſight:
Saw how the victor rag'd, and ſpoil'd at will,
And left not off when all was in his might:
Saw with how great ado himſelf was won;
And with what ſtore of blood kings are undone.

XXIII.

" We are not worth ſo much, nor I nor he,
" As hath been ſpent for us by you this day,
" Dear people; ſaid he—Therefore O! agree;
" And leave off miſchief, and your malice ſtay!
" Stay, Edward, ſtay! They muſt a people be,
" When we ſhall not be kings—And it is they,
" Who make us with their miſeries—Spare them,
" For whom thou thus doſt ſeek a diadem.

XXIV.

" For me, I could be pleas'd t' have nought to do
" With fortune; and content myſelf were ill,
" So England might be well: And that t' undo
" Me might ſuffice the ſword, without more ill.
" And yet perhaps theſe men, that cleave unto
" The parts of princes with ſuch eager will,
" Have likewiſe their own ends of gain or hate
" In theſe our ſtriſes, and nouriſh this debate."

XXV.

Thus ſtood he (drawing lines of his diſcourſe)
In contemplation; when, more needfully,
It did import him to deviſe a courſe,
How he might ſhift for his recovery:
And had been taken, had not ſome by force
Reſcu'd and drawn him off more ſpeedily,
And brought him unto (f) York in all main poſt;
Where he firſt told his queen the day was loſt.

XXVI

Who, as compos'd of that firm temp'rature,
Which could not bend to baſe complaints, nor wail
As weakneſs doth, (fore-knowing how t' endure)
Fail'd not herſelf, though fortune did her fail;
But rather caſts about how to procure
Means to reſerve her part, and to prevail
Of that poor time left her to ſave her own;
As one though overcome, not overthrown.

XXVII.

Now when ſhe had of fatal Lancaſter
Seen all the pillars cruſh'd and ruined,
That under-ſet it; all that follow'd her
Of thoſe heroic perſonages dead,
Save only Somerſet and Exeter,
(Who from this laſt deſtruction hardly fled)
And ſaw all loſt, and nothing in her might,
But only that which muſt be ſav'd by flight:

XXVIII.

Now when there was no north left of their own,
To draw unto; no ſide to gather head;
No people to be rais'd t' an empty crown,
Nor yet the ground their own whereon they tread;
When yet your faith, (worthy of all renown)
Conſtant Northumbrians, firm continued!
And though you could not render ſuccours fit
Unto your ſov'reign, you would ſave him yet;

XXIX.

And be (as few men in this world are) true
Unto affliction, and to miſery;
And would not baſely purchaſe and renew
Your peace and ſafety by diſloyalty;
But wrought, that though the victor did purſue
With greedy care, and eager induſtry,
To have ſurpris'd him; yet was all in vain,
Till he recover'd Berwick with his train.

XXX

Where now he was at ſome more vacancy
To underſtand, and ſee himſelf undone;
Which in this ſudden coming miſery,
He had no leiſure to conſider on.
And now ſurveys he that poor company,
Attending on himſelf, his wife, and ſon;
Sees how that all the ſtate which ſerv'd his crown,
Was ſhut within the walls of one ſmall town:

XXXI.

Beholds there what a poor diſtreſſed thing,
A king without a people was!—And whence
The glory of that mightineſs doth ſpring,
That overſpreads (with ſuch a reverence)

(e) In this battle of Towton, on King Henry's ſide were ſlain, Henry Piercy Earl of Northumberland; the Earls of Shrewſbury and Devonſhire; John Lord Clifford; the Lords Beaumont, Nevil, Willoughby, Wells, Roos, Grey, Dacres, Fitz-Hugh, Molineux, Buckingham; knights, the two baſe ſons of Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter; Richard Piercy, Gervaſe Clifton, Andrew Trollop, &c
The whole number ſlain were accounted by ſome 33,000, by others 35,091.

(f) Queen Margaret, with her ſon, were in the city of York, expecting the event of this battle.

This under world! Whence comes this furniſhing,
And all this ſplendor of magnificence!
He ſees, what chair ſoever monarch ſat
Upon on earth, the people was the ſtate.

XXXII.

And yet although he did contain no more
Than what he ſaw; yet ſaw a piece ſo ſmall
Could not contain him. What he was before,
Made him uncapable of any wall,
To yield him ſuccour now.—He muſt have more
Than only this ſmall hold, or none at all.
And therefore this, (ſee'ng it avail'd him not,
Nor could he keep) he renders to the (*g*) Scot;

XXXIII.

As th' earneſt to confirm and ratify
The league between them two, newly begun.
Whereof to make more ſure, and faſter tie,
He promis'd too th' alliance of his ſon;
And all that might ſecure their amity,
With willingneſs on either ſide was done.
And here they practiſe all they can deviſe,
To turn revenge upon enemies.

XXXIV.

Thus, England, did'ſt thou ſee the mighti'ſt king
Thou ever had'ſt, (in pow'r and majeſty
Of ſtate, and of dominions; governing
A moſt magnificent nobility;
With an advent'rous people, flouriſhing
In all the glories of felicity)
Chas'd from his kingdom; forc'd to ſeek redreſs
In parts remote, diſtreſs'd and ſuccourleſs.

XXXV.

Now Bolingbroke, theſe miſeries here ſhown,
Do much unload thy ſin; make thy ill good:
For if thou did'ſt by wrong attain the crown,
'Twas without cries; it coſt but little blood.
But York by his attempt hath overthrown
All the beſt glory wherein England ſtood;
And did his ſtate by her undoing win;
And was, though white without, yet red within.

XXXVI.

And thus he hath it—And is now to deal
For th' entertaining and continuance
Of men's affections; and to ſeek to heal
Thoſe foul corruptions, which the maintenance
Of ſo long wars bred in the commonweal.
He muſt remunerate, prefer, advance
His chiefeſt friends; and proſecute with might
The adverſe part; do wrong, to do men right.

XXXVII.

Whilſt martial Marg'ret, with her hopeful ſon,
Is travelling in France, to purchaſe aid;
And plots, and toils, and nothing leaves undone;
Though all in vain. For b'ing thus overlaid
By fortune, and the time; all that is done,
Is out of ſeaſon. For ſhe muſt have ſtay'd
Till that firſt heat of men's affections (which
They bear new kings) were laid, and not ſo much.

(*g*) Henry VI. delivers the town of Berwick to the King of Scots.

XXXVIII.

When they ſhould find that they had gain'd no more,
Than th' aſs by changing of his maſters did;
(Who ſtill muſt labour as he us'd before)
And thoſe expectancies came fruſtrated,
Which they had ſet upon th' imagin'd ſcore
Of their accounts: And had conſidered,
How that it did but little benefit
The doves, to change the falcon for the kite.

XXXIX.

And yet, brave (*b*) queen, for three years of his reign,
Thou gav'ſt him little breathing time of reſt;
But ſtill his miſeries did'ſt entertain
With new attempts, and new aſſaults addreſt.
And at thy now return from France again,
(Supply'd with forces) once more gathered'ſt
An army for the field, and brought'ſt to war
The ſcatter'd parts of broken Lancaſter.

XL.

And once again at Exham led'ſt them on,
With Scots and French, t' another bloody day;
And there beheld'ſt thyſelf again undone,
With all that reſt, whereon thy fortunes lay.
Where Somerſet (late to king Edward gone,
And got his pardon) having 'ſcap'd away,
With noble Piercy came, to bring their blood
Unto thy ſide, whereon they firſt had ſtood.

XLI.

Where the lords Molines, Roſs, and Hungerford,
With many elſe of noble families,
Extinguiſh'd were—And many that day's ſword
Cut off their names in their poſterities.
Where fled again their luckleſs, follow'd Lord;
And is ſo near purſu'd by th' enemies,
As th' enſign of his crown was ſeiz'd upon,
For him who had before his kingdom won;

XLII.

And ſhortly after too his perſon gat.
For he now weary'd with his long exile,
And miſeries abroad, grew paſſionate
With longing to return t' his native ſoil.
And ſee'ng he could not do the ſame in ſtate,
He ſeeks, diſguis'd in faſhion, to beguile
The world a time, and ſteal the liberty
And ſight of his dear country privately.

XLIII.

As if there were for a purſued king
A covert left on earth, wherein to hide;
When pow'r and jealouſy are travelling,
And lay to catch affliction on each ſide.
" Misfortune ſerves, we ſee, for ev'ry thing.
And ſoon (*i*) he comes, God knows, to be deſcry'd;

(*b*) Queen Margaret, furniſhed with a greater power of Scots and French, to the number of 20,000, with her huſband, entered into Northumberland, took the caſtle of Bamborough, and after came forward to the biſhoprick of Durham, where Henry Beaufort, Duke of Somerſet, who had lately been reconciled to King Edward the IVth, joined with them; and alſo brought thither with him Sir Ralph Piercy, a man of great courage and worth, who were taken in the battle of Exham, and executed, anno 3. Ed. IV. 1464.

(*i*) King Henry was taken in Lancaſhire, and brought to London, with his legs bound to the ſtirrups; having in his company only Dr. Manning, Dean of Windſor, with another divine; who were taken with him, and committed to the Tower.

And Edward hath the booty he desir'd;
For whose establishment all things conspir'd.

XLIV.

Yet long it was not e'r a fire began
To take in th' inward'st closet, where he laid
The treasure of his chiefest trust; and ran
From thence through all his state, before it stay'd.
For b'ing a king, who his whole fortunes wan
With other hands, must many leave unpaid;
And could not fill up that vast greediness
Of expectation, which is bottomless.

XLV.

Though he did all the best that in him lay,
(As a most active prince) to satisfy
The int'rest of their travels, and defray
The bands contracted 'twixt his sov'reignty
And the republic: Seeking to (*k*) allay
All grievances; recorder equity,
Reform the bars, that justice did abuse;
Lay easy on the state, as new kings use.

XLVI.

As he, who having found great treasury,
The first year offers with most grateful cheer
A sheep of gold to Juno's deity;
And next of silver, for the second year;
The third of brass: And then neglectively,
Nothing at all—So those respects, which were
Born of a present feeling, mov'd him most;
But soon were with their times and motives lost.

XLVII.

And what his bounty could not recompense,
He pays with honours, and with dignities.
And (more to angle the benevolence,
And catch the love of men with courtesies)
He oft would make his dignity dispense
With his too low familiarities;
Descending from his sphere of majesty
Beneath himself very submissively.

XLVIII.

And when he had disposed in some good train
His home-affairs; he counsels how t'advance
His foreign correspondence, with the chain
Of some alliance that might countenance
His greatness, and his quiet entertain.
Which was thought fittest with some match of France,
To hold that kingdom from sub-aiding such,
Who else could not subsist, nor hope so much.

XLIX.

Nor was it now a time to have contract
With any foreign, mighty potentate;
But keep the outer doors of each side fast,
Having so much to do within his state.
And thereupon was (*l*) Warwick (by whose cast
All must be wrought, employ'd to mediate
A present marriage, to be had between
Him and the sister of the young French queen.

L.

Which was not long, nor hard to bring to pass,
Where like respects met in a point alike.
So that the fame as ev'n concluded was,
And all as done—Lady and friends all like: [pass
When Love, the lord of kings, (by whom must
This act of our affections) took dislike
That he was not made privy thereunto,
And therefore in his wrath would all undo.

LI.

For whilst this youthful prince, at his disport
In Grafton woods, retir'd from public care,
Attending how his suit in France did fort,
(Whereon his cogitations only were)
He comes at home surpris'd in other sort:
A nearer fire enflam'd his passions here;
An English beauty, with more worth endu'd
Than France could yield, his royal heart subdu'd.

LII.

A woful widow, whom his quarrel had
(As it had many mo) made desolate,
Came to his court in mournful habit clad,
To sue for justice to relieve her state.
And ent'ring as a suppliant all sad,
With graceful sorrow, and a comely gate,
She pass'd the presence; where all eyes were cast
On her more stately presence as she pass'd.

LIII.

Her looks not let abroad, (but carefully
Kept in, restrain'd) held their reservedness;
Observing none but her own dignity,
And his, to whom she did herself address.
And drawing near his royal majesty,
A blush of reverence, not bashfulness,
Lighten'd her lovely cheeks, and down she kneels;
Gives her petition for the wrongs she feels.

LIV.

And in deliv'ring it, lifts up her eyes,
(The moving'st mediators she could bring)
And strait withdraws them in submissive wise;
Not fixing them directly on the king:
Who mov'd with her sweet fashion, bade her rise,
With gentle language full of comforting;
Read her request—But thought not what he read.
The lines he view'd her eyes had figured.

LIV.

Then paus'd a while, and mus'd; as if he weigh'd
The substance of her suit. The which (God wot)
Was not the thing he mus'd. And having stay'd,
Seem'd to read on again; but yet reads not.
And still a stealing side-cast look convey'd
On her sweet face: as if he had forgot
To be elsewhere than where he did behold;
And thought not what he did, but what he would.

LVI.

But lest his sudden passion might have there
More witnesses than he could wish to have;
He took up his desires, which posting were
Beyond their stages; and this answer gave:
"Madam, we will ourself take time to hear
"Your cause at large. Wherein we will you have
"No other ref'rence, but repair to us;
"Who will accommodate this business."

(*k*) King Edward IV. sat on the King's Bench, in open court, three days together, in Michaelmas term, anno 2. of his reign; to understand how his laws were executed.

(*l*) The Earl of Warwick was sent into France, to treat of a marriage between King Edward and the Lady Bona, daughter to Louis Duke of Savoy, and after to the Lady Charlotte queen of France, which was there agreed upon; and Monsieur Damp, Martin, with others, appointed to be sent into England, for the full accomplishing thereof. But in the mean time, May 1. the king married the Lady Elizabeth Grey, daughter to the Duchess of Bedford, late wife to Sir John Grey, slain at St. Albans on King Henry's part.

LVIII.

She that expected present remedy,
(Hearing this dilatory answer) thought
The king found scruple in the equity
Of her request; and thereupon he sought
To put her to delays of court; whereby
She might be tir'd, and in the end get nought.
And that which her opinion made more strong,
Was that he studied and was mute so long.

LVIII.

Which forc'd from her these words: "My lord,
" Let not my being a Lancastrian bred,
" Without mine own election, disafford
" Me right, or make my cause disfigured;
" Since I am now the subject of your sword;
" Which God hath (with your right) established,
" To do us right. And let not what we were,
" Be now the cause to hurt us as we are.

LIX.

" Lady, mistake me not—Never did I
" Make war with women, nor us'd women's war,
" Revenge; but prosecuted honestly
" My right, not men. My quarrels ended are
" With my obtaining of the victory.
" And (lady) know, your cause moves me thus far,
" As you shall find, said he, I do desire
" To do you greater right than you require."

LX.

With this they part; both with their thoughts full charg'd;
She of her suit in hand, and he of her:
Wherein he spends that night; and quite discharg'd
All other cogitations to confer
First, how he might have her estate enlarg'd:
Then in what sort her service to prefer
Unto his new-expected wife and queen:
Then how to mask his love from being seen.

LXI.

" For yet lust was not grown to that degree,
" To have no limits; but that shame kept in
" The greatest greatness, from this being free
" To hold their wantonness to be no sin.
" For though kings cannot overmaster'd be,
" They will be overlook'd, and seen within:
" And though they could their weakneffes make sure,
" Yet crimes (though safe) can never be secure.

LXII.

Sometimes he thinks it better to provide
A place retir'd, and have her from the court;
And then with what pretensions he might hide
His private coming, and his old resort:
Then by his queen if it should be espy'd,
How he might clear with her, and stop report.
And thus consumes the night—And if he slept,
He slept those thoughts that with these passions kept.

LXIII.

The morning being com'n (and glad he was
That it was com'n) after so long a night,
He thought would have no morning, (time did pass
So slow, and his desires ran on so light)
A messenger with speed dispatched was,
Of special trust, his lady to invite
To come t' his presence; though before the time
That ladies rise; who rarely rise betime.

LXIV.

Yet soon she hastes; and yet that soon seem'd long,
To him whose longing went so swift a pace;
And frets that such attiring should belong
To that which yields itself sufficient grace:
Consid'ring how these ornaments may wrong
The set of beauty; which we see doth grace
Th' attire it wears, and is not grac'd thereby,
As b'ing that only which doth take the eye.

LXV.

But now b'ing com'n, that quarrel of delay
Strait ended was—Her presence satisfies
All, what expectance had laid out for stay:
And he beheld more sweetness in her eyes,
And saw her more than she was yesterday.
A cheerliness did with her hopes arise,
That lamped clearer than it did before,
And made her spir't and his affections more.

LXVI.

When those who were about him presently
Voided the room, and left him to confer
Alone with his fair suitor privately,
(As they who to his courses conscious were:)
And he began—" Madam, the remedy
" Which you in your petition sue for here,
" Shall be allow'd to th' utmost that you crave,
" With th' expedition you would wish to have.

LXVII.

" And here I have another suit to you;
" Which if you please to grant, we both shall now
" Rest equally content"—Wherewith there grew
That sudden alteration in her brow,
As all were overcast; and so withdrew
That freedom from her looks, (lest they should 'low
More than her heart might mean) as they reflect
A narrow'r and a carefuller aspect.

LXVIII.

That when he saw this barrier of dislike
Thus inter-set, to keep his forwardness
Back from presumptive pressing; it did strike
That rev'rence, as it stay'd him to express
His farther will. And she replies: " 'Tis like
" When kings to subjects sue, they mean no less
" Than to command: nor must they be withstood,
" For that good kings will seek but what is good.

LXIX.

" And in that fair respect, your majesty,
" According to your will, both must and may
" Command my service; who most rev'rently
" Your royal pleasure ever shall obey."
With which word *pleasure*, (though it doubtfully
In that hard fastness of condition lay,
Under the lock of goodness) he was cast
In hope, he might obtain the same at last.

LXX.

And thus rejoins—" My pleasure only shall
" Be, madam, for your good. Please it but you
" To make it so. And here to tell you all,
" I love you; and therein I tell you true.
" What honour may by kings affections fall,
" Must light upon your fortunes, as your due.
" And though France shall a wife for fashion bring;
" You must be th' only mistress of the king."

LXXI.

Straight might you see, how scorn, and fear, and shame,
(All intermix'd in one aspect) return
The message of her thoughts, before words came.
And first within her brow in state sat scorn;
Shame in her cheeks. where also fear became
An innate too; and both appear by turn.
Blushes did paleness, paleness blushes chase;
As scorning, fearing, shaming such disgrace.

LXXII.

She scorns to be addeem'd so worthless base,
As to be mov'd to such an infamy,
She shames to think that ought within her face
Should breed th' opinion of immodesty.
She fears the fatal danger of the place;
Her loneness, and the pow'r of majesty:
And so confus'd in fear, in shame, in scorn,
This answer to his motion doth return:

LXXIII.

"My sov'reign lord, it grieves me that you
"deem,
"Because I in this sort for justice sue,
"I would the fame with mine own wrong redeem,
"And by dishonour re-obtain my due.
"No—I would hate that right which should but
"seem
"To be beholden to a wanton view,
"Or motive of my person, not my cause;
"That craves but right from justice and your laws.

LXXIV.

"And know, great monarch, that I more do
weigh
"My distaff with mine honour, than I do
"The mighti'st sceptre king did ever sway
"Upon the earth, or nations bow'd unto.
"I owe subjection; which I humbly pay
"With all the outward service I can do:
"But, sov'reign, in the region of my heart
"I reign sole queen—No king can force a part."

LXXV.

Here fear a little interpos'd a touch,
To warn her violence to temporize
With pow'r and state. And she concludes her speech
With craving pardon in more humble wise;
Yet in proud humble wise, which shew'd how
much
She did her honour above greatness prize.
And so b'ing full of what she did conceive,
Desires to be dismiss'd, and takes her leave.

LXXVI.

Here, Mary Pembroke, (by whose gen'rous
brow,
And noble graces, I delineate
These shapes of others virtues) could I shew
In what a desp'rate and confus'd estate
She left this disappointed king: and how
Love and ambition in their glory sat,
And tyranniz'd on his divided heart,
Warring each other with a pow'rful part:

LXXVII.

How first love underneath his colours brought
The strength of all her graceful worthiness;
And sets them in th' advantage of his thought,
Upon the side of youth and wantonness;
Then how ambition, that for glory wrought,
Comes with his state, his crown and pow'rfulness,
And plants her on the side of providence,
To beat unfit affections off from thence;

LXXVIII.

But I must overgo these passages,
And hasten on my way to overtake
Mine ends, in sad and graver business;
Whereof I shall to you relation make.
And yet my zeal here forc'd me thus t' express:
Elizabeth, for our Eliza's sake;
Who grac'd the muses, (which her times became):
"For they who give them comfort, must have fame."

LXXIX.

And I must tell you now, when this great fight
Of counter-passions had been throughly try'd,
How in the end the victory did light
Upon love's forces, as the stronger side;
And beat down those respects of benefit,
Of honour, greatness, strength, and all beside:
And never granted rest unto his strife,
Till marriage rites had her confirm'd his wife.

LXXX.

Which that place where he saw her first, saw
done,
E'er he remov'd his foot---"For love is still
"In haste, and (as a lord that rules alone)
"Admits no counsellor in good nor ill.
"For he and kings gladly give ear to none, [will.
"But such as smooth their ways, and sooth their
"And who will not desire to give his voice,
"(Be what it will) to praise a prince's choice?

LXXXI.

"Which was (indeed) in virtue, beauty, grace,
"And (all but fortune,) worthy of his bed;
"And in that too, had he but liv'd the space,
"T' have seen her plenteous issue fully bred;
"That they might have collated strength and
"grace
"On her weak side: which (scorn'd and maliced)
"Lay open undefenc'd, apt to b' undone
"By proud usurping pow'r, when he was gone."

LXXXII.

But now when fame of this home-chosen match
Arriv'd in France, (for there it did arrive,
Ere they could here attend to make dispatch
T' impart the fame to Warwick, or contrive
Some colour that in any sort might fetch
Him fairly off, and no dishonour give)
It so much stirr'd the humours in those parts,
As marr'd the whole complexion of their hearts.

LXXXIII.

The French king scorns such an indignity:
Warwick disdains employment in this case.
The queen enrag'd, with extreme veh'mency
Scorns at her sister's and her own disgrace.
The Lady Bona takes most tenderly,
To be so mock'd with hope of such a place.
And all blame Warwick, and his fraud condemn;
Whilst he himself deceiv'd, suffers with them:

LXXXIV.

And could not by all means might be devis'd,
Untaste them of this violent disgust;
But that they still held, something lay disguis'd
Under this treaty. So that now he must

Bring home his reputation cauteris'd
With th' idle mark of serving others lust
In frivolous employments; or be sent
Out of the way, to colour some intent.

LXXXV.

" Which, to himself, made him with grief in-
" Against distemper'd kings; who often are
" Ill warrants for their own affairs; and weigh
" Their lusts more than their dignity by far:
" And what a misery they have, that sway
" Their great designs; what danger, and what care;
" And often must be forc'd (b'ing at their becks)
" To crack their reputation, or their necks. [veigh

LXXXVI.

" How their high favours like as fig-trees are,
" That grow upon the sides of rocks; where they
" Who reach their fruit, adventure must so far,
" As t' hazard their deep downfal and decay.
" Their grace not fix'd; but as a blazing star,
" Burns out the present matter, and away:
" And how the world could too well witness bear,
" That both their loves and hates like dang'rous [were."

LXXXVII.

Thus he complains, and makes his home retire;
All disappointed of his purposes.
For hoping by this match to hold entire
That lady, with her great alliances;
And have the king more firm to his desire,
By managing of both their bus'nesses:
He by this match (thus made without his mean)
Comes barr'd from all those tying int'rests clean.

LXXXVIII.

For well he knew that all his service past,
Was past; and would not be a future tie
To hold him in, unless that he could cast
To introduce some mere necessity
Of his employment, that were like to last,
And shut out all other concurrency:
Without which nor his greatness, nor his wits,
Could ward him from the king's unconstant fits.

LXXXIX.

Which more perplex'd him, and in nearer sort,
Than what France might by his embassage guess,
Or England deem. But b'ing arriv'd at court,
He draws a traverse 'twixt his grievances:
Looks like the time—His eye made not report
Of what he felt within. Nor was he less
Than us'ally he was in ev'ry part;
Wore a clear face upon a cloudy heart:

XC.

Congratulates the queen—Commends the king
For his rare choice. Protesting her to be
Far beyond all the world beside could bring,
To fit his liking: and that he did see
The Lady Bona was a peevish thing,
Sullen and proud; and would in no degree
Have pleas'd his humour, or in any sort
Have satisfy'd the ladies of this court.

XCI.

And after having finish'd all the rite
Of compliment and intervisiting,
He humbly craves dismission, that he might
Retire a while, t' attend the managing
And setting of his country bus'ness right,
Whereby the better to attend the king.
From whom he parts: and never seem'd more dear,
More grac'd, nor yet himself of free'r cheer.

XCII.

First Warwick Castle (that had seldom known
The master there) he visits; and from thence
Goes t' other goodly manors of his own:
Where seen with joy, with love, with reverence;
(King of himself) he finds that there is shewn
The use of life, the true magnificence,
T' enjoy his greatness: which at court in vain
Men toil for, and yet never do attain.

XCIII.

Which his religious confessor (who best
Could cast, with what a violent access
This fever of ambition did molest
His still-sick mind) takes hold on, to address
(Upon th' advantage of this little rest)
Some lenitives, t' allay the fi'riness
Of this disease; which (as a malady,
Seiz'd in the spir'ts) hath seldom remedy.

XCIV.

And thus sets on him—" See, my lord, how here
" Th' eternal providence of God hath brought
" You to the shore of safety, (out of fear)
" From all the waves of misery, that wrought
" To overwhelm you; and hath set you clear,
" Where you would be; with having (which you
" fought
" Through all these hazards of distress) a king
" Of your own making and establishing.

XCV.

" And now, my lord, I trust you will sit down,
" And rest you after all this passed thrall,
" And be yourself, a prince within your own,
" Without advent'ring any more at all
" Your state in others bottoms; having known
" The dangers that on mighty actors fall;
" Since in the foot of your accounts, your gains
" Come short to make ev'n reck'ning with your
" pains.

XCVI.

" Enjoy now what you wrought for in this sort,
" (If great men's ends be to enjoy their ends)
" And know, the happi'st pow'r, the greatest port,
" Is only that which on itself depends.
" Here have you state enough, to be a court
" Unto yourself! here! where the world attends
" On you, (not you on it) observed sole:
" You elsewhere but a part, are here the whole.

XCVII.

" Th' advantages of princes are, we see,
" But things conceiv'd imaginarily:
" For ev'ry state of fortune, in degree,
" Some image hath of principality;
" Which they enjoy more natural and free,
" Than can great pow'rs, chain'd with observancy,
" And with the fetters of respect still ty'd;
" B'ing easier far to follow, than to guide.

XCVIII.

" And what are courts, but camps of misery?
" That do besiege men's states, and still are press'd
" T' assail, prevent, complot and fortify;
" In hope t' attain, in fear to be suppress'd.
" Where all with shews and with apparency,
" Men seem as if for stratagems address'd:

" Where fortune, as the wolf, doth ſtill preſer
" The fouleſt of the train that follows her.

XCIX.

" And where fair hopes are laid, as ambuſhments,
" To intercept your life, and to betray
" Your liberty to ſuch entanglements,
" As you ſhall nevermore get clear away:
" Where both th' engagement of your own intents,
" And other reck'nings and accounts, ſhall lay
" Such weights upon you, as you ſhall not part,
" Unleſs you break your credit, or your heart.

C.

" Beſides, as exiles ever from your homes,
" You live perpetual in diſturbancy;
" Contending, thruſting, ſhuffling for your rooms
" Of caſe or honour, with impatiency;
" Building your fortunes upon other tombs,
" For other than your own poſterity.
" You ſee, courts few advance; many undo:
" And thoſe they do advance, they ruin too.

CI. [here,

" And therefore now, my lord, ſince you are
" Where you may have your reſt with dignity;
" Work that you may continue ſo: and clear
" Yourſelf from out theſe ſtraits of miſery.
" Hold your eſtate and life as things more dear,
" Than to be thrown at an uncertainty,
" 'Tis time that you and England have a calm;
" And time the olive ſtood above the palm."

CII.

Thus the good father, with an humble thought,
(Bred in a cellulary low retire)
According to his quiet humour, ſought
T' avert him from his turbulent deſire;
When the great earl began—" Father, I note
" What you with zeal adviſe, with love require;
" And I muſt thank you for this care you have,
" And for thoſe good advertiſements you gave.

CIII.

" And truly, father, could I but get free,
" (Without b'ing rent) and hold my dignity;
" That ſheep-cot, which in yonder vale you ſee, [by
" (Beſet with groves, and thoſe ſweet ſprings hard
" I rather would my palace wiſh to be,
" Than any roof of proudeſt majeſty.
" But that I cannot do—I have my part:
" And I muſt live in one houſe with my heart.

CIV.

" I know that I am fix'd unto a ſphere,
That is ordain'd to move—It is the place
" My fate appoints me; and the region where
" I muſt, whatever happens, there embrace.
" Diſturbance, travel, labour, hope and fear,
" Are of that clime, engender'd in that place,
" And action beſt (I ſee) becomes the beſt:
" The ſtars that have moſt glory, have no reſt.

CV.

" Beſides, it were a coward's part to fly
" Now from my hold, that have held out ſo well,
" It b'ing the ſtation of my life, where I
" Am ſure to ſerve, and ſtand as centinel:
" And muſt of force make good the place, or die,
" When Fate and Fortune (thoſe great ſtates) com-
" And when we lords in ſuch caſe ever are, [pel,
" As peace can cut our throats as well as war:

CVI.

" And hath her griefs, and her incumbrances:
" And doth with idle reſt deform us more
" Than any Macha can, or ſorcereſs,
" With baſely waſting all the martial ſtore
" Of heat and ſpirit, (which graceth manlineſs),
" And makes us ſtill falſe images adore:
" Beſides profuſion of our faculties,
" In groſs dull glutt'ny, vap'rous gormandiſe.

CVII.

" And therefore ſince I am the man I am,
" I muſt not give a foot, leſt I give all.
" Nor is the bird within my breaſt ſo tame,
" As to be fed at hand, and mock'd withal:
" I rather would my ſtate were out of frame,
" Than my renown ſhould come to get a fall.
" No! no! th' ungrateful boy ſhall never think,
" That I, who him enlarg'd to pow'r will ſhrink.

CVIII.

" What is our life without our dignity:
" Which oft we ſee comes leſs by living long.
" Who ever was there worth the memory,
" And eminent inded, but ſtill dy'd young?
" As if worth had agreed with deſtiny,
" That time, which rights them, ſhould not do
" them wrong.
" Beſides, old age doth give (by too long ſpace)
" Our ſouls as many wrinkles as our face.

CIX.

" As for my inheritance and ſtate,
" (Whatever happen) I will ſo provide
" That law ſhall, with what ſtrength it hath, col-
" late
" The ſame on mine, and thoſe to mine ally'd:
" Although I know ſhe ſerves the preſent ſtate,
" And can undo again what ſhe hath ty'd.
" But that we leave to him, who points out heirs;
" And howſoever yet the world is theirs.

CX.

" Where they muſt work it out; as born to run
" Thoſe fortunes, which as mighty families
" (As ever they could be) before have done.
" Nor ſhall they gain by mine indignities,
" Who may, without my courſes be undone.
" And whoſo makes his ſtate and life his ties
" To do unworthily, is born a ſlave;
" And let him with that brand go to his grave."

CXI.

Here would the rev'rend father have reply'd,
" That it were far more magnanimity,
" T' endure, than to reſiſt—That we are ty'd
" As well to bear the inconveniency
" And ſtrains of kings and ſtates; as to abide
" Untimely rains, tempeſts, ſterility,
" And other ills of nature that befal;
" Which we of force muſt be content withal:

CXII.

But that a ſpeedy meſſenger was ſent,
To ſhew the Duke of Clarence was hard by.
And thereupon Warwick breaks off, and went
(With all his train attending formally)
To entertain him with fit compliment;
As glad of ſuch an opportunity
To work upon, for thoſe high purpoſes
He had conceiv'd in diſcontentedneſs.

POEMS.

A FUNERAL POEM,

UPON THE

DEATH OF THE LATE NOBLE EARL OF DEVONSHIRE.

Now that the hand of death hath laid thee there,
Where neither greatneſs pomp, nor grace we ſee,
Nor any diff'rences of earth; and where
No veil is drawn betwixt thyſelf and thee.
Now, Devonſhire, that thou art but a name,
And all the reſt of thee beſides is gone;
When men conceive thee not but by the fame
Of what thy virtue and thy worth have done;
Now ſhall my verſe, which thou in life did'ſt grace,
(And which was no diſgrace for thee to do)
Not leave thee in the grave, that ugly place,
That few regard, or have reſpect unto:
Where all attendance and obſervance ends;
Where all the ſunſhine of our favour ſets;
Where what was ill no countenance defends,
And what was good th' unthankful world forgets.
Here ſhalt thou have the ſervice of my pen;
(The tongue of my beſt thoughts) and in that caſe
I cannot be ſuppos'd to flatter, when
I ſpeak behind thy back, not to thy face.
Men never ſoothe the dead, but where they do
Find living ties to hold them thereunto.
And I ſtand clear from any other chain
Than of my love; which freeborn, draws free breath:
The benefit thou gav'ſt me, to ſuſtain
My humble life, I loſe it by thy death.
Nor was it ſuch, as it could lay on me
Any exaction of reſpect ſo ſtrong,
As t' enforce m' obſervance beyond thee,
Or make my conſcience differ from my tongue:
" For I have learnt, it is the property
" For free men to ſpeak truth, for ſlaves to lie."
And therefore I ſincerely will report,
Firſt how thy parts were fair convey'd within;
How that brave mind was built, and in what ſort
All thy contexture of thy heart hath been:
Which was ſo nobly fram'd, ſo well compos'd,
As virtue never had a fairer ſeat,
Nor could be better lodg'd, nor more repos'd,
Than in that goodly frame; where all things ſweet,
And all things quiet, hold a peaceful reſt;
Where paſſion did no ſudden tumults raiſe,
That might diſturb her—nor was ever breaſt
Contain'd ſo much, or made ſo little noiſe:
That by thy ſilent modeſty is found
The empti'ſt veſſels make the greateſt ſound.
For thou ſo well diſcern'd'ſt thyſelf, had'ſt read
Man and his breath ſo well, as made thee force
The leſs to ſpeak; as b'ing ordain'd to ſpread
Thyſelf in action, rather than diſcourſe.
Though thou hadſt made a general ſurvey
Of all the beſt of men's beſt knowledges,
And knew as much as ever learning knew;
Yet did it make thee truſt thyſelf the leſs,
And leſs preſume—And yet when being mov'd
In private talk to ſpeak; thou did'ſt bewray
How fully fraught thou wert within; and prov'd,
That thou did'ſt know whatever wit could ſay.
Which ſhew'd, thou had'ſt not books, as many have,
For oſtentation, but for uſe: and that
Thy bount'ous memory was ſuch as gave
A large revenue of the good it gat.
Witneſs ſo many volumes, whereto thou
Haſt ſet thy notes under thy learned hand,
And mark'd them with that print, as will ſhew
The point of thy conceiving thoughts did ſtand:
That none would think, if all thy life had been
Turn'd into leiſure, thou could'ſt have attain'd
So much of time, to have perus'd and ſeen
So many volumes that ſo much contain'd.
Which furniture may not be deem'd leaſt rare,
Amongſt thoſe ornaments that ſweetly dight
Thy ſolitary (a) Wanſted; where thy care

(a) The library at Wanſted.

Had gather'd all what heart or eyes delight.
And whereas many others have, we see
All things within their houses worth the sight;
Except themselves, that furniture of thee,
And of thy presence, gave the best delight.
With such a season, such a temp'rature,
Wert thou composed, as made sweetness one;
And held the tenor of thy life still sure,
In consort with thyself, in perfect tone.
And never man had heart more truly serv'd
Under the regiment of his own care,
And was more at command, and more observ'd
The colours of that modesty he bare,
Than that of thine; in whom men never found
That any shew, or speech obscene, could tell
Of any vein thou had'st that was unsound,
Or motion of thy pow'rs that turn'd not well.
And this was thy provision laid within:
Thus wert thou to thyself, and now remains;
What to the world thou outwardly hast been,
What the dimension of that side contains;
Which likewise was so goodly and so large,
As shews that thou wert born t' adorn the days
Wherein thou liv'st; and also to discharge [raise.
Those parts which England's and thy fame should
Although in peace thou seems to be all peace,
Yet b'ing in war, thou wer't all war: and there
As in thy sphere, thy spir'ts did never cease
To move with indefatigable care;
And nothing seem'd more to arride thy heart,
Nor more enlarge thee into jollity,
Than when thou saw'st thyself in amour girt,
Or any act of arms like to be nigh.
The Belgic war first try'd thy martial spir't,
And what thou wert, and what thou would'st be found;
And mark'd thee there according to thy mer't,
With honour's stamp, a deep and noble wound.
And that fame place that rent from mortal men,
Immortal Sydney, glory of the field!
And glory of the muses! and their pen
(Who equal bear the caduce and the shield)
Had likewise been thy last; had not the fate
Of England then reserv'd thy worthy blood,
Unto the preservation of a state
That much concern'd her honour and her good;
And thence return'd thee to enjoy the bliss,
Of grace and favour in Eliza's sight,
(That miracle of women!) who by this
Made thee beheld according to thy right;
Which fair and happy blessing thou might'st well
Have far more rais'd, had not thine enemy
(Retired privacy) made thee to sell
Thy greatness for thy quiet, and deny
To meet fair fortune when she came to thee.
For never man did his preferment fly,
And had it in that eminent degree,
As thou; as if it sought thy modesty.
For that which many (whom ambition toils
And tortures with their hopes) hardly attain
With all their thrusts, and should'ring plots, and
Was easily made thine without thy pain. [wiles,
And without any private malicing,
Or public grievance, ev'ry good man joy'd
That virtue could come clear to any thing,
And fair deserts to be so fairly paid.
Those benefits that were bestow'd on thee,
Were not like fortune's favours: They could see
Eliza's clear-ey'd judgment is renown'd
For making choice of thy ability.
But it will everlastingly rebound
Unto the glory and benignity
Of Britain's mighty monarch, that thou wer't
By him advanced for thy great desert:
It b'ing the fairer work of majesty,
With favour to reward, than to employ.
Although thy services were such as they
Might ask their grace themselves; yet do we see
That to success desert hath not a way,
But under princes that most gracious be:
For without thy great valour we had lost
The dearest purchase ever England made:
And made with such profuse, exceeding cost
Of blood and charge, to keep and to invade;
As commutation paid a dearer price
For such a piece of earth: And yet well paid
And well adventur'd for with great advice,
And happily to our dominions laid:
Without which, out-let England, thou had'st been
From all the rest of th' earth shut out, and pent
Unto thyself, and forc'd to keep within
Environ'd round with others government.
Where now by this, thy large imperial crown
Stands boundless on the west, and hath a way
For noble times, left to make all thine own
That lies beyond it, and force all t' obey.
And this important piece like t' have been rent
From off thy state, did then so tickle stand,
As that no jointure of the government
But shook: No ligament, no band
Of order and obedience, but were then
Loose and in tott'ring, when the charge
Thereof was laid on Montjoy; and that other men
Chok'd by example, fought to put it off.
And he, out of his native modesty,
(As b'ing no undertaker) labours too
To have avoided that which his ability
And England's genius would have him to do:
Alleging how it was a charge unfit
For him to undergo; see'ng such a one
As had more pow'r and means t' accomplish it,
Than he could have, had there so little done.
Whose ill success (consid'ring his great worth
Was such, as could that mischief be withstood,
It had been wrought) did in itself bring forth
Discouragement, that he should do less good.
The state reply'd it was not look'd he should
Restore it wholly to itself again;
But only now, (if possible) he could
In any fashion but the same retain,
So that it did not fall asunder quite,
B'ing thus dishiver'd in a desp'rate plight
With courage on he goes; doth execute
With counsel; and returns with victory,
But in what noble fash'on did he suit
This action! with what wit and industry!
Is not to be disgrac'd in small card:
It asks a spacious map of more regard.
Here is no room to tell, with what strange speed
And secrefy he used, to prevent
The enemies designs; nor with what heed [meant,
He march'd before report: Where what he

Fame never knew herſelf, till it was done;
His drifts and rumour ſeldom b'ing all one,
Nor will this place conveniency afford,
To ſhew how he (when diſmal winter ſtorms)
Keeps peace, and makes Mars ſheath his ſword
Toils him abroad, and noble acts performs.
Nor how by maſt'ring difficulties ſo,
In times unuſual, and by paſſage hard,
He bravely came to diſappoint the foe;
And many times ſurpris'd him unprepar'd.

Yet let me touch one point of this great act,
That famous ſiege, the maſter-work of all;
Where no diſtreſs nor difficulties lack'd
T' affict his weary, tired camp withal:
That when enclos'd by pow'rful enemies
On either ſide, with feeble troops he lay
Intrench'd in mire, in cold, in miſeries;
Kept walking with alarums night and day.
There were who did adviſe him to withdraw
His army, to ſome place of ſafe defence,
From the apparent peril; which they ſaw
Was to confound them, or to force them thence.

For now the Spaniard hath poſſeſs'd three ports,
The moſt important of this iſle, ſay they;
And ſooner freſh ſupplyment Spain tranſports
To them, than England can to us convey:
The rebel is in heart; and now is join'd
With ſome of them already, and doth ſtand
Here over us, with chiefeſt ſtrength combin'd
Of all the deſp'rate forces of the land:
And how upon theſe diſadvantages,
Your doubtful troops will fight, your honour gueſs.
Th' undaunted Montjoy hereto anſwers this:

" My worthy friends, the charge of this great
" And kingdom to my faith committed is, [ſtate
" And I muſt all I can ingeniate
" To anſwer for the ſame, and render it
" Upon as fair a reck'ning as I may:
" But if from hence I ſhall once ſtir my feet,
" The kingdom is undone, and loſt this day.
" All will fly thither, where they find is heart;
" And fear ſhall have none ſtand to take his part.
" And how ſhall we anſwer our country then,
" At our return; nay, anſwer our own fame?
" Which howſoever we have done like men,
" Will be imbranded with the mark of blame.
" And ſince we here are come unto the point,
" For which we toil'd ſo much, and ſtaid ſo long;
" Let us not now our travels diſappoint
" Of th' honour which doth thereunto belong.
" We cannot ſpend our blood more worthily,
" Than in ſo fair a cauſe—And if we fall,
" We fall with glory: and our worth thereby
" Shall be renowned, and held dear of all.
" And for my part, I count the field to be
" The honourableſt bed to die upon;
" And here your eyes this day ſhall either ſee
" My body laid, or elſe this action done.
" The Lord, the chief and ſov'reign general
" Of hoſts, makes weak to ſtand, the ſtrong to fall."

With which brave reſolution he ſo warm'd
Their ſhaking courage, as they all in one
Set to that noble work; which they perform'd
As gallantly as ever men have done:
Of which 'tis better nothing now to ſay,
Than ſay too little. For there reſts behind
A trophy t' be erected, that will ſtay
To all poſterities, and keep in mind
That glorious act, which did a kingdom ſave,
Kept the crown whole, and made the peace we have.

And now I will omit to ſhew, therefore,
His management of public buſ'neſſes;
Which oft are under fortune's conduct, more
Than our's: And tell his private carriages,
Which on his own diſcretion did rely,
Wherewith his ſpir't was furniſh'd happily.
Mild, affable, and eaſy of acceſs
He was; but with a due reſervedneſs:
So that the paſſage to his favour lay
Not common to all comers; nor yet was
So narrow, but it gave a gentle way
To ſuch as fitly might, or ought to paſs.
Nor ſold he ſmoke; nor took he up to-day
Commodities of men's attendances,
And of their hopes; to pay them with delay,
And entertain them with fair promiſes.
But as a man that lov'd no great commerce
With buſ'neſs and with noiſe, he ever flies
That maze of many ways, which might diſperſe
Him into other men's uncertainties:
And with a quiet calm ſincerity
H' effects his undertakings really.
His tongue and heart did not turn backs; but went
One way, and kept one courſe with what he meant.
He us'd no maſk at all, but ever ware
His honeſt inclination open-fac'd:
The friendſhips that he vow'd moſt conſtant were,
And with great judgment and diſcretion plac'd.
And Devonſhire, thy faith hath her reward;
Thy nobleſt friends do not forſake thee now,
After thy death; but bear a kind regard
Unto thine honour in the grave; and ſhew
That worthineſs which merits to remain
Among th' examples of integrity;
Whereby themſelves, no doubt, ſhall alſo gain
A like regard unto their memory.

Now mutt'ring Envy, what canſt thou produce,
To darken the bright luſtre of ſuch parts?
Caſt thy pure ſtone exempt from all abuſe.
Say, what defects could weigh down theſe deſerts:
Summon detraction, to object the worſt
That it may be told, and utter all it can:
It cannot find a blemiſh to b' enforc'd
Againſt him, other than he was a man;
And built of fleſh and blood, and did live here
Within the region of infirmity;
Where all perfections never did appear
To meet in any one ſo really,
But that his frailty ever did bewray
Unto the world that he was ſet in clay.
And gratitude and charity, I know,
Will keep no note, nor memory will have
Of ought, but of his worthy virtues now,
Which ſtill will live; the reſt lies in his grave.
See'ng only ſuch ſtand ever baſe and low,
That ſtrike the dead, or mutter underhand:
And as dogs bark at thoſe they do not know,
So they at ſuch they do not underſtand.
The worthier ſort, who know we do not live
With perfect men, will never be ſ' unkind;

They will the right to the deceaſed give,
Knowing themſelves muſt likewiſe leave behind
Thoſe that will cenſure them. And they know
The lion being dead, ev'n hares inſult : [how
And will not urge an imperfection now,
When as he hath no party to conſult,
Nor tongue nor advocate to ſhew his mind :
They rather will lament the loſs they find,
By ſuch a noble member of that worth, [forth.
And know how rare the world ſuch men brings
But let it now ſufficient be, that I
The laſt ſcene of his act of life bewray,
Which gives th' applauſe to all, doth glorify
The work—For 'tis the ev'ning crowns the day.
This action of our death eſpecially
Shews all a man. Here only is he found.
With what munition did he fortify
His heart; how good his furniture hath been.
And this did he perform in gallant wiſe :
In this did he confirm his worthineſs.
For on the morrow after the ſurpriſe
That ſickneſs made on him with fierce acceſs,
He told his faithful friend, whom he held dear,
(And whoſe great worth was worthy ſo to be),
" How that he knew thoſe hot diſeaſes were
" Of that contagious force, as he did ſee
" That men were overtumbled ſuddenly ;
" As might be, e're his ſickneſs ſhould grow worſe.
" And therefore did defer to ſet a courſe
" And order t' his affairs as ſpeedily,
" And as for death, ſaid he, I do not wey ;
" I am reſolv'd and ready in this caſe.
" It cannot come t' affright me any way,
" Let it look never with ſo grim a face :
" And I will meet it ſmiling ; for I know
" How vain a thing all this world's glory is."
And herein did he keep his word—did ſhew
Indeed, as he had promiſed in this.
For ſickneſs never heard him groan at all,
Nor with a ſigh conſent to ſhew his pain ;
Which, howſoever, b'ing tyrannical,
He ſweetly made it look ; and did retain
A lovely count'nance of his being well,
And ſo would ever make his tongue to tell.

Although the fervour of extremity,
Which often doth throw theſe defences down,
Which in our health wall in infirmity,
Might open lay more than we would have known ;
Yet did no idle word in him bewray
Any one piece of nature ill ſet in ;
Thoſe lightneſſes that any thing will ſay,
Could ſay no ill of what they knew within.
Such a ſure lock of ſilent modeſty
Was ſet in life upon that noble heart,
As if no anguiſh nor extremity
Could open it, t' impair that worthy part.
For having dedicated ſtill the ſame
Unto devotion, and to ſacred ſkill ;
That furniſh perfect held ; that bleſſed flame
Continu'd to the laſt in fervour ſtill.
And when his ſpir't and tongue no longer could
Do any certain ſervices beſide,
Ev'n at the point of parting they unfold,
With fervent zeal, how only he rely'd
Upon the merits of the precious death
Of his Redeemer ; and with rapt deſires
Th' appeal to grace, his ſoul delivereth
Unto the hand of mercy, and expires.
Thus did that worthy, who moſt virtuouſly
And mildly liv'd, moſt ſweet and mildly die.
And thus, great patron of my muſe, have I
Paid thee my vows, and fairly clear'd accounts,
Which in my love I owe thy memory.
And let me ſay, that herein there amounts
Something unto thy fortune, that thou haſt
This monument of thee perhaps may laſt,
Which doth not t' ev'ry mighty man befal :
For low! how many when they die, die all.
And this doth argue too thy great deſerts :
For honour never brought unworthineſs
Further than to the grave : and there it parts,
And leaves men's greatneſs to forgetfulneſs.
And we do ſee that nettles, thiſtles, brakes,
(The pooreſt works of nature) tread upon
The proudeſt frames that man's invention makes,
To hold his memory when he is gone.
But Devonſhire, thou haſt another tomb,
Made by thy virtues in a ſafer room.

A PANEGYRIC CONGRATULATORY,

DELIVERED TO

THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY, AT BURLEIGH-HARRINGTON,

IN RUTLANDSHIRE.

I.

Lo here the glory of a greater day,
Than England ever heretofore could see
In all her days! when she did most display
The ensigns of her pow'r; or when as she
Did spread herself the most, and most did sway
Her state abroad; yet could she never be
Thus bless'd at home, nor ever come to grow
To be entire in her full orb till now.

II.

And now she is, and now in peace; therefore
Shake hands with union, O thou mighty state!
Now thou art all Great Britain, and no more;
No Scot, no English now, nor no debate:
No borders, but the ocean and the shore;
No wall of Adrian serves to separate
Our mutual love, nor our obedience;
B'ing subjects all to one imperial prince.

III.

What heretofore could never yet be wrought
By all the swords of pow'r, by blood, by fire,
By ruin and destruction; here's brought to pass
With peace, with love, with joy, desire:
Our former blessed union hath begot
A greater union that is more entire,
And makes us more ourselves; sets us at one
With Nature, that ordain'd us to be one.

IV.

Glory of men! this hast thou brought to us,
And yet hast brought us more than this by far:
Religion comes with thee, peace, righteousness,
Judgment and justice; which more glorious are
Than all thy kingdoms: and art more by this
Than lord and sov'reign; more than emperor
Over the hearts of men, that let thee in
To more than all the pow'rs on earth can win.

V.

God makes thee king of our states; but we
Do make thee king of our affection,
King of our love; a passion born more free,
And most unsubject to dominion.
And know, that England, which in that degree
Can love with such a true devotion
Those that are less than kings; to thee must bring
More love, who art so much more than a king.

VI.

And king of this great nation, populous,
Stout, valiant, pow'rful both by sea and land;
Attemptive, able, worthy, generous,
Which joyfully embraces thy command:
A people tractable, obsequious,
Apt to be fashion'd by thy glorious hand
To any form of honour, t' any way
Of high attempts, thy virtues shall assay.

VII.

A people so inur'd to peace; so wrought
To a successive course of quietness,
As they've forgot (and O b' it still forgot)
The nature of their ancient stubbornes:
Time alter'd hath the form, the means, and brought
The state to that proportion'd evenness,
As 'tis not like again 'twill ever come
(Being us'd abroad) to draw the sword at home.

VIII.

This people, this great state, these hearts adore
Thy sceptre now; and now turn all to thee,
Touch'd with as pow'rful zeal, and if not more:
(And yet O more how could there ever be,
Than unto her, whom yet we do deplore
Amidst our joy!) and give us leave, if we
Rejoice and mourn; that cannot, without wrong,
So soon forget her we enjoy'd so long.

IX.

Which likewise makes for thee, that yet we hold
True after death; and bring not this respect
To a new prince, for hating of the old;
Or from desire of change, or from neglect:
Whereby, O mighty sov'reign, thou art told,
What thou and thine are likely to expect
From such a faith, that doth not haste to run
Before their time to an arising sun.

x.

And let my humble muſe, whom ſhe did grace,
Beg this one grace for her that now lies dead;
That no vile tongue may ſpot her with diſgrace,
Nor that her fame become diſfigured:
O let reſt her in peace, that rul'd in peace!
Let not her honour be diſquieted
Now after death; but let the grave encloſe
All but her good, and that it cannot cloſe.

xi.

It adds much to thy glory and our grace,
That this continued current of our love
Runs thus to thee all with ſo ſwift a pace;
And that from peace to peace we do remove,
Not as in motion, but from out our place,
But in one courſe; and do not ſeem to move,
But in more joy than ever heretofore;
And well we may, ſince thou wilt make us more.

xii.

Our love, we ſee, concurs with God's great love,
Who only made thy way, thy paſſage plain;
Levell'd the world for thee; did all remove
That might the ſhew but of a let retain:
Unbarr'd the north; humbl'd the ſouth; did move
The hearts of all, the right to entertain;
Held other ſtates embroil'd, whoſe envy might
Have foſter'd factions to impugn thy right:

xiii.

And all for thee, that we the more might praiſe
The glory of his pow'r, and rev'renee thine;
Whom he hath rais'd to glorify our days,
And make this empire of the north to ſhine,
Againſt all th' impious workings, all th' eſſays
Of vile diſnatur'd vipers; whoſe deſign
Was to embroil the ſtate, t' obſcure the light,
And that clear brightneſs of thy ſacred right.

xiv.

To whoſe reproach, ſince th' iſſue and ſucceſs
Doth a ſufficient mark of ſhame return,
Let no pen elſe blazon their uglineſs:
Be it enough, that God and men do ſcorn
Their projects, cenſures, vain pretendences.
Let not our children, that are yet unborn,
Find there were any offer'd to conteſt,
Or make a doubt to have our kingdom bleſt.

xv.

Bury that queſtion in th' eternal grave
Of darkneſs, never to be ſeen again.
Suffice we have thee whom we ought to have,
And t' whom all good men knew did appertain
Th' inheritance thy ſacred birth-right gave;
That needed n' other ſuffrages t' ordain
What only was thy due, nor no decree
To be made known, ſince none was known but thee.

xvi.

Witneſs the joy, the univerſal cheer,
The ſpeed, the eaſe, the will, the forwardneſs,
Of all this great and ſpacious ſtate; how dear
It held thy title and thy worthineſs.
Haſte could not poſt ſo ſpeedy any where,
But fame ſeem'd there before in readineſs,
To tell our hopes, and to proclaim thy name;
O greater than our hopes more than thy fame!

xvii.

What a return of comfort doſt thou bring,
Now at this freſh returning of our blood;
Thus meeting with the op'ning of the ſpring,
To make our ſpirits likewiſe to imbud!
What a new ſeaſon of encouraging
Begins t' enlength the days diſpos'd to good!
What apprehenſion of recovery
Of greater ſtrength, of more ability!

xviii.

The pulſe of England never more did beat
So ſtrong as now—nor ever were our hearts
Let out to hopes ſo ſpacious and ſo great,
As now they are—nor ever in all parts
Did we thus feel ſo comfortable heat,
As now the glory of thy worth imparts:
The whole complexion of the commonwealth,
So weak before, hop'd never more for health.

xix.

Could'ſt thou but ſee from Dover to the Mount,
From Totnes to the Orcades; what joy,
What cheer, what triumphs, and what dear account
Is held of thy renown this bleſſed day!
A day, which we and ours muſt ever count
Our ſolemn feſtival, as well we may.
And though men thus court kings ſtill which are new;
Yet do they more, when they find more is due.

xx.

They fear the humours of a future prince,
Who either loſt a good, or felt a bad:
But thou haſt cheer'd us of this fear long ſince;
We know thee more than by report we had.
We have an everlaſting evidence
Under thy hand; that now we need not dread
Thou wilt be otherwiſe in thy deſigns,
Than there thou art in thoſe judicial lines.

xxi.

It is the greateſt glory upon earth
To be a king; but yet much more to give
The inſtitution with the happy birth
Unto a king, and teach him how to live.
We have by thee far more than thine own worth;
That doth encourage, ſtrengthen, and relieve
Our hopes in the ſucceſſion of thy blood,
That like to thee, they likewiſe will be good.

xxii.

We have an earneſt, that doth even tie
Thy ſceptre to thy word, and binds thy crown
(That elſe no band can bind) to ratify
What thy religious hand hath there ſet down;
Wherein thy all-commanding ſov'reignty
Stands ſubject to thy pen and thy renown.
There we behold thee king of thine own heart;
And ſee what we muſt be, and what thou art.

xxiii.

There, great examplar! prototype of kings!
We find the good ſhall dwell within thy court:
Plain zeal and truth, free from baſe flatterings,
Shall there be entertain'd, and have reſort:
Honeſt diſcretion, that no cunning brings;
But counſels that lie right, and that import,
Is there receiv'd with thoſe whoſe care attends
Thee and the ſtate more than their private ends.

XXIV.

There grace and favour ſhall not be diſpos'd,
But by proportion, even and upright.
There are no mighty mountains interpos'd
Between thy beams and us, t' imbar thy light.
There majeſty lives not as if enclos'd,
Or made a prey t' a private benefit.
The hand of pow'r deals there her own reward,
And thereby reaps the whole of men's regard.

XXV.

There is no way to get up to reſpect,
But only by the way of worthineſs;
All paſſages that may ſeem indirect,
Are ſtopt up now; and there is no acceſs
By groſs corruption: Bribes cannot effect
For th' undeſerving any offices.
Th' aſcent is clean; and and he that doth aſcend,
Muſt have his means as clean as is his end.

XXVI.

The deeds of worth, and laudable deſerts,
Shall not now paſs thorough the ſtrait report
Of an embaſing tongue, that but imparts
What with his ends and humours ſhall comport.
The prince himſelf now hears, ſees, knows what
Honour and virtue acts, and in what ſort; [parts
And thereto gives his grace accordingly,
And cheers up other to the like thereby.

XXVII.

Nor ſhall we now have uſe of flattery;
For he knows falſehood far more ſubtle is
Than truth, baſeneſs than liberty,
Fear than love, t' invent theſe flouriſhes:
And adulation now is ſpent ſo nigh,
As that it hath no colours to expreſs
That which it would, that now we muſt be fain
T' unlearn that art, and labour to be plain.

XXVIII.

For where there is no ear to be abus'd,
None will be found that dare t' inform a wrong:
The inſolent depraver ſtands confus'd;
The impious Athieſt ſeems to want a tongue.
Transform'd into the faſhion that is us'd,
All ſtrive t' appear like thoſe they live among:
And all will ſeem compos'd by that ſame ſquare,
By which they ſee the beſt and greateſt are.

XXIX.

Such pow'r hath thy example and reſpect,
As that without a ſword, without debate,
Without a noiſe, (or feeling, in effect)
Thou wilt diſpoſe, change, form, accommodate,
Thy kingdom, people, rule, and all effect,
Without the leaſt convulſion of the ſtate;
That this great paſſage and mutation will
Not ſeem a change, but only of our ill.

XXX.

We ſhall continue and remain all one,
In law, in juſtice, and in magiſtrate:
Thou wilt not alter the foundation
Thy anceſtors have laid of this eſtate,
Nor grieve thy land with innovation,
Nor take from us more than thou wilt collate;
Knowing that courſe is beſt to be obſerv'd,
Whereby a ſtate hath longeſt been preſerv'd.

XXXI.

A King of England now moſt graciouſly
Remits the injuries that have been done
T' a king of Scots, and makes his clemency
To check them more than his correction:
Th' anointed blood that ſtain'd moſt ſhamefully
This ill-ſeduced ſtate, he looks thereon
With eye of grief, not wrath, t' avenge the ſame,
Since th' authors are extinct that caus'd the ſhame.

XXXII.

Thus mighty rivers quietly do glide,
And do not by their rage their pow'rs profeſs,
But by their mighty workings; when in pride
Small torrents roar more loud, and work much leſs.
Peace greateſt beſt becomes. Calm pow'r doth
With a far more imperious ſtatelineſs, [guide
Than all the ſwords of violence can do,
And eaſier gains thoſe ends ſhe tends unto.

XXXIII.

Then, England, thou reaſon thus to cheer;
Reaſon to joy and triumph in this wiſe;
When thou ſhalt gain ſo much, and have no fear,
To loſe ought elſe but thy deformities;
When thus thou ſhalt have health, and be ſet clear
From all thy great infectious maladies,
By ſuch a hand that beſt knows how to cure,
And where moſt lie thoſe griefs thou doſt endure.

XXXIV.

When thou ſhalt ſee there is another grace,
Than to be rich; another dignity,
Than money; other means for place,
Than gold—wealth ſhall not now make honeſty.
When thou ſhalt ſee the eſtimation baſe,
Of that which moſt afflicts our miſery;
Without the which elſe could'ſt thou never ſee
Our ways laid right, nor men themſelves to be.

XXXV.

By which improvement we ſhall gain much more
Than by Peru, or all diſcoveries;
For this way to embaſe, is to enſtore
The treaſure of the land, and make it riſe.
This is the only key t' unlock the door,
To let out plenty, that it may ſuffice:
For more than all this iſle, for more increaſe
Of ſubjects than by thee, there can increaſe.

XXXVI.

This ſhall make room and place enough for all,
Which otherwiſe would not ſuffice a few;
And by proportion geometrical,
Shall ſo diſpoſe to all what ſhall be due,
As that without corruption, wrangling, brawl,
Intruſion, wreſting, and by means undue;
Deſert ſhall have her charge, and but one charge,
As having but one body to diſcharge.

XXXVII.

Whereby the all-incheering majeſty
Shall come to ſhine at full in all her parts,
And ſpread her beams of comfort equally,
As being all alike to like deſerts.
For thus to check, embaſe, and vilify
Th' eſteem of wealth, will faſhion ſo our hearts
To worthy ends, as that we ſhall by much
More labour to be good than to be rich.

XXXVIII.

This will make peace with law; reſtore the bar,
T' her ancient ſilence; where contention now
Makes ſo confus'd a noiſe——This will debar
The ſoft'ring of debate; and overthrow

That ugly monſter, that foul ravener,
Extortion, which ſo hideouſly did grow,
By making prey upon our miſery,
And waſting it again as wickedly.

XXXIX.

The ſtrange examples of impov'riſhments,
Of ſacrilege, exaction, and of waſte,
Shall not be made, nor held as preſidents
For times to come; but end with th' ages paſt.
When as the ſtate ſhall yield more ſupplements
(B'ing well employ'd) than kingscan well exhauſt;
This golden meadow lying ready ſtill
Then to be mow'd, when their occaſions will.

XL.

Favour, like pity, in the hearts of men
Have the firſt touches ever violent;
But ſoon again it comes to languiſh, when
The motive of that humour ſhall be ſpent;
But b'ing ſtill fed with that which firſt hath been
The cauſe thereof, it holds ſtill permanent,
And is kept in by courſe, by form, by kind;
And time begets more ties, that ſtill more bind.

XLI.

The broken frame of this disjointed ſtate
B'ing by the bliſs of thy great-grandfather
(Henry the Seventh) reſtor'd to an eſtate
More ſound than ever, and more ſtedfaſter,
Owes all it hath to him; and in that rate
Stands bound to thee, that art his ſucceſſor:
For without him it had not been begun;
And without thee we had been now undone.

XLII.

He of a private man became a King:
Having endur'd the weight of tyranny,
Mourn'd with the world, complain'd, and knew
That good men wiſh for in their miſery [the thing
Under ill kings; ſaw what it was to bring
Order and form, to the recovery
Of an unruly ſtate; conceiv'd what cure
Would kill the cauſe of this diſtemp'rature.

XLIII.

Thou, born a king, haſt in thy ſtate endur'd
The four affronts of private diſcontent,
With ſubjects broils; and ever been inur'd
To this great myſtery of government;
Whereby thy princely wiſdom hath allur'd
A ſtate to peace, left to thee turbulent,
And brought us an addition to the frame
Of this great work, ſquar'd fitly to the ſame,

XLIV.

And both you (by th' all-working Providence,
That faſhions out of dangers, toils, debates,
Thoſe whom it hath ordained to commence
The firſt and great eſtabliſhments of ſtates)
Came when your aid, your pow'rs experience
(Which out of judgment beſt accommodates
Theſe joints of rule) was more than moſt deſir'd,
And when the times of need the moſt requir'd.

XLV.

And as he laid the model of this frame,
By which was built ſo ſtrong a work of ſtate,
As all the pow'rs of changes in the ſame,
All that exceſs of a diſordinate
And luſtful prince, nor all that after came;
Nor child, nor ſtranger, nor yet women's fate,
Could once diſjoint the compliments, whereby
It held together in juſt ſymmetry.

XLVI.

So thou likewiſe art come, as fore-ordain'd
To reinforce the ſame more really,
Which oftentimes hath been but entertain'd
By th' only ſtyle and name of majeſty;
And by no other counſels oft attain'd
Thoſe ends of her enjoy'd tranquillity,
Than by this form, and by th' incumbrances
Of neighbour ſtates, that gave it a ſucceſs.

XLVII.

That had'ſt thou had no title, (as thou haſt
The only right; and none hath elſe a right),
We yet muſt now have been enforc'd t' have caſt
Ourſelves into thy arms, to ſet all right;
And to avert confuſion, bloodſhed, waſte,
That otherwiſe upon us needs muſt light.
None but a king, and no king elſe beſide,
Could now have ſav'd this ſtate from b'ing deſtroy'd.

XLVIII.

Thus hath the hundred years brought back
The ſacred blood lent to adorn the north, [again
And here return'd it with a greater gain,
And greater glory than we ſent it forth.
Thus doth th' all-working Providence retain,
And keep for great effects the ſeed of worth,
And ſo doth point the ſtops of time thereby,
In periods of uncertain certainty.

XLIX.

Marg'ret of Richmond, (glorious grandmother
Unto that other precious Margaret,
From whence th' Almighty worker did transfer
This branch of peace, as from a root well ſet)
Thou mother, author, plotter, counſellor
Of union! that did'ſt both conceive, beget,
And bring forth happineſs to this great ſtate,
To make it thus entirely fortunate:

L.

O could'ſt thou now but view this fair ſucceſs,
This great effect of thy religious work,
And ſee therein how God hath pleas'd to bleſs
Thy charitable counſels; and to work
Still greater good out of the bleſſednes
Of this conjoined Lancaſter and York:
Which all conjoin'd within; and thoſe ſhut out,
Whom nature and their birth had ſet without!

LI.

How much haſt thou bound all poſterities
In this great work to reverence thy name!
And with thee that religious, faithful, wiſe,
And learned Morton! who contriv'd the ſame,
And firſt advis'd, and did ſo well adviſe,
As that the good ſucceſs that thereof came,
Shew'd well, that holy hands, clean thoughts, clear hearts,
Are only fit to act ſuch glorious parts.

LII.

But, Muſe, theſe dear remembrances muſt be
In their convenient places regiſt'red,
When thou ſhalt bring ſtern diſcord to agree,
And bloody war into a quiet bed.
Which work muſt now be finiſhed by thee,
That long hath lain undone; as deſtined

Unto the glory of these days: For which
Thy vows and verse have laboured so much.

LIII.

Thou ever hast opposed all thy might
Against contention, fury, pride, and wrong;
Persuading still to hold the course of right;
And peace hath been the burden of thy song.
And now thyself shalt have the benefit
Of quietness, which thou hast wanted long;
And now shalt have calm peace, and union
With thine own wars; and now thou must go on.

LIV.

Only the joy of this so dear a thing
Made me look back unto the cause, whence came
This so great good, this blessing of a king;
When our estate so much requir'd the same:
When we had need of pow'r for th' well-ord'ring
Of our affairs; need of a spir't to frame
The world to good, to grace and worthiness,
Out of this humour of luxuriousness:

LV.

And bring us back unto ourselves again,
Unto our ancient native modesty,
From out these foreign sins we entertain,
These loathsome surfeits, ugly glottony;
From this unmanly, and this idle vein
Of wanton and superfluous bravery;
The wreck of gentry, spoil of nobleness;
And square us by thy temp'rate soberness.

LVI.

When abstinence is fashion'd by the time,
It is no rare thing to be abstinent: [crime)
But then it is, when th' age (full fraught with
Lies prostrate upon all misgovernment.
And who is not licentious in the prime
And heat of youth, nor then incontinent
When out of might he may, he never will;
No pow'r can tempt him to that taste of ill.

LVII.

Then what are we t' expect from such a hand,
That doth this stern of fair example guide?
Who will not now shame to have no command
Over his lusts? who would be seen t' abide
Unfaithful to his vows; t' infringe the band
Of a most sacred knot which God hath ty'd?
Who would now seem to be dishonoured
With th' unclean touch of an unlawful bed?

LVIII.

What a great check will this chaste court be now
To wanton courts debauch'd with luxury;
Where we no other mistresses shall know,
But her to whom we owe our loyalty?
Chaste mother of our princes, whence do grow
Those righteous issues, which shall glorify
And comfort many nations with their worth,
To her perpetual grace that brought them forth.

LIX.

We shall not fear to have our wives distain'd,
Nor yet our daughters violated here
By an imperial lust, that b'ing unrein'd,
Will hardly be resisted any where.
He will not be betray'd with ease, nor train'd
With idle rest, in soft delights to wear
His time of life; but knows whereto he tends;
How worthy minds are made for worthy ends.

LX.

And that this mighty work of union, now
Begun with glory, must with grace run on,
And be so clos'd, as all the joints may grow
Together firm in due proportion:
A work of pow'r and judgment, that must shew
All parts of wisdom and discretion,
That man can shew; that no cloud may impair
This day of hope, whose morning shews so fair.

LXI.

He hath a mighty burden to sustain
Whose fortune doth succeed a gracious prince;
Or where men's expectations entertain
Hopes of more good, and more beneficence:
But yet he undergoes a greater pain,
A more laborious work; who must commence
The great foundation of a government,
And lay the frame of order and content.

LXII.

Especially where men's desires do run
A greedy course of eminency, gain,
And private hopes; weighing not what is done
For the republic, so themselves may gain
Their ends; and where few care who be undone,
So they be made: whilst all do entertain
The present motions that this passage brings,
With th' infancy of change, under new kings.

LXIII.

So that the weight of all seems to rely
Wholly upon thine own discretion;
Thy judgment now must only rectify
This frame of pow'r thy glory stands upon:
From thee must come, that thy posterity
May joy this peace, and hold this union.
For whilst all work for their own benefit,
Thy only work must keep us all upright.

LXIV.

For did not now thy full maturity
Of years and wisdom, that discern what shows,
What art and colours may deceive the eye,
Secure our trust that that clear judgment knows
Upon what grounds depend thy majesty,
And whence the glory of thy greatness grows;
We might distrust, lest that a side might part
Thee from thyself, and so surprise thy heart.

LXV.

Since thou'rt but one, and that against thy breast
Are laid all th' engines both of skill and wit;
And all th' assaults of cunning are addrest,
With stratagems of art, to enter it;
To make a prey of grace, and to invest
Their pow'rs within thy love; that they might sit,
And stir that way which their affection tends,
Respecting but themselves and their own ends.

LXVI.

And see'ng how difficult a thing it is
To rule; and what strength is requir'd to stand
Against all th' interplac'd respondencies
Of combinations, set to keep the hand
And eye of pow'r from out the provinces,
That avarice may draw to her command;
Which, to keep hers, she others vows to spare,
That they again to her might use like care.

LXVII.

But God that rais'd thee up to act this part,
Hath giv'n thee all thoſe pow'rs of worthineſs,
Fit for ſo great a work; and fram'd thy heart
Diſcernable of all apparencies;
Taught thee to know the world, and this great art
Of ord'ring man; knowledge of knowledges!
That from thee men might reckon how this ſtate
Became reſtor'd, and was made fortunate.

LXVIII.

That thou the firſt with us in name, might'ſt be
The firſt in courſe, to faſhion us anew;
Wherein the times hath offer'd that to thee,
Which ſeldom t' other princes could accrue.
Thou hadſt th' advantage only to be free,
T' employ thy favours where they ſhall be due;
And to diſpoſe thy grace in general,
And like to Jove, to be alike to all.

LXIX.

Thy fortune hath indebted thee to none,
But t' all thy people univerſally;
And not to them, but for their love alone,
Which they account is placed worthily.
Nor wilt thou now fruſtrate their hopes, whereon
They reſt; nor they fail in their loyalty:
Since no prince comes deceived in his truſt,
But he that firſt deceives, and proves unjuſt.

LXX.

Then ſince we are in this ſo fair a way
Of reſtoration, greatneſs, and command;
Curſed be he that cauſes the leaſt ſtay
In this fair work, or interrupts thy hand;
And curſed he that offers to betray
Thy graces, or thy goodneſs to withſtand;
Let him be held abhorr'd, and all his race
Inherit but the portion of diſgrace.

LXXI.

And he that ſhall by wicked offices
Be th' author of the leaſt diſturbancy,
Or ſeek t' avert thy godly purpoſes,
Be ever held the ſcorn of infamy.
And let men but conſider their ſucceſs,
Who princes loves abus'd preſumptuouſly;
They ſhall perceive their ends do ſtill relate,
That ſure God loves them not, whom men do hate.

LXXII.

And it is juſt, that they who make a prey
Of princes favours, in the end again
Be made a prey to princes; and repay
The ſpoils of miſery with greater gain:
Whoſe ſacrifices ever do allay
The wrath of men conceiv'd in their diſdain:
For that their hatred proſecuteth ſtill
More than ill princes, thoſe that make them ill.

LXXIII.

But both thy judgment and eſtate doth free
Thee from theſe pow'rs of fear and flattery,
The conquerors of kings; by whom, we ſee,
Are wrought the acts of all impiety
Thou art ſo ſet, as thou'ſt no cauſe to be
Jealous, or dreadful of diſloyalty:
The pedeſtal whereon thy greatneſs ſtands,
Is built of all our hearts, and all our hands.

EPISTLES.

TO SIR THOMAS EGERTON, KNIGHT;

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.

Well hath the pow'rful hand of majeſty,
Thy worthineſs, and England's hap beſide,
Set thee in th' aidfull'ſt room of dignity;
As th' iſthmus theſe two oceans to divide,
Of rigour and confus'd uncertainty,
To keep out th' intercourſe of wrong and pride,
That they ingulf not up unſuccour'd right,
By th' extreme current of licentious might.

Now when we ſee the moſt combining band,
The ſtrongeſt faſt'ning of ſociety,
Law, whereon all this frame of men doth ſtand,
Remain concuſſed with uncertainty;
And ſeem to foſter, rather than withſtand
Contention; and embrace obſcurity,
Only t' afflict, and not to faſhion us,
Making her cure far worſe than the diſeaſe:

As if ſhe had made covenant with wrong,
To part the prey made on our weakneſſes;
And ſuffer'd falſehood to be arm'd as ſtrong
Unto the combat, as is righteouſneſs;
Or ſuited her, as if ſhe did belong
Unto our paſſions; and did ev'n profeſs
Contention, as her only myſtery,
Which ſhe reſtrains not, but doth multiply.

Was ſhe the ſame ſhe's now, in ages paſt?
Or was ſhe leſs, when ſhe was uſed leſs;
And grows as malice grows; and ſo comes caſt
Juſt to the form of our unquietneſs?
Or made more flow, the more that ſtrife runs faſt;
Staying t' undo us, e'er ſhe will redreſs?
That th' ill ſhe checks, ſeems ſuffer'd to be ill,
When it yields greater gain that goodneſs will.

Muſt there be ſtill ſome diſcord mix'd among
The harmony of men; whoſe mood accords
Beſt with contention, tun'd t' a note of wrong?
That when war fails, peace muſt make war with words,
And b' arm'd unto deſtruction ev'n as ſtrong,
As were in ages paſt our civil ſwords:
Making as deep, although unbleeding wounds;
That when as fury fails, wiſdom confounds.

If it be wiſdom, and not cunning, this
Which ſo embroils the ſtate of truth with brawls,
And wraps it up in ſtrange confuſedneſs
As if it liv'd immur'd within the walls
Of hideous terms, fram'd out of barb'rouſneſs
And foreign cuſtoms, the memorials
Of our ſubjection; and could never be
Deliver'd but by wrangling ſubtilty.

Whereas it dwells free in the open plain,
Uncurious, gentle, eaſy of acceſs:
Certain unto itſelf; of equal vein;
One face, one colour, one aſſuredneſs.
Its falſehood that is intricate and vain,
And needs theſe labyrinths of ſubtleneſs:
For where the cunning'ſt cov'rings moſt appear,
It argues ſtill that all is not ſincere.

Which thy clear-ey'd experience well deſcries,
Great keeper of the ſtate of equity!
Refuge of mercy! upon whom relies
The ſuccour of oppreſſed miſery:
Altar of ſafeguard! whereto affliction flies,
From th' eager purſuit of ſeverity.
Heaven of peace! that labour'ſt to withdraw
Juſtice from out the tempeſts of the law;

And ſet her in a calm and even way,
Plain, and directly leading to redreſs;
Barring theſe counter-courſes of delay,
Theſe waſting, dilatory proceſſes.
Ranging into their right and proper ray,
Errors, demurs, eſſoigns, and traverſes;
The heads of Hydra, ſpringing out of death,
That gives this monſter malice ſtill new breath.

That what was made for the utility
And good of man, might not be turn'd t' his hurt,
To make him worſer by his remedy, [port.
And caſt him down with what ſhould him ſup-
Nor that the ſtate of law might loſe thereby
The due reſpect and rev'rence of her port;
And ſeem a trap to catch our ignorance,
And to entangle our intemperance.

Since her interpretations, and our deeds,
Unto a like infinity arise;
As b'ing a science that by nature breeds
Contention, strife, and ambiguities.
For altercation controversy feeds,
And in her agitation multiplies:
The field of cavil lying all like wide,
Yields like advantage unto either side.

Which made the grave Castilian king devise
A prohibition, that no advocate
Should be convey'd to th' Indian colonies;
Lest their new setting, shaken with debate,
Might take but slender root, and so not rise
To any perfect growth of firm estate.
" For having not this skill how to contend,
" Th' unnourish'd strife would quickly make an end."

So likewise did th' Hungarian, when he saw
These great Italian Bartolists, who were
Call'd in of purpose to explain the law,
T' embroil it more, and make it much less clear;
Caus'd them from out his kingdom to withdraw,
With this infestious skill, some otherwhere;
Whose learning rather let men farther out,
And open'd wider passages of doubt.

See'ng ev'n injustice may be regulate;
And no proportion can there be betwixt
Our actions, which in endless motion are,
And th' ordinances, which are always fixt:
Ten thousand laws more cannot reach so far,
But malice goes beyond, or lives immixt
So close with goodness, as it ever will
Corrupt, disguise, or counterfeit it still.

And therefore did those glorious monarchs (who
Divide with God the style of majesty,
For being good; and had a care to do
The world right, and succour honesty)
Ordain this sanctuary, whereunto
Th' oppress'd might fly; this seat of equity,
Whereon thy virtues sit with fair renown,
The greatest grace and glory of the gown.

Which equity, being the soul of law,
The life of justice, and the spir't of right;
Dwells not in written lines; or lives in awe
Of books deaf pow'rs, that have nor ears nor sight:
But out of well-weigh'd circumstance doth draw
The essence of a judgment requisite;
And is that Lesbian square, that building fit,
Plies to the work, nor forc'th the work to it.

Maintaining still an equal parallel
Just with th' occasions of humanity,
Making her judgment ever liable
To the respect of peace and amity;
When surely law, stern and unaffable,
Cares only but itself to satisfy;
And often innocencies scarce defends,
As that which on no circumstance depends.

But equity, that bears an even rein
Upon the present courses, holds in awe
By giving hand a little; and doth gain,
By a gentle relaxation of the law:
And yet inviolable doth maintain
The end whereto all constitutions draw,
Which is the welfare of society,
Consisting of an upright policy:

Which first b'ing by necessity compos'd,
Is by necessity maintain'd in best estate;
Where when as justice shall be ill dispos'd,
It sickens the whole body of the state.
For if there be a passage once disclos'd,
That wrong may enter at the self same gate
Which serves for right, clad in a coat of law;
What violent distempers may it draw?

And therefore dost thou stand to keep the way,
And stop the course that malice seeks to run,
And by thy provident injunctions stay
This never-ending altercation;
Sending contention home, to th' end men may
There make their peace, whereas their strife begun;
And free these pester'd streets they vainly wear,
Whom both the state and theirs do need elsewhere.

Lest th' humour which doth thus predominate,
Convert unto itself all that it takes;
And that the law grow larger than debate,
And come t' exceed th' affairs it undertakes:
As if the only science of the state,
That took up all our wits, for gain it makes;
Not for the good that hereby may be wrought,
Which is not good if it be dearly bought.

What shall we think, when as ill causes shall
Enrich men more, and shall be more desir'd
Than good; as far more beneficial?
Who then defends the good? who will be hir'd
To entertain a right, whose gain is small?
Unless the advocate that hath conspir'd
To plead a wrong, be likewise made to run
His client's chance, and with him be undone.

So did the wisest nations ever strive
To bind the hands of justice up so hard;
That lest she falling to prove lucrative,
Might safely reach them out to take reward:
Ordaining her provisions fit to live,
Out of the public; as a public guard,
That all preserves, and all doth entertain;
Whose end is only glory, and not gain.

That ev'n the sceptre, which might all command,
See'ng her s' unpartial, equal, regular;
Was pleas'd to put itself into her hand,
Whereby they both grew more admired far.
And this is that great blessing of this land,
That both the prince and people use one bar;
The prince, whose cause (as not be withstood)
Is never bad, but where himself is good.

This is that balance which committed is
To thy most even and religious hand,
Great minister of justice! who by this
Shalt have thy name still gracious in this land.

This is that ſeal of pow'r, which doth impreſs
Thy acts of right, which ſhall for ever ſtand!
This is that ſtrain of ſtate, that pompouſly
Attends upon thy rev'rent dignity!

All glory elſe beſides ends with our breath;
And men's reſpects ſcarce brings us to our grave:
But this of doing good, muſt outlive death,
And have a right out of the right it gave.
Though th' act but few, th' example profiteth
Thouſands, that ſhall thereby a bleſſing have.
The world's reſpect grows not but on deſerts;
Pow'r may have knees, but juſtice hath our hearts.

TO THE LORD HENRY HOWARD,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRIVY COUNCIL.

Praise, if it be not choice, and laid aright,
Can yield no luſtre where it is beſtow'd;
Nor any way can grace the giver's art,
(Though 't be a pleaſing colour to delight)
For that no ground whereon it can be ſhew'd,
Will bear it well, but virtue and deſert.
And though I might commend your learning, wit,
And happy utt'rance; and commend them right,
As that which decks you much, and gives you grace,
Yet your clear judgment beſt deſerveth it,
Which in your courſe hath carried you upright,
And made you to diſcern the trueſt face,
And beſt complexion of the things that breed
The reputation and the love of men;
And held you in the tract of honeſty,
Which ever in the end we ſee ſucceed;
Though oft it may have interrupted been,
Both by the times, and men's iniquity.
For ſure thoſe actions which do fairly run
In the right line of honour, ſtill are thoſe
That get moſt clean and ſafeſt to their end;
And paſs the beſt without confuſion,
Either in thoſe that act, or elſe diſpoſe;
Having the ſcope made clear, whereto they tend.
When this bye-path of cunning doth t' embroil,
And intricate the paſſage of affairs,
As that they ſeldom fairly can get out;
But coſt, with leſs ſucceſs, more care and toil;
Whilſt doubt and the diſtruſted cauſe impairs
Their courage, who would elſe appear more ſtout.
For though ſome hearts are blinded ſo, that they
Have divers doors whereby they may let out
Their wills abroad without diſturbancy,
Int' any courſe, and into ev'ry way
Of humour, that affection turns about;
Yet have the beſt but one t' have paſſage by;
And that ſo ſurely warded with the guard
Of conſcience and reſpect, as nothing muſt
Have courſe that way, but with the certain paſs
Of a perſuaſive right; which b'ing compar'd
With their conceit, muſt thereto anſwer juſt,
And ſo with due examination paſs.
Which kind of men, rais'd of a better frame,
Are mere religious, conſtant and upright;
And bring the ableſt hands for any 'ffect;
And beſt bear up the reputation, fame,
And good opinion that the action's right,
When th' undertakers are without ſuſpect.
But when the body of an enterprize
Shall go one way, the face another way;
As if it did but mock a weaker truſt;
The motion being monſtrous, cannot riſe
To any good; but falls down to bewray,
That all pretences ſerve for things unjuſt:
Eſpecially where th' action will allow
Apparency; or that it hath a courſe
Concentric, with the univerſal frame
Of men combin'd: whom it concerneth how
Theſe motions run, and entertain their force;
Having their being reſting on the ſame.
And be it that the vulgar are but groſs;
Yet are they capable of truth, and ſee,
And ſometimes gueſs the right; and do conceive
The nature of that text that needs a gloſs,
And wholly never can deluded be:
All may a few; few cannot all deceive.
And theſe ſtrange diſproportions in the train
And courſe of things, do evermore proceed
From th' ill-ſet diſpoſition of their minds;
Who in their actions cannot but retain
Th' encumber'd forms which do within them breed,
And which they cannot ſhew but in their kinds.
Whereas the ways and counſels of the light
So fort with valour and with manlineſs,
As that they carry things aſſuredly,
Undazzling of their own or others ſight:
There b'ing a bleſſing that doth give ſucceſs
To worthineſs, and unto conſtancy.
And though ſometimes th' event may fall amiſs,
Yet ſhall it ſtill have honour for th' attempt;
When craft begins with fear, and ends with ſhame,
And in the whole deſign perplexed is:
Virtue, though luckleſs, yet ſhall 'ſcape contempt;
And though it hath not hap, it ſhall have fame.

TO THE LADY MARGARET,

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

He that of ſuch a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts ſo ſtrong,
As neither fear nor hope can ſhake the frame
Of his reſolved pow'rs; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His ſettled peace, or to diſturb the ſame:
What a fair ſeat hath he, from whence he may
The boundleſs waſtes and weilds of man ſurvey!
And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon theſe lower regions of turmoil?
Where all the ſtorms of paſſions mainly beat
On fleſh and blood: where honour, pow'r, renown
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatneſs ſtands upon as feeble feet,
As frailty doth; and only great doth ſeem
To little minds, who do it ſo eſteem.
He looks upon the mighti'ſt monarchs wars
But only as on ſtately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Muſt be the right: the ill-ſucceeding mars

The faireſt and the beſt fac'd enterprize.
Great pirate Pompey leſſer pirates quails:
Juſtice, he ſees, (as if ſeduced) ſtill
Conſpires with pow'r, whoſe cauſe muſt not be ill.
He ſees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the paſſions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To ſerve his ends, and make his courſes hold.
He ſees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive baſe ways to high deſires;
That the all-guiding providence doth yet
All diſappoint, and mocks this ſmoke of wit.
Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants threats, or with the ſurly brow
Of pow'r, that proudly ſits on others crimes;
Charg'd with more crying ſins than thoſe he checks.
The ſtorms of ſad confuſion, that may grow
Up in the preſent for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no ſide at all,
But of himſelf, and knows the worſt can fall.
Although his heart (ſo near ally'd to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed ſtate
Of troublous and diſtreſs'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own ſorrows, and do ſtill beget
Affliction upon imbecillity:
Yet ſeeing thus the courſe of things muſt run,
He looks thereon not ſtrange, but as fore-done.
And whilſt diſtraught ambition compaſſes,
And is encompaſs'd; whilſt as craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd: whilſt man doth ranſack man,
And builds on blood, and riſes by diſtreſs;
And th' inheritance of deſolation leaves
To great expecting hopes: he looks thereon,
As from the ſhore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.
Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath prepar'd
A reſt for his deſires; and ſees all things
Beneath him; and hath learn'd this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compar'd
The beſt of glory with her ſufferings:
By whom, I ſee, you labour all you can
To plant your heart; and ſet your thoughts as near
His glorious manſion, as your pow'rs can bear.
Which, madam, are ſo fondly faſhioned
By that clear judgment, that had carry'd you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can ſtand againſt the ſtrongeſt head
Paſſion can make; inur'd to any hue
The world can caſt; that cannot caſt that mind
Out of her form of goodneſs, that doth ſee
Both what the beſt and worſt of earth can be.
Which makes, that whatſoever here befals,
You in the region of yourſelf remain:
Where no vain breath of th' impudent moleſts,
That hath ſecur'd within the brazen walls
Of a clear conſcience, that (without all ſtain)
Riſes in peace, in innocency reſts;
Whilſt all what malice from without procures,
Shews her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.
And whereas none rejoice more in revenge,
Than women uſe to do; yet you well know,
That wrong is better check'd by b'ing contemn'd,
Than b'ing purſu'd; leaving to him t' avenge,
To whom it appertains. Wherein you ſhew,
How worthily your clearneſs hath condemn'd
Baſe Malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodneſs ſtill doth bark.
Knowing the heart of man is ſet to be
The centre of this world, about the which
Theſe revolutions of diſturbances
Still roll; where all th' aſpects of miſery
Predominate: whoſe ſtrong effects are ſuch,
As he muſt bear, b'ing pow'rleſs to redreſs:
And that unleſs above himſelf he can
Erect himſelf, how poor a thing is man!
And how turmoil'd they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themſelves from thence;
That never are at peace with their deſires,
But work beyond their years; and ev'n deny
Dotage her reſt, and hardly will diſpenſe
With death. That when ability expires,
Deſire lives ſtill—So much delight they have,
To carry toil and travel to the grave.
Whoſe ends you ſee; and what can be the beſt
They reach unto, when they have caſt the ſum
And reck'nings of their glory. And you know,
This floating life hath but this port of reſt,
A heart prepar'd, that fears no ill to come.
And that man's greatneſs reſts but in his ſhew,
The beſt of all whoſe days conſumed are
Either in war, or peace-conceiving war.
This concord, madam, of a well-tun'd mind
Hath been ſo ſet by that ill-working hand
Of heav'n, that though the world hath done his worſt
To put it out by diſcords moſt unkind;
Yet doth it ſtill in perfect union ſtand
With God and man; nor ever will be forc'd
From that moſt ſweet accord; but ſtill agree,
Equal in fortunes in equality.
And this note (madam) of your worthhineſs
Remains recorded in ſo many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right,
In th' inheritance of fame you muſt poſſeſs:
Yon that have built you by your great deſerts
(Out of ſmall means) a far more exquiſite
And glorious dwelling for your honour'd name,
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

TO THE LADY LUCY,

COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Though virtue be the ſame when low ſhe ſtands
In the humble ſhadows of obſcurity,
As when ſhe either ſweats in martial bands,
Or ſits in court clad with authority;
Yet, madam, doth the ſtrictneſs of her room
Greatly detract from her ability.
For as in-wall'd within a living tomb,
Her hands and arms of action labour not;
Her thoughts, as if abortive from the womb,
Come never born, though happily begot.
But where ſhe hath mounted in open ſight

An eminent and ſpacious dwelling got;
Where ſhe may ſtir at will, and uſe her might,
There is ſhe more herſelf, and more her own;
There in the fair attire of honour dight,
She ſits at eaſe, and makes her glory known.
Applauſe attends her hands; her deeds have grace;
Her worth, new-born, is ſtrait as if full grown.
With ſuch a godly and reſpected face
Doth virtue look, that's ſet to look from high;
And ſuch a fair advantage by her place
Hath ſtate and greatneſs to do worthily.
And therefore well did your high fortunes meet
With her, that gracing you comes grac'd thereby:
And well was let into a houſe ſo ſweet,
So good, ſo fair: ſo fair, ſo good a gueſt!
Who now remains as bleſſed in her ſeat,
As you are with her reſidency bleſt.
And this fair courſe of knowledge, whereunto
Your ſtudies (learned lady) are addreſt,
Is th' only certain way that you can go
Unto true glory, to true happineſs:
All paſſages on earth beſides, are ſo
Encumber'd with ſuch vain diſturbances,
As ſtill we loſe our reſt in ſeeking it,
B'ing but deluded with appearances.
And no key had you elſe that was ſo fit
T' unlock that priſon of your ſex as this,
To let you out of weakneſs and admit
Your pow'rs into the freedom of that bliſs,
That ſets you there where you may over-ſee
This rolling world, and view it as it is;
And apprehend how th' outſides do agree
With th' inward; being of the things we deem
And hold in our ill-caſt accounts, to be
Of higheſt value, and of beſt eſteem;
Since all the goods we have reſts in the mind,
By whoſe proportions only we redeem
Our thoughts from out confuſion, and do find
The meaſure of ourſelves, and of our pow'rs:
And that all happineſs remains confin'd
Within the kingdom of this breaſt of ours;
Without whoſe bounds, all that we look on lies
In others juriſdictions, others pow'rs,
Out of the circuit of our liberties.
All glory, honour, fame, applauſe, renown,
Are not belonging to our royalties,
But t' others wills, wherein they're only grown:
And that unleſs we find us all within,
We never can without us be our own;
Nor call it right our life that we live in;
But a poſſeſſion held for others uſe,
That ſeem to have moſt intereſt therein;
Which we do ſo diſſever, part, traduce,
Let out to cuſtom, faſhion; and to ſhew
As we enjoy but only the abuſe,
And have no other deed at all to ſhew.
How oft are we conſtrained to appear
With other countenance than that we owe;
And be ourſelves far off, when we are near!
How oft are we forc'd on a cloudy heart
To ſet a ſhining face, and make it clear;
Seeming content to put yourſelves apart,
To bear a part of others weakneſſes!
As if we only were compos'd by art,
Not nature; and did all our deeds addreſs
T' opinion, not t' a conſcience, what is right;
As fram'd b' example, not adviſedneſs,
Into thoſe forms that entertain our ſight.
And though books, madam, cannot make this mind,
Which we muſt bring apt to be ſet aright;
Yet do they rectify it in that kind,
And touch it ſo, as that it turns that way
Where judgment lies. And though we cannot find
The certain place of truth; yet do they ſtay,
And entertain us near about the ſame;
And give the ſoul the beſt delight, that may
Enchear it moſt, and moſt our ſpir'ts enflame
To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends.
And therefore, in a courſe that beſt became
The clearneſs of your heart, and beſt commends
Your worthy pow'rs; you run the righteſt way
That is on earth, that can true glory give;
By which, when all conſumes, your fame ſhall live.

TO THE LADY ANNE CLIFFORD.

Unto the tender youth of thoſe fair eyes
The light of judgment can ariſe but new,
And young; the world appears t' a young conceit,
Whilſt thorough the unacquainted faculties:
The late inveſted ſoul doth rawly view
Thoſe objects which on that diſcretion wait.
Yet you that ſuch a fair advantage have,
Both by your birth and happy pow'rs, t' outgo,
And be before your years, can fairly gueſs
What hue of life holds ſureſt without ſtain;
Having your well-wrought heart full furniſh'd ſo
With all the images of worthineſs,
As there is left no room at all t' inveſt
Figures of other form, but ſanctity.
Whilſt yet thoſe clean created thoughts within
The garden of your innocencies reſt;
Where are no motions of deformity,
Nor any door at all to let them in,
With ſo great care doth ſhe that hath brought forth
That comely body, labour to adorn
That better part, the manſion of your mind,
With all the richeſt furniture of worth,
To make y' as highly good as highly born,
And ſet your virtues equal to your kind.
She tells you, how that honour only is
A goodly garment put on fair deſerts;
Wherein the ſmalleſt ſtain is greateſt ſeen,
And that it cannot grace unworthineſs;
But more apparent ſhews defective parts,
How gay ſoever they are deck'd therein,
She tells you too, how that it bounded is,
And kept encloſed with ſo many eyes,
As that it cannot ſtray and break abroad
Into the private ways of careleſſneſs;
Nor ever may deſcend to vulgarize,
Or be below the ſphere of her abode.

But like to thoſe ſupernal bodies ſet
Within their orbs, muſt keep the certain courſe
Of order; deſtin'd to their proper place,
Which only doth their note of glory get.
Th' irregular appearances enforce
A ſhort reſpect, and periſh without grace:
B'ing meteors ſeeming high, but yet low plac'd,
Blazing but while their dying matters laſt.
Nor can we take the juſt height of the mind,
But by that order which her courſe doth ſhew,
And which ſuch ſplendor to her actions gives;
And thereby men her eminency find,
And thereby only do attain to know
The region, and the orb wherein ſhe lives.
For low in th' air of groſs uncertainty,
Confuſion only rolls, order ſits high.
And therefore ſince the deareſt things on earth,
This honour, Madam, hath his ſtately frame
From th' heav'nly order, which begets reſpect;
And that your nature, virtue, happy birth,
Have therein highly interplac'd your name,
You may not run the leaſt courſe of neglect.
For where not to obſerve, is to profane
Your dignity; how careful muſt you be,
To be yourſelf? And though you may to all
Shine fair aſpects; yet muſt the virtuous gain
The beſt effects of your benignity.
Nor muſt your common graces cauſe to fall
The price of your eſteem t' a lower rate,
Than doth befit the pitch of your eſtate.
Nor may you build on your ſufficiency,
For in our ſtrongeſt parts we are but weak;
Nor yet may over-much diſtruſt the ſame,
Leſt that you come to check it ſo thereby,
As ſilence may become worſe than to ſpeak:
Though ſilence women never ill became.
And none we ſee were overthrown
By others flatt'ry, more than by their own.
For though we live amongſt the tongues of praiſe,
And troops of ſmoothing people, that collaud
All that we do; yet 'tis within our hearts
Th' ambuſhment lies, that evermore betrays
Our judgments, when ourſelves be come t' applaud
Our own ability, and our own parts.
So that we muſt not only fence this fort
Of ours againſt all others fraud, but moſt
Againſt our own; whoſe danger is the moſt,
Becauſe we lie the neareſt to do hurt,
And ſoon'ſt deceive ourſelves; and ſoon'ſt are loſt
By our beſt pow'rs, that do us moſt tranſport.
Such are your holy bounds, who muſt convey
If God ſo pleaſe) the honourable blood
Of Clifford, and of Ruſſel; led aright
To many worthy ſtems, whoſe offspring may
Look back with comfort, to have had that good
To ſpring from ſuch a branch that grew ſ' upright;
Since nothing chears the heart of greatneſs more
Than th' anceſtors fair glory gone before.

TO HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

Non fert ullum ictum illæſa fælicitas.

He who hath never warr'd with miſery,
Nor ever tugg'd with fortune and diſtreſs,
Hath had n' occaſion, nor no field to try
The ſtrength and forces of his worthineſs,
Thoſe parts of judgment which felicity
Keeps as conceal'd, affliction muſt expreſs;
And only men ſhew their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.
The world had never taken ſo full note
Of what thou art, had'ſt thou not been undone;
And only thy affliction hath begot
More fame, than thy beſt fortunes could have done:
For ever by adverſity are wrought
The greateſt works of admiration;
And all the fair examples of renown,
Out of diſtreſs and miſery are grown.
Mutius the fire, the tortures Regulus,
Did make the miracles of faith and zeal:
Exile renown'd and grac'd Rutilius:
Impriſonment and poiſon did reveal
The worth of Socrates. Fabritius
Poverty did grace that commonweal,
More than all Sylla's riches got with ſtrife;
And Cato's death did vie with Cæſar's life.
Not to b' unhappy is unhappineſs,
And mis'ry not to have known miſery:
For the beſt way unto diſcretion, is
The way that leads us by adverſity.
And men are better ſhew'd what is amiſs,
By th' expert finger of calamity,
Than they can be with all that fortune brings,
Who never ſhews them the true face of things.
How could we know that thou could'ſt have endur'd,
With a repoſed cheer, wrong and diſgrace;
And with a heart and countenance aſſur'd,
Have look'd ſtern death and horror in the face!
How ſhould we know thy ſoul had been ſecur'd,
In honeſt counſels, and in way unbaſe;
Had'ſt thou not ſtood to ſhew us what thou wer't,
By thy affliction that deſcry'd thy heart!
It is not but the tempeſt that doth ſhow
The ſeamen's cunning; but the field that tries
The captain's courage—And we come to know
Beſt what men are, in their worſt jeopardies.
For lo! how many have we ſeen to grow
To high renown from loweſt miſeries,
Out of the hands of death? And many a one
T' have been undone, had they not been undone?
He that endures for what his conſcience knows
Not to be ill, doth from a patience high
Look only on the cauſe whereto he owes
Thoſe ſufferings, not on his miſery:
The more he endures, the more his glory grows;
Which never grows from imbecillity:
Only the beſt compos'd and worthieſt hearts,
God ſets to act the hard'ſt and conſtant'ſt parts.

THE

PASSION OF A DISTRESSED MAN;

Who being in a Tempeſt on the Sea, and having in his Boat two Women, (of whom he loved the one, that diſdained him; and ſcorned the other, who affected him), was, by Commandment from Neptune, to caſt out one of them to appeaſe the Rage of the Tempeſt; but which was referred to his own Choice.

My unkind love, or ſhe that loves me dear,
Neptune will have caſt forth, to calm the ſeas:
One of theſe two, or all, muſt periſh here;
And therefore now which ſhall I ſave of theſe?
Ah! do I make a queſtion which to ſave,
When my deſires ſhare but one only part!
Whom ſhould it be but ſhe, to whom I have
Reſign'd my life, and ſacrific'd my heart?
She! ſhe muſt live!—The tempeſts of whoſe brow
Confound me more than all theſe ſtorms can do:
And but for whom I live—And therefore how
Can any life be life, 'leſs ſhe live too?
For by that means I both may pacify
The rigor of theſe waves, and her hard heart;
Who muſt ſave him, who would not let her die:
Nor can ſhe but reward ſo great deſert.
She cannot, but in mercy needs muſt give
Comfort to him, by whom herſelf doth live.

Pars Altera.

But ſhall the blood of her that loves me then
Be ſacrific'd to her diſdainfulneſs
That ſcorns my love? And ſhall I hope to win
Mercy from her, by being mercileſs?
Will not her ſafety being thus attain'd,
Raiſe her proud heart t' a higher ſet of ſcorn,
When ſhe ſhall ſee my paſſions are diſtain'd
With blood; although it were to ſerve her turn?
Since th' act of ill, though it fall good to us,
Makes us yet hate the doer of the ſame. [thus;
And though my hand ſhould have preſerv'd her
Yet b'ing by cruel means, it is my ſhame,
Which ſhe will but aſcribe to my defects,
And th' imperfections of my paſſions; which
She knows the infl'ence of her eyes effects,
And therein joys t' have vanquiſh'd me ſo much
And when deſert ſhall ſeem t' exact reward,
It breeds a loathing in the heart of grace,
That muſt work free out of her own regard,
And have no dues t' upbraid her to her face.
So ſhall I then have bent againſt my ſoul,
Both her diſdain, and th' horror of that deed,
Which ever muſt my cruelty controul,
And check the wrong that never can ſucceed.
And though it be requir'd that one muſt go,
By meſſage ſent me from the pow'rs divine,
Yet will I not redeem my ſafety ſo;
Though life be in their hand, death is in mine:
And therefore ſince compaſſion cannot be
Cruel to either; Neptune, take all three.

Reſumptio.

But that were to be cruel to all three;
Rebel to nature, and the gods arreſt,
Whoſe ordinances muſt obſerved be:
Nor may our frailty with the heav'ns conteſt.
Why then that muſt be done that's leaſt unjuſt;
And my affections may not bear a part
With cruelty and wrong. But here I muſt
Be of a ſide, to go againſt my heart;
And her diſdain her due reward muſt have
She muſt be caſt away, that would not ſave.

MUSOPHILUS:

CONTAINING

A GENERAL DEFENCE OF LEARNING.

To the Right Worthy and Judicious Favourer of Virtue,

MR. FULKE GREVILL.

I do not here upon this hum'rous ſtage
Bring my transformed verſe apparelled
With others paſſions, or with others rage;
With loves, with wounds, with factions furniſhed:
But here preſent thee, only modelled
In this poor frame, the form of mine own heart:
Where, to revive myſelf, my muſe is led
With motions of her own, t' act her own part,
Striving to make her own contemned art
As fair t' herſelf as poſſibly ſhe can;
Leſt ſeeming of no force, of no deſert,
She might repent the courſe that ſhe began;
And, with theſe times of diſſolution, fall
From goodneſs, virtue, glory, fame, and all.

PHILOCOSMUS.

Fond man, Muſophilus, that thus doſt ſpend
In an ungainful art thy deareſt days,
Tiring thy wits, and toiling to no end,
But to attain that idle ſmoke of praiſe!
Now when this huſy world cannot attend
Th' untimely muſic of neglected lays;
Other delights than theſe, other deſires,
This wiſer profit ſeeking age requires.

MUSOPHILUS.

Friend Philocoſmus, I confeſs indeed
I love this ſacred art thou ſett'ſt ſo light;
And though it never ſtand my life in ſtead,
It is enough it gives myſelf delight,
The whilſt my unafflicted mind doth feed
On no unholy thoughts for benefit.
Be it, that my unſeaſonable ſong
Come out of time, that fault is in the time;
And I muſt not do virtue ſo much wrong,
As love her ought the worſe for others crime:
And yet I find ſome bleſſed ſpir'ts among
That cheriſh me, and like and grace my rhime.
Again, that I do more in ſoul eſteem,
Than all the gain of duſt the world doth crave:
And if I may attain but to redeem
My name from diſſolution and the grave;
I ſhall have done enough; and better deem
T' have liv'd to be, than to have dy'd to have.
Short-breath'd mortality would yet extend
That ſpan of life ſo far forth as it may,
And rob her fate; ſeek to beguile her end
Of ſome few ling'ring days of after-ſtay;
That all this little all might not deſcend
Into the dark an univerſal prey;
And give our labours yet this poor delight,
That when our days do end, they are not done;

And though we die, we shall not perish quite,
But live two lives where others have but one.

PHILOSOMUS.

Silly desires of self-abusing man,
Striving to gain th' inheritance of air,
That having done the uttermost he can,
Leaves yet perhaps but beggary t' his heir:
All that great purchase of the breath he wan,
Feeds not his race, or makes his house more fair.
And what art thou the better, thus to leave
A multitude of words to small effect;
Which other times may scorn, and so deceive
Thy promis'd name of what thou dost expect?
Besides some vip'rous critic may bereave
Th' opinion of thy worth for some defect;
And get more reputation of his wit,
By but controlling of some word or sense,
Than thou shalt honour for contriving it
With all thy travel, care, and diligence;
B'ing learning now enough to contradict,
And censure others with bold insolence.
Besides, so many so confus'dly sing,
Whose diverse discords have the music marr'd,
And in contempt that mystery doth bring,
That he must sing aloud that will be heard.
And the receiv'd opinion of the thing,
For some unhallow'd string that vilely jarr'd,
Hath so unseason'd now the ears of men,
That who doth touch the tenor of that vein,
Is held but vain; and his unreckon'd pen
The title but of levity doth gain.
A poor light gain, to recompence their toil,
That thought to get eternity the while!
And therefore leave the left and out-worn course
Of unregarded ways, and labour how
To fit the times with what is most in force;
Be new with men's affections that are new:
Strive not to run an idle counter-course,
Out from the scent of humours men allow.
For not discreetly to compose our parts
Unto the frame of men (which we must be)
Is to put off ourselves, and make our arts
Rebels to nature and society,
Whereby we come to bury our deserts
In th' obscure grave of singularity.

MUSOPHILUS.

Do not profane the work of doing well,
Seduced man, that can'st not look so high
From out that mist of earth, as thou can'st tell
The ways of right which virtue doth descry;
That overlooks the base contemptibly,
And low laid follies of mortality.
Nor mete out truth and right deserving praise
By that wrong measure of confusion,
The vulgar foot; that never takes his ways
By reason, but by imitation;
Rolling on with the rest, and never weighs
The course which he should go, but what is gone.
Well were it with mankind, if what the most
Did like were best: But ignorance will live
By others square, as by example lost.
And man to man must th' hand of error give,
That none can fall alone at their own cost;
And all because men judge not, but believe.

For what poor bounds have they, whom but
th' earth bounds?
What is their end whereto their care attains;
When the thing got relieves not, but confounds;
Having but travel to succeed their pains?
What joy hath he of living, that propounds
Affliction but his end, and grief his gains?
Gath'ring, encroaching, wresting, joining to,
Destroying, building, decking, furnishing,
Repairing, alt'ring, and so much ado,
To his soul's toil, and body's travelling:
And all this doth he, little knowing who
Fortune ordains to have th' inheriting.
And his fair house rais'd high in envy's eye,
Whose pillars rear'd (perhaps) on blood and wrong,
The spoils and pillage of iniquity,
Who can assure it to continue long?
If rage spar'd not the walls of piety,
Shall the profanest piles of sin keep strong?
How many proud, aspiring palaces,
Have we known made the prey of wrath and pride;
Levell'd with th' earth, left to forgetfulness;
Whilst titlers their pretended rights decide,
Or civil tumults, or an orderless
Order; pretending change of some strong side?
Then where is that proud title of thy name,
Written in ice of melting vanity?
Where is thine heir left to possess the fame?
Perhaps not so well as in beggary.
Something may rise, to be beyond the shame
Of vile and unregarded poverty.
Which I must confess; although I often strive
To clothe in the best habit of my skill,
In all the fairest colours I can give.
Yet for all that methinks she looks but ill;
I cannot brook that face, which (dead alive)
Shews a quick body, but a bury'd will.
Yet oft we see the bars of this restraint
Holds goodness in, which loose wealth would let fly;
And fruitless riches, barrener than want,
Brings forth small worth from idle liberty:
Which when disorders shall again make scant,
It must refetch her state from poverty.
But yet in all this interchange of all,
Virtue, we see, with her fair grace stands fast:
For what high races hath there come to fall
With low disgrace, quite vanished and past,
Since Chaucer liv'd; who yet lives, and yet shall,
Though (which I grieve to say) but in his last.
Yet what a time hath he wrested from time,
And won upon the mighty waste of days,
Unto th' immortal honour of our clime,
That by his means came first adorn'd with bays?
Unto the sacred relics of whose time,
We yet are bound in zeal to offer praise.
And could our lines, begotten in this age,
Obtain but such a blessed hand of years,
And 'scape the fury of that threatening rage,
Which in confused clouds ghastly appears;
Who would not strain his travels to engage,
When such true glory should succeed his cares?

But whereas he came planted in the ſpring,
And had the ſun before him of reſpect;
We, ſet in th' autumn, in the withering
And ſullen ſeaſon of a cold defect,
Muſt taſte thoſe ſour diſtaſtes the times do bring
Upon the ſulneſs of a cloy'd neglect,
Although the ſtronger conſtitutions ſhall
Wear out th' infection of diſtemper'd days,
And come with glory to out-live this fall,
Recov'ring of another ſpringing of praiſe;
Clear'd from th' oppreſſing humours wherewithal
The idle multitude ſurcharge their lays.
When as (perhaps) the words thou ſcorneſt now
May live, the ſpeaking picture of the mind;
The extract of the ſoul, that labour'd how
To leave the image of herſelf behind;
Wherein poſterity, that love to know,
The juſt proportion of our ſpir'ts may find.
For theſe lines are the veins, the arteries,
And undecaying life-ſtrings of thoſe hearts,
That ſtill ſhall pant, and ſtill ſhall exerciſe
The motion, ſpir't and nature both imparts,
And ſhall with thoſe alive ſo ſympathiſe,
As nouriſh'd with their pow'rs, enjoy their parts.
O bleſſed letters! that combine in one
All ages paſt, and make one live with all.
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the dead-living unto council call:
By you th' unborn ſhall have communion
Of what we feel, and what doth us befal.
Soul of the world, knowledge, without thee,
What hath the earth that truly glorious is?
Why ſhould our pride make ſuch a ſtir to be,
To be forgot? What good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the world's delight?
And let th' unnatural and wayward race,
Born of one womb with us, but to our ſhame;
That never read t' obſerve, but to diſgrace)
Raiſe all the tempeſt of their pow'r, to blame;
That puff of ſolly never can deface
The work a happy genius took to frame.
Yet why ſhould civil learning ſeek to wound,
And mangle her own members with deſpite?
Prodigious wits! that ſtudy to confound
The life of wit, to ſeem to know aright;
As if themſelves had fortunately found
Some ſtand from off the earth beyond our ſight;
Whence overlooking all as from above,
Their grace is not to work, but to reprove:
But how came they plac'd in ſo high degree,
Above the reach and compaſs of the reſt?
Who hath admitted them only to be
Free denizens of ſkill, to judge the beſt?
From whom the world as yet could never ſee
The warrant of their wit ſoundly expreſt.
T' acquaint our times with that perfection
Of high conceit, which only they poſſeſs;
That we might have things exquiſitely done,
Meaſur'd with all their ſtrict obſervances:
Such would (I know) ſcorn a tranſlation,
Or bring but others labours to the preſs;
Yet oft theſe monſter-breeding mountains will
Bring forth ſmall mice of great expected ſkill.
Preſumption, ever fulleſt of defects,
Fails in the doing to perform her part;
And I have known proud words, and poor effects,
Of ſuch indeed as do condemn this art:
But let them reſt; it ever hath been known,
They others virtues ſcorn that doubt their own.
And for the divers diſagreeing cords
Of inter-jangling ignorance, that fill
The dainty ears, and leave no room for words,
The worthier minds neglect, or pardon will:
Knowing the beſt he hath, he frankly 'fords,
And ſcorns to be a niggard of his ſkill.
And that the rather ſince this ſhort-liv'd race
B'ing fatally the ſons but of one day,
That now with all their pow'r ply't apace
To hold out with the greateſt might they may,
Againſt confuſion that hath all in chace,
To make of all an univerſal prey.
For now great nature hath laid down at laſt
That mighty birth wherewith ſo long ſhe went,
And over-went the times of ages paſt,
Here to lie in upon our ſoft content;
Where fruitful ſhe hath multipli'd ſo faſt,
That all ſhe hath on theſe times ſeem'd t' have ſpent.
All that which might have many ages grac'd,
Is born in one, to make one cloy'd with all;
Where plenty hath impreſs'd a deep diſtaſte
Of beſt and worſt, and all in general;
That goodneſs ſeems goodneſs to have defac'd,
And virtue hath to virtue giv'n the fall.
For emulation, that proud curſe of wit,
Scorning to ſtay below, or come behind,
Labours upon that narrow top to ſit
Of ſole perfection in the higheſt kind.
Envy and wonder looking after it,
Thruſt likewiſe on the ſelf-fame bliſs to find:
And ſo long ſtriving till they can no more,
Do ſtuff the place, or others hopes ſhut out;
Who doubting to o'ertake thoſe gone before,
Give up their cate, and caſt no more about;
And ſo in ſcorn leave all as fore-poſſeſt,
And will be none, where they may not be beſt.
Ev'n like ſome empty creek, that long hath lain
Left or neglected of the river by,
Whoſe ſearching ſides pleas'd with a wand'ring vein,
Finding ſome little way that cloſe did lie,
Steal in at firſt; then other ſtreams again,
Second the firſt, then more than all ſupply;
Till all the mighty main hath born at laſt
The glory of his chiefeſt pow'r that way,
Plying this new-found pleaſant room ſo faſt,
Till all be full, and all be at a ſtay;
And then about, and back again doth caſt,
Leaving that full to fall another way:
So fares this hum'rous world, that evermore
Rapt with the current of a preſent courſe,
Runs into that which lay contemn'd before;
Then glutted, leaves the ſame, and falls t' a worſe.
Now zeal holds all, no life but to adore;
Then cold in ſpir't, and faith is of no force.
Strait all that holy was unhallow'd lies,
The ſcatter'd carcaſes of ruin'd vows;

Then truth is false, and now hath blindness eyes;
Then zeal trusts all, now scarcely what it knows:
That evermore to foolish or to wise,
It fatal is to be seduc'd with shows,
Sacred religion! Mother of form and fear!
How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit deck'd?
What pompous vestures do we make thee wear
What stately piles we prodigal erect?
How sweet perfum'd thou art: how shining clear?
How solemnly observ'd; with what respect?
Another time all plain, all quite thread-bare;
Thou must have all within, and nought without;
Sit poorly without light, disrob'd: No care
Of outward grace, t' amuse the poor devout;
Pow'rless, unfollow'd: Scarcely men can spare
The necessary rites to set thee out.
Either truth, goodness, virtue are not still
The self-same which they are, and always one,
But alter to the project of our will;
Or we our actions make them wait upon,
Putting them in the liv'ry of our skill,
And cast them off again when we have done.
You, mighty lords, that with respected grace
Do at the stern of fair example stand,
And all the body of this populace
Guide with the turning of your hand;
Keep a right course; bear up from all disgrace;
Observe the point of glory to our land:
Hold up disgraced knowledge from the ground;
Keep virtue in request; give worth her due:
Let not neglect with barb'rous means confound
So fair a good, to bring in night anew:
Be not, O be not accessary found
Unto her death, that must give life to you.
Where will you have your virtuous name safe laid
In gorgeous tombs, in sacred cells secure?
Do you not see those prostrate heaps betray'd
Your father's bones, and could not keep them sure?
And will you trust deceitful stones fair laid
And think they will be to your honour truer?
No, no; unsparing time will proudly send
A warrant unto wrath, that with one frown
Will all these mock'ries of vain glory rend,
And make them (as before) ungrac'd, unknown;
Poor idle honours, that can ill defend
Your memories, that cannot keep their own.
And where are serve that wondrous trophy now
That on the goodly plain near Walton stands?
That huge dumb heap, that cannot tell us how,
Nor what, nor whence it is; nor with whose hands,
Nor for whose glory—it was set to shew,
How much our pride mocks that of other lands.
Whereon, when as the gazing passenger
Had greedy look'd with admiration;
And fain would know his birth, and what he were;
How there erected; and how long agon:
Inquires and asks his fellow traveller
What he had heard, and his opinion:
And he knows nothing: Then he turns again,
And looks and sighs; and then admires afresh,
And in himself with sorrow doth complain
The misery of dark forgetfulness;
Angry with time that nothing should remain,
Our greatest wonders wonder to express.
Then ignorance, with fabulous discourse,
Robbing fair art and cunning of their right,
Tells how those stones were by the devil's force
From Afric brought to Ireland in a night;
And thence to Britanny, by magic course,
From giants hands redeem'd by Merlin's slight:
And then near Ambri plac'd, in memory
Of all those noble Britons murder'd there,
By Hengist and his Saxon treachery,
Coming to parley in peace at unaware.
With this old legend then credulity
Holds her content, and closes up her care.
But is antiquity so great a liar?
Or do her younger sons her age abuse;
See'ng after-comers still so apt t' admire
The grave authority that she doth use,
That rev'rence and respect dares not require
Proof of her deeds, or once her words refuse?
Yet wrong they did us, to presume so far
Upon our easy credit and delight;
For once found false, they straight became to mar
Our faith, and their own reputation quite;
That now her truths hardly believed are;
And though she avouch the right, she scarce hath right.
And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame,
That stands corrupted so with time's despite,
And giv'st false evidence against their fame
That set thee there to testify their right;
And art become a traitor to their name,
That trusted thee with all the best they might;
Thou shalt stand still bely'd and slandered,
The only gazingstock of ignorance,
And by thy guile the wise admonished,
Shall never more desire such hopes t' advance,
Nor trust their living glory with the dead
That cannot speak, but leave their fame to chance.
Consid'ring in how small a room do lie,
And yet lie safe, (as fresh as if alive)
All those great worthies of antiquity,
Which long fore-liv'd thee, and shall long survive;
Who stronger tombs found for eternity,
Than could the pow'rs of all the earth contrive.
Where they remain these trifles to upbraid,
Out of the reach of spoil, and way of rage;
Though time with all his pow'r of years hath laid
Long batt'ry, back'd with undermining age;
Yet they make head only with their own aid,
And war with his all-conqu'ring forces wage;
Pleading the heav'n's prescription to be free,
And t' have a grant t' endure as long as he.

PHILOCOSMUS.

Behold how ev'ry man, drawn with delight
Of what he doth, flatters him in his way;
Striving to make his course seem only right,
Doth his own rest, and his own thoughts betray:
Imagination bringing bravely dight
Her pleasing images in best array,
With flatt'ring glasses that must shew him fair,
And others foul: His skill and wit the best,
Others seduc'd, deceiv'd and wrong in their;
His knowledge right, all ignorant the rest;

Not see'ng how these minions in the air
Present a face of things falsely exprest,
And that the glimm'ring of these errors shown
Are but a light to let him see his own.
Alas, poor fame! in what a narrow room,
As an incaged parrot, art thou pent
Here amongst us; where ev'n as good be dumb
As speak, and to be heard with no attent?
How can you promise of the time to come,
When as the present are so negligent?
Is this the walk of all your wide renown!
This little point, this scarce discerned isle!
Thrust from the world, with whom our speech unknown,
Made never any traffic of our style.
And in this all, where all this care is shown,
T' enchant your fame to last so long a while:
And for that happier tongues have won so much,
Think you to make your barb'rous language such?
Poor narrow limits for so mighty pains,
That cannot promise any foreign vent!
And yet if here too all your wondrous veins
Were generally known, it might content.
But lo! how many reads not, or disdains
The labour of the chief and excellent?
How many thousands never heard the name
Of Sidney, or of Spencer; or their books?
And yet brave fellows, and presume of fame;
And seem to bear down all the world with looks:
What then shall they expect of meaner frame,
On whose endeavours few or none scarce looks?
Do you not see these pamphlets, libels, rhimes,
These strange confused tumults of the mind,
Are grown to be the sickness of these times,
The great disease inflicted on mankind?
Your virtues, by your follies made your crimes,
Have issue with your indiscretion join'd.
Schools, arts professions, all in so great store,
Pass the proportion of the present state;
Where b'ing as great a number as before,
And fewer rooms them to accommodate;
It cannot be, but they must throng the more,
And kick and thrust, and shoulder with debate.
For when the greater wits cannot attain
Th' expected good which they account their right,
And yet perceive others to reap that gain
Of far inferior virtues in their sight;
They present, with the sharp of envy, strain
To wound them with reproaches and despite;
And for these cannot have as well as they, [way.
They scorn their faith should deign to look that
Hence discontented sects and schisms arise;
Hence interwounding controversies spring,
That feed the simple, and offend the wise,
Who know the consequence of cavilling
Disgrace, that these to others do devise:
Contempt and scorn on all in th' end doth bring,
Like scolding wives, reck'ning each others fault,
Make standers-by imagine both are naught.
For when to these rare dainties time admits
All comers, all complexions, all that will;
Where none should be let in but choicest wits,
Whose mild discretion could comport with skill:
For when the place their humour neither fits,
Nor they the place; who can expect but ill?
For b'ing unapt for what they took in hand,
And for ought else whereto they shall b' addrest,
They ev'n become th' incumbrance of the land,
As out of rank, disord'ring all the rest:
This grace of theirs to seem to understand,
Mars all their grace, to do without their rest.
Men find that action is another thing,
Than what they in discoursing papers read:
The world's affairs require in managing
More arts than those wherein you clerks proceed;
Whilst tim'rous knowledge stands considering,
Audacious ignorance hath done the deed.
For who knows most, the more he knows to doubt;
The least discourse is commonly most stout. [clean.
This sweet-enchanting knowledge turns you
Out from the fields of natural delight,
And makes you hide, unwilling to be seen
In th' open concourse of a public sight:
This skill wherewith you have so cunning been,
Unsinews all your pow'rs, unmans you quite.
Public soci'ty, and commerce of men,
Require another grace, another port:
This eloquence, these rhimes, these phrases then
Begot in shades, do serve us in no sort;
The unmaterial swelling of your pen,
Touch not the spir't that action doth import.
A manly style fitted to manly ears,
Best 'grees with wit; not that which goes so gay,
And commonly the gaudy liv'ry wears
Of nice corruptions, which the times do sway;
And waits on th' humour of his pulse, that bears
His passions set to such a pleasing key.
Such dainties serve only for stomachs weak;
For men do foulest, when they finest speak.
Yet do I not dislike, that in some wise
Be sung the great heroical deserts
Of brave renowned spir'ts; whose exercise
Of worthy deeds may call up others hearts,
And serve a model for posterities,
To fashion them fit for like glorious parts;
But so that all our spir'ts may tend hereto,
To make it not our grace to say, but do

MUSOPHILUS.

Much thou hast said, and willingly I hear,
As one that am not so possess'd with love
Of what I do; but that I rather bear
An ear to learn, than a tongue to disprove:
I know men must, as carry'd in their sphere,
According to their proper motions move.
And that course likes them best, which they are on;
Yet truth hath certain bounds, but falsehood none.
I do confess our limits are but small,
Compar'd with all the whole vast earth beside;
All which again rated to that Great All,
Is likewise as a point, scarcely descry'd:
So that in these respects we may this call
A point but of a point, where we abide.
But if we shall descend from that high stand
Of overlooking contemplation,
And cast our thoughts but to, and not beyond
This spacious circuit which we tread upon;
We then may estimate our mighty land
A world within a world, standing alone.
Where if our fame confin'd cannot get out,
What shall we imagine it is pen'd,

That hath so great a world to walk about;
Whose bounds with her reports have both one end?
Why shall we not rather esteem her stout,
That farther than her own scorn to extend?
Where b'ing so large a room both to do well,
And eke to hear th' applause of things well done;
That farther if men shall our virtues tell,
We have more mouths, but not more merit won;
It doth not greater make that which is laud'ble,
The flame is bigger blown, the fire all one.
And for the few that only lend their ear,
That few is all the world; which with a few
Do ever live, and move, and work, and stir.
This is the heart doth feel, and only know
The rest of all that only bodies bear,
Roll up and down, and fill up but the row;
And serves as others members, not their own,
The instruments of those that do direct.
Then what disgrace is this, not to be known
To those know not to give themselves respect?
And though they swell with pomp of folly blown,
They live ungrac'd, and die but in neglect.
And for my part, if only one allow
The care my lab'ring spirits take in this;
He is to me a the'tre large enow,
And his applause only sufficient is:
All my respect is bent but to his brow:
That is my All, and all I am is his.
And if some worthy spir'ts be pleased too,
It shall more comfort breed, but not more will.
But what if none? it cannot yet undo
The love I bear into this holy skill.
This is the thing that I was born to do:
This is my scene; this part must I fulfil.
Let those that know not breath esteem of wind,
And set t' a vulgar air their servile song;
Rating their goodness by the praise they find,
Making their worth on others fits belong;
As virtue were the hireling of the mind,
And could not live if fame had ne'er a tongue:
Hath that all-knowing pow'r, that holds within
The goodly prospective of all this frame,
(Where whatsoever is, or what hath been,
Reflects a certain image of the same).
No inward pleasures to delight her in,
But she must gad to seek an alms of fame?
Must she, like to a wanton courtezan,
Open her breasts for shew, to win her praise;
And blaze her fair bright beauty unto man,
As if she were enamour'd of his ways;
And knew not weakness, nor could rightly scan
To what defects his hum'rous breath obeys?
She that can tell how proud ambition
Is but a beggar, and hath nought at all,
But what is giv'n of mere devotion:
For which, how much it sweats! how much its thrall!
What toil it takes! And yet when all is done,
Th' ends in expectation never fall.
Shall she join hands with such a servile mate,
And prostrate her fair body, to commit
Folly with earth; and to defile that state
Of clearness, for so gross a benefit?
Having reward dwelling within her gate,
And glory of her own to furnish it.

Herself a recompence sufficient
Unto herself, to give her own content.
Its not enough that she hath rais'd so high
Those that be her's; that they may sit and see
The earth below them, and this All to lie
Under their view? taking the true degree
Of the just height of swol'n mortality
Right as it is, not as it seems to be.
And undeceived with the paralax
Of a mistaking eye of passion, know
By these mask'd outsides what the inward lacks;
Meas'ring man by himself, not by his shew:
Wond'ring not at their rich and golden backs,
That have poor minds, and little else to shew.
Nor taking that for them, which well they see
Is not of them, but rather is their load:
The lies of fortune, wherewithal men be
Deemed within, when they be all abroad;
Whose ground, whose grass, whose earth have cap and knee,
Which they suppose is on themselves bestow'd;
And think (like Isis' ass) all honours are
Giv'n unto them alone; the which are done
Unto the painted idol which they bear,
That only makes them to be gazed on.
For take away their pack, and shew them bare,
And see what beast this honour rides upon.
Hath knowledge lent to her's the privy key,
To let them in unto the highest stage
Of causes, secrets, counsels; to survey
The wits of men, their heats, their colds, their rage;
That build, destroy, praise, hate, say, and gainsay,
Believe and unbelieve, all in one age?
And shall we trust goodness, as it proceeds
From that unconstant mouth; which with one breath
Will make it bad again, unless it feeds
The present humour that it favoureth?
Shall we esteem, and reckon how it heeds
Our works, that his own vows unhalloweth?
Then whereto serves it to have been enlarg'd
With this free manumission of the mind,
If for all that we still continue charg'd
With those discover'd errors which we find?
As if our knowledge only were discharg'd,
Yet we ourselves stay'd in a servile kind.
That virtue must be out of countenance,
If this gross spir't, or that weak shallow brain,
Or this nice wit, or that distemperance,
Neglect, distaste, uncomprehend, disdain:
When such sick eyes can never cast a glance,
But through the colours of their proper stain.
Though I must needs confess, the small respect
That these great seeming-best of men do give,
(Whose brow begets th' inferior sort's neglect)
Might move the weak irresolute to grieve;
But stronger see how justly this defect
Hath overtook the times wherein we live.
That learning needs must run the common fate
Of all things else, thrust on by her own weight
Comporting not herself in her estate,
Under this burden of a self-conceit:
Our own dissentious hands op'ning the gate
Unto contempt, that on our quarrels wait,

Difcover'd have our inward government;
And led in hard opinion to difgrace
The general, for fome weak impotent,
That bear out their difeafe with a ftol'n face;
Who (filly fouls!) the more wit they have fpent,
The lefs they fhew'd, not bett'ring their bad cafe.
And fee how foon this rolling world can take
Advantage for her diffolution!
Fain to get looſe from this withholding ſtake
Of civil ſcience and diſcretion;
How glad it would run wild, that it might make
One formleſs form of one confuſion!
Like tyrant Ottomans blindfolded ſtate,
Which muſt know nothing more, but to obey:
For this ſeeks greedy ignorance t' abate
Our number, order, living, form and ſway:
For this it practiſes to diſſipate
Th' unſhelter'd troops, till all be made away.
For ſince our father's ſins pull'd firſt to ground
The pale of this diſſever'd dignity,
And overthrew that holy rev'rend bound,
That parted learning and the laity,
And laid all flat in common; to confound
The honour and reſpect of piety:
It did ſo much invile the eſtimate
Of th' open'd and invulgar'd myſteries,
Which now reduc'd unto the baſeſt rate,
Muſt wait upon the Norman ſubtleties;
Who being mounted up into their ſtate,
Do beſt with wrangling rudeneſs ſympathize.
And yet, though now ſet quite behind the train
Of vulgar ſway, (and light of pow'r weigh'd light)
Yet would this giddy innovation fain
Down with it lower, to abaſe it quite:
And thoſe poor remnants that do yet remain
The ſpoiled marks of their divided right.
They wholly would deface, to leave no face
Of reverend diſtinction and degree;
As if they weigh'd no diff'rence in this caſe,
Betwixt religion's age and infancy: [grace,
Where th' one muſt creep, th' other ſtand with
Leſt turn'd t' a child, it overturned be.
Though to pull back th' on-running ſtate of things,
(Gath'ring corruption, as it gathers days)
Unto the form of their firſt orderings,
Is the beſt means that diſſolution ſtays;
And to go forward, backward right men brings,
To obſerve the line from whence they took their ways.
Yet being once gone wide, and the right way
Not level to the times condition;
To alter courſe may bring men more aſtray:
And leaving what was known, to light on none:
Since ev'ry change, the rev'rence doth decay
Of that which alway ſhould continue one.
For this is that cloſe kept palladium,
Which once remov'd, brings ruin evermore:
This ſtirr'd, makes men ſore-ſettled, to become
Curious to know what was believ'd before:
Whilſt faith diſputes, that uſed to be dumb;
And more men ſtrive to talk, than to adore.
For never headſtrong reformation will
Reſt, till to th' extreme oppoſite it run,
And overrun the mean diſtruſted ſtill;
As b'ing too near of kin to that men ſhun:
For good and bad, and all muſt be one ill,
When once there is another truth begun.
So hard it is an even hand to bear,
In temp'ring with ſuch maladies as theſe;
Leſt that our forward paſſions launch too near,
And make the cure prove worſe than the diſeaſe:
For with the worſt we will not ſpare the beſt,
Becauſe it grows with that which doth diſpleaſe.
And faults are eaſier look'd in, than redreſt:
Men running with ſuch eager violence,
At the firſt view of errors freſh in queſt;
As they, to rid an inconvenience,
Stick not to raiſe a miſchief in the ſtead,
Which after mocks their weak improvidence,
And therefore do make not your own ſides bleed,
To prick at others: you that would amend
By pulling down, and think you can proceed,
By going back unto the farther end:
Let ſtand that little covert left behind,
Whereon your ſuccours and reſpects depend;
And bring not down the prizes of the mind,
With under-rating of yourſelves ſo baſe:
You that the mighties doors do crouching find,
To ſell yourſelves to buy a little grace;
Or wait whole months to outbid Simony,
For that which being got, is not your place.
For if it were, what needed you to buy [ſhift,
What was your due? your thirſting ſhews your
And little worth, that ſeeks injuriouſly
A worthier from his lawful room to lift.
We cannot ſay, that you were then preferr'd;
But that your money was, or ſome worſe gift.
O ſcatt'ring gath'rers! that without regard
Of times to come, will (to be made) undo;
As if you were the laſt of men, prepar'd
To bury in your graves all other too.
Dare you profane that holy portion,
Which never ſacrilegious hand durſt do?
Did form-eſtabliſhing devotion,
To maintain a reſpective reverence,
Extend her bountiful proviſion
With ſuch a charitable providence,
For your deforming hands to diſſipate,
And make God's due your impious expence?
No marvel then, though th' over-peſter'd ſtate
Want room for goodneſs; if our little hold
Be leſſen'd unto ſuch a narrow rate,
That rev'rence cannot ſit; ſit as it ſhould.
And yet what need we thus for rooms complain?
That ſhall not want void rooms, if this courſe hold;
And more than will be fill'd—For who will ſtrain,
To get an empty title, to betray
His hopes; and travel for an honour vain,
And gain a port, without ſupport or ſtay?
What need hath envy to malign their ſtate,
That will themſelves (ſo kind!) give it away?
This makes indeed our number paſs the rate
Of our proviſions; which, if dealt aright,
Would yield ſufficient room t' accommodate,
More than we have in places requiſite.
The ill-diſpoſing only doth us ſet
In diſarray, and out of order quite.

Whilſt others gifts then of the mind ſhall get,
Under our colours, that which is our dues.
And to our travels, neither benefit,
Nor grace, nor honour, nor reſpect accrues:
The ſickneſs of the ſtate's ſoul (learning) then
The body's great diſtemp'rature enſues.
For if that learning's rooms to learned men
Were as their heritage diſtributed,
All this diſorder'd thruſt would ceaſe. For when
The fit were call'd; th' unworthy fruſtrated:
Theſe would be 'ſham'd to ſeek; thoſe to b' unſought;
And ſtay'ng their turn, were ſure they ſhould be ſped.
Then would our drooping academies, brought
Again in heart, regain that rev'rend hand
Of loſt opinion; and no more be thought
Th' unneceſſary furniſh of the land,
Nor (diſcouraged with their ſmall eſteem)
Confus'd, irreſolute and wav'ring ſtand:
Caring not to become profound; but ſeem
Contented with a ſuperficial ſkill,
Which for a ſlight reward enough they deem,
When th' one ſucceeds as well as th' other will:
See'ng ſhorter ways lead ſooner to their end,
And others longer travels thrive ſo ill.
Then would they only labour to extend
Their now unſearching ſpir't beyond theſe bounds
Of others pow'rs, wherein they muſt be pen'd;
As if there were beſides no other grounds:
And ſet their bold *plus ultra* far without
The pillars of thoſe axioms age propounds.
Diſcov'ring daily more and more about,
In that immenſe and boundleſs ocean
Of nature's riches, never yet found out,
Nor fore-clos'd with the wit of any man.
So far beyond the ordinary courſe,
That other uninduſtrious ages ran;
That theſe more curious times they might divorce
From the opinion they are link'd unto,
Of our diſable and unactive force;
To ſhew true knowledge can both ſpeak and do:
Arm'd for the ſharp which in theſe days they find,
With all proviſions that belong thereto:
That their experience may not come behind
The times conceit; but leading in their place,
May make men ſee the weapons of the mind
Are ſtates beſt ſtrengths, and kingdoms chiefeſt grace;
And rooms of charge, charg'd full with worth and praiſe,
Makes majeſty appear with her full face;
Shining with all her beams, with all her rays;
Unſcanted of her parts, unſhadowed
In any darken'd point: which ſtill bewrays
The wain of pow'r, when pow'r's unfurniſhed,
And hath not all thoſe entire compliments,
Wherewith the ſtate ſhould for her ſtate be ſped.
And though the fortune of ſome age conſents
Unto a thouſand errors groſsly wrought,
Which flouriſh'd over with their fair events,
Have paſs'd for current, and good courſes thought;
The leaſt whereof, in other times, again
Moſt dang'rous inconveniences have brought;
Whilſt to the times, not to men's wits, pertain
The good ſucceſſes of ill-manag'd deeds;
Though th' ignorant deceiv'd with colours vain,
Miſs of the cauſes whence this luck proceeds.
Foreign defects giving home-faults the way,
Make ev'n that weakneſs ſometimes well ſucceeds.
I grant, that ſome unletter'd practic may
(Leaving beyond the Alps faith and reſpect
To God and man) with impious cunning ſway
The courſes fore-begun with like effect,
And without ſtop maintain the turning on,
And have his errors deem'd without defect?
But when ſome pow'rful oppoſition
Shall, with a ſound encount'ring ſhock, disjoint
The fore-contrived frame; and thereupon
Th' experience of the preſent diſappoint;
And other ſtirring ſpir'ts, and other hearts
Built huge for action, meeting in a point;
Shall drive the world to ſummon all their arts,
And all too little for ſo real might,
When no advantages of weaker parts
Shall bear out ſhallow counſels from the light;
And this ſenſe-op'ning action (which doth hate
Unmanly craft) ſhall look to have her right.
Who then holds up the glory of the ſtate;
(Which letter'd arms, and armed letters won)
Who ſhall be fitteſt to negotiate,
Contemn'd Juſtinian, or elſe Littleton?
When it ſhall not be held wiſdom to be
Privately made, and publicly undone:
But ſound deſigns, that judgment ſhall decree
Out of a true diſcern of the clear ways
That lie direct, with ſafe-going equity;
Embroiling not their own, and others days.
Extending forth their providence beyond
The circuit of their own particular;
That ev'n th' ignorant may underſtand,
How that deceit is but a caviller,
And true unto itſelf can never ſtand,
But ſtill muſt with her own concluſions war.
Can truth and honeſty, wherein conſiſts
The right repoſe on earth, the ſureſt ground
Of truſt; come weaker arm'd into the liſts,
Than fraud or vice, that doth itſelf confound?
Or ſhall preſumption, that doth what it liſts,
(Not what it ought) carry her courſes ſound?
Then what ſafe place out of confuſion,
Hath plain proceeding honeſty to dwell?
What ſuit of grace hath virtue to put on,
If vice ſhall wear as good, and do as well?
If wrong, if craft, if indiſcretion,
Act as fair parts, with ends as laudable?
Which all this mighty volume of events,
The world, th' univerſal map of deeds,
Strongly controuls; and proves from all deſcents,
That the direct'ſt courſes beſt ſucceeds,
When craft (wrapt ſtill in many cumberments)
With all her cunning thrives not, though it ſpeeds.
For ſhould not grave and learn'd experience,
That looks with th' eyes of all the world beſide,
And with all ages holds intelligence,
Go ſafer than deceit without a guide?
Which in the by-paths of her diffidence,
Croſſing the ways of right, ſtill runs more wide.
Who will not grant, and therefore this obſerve,
No ſtate ſtand ſure, but on the grounds of right,

Of virtue, knowledge; judgment to preſerve?
And all the pow'rs of learning requiſite?
Though other ſhifts a preſent turn may ſerve,
Yet in the trial they will weigh too light.
And do not thou contemn this ſwelling tide,
And ſtream of words, that now doth riſe ſo high
Above the uſual banks, and ſpreads ſo wide
Over the borders of antiquity:
Which, I confeſs, comes ever amplify'd
With th' abounding humours that do multiply;
And is with that ſame hand of happineſs
Enlarg'd, as vices are out of their bands:
Yet ſo as if let out but to redreſs,
And calm and ſway th' affections it commands;
Which as it ſtirs, it doth again repreſs,
And brings in th' out-gone malice that withſtands.
Pow'r above pow'rs! O heav'nly eloquence!
That with the ſtrong rein of commanding words,
Doſt manage, guide, and maſter th' eminence
Of men's affections, more than all their ſwords!
Shall we not offer to thy excellence,
The richeſt treaſure that our wit affords?
Thou that canſt do much more with one poor pen,
Than all the pow'rs of princes can effect;
And draw, divert, diſpoſe and faſhion men,
Better than force or rigour can direct!
Should we this ornament of glory then,
As th' unmaterial fruits of ſhades, neglect?
Or ſhould we careleſs come behind the reſt
In pow'r of words, that go before in worth;
When as our accent's equal to the beſt,
Is able greater wonders to bring forth?
When all that ever hotter ſpir'ts expreſt,
Comes better'd by the patience of the north.
And who (in time) knows whither we may vent
The treaſure of our tongue? To what ſtrange
ſhores,
This gain of our beſt glory ſhall be ſent,
T' enrich unknowing nations with our ſtores?
What worlds in th' yet unformed occident,
May come refin'd with th' accents that are ou
Or who can tell for what great work in hand
The greatneſs of our ſtyle is now ordain'd?
What pow'rs it ſhall bring in, what ſpir'ts com-
mand?
What thoughts let out; what humours keep re-
ſtrain'd?
What miſchief it may pow'rfully withſtand;
And what fair ends may thereby be attain'd?
And as for po'ſy, (mother of this force!)
That breeds, brings forth, and nouriſhes this
might;
Teaching it in a looſe, yet meaſur'd courſe,
With comely motions how to go upright;
And foſt'ring it with bountiful diſcourſe,
Adorns it thus in faſhions of delight.
What ſhould I ſay —Since it is well approv'd
The ſpeech of heav'n, with whom they have com-
merce;
That only ſeem out of themſelves remov'd,
And do with more than human ſkills converſe:
Thoſe numbers wherewith heav'n and earth are
mov'd,
Shew weakneſs ſpeaks in proſe, but pow'r in verſe.
Wherein thou likewiſe ſeemeſt to allow,
That th' acts of worthy men ſhould be preſerv'd,
As in the holieſt tombs we can beſtow
Upon their glory that have well deſerv'd;
Wherein thou doſt no other virtue ſhow,
Than what moſt barb'rous coun'ries have obſerv'd:
When all the happieſt nations hitherto,
Did with no leſſer glory ſpeak, than do.
Now to what elſe thy malice ſhall object,
For ſchools, and arts, and their neceſſity;
When from my lord, whoſe judgment muſt direct,
And form and faſhion my ability,
I ſhall have got more ſtrength; thou ſhalt expect,
Out of my better leiſure, my reply.

SONNETS.

TO DELIA.

I.

Unto the boundleſs ocean of thy beauty, [zeal,
Runs this poor river, charg'd with ſtreams of
Returning thee the tribute of my duty,
Which here my love, my youth, my plaints reveal.
Here I unclaſp the book of my charg'd ſoul,
Where I have caſt th' accounts of all my care:
Here have I ſumm'd my ſighs; here I enrol
How they were ſpent for thee; look what they are.
Look on the dear expences of my youth,
And ſee how juſt I reckon with thine eyes:
Examine well thy beauty with my truth;
And croſs my cares, e'er greater ſums ariſe.
Read it, ſweet maid, though it be done but ſlightly;
Who can ſhew all his love, doth love but lightly.

II.

Go, wailing verſe, the infants of my love;
Minerva-like, brought forth without a mother!
Preſent the image of the cares I prove;
Witneſs your father's grief exceeds all other.
Sigh out a ſtory of her cruel deeds,
With interrupted accents of deſpair;
A monument that whoſoever reads,
May juſtly praiſe, and blame my loveleſs fair.
Say her diſdain hath dried up my blood,
And ſtarved you, in ſuccours ſtill denying:
Preſs to her eyes, importune me ſome good;
Waken her ſleeping pity with your crying:
Knock at her hard heart; beg till y' have mov'd her;
And tell th' unkind how dearly I have lov'd her.

III.

If it ſo hap, this off'ſpring of my care,
Theſe fatal anthems, lamentable ſongs,
Come to their view who like afflicted are;
Let them ſigh for their own, and moan my wrongs.
But untouch'd hearts, with unaffected eye,
Approach not to behold my heavineſs:
Clear-ſighted you, ſoon note what is awry;
Whilſt blinded ſouls mine errors never gueſs:
You blinded ſouls, whom youth and error lead!
You out-caſt eaglers, dazzled with your ſun!
Do you, and none but you, my ſorrows read;
You beſt can judge the wrongs that ſhe hath done.
That ſhe hath done!—the motive of my pain:
Who, whilſt I love, doth kill me with diſdain.

IV.

Theſe plaintive verſe, the poſts of my deſire,
Which haſte for ſuccour to her ſlow regard,
Bear not report of any ſlender fire;
Forging a grief, to win a fame's reward.
Nor are my paſſions limn'd for outward hue,
For that no colours can depaint my ſorrows:
Delia herſelf, and all the world may view
Beſt in my face, where cares have till'd deep furrows.
No bays I ſeek to deck my mourning brow,
O clear-ey'd rector of the holy hill!
My humble accents bear the olive bough
Of interceſſion, but to move her will.
Theſe lines I uſe, t' unburden mine own heart;
My love affects no fame, nor ſteams of art.

V.

Whilst youth and error led my wand'ring mind,
And ſet my thoughts in heedleſs ways to range,
All unawares a goddeſs chaſte I find,
(Diana-like) to work my ſudden change.
For her no ſooner had mine eyes bewray'd,
But with diſdain to ſee me in that place,
With faireſt hand the ſweet unkindeſt maid,
Caſt water-cold diſdain upon my face.
Which turn'd my ſport into a heart's deſpair,
Which ſtill is chac'd while I have any breath,
By mine own thoughts, fet on me by my fair:
My thoughts, like hounds, purſue me to my death.
Thoſe that I foſter'd of mine own accord,
And made by her to murder thus their lord.

VI.

Fair is my love, and cruel as ſhe's fair; [ſunny;
Her brow-ſhades frowns, although her eyes are

Her ſmiles are lightning, though her pride deſpair;
And her diſdains are gall, her favours honey.
A modeſt maid, deck'd with a bluſh of honour;
Whoſe feet do tread green paths of youth and love!
The wonder of all eyes that look upon her:
Sacred on earth; deſign'd a ſaint above!
Chaſtity and beauty, which were deadly foes,
Live reconciled friends within her brow:
And had ſhe pity to conjoin with thoſe,
Then who had heard the plaints I utter now?
For had ſhe not been fair, and thus unkind,
My muſe had ſlept, and none had known my mind.

VII.

For had ſhe not been fair, and thus unkind,
Then had no finger pointed at my lightneſs;
The world had never known what I do find,
And clouds obſcure had ſhaded ſtill her brightneſs.
Then had no cenſor's eye theſe lines ſurvey'd,
Nor graver brows have judg'd my muſe ſo vain:
No ſun my bluſh and error had bewray'd,
Nor yet the world have heard of ſuch diſdain.
Then had I walk'd with bold erected face;
No down-caſt look had ſignify'd my miſs:
But my degraded hopes, with ſuch diſgrace,
Did force me groan out griefs, and utter this.
For being full, ſhould I not then have ſpoken.
My ſenſe oppreſs'd had fail'd, and heart had broken.

VIII.

Thou poor heart, ſacrific'd unto the faireſt,
Had ſent the incenſe of thy ſighs to heav'n;
And ſtill againſt her frowns freſh vows repaireſt.
And made thy paſſions with her beauty even.
And you, mine eyes, the agents of my heart,
Told the dumb meſſage of my hidden grief;
And oft with careful turns, with ſilent art,
Did treat the cruel fair to yield relief.
And you, my verſe, the advocates of love,
Have follow'd hard the proceſs of my caſe;
And urg'd that title which doth plainly prove,
My faith ſhould win, if juſtice might have place
Yet though I ſee that nought we do can move;
'Tis not diſdain muſt make me ceaſe to love.

IX.

If this be love, to draw a weary breath,
Paint on floods, till the ſhore cry to th' air;
With downward looks, ſtill reading on the earth,
Theſe ſad memorials of my love's deſpair:
If this be love to war againſt my ſoul,
Lie down to wail, riſe up to ſigh and grieve;
The never-reſting ſtone of care to roll;
Still to complain my griefs, whilſt none relieve.
If this be love to clothe me with dark thoughts,
Haunting untrodden paths to wail apart;
My pleaſure's horror, muſic tragic notes;
Tears in mine eyes, and ſorrow at my heart.
If this be love, to live a living death;
Then do I love, and draw this weary breath.

X.

Then do I love, and draw this weary breath
For her the cruel fair; within whoſe brow,
I written find the ſentence of my death
In unkind letters, wrote ſhe cares not how.
Thou pow'r that rul'ſt the confines of the night,
Laughter-lov'ng goddeſs, worldly pleaſure's queen,
Intenerate that heart that fets ſo light;
The trueſt love that ever yet was ſeen!
And cauſe her leave to triumph in this wiſe,
Upon the proſtrate ſpoil of that poor heart,
That ſerves a trophy to her conqu'ring eyes;
And muſt their glory to the world impart.
Once let her know ſh' hath done enough to prove me;
And let her pity, if ſhe cannot love me.

XI.

Tears, vows, and prayers, win the hardeſt heart:
Tears, vows, and prayers, have I ſpent in vain?
Tears cannot ſoften flint, nor vows convert;
Prayers prevail not with a quaint diſdain.
I loſe my tears, where I have loſt my love;
I vow my faith, where faith is not regarded;
I pray in vain, a mercileſs to move:
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.
Yet though I cannot win her will with tears,
Though my ſoul's idol ſcorneth all my vows,
Though all my pray'rs be to ſo deaf ears,
No favour though the cruel fair allows;
Yet will I weep, vow, pray, to cruel ſhe:
Flint, froſt, diſdain, wears, melts, and yields we ſee.

XII.

My ſpotleſs love hovers with pureſt wings,
About the temple of the proudeſt frame;
Where blaze thoſe lights faireſt of earthly things,
Which clear our clouded world with brighteſt flame.
M' ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
Affect no honour, but what ſhe can give:
My hopes do reſt in limits of her grace,
I weigh no comfort, unleſs ſhe relieve.
For ſhe that can my heart imparadiſe,
Holds in her faireſt hand what deareſt is;
My fortune's wheels the circle of her eyes,
Whoſe rolling grace deign once a turn of bliſs.
All my life's ſweet conſiſts in her alone;
So much I love the moſt unloving one.

XIII.

Behold what hap Pigmalion had to frame,
And carve his proper grief upon a ſtone!
My heavy fortune is much like the ſame;
I work on flint, and that's the cauſe I moan:
For hapleſs, lo! ev'n with mine own deſires,
I figur'd on the table of mine heart,
The faireſt form that all the world admires;
And ſo did periſh by my proper art.
And ſtill I toil, to change the marble breaſt
Of her, whoſe ſweeteſt grace I do adore;
Yet cannot find her breathe unto my reſt:
Hard is her heart; and woe is me therefor!

But happy he, that joy'd his ſtone and art:
Unhappy I, to love a ſtony heart,

XIV.

Thoſe ſnary locks, are thoſe ſame nets (my dear)
Wherewith my liberty thou did'ſt ſurpriſe;
Love was the flame, that fired me ſo near,
The dart tranſpiercing were thoſe cryſtal eyes:
Strong is the net, and fervent is the flame;
Deep is the wound, my ſighs can well report:
Yet do I love, adore, and praiſe the ſame,
That holds, that burns, that wounds me in this ſort:
And liſt not ſeek to break, to quench, to heal
The bond, the flame, the wound that feſt'reth ſo;
By knife, by liquor, or by ſalve to deal:
So much I pleaſe to periſh in my woe.
Yet leſt long travels be above my ſtrength,
Good Delia loſe, quench, heal me now at length.

XV.

If that a loyal heart and faith unfeign'd,
If a ſweet languiſh, with a chaſte deſire;
If hunger-ſtarven thoughts, ſo long retain'd,
Fed but with ſmoke, and cheriſh'd but with fire:
And if a brow with care's characters painted,
Bewrays my love with broken words half ſpoken,
To her that ſits in my thoughts temple ſainted,
And lays to view my vulture-gnawn heart open:
If I have done due homage to her eyes,
And had my ſighs ſtill tending on her name;
If on her love my life and honour lies,
And ſhe (th' unkindeſt maid) ſtill ſcorns the ſame:
Let this ſuffice, that all the world may ſee
The fault is her's, though mine the hurt muſt be.

XVI.

Happy in ſleep, waking content to languiſh;
Embracing clouds by night, in day-time mourn;
My joys but ſhadows, touch of truth my anguiſh:
Griefs ever ſpringing, comforts never born.
And ſtill expecting when ſhe will relent;
Grown hoarſe with crying mercy, mercy give:
So many vows and prayers having ſpent,
That weary of my life, I loath to live.
And yet the Hydra of my cares renews
Still new-born ſorrows of her freſh diſdain;
And ſtill my hope the ſummer winds purſues,
Finding no end or period of my pain.
This is my ſtate my griefs do touch ſo nearly;
And thus I live, becauſe I love her dearly.

XVII.

Why ſhould I ſing in verſe; why ſhould I frame
Theſe ſad neglected notes for her dear ſake?
Why ſhould I offer up unto her name,
The ſweeteſt ſacrifice my youth can make?
Why ſhould I ſtrive to make her live for ever,
That never deigns to give me joy to live?
Why ſhould m' afflicted Muſe ſo much endeavour
Such honour unto cruelty to give:
If her defects have purchas'd her this fame,
What ſhould her virtues do, her ſmiles, her love?
If this her worſt, how ſhould her beſt inflame?
What paſſions would her milder favours move?
Favours (I think) would ſenſe quite overcome?
And that makes happy lovers ever dumb.

XVIII.

Since the firſt look that led me to this error,
To this thoughts maze, to my confuſion tending;
Still have I liv'd in grief, in hope, in terror,
The circle of my ſorrows never ending.
Yet cannot leave her love that holds me hateful;
Her eyes exact it, though her heart diſdains me:
See what reward he hath that ſerves th' ungrateful!
So true and loyal love no favour gains me.
Still muſt I whet my young deſires abated,
Upon the flint of ſuch a heart rebelling;
And all in vain, her pride is ſo innated,
She yields no place at all for pity's dwelling.
Oft have I told her that my ſoul did love her,
(And that with tears) yet all this will not move her.

XIX.

Reſtore thy treſſes to the golden ore;
Yield Cithrea's ſon, thoſe arks of love:
Bequeath the heav'ns the ſtars that I adore;
And to th' orient do thy pearls remove.
Yield thy hands pride unto the ivory white;
T' Arabian odors give thy breathing ſweet:
Reſtore thy bluſh unto Aurora bright;
To Thetis give the honour of thy feet.
Let Venus have thy graces, her reſign'd;
And thy ſweet voice give back unto the ſpheres:
But yet reſtore thy fierce and cruel mind
To Hyrcan tygers, and to ruthleſs bears.
Yield to the marble thy hard heart again;
So ſhalt thou ceaſe to plague, and I to pain.

XX.

What it is to breathe and live without life;
How to be pale with anguiſh, red with fear;
T' have peace abroad, and nought within but ſtrife;
Wiſh to be preſent, and yet ſhun t' appear:
How to be bold far off, and baſhful near;
How to think much, and have no words to ſpeak;
To crave redreſs, yet hold affliction dear:
To have affection ſtrong, a body weak.
Never to find, and evermore to ſeek:
And ſeek that which I dare not hope to find.
T' affect this life, and yet this life diſlike;
Grateful t' another, to myſelf unkind.
This cruel knowledge of theſe contraries,
Delia, my heart hath learn'd out of thoſe eyes.

XXI.

If beauty thus be clouded with a frown,
That pity ſhines no comfort to my bliſs,
And vapours of diſdain ſo overgrown,
That my life's light wholly endarkened is:
Why ſhould I more moleſt the world with cries;
The air with ſighs, the earth below with tears?
Sith I live hateful to thoſe ruthleſs eyes,
Vexing with untun'd moan her dainty ears.

If I have lov'd her dearer than my breath,
My breath that calls the heav'ns to witneſs it;
And ſtill muſt hold her dear till after death;
And that all this moves not her thoughts a whit:
Yet ſure ſhe cannot but muſt think a part,
She doth me wrong, to grieve ſo true a heart.

XXII.

Come, time, the anchor-hold of my deſire,
My laſt reſort, whereto my hopes appeal;
Cauſe once the date of her diſdain t' expire;
Make her the ſentence of her wrath repeal.
Rob her fair brow; break in on beauty; ſteal
Pow'r from thoſe eyes, which pity cannot ſpare:
Deal with thoſe dainty cheeks, as ſhe doth deal
With this poor heart conſumed with deſpair.
This heart! made now the proſpective of care,
By loving her, the cruell'ſt fair that lives;
The cruell'ſt fair, that ſees I pine for her;
And never mercy to thy merit gives.
Let her not ſtill triumph over the prize
Of mine affections, taken by her eyes.

XXIII.

Time, cruel time, come and ſubdue that brow,
Which conquers all but thee; and thee too ſtays,
As if ſhe were exempt from ſcythe or bow,
From love or years, unſubject to decays.
Or art thou grown in league with thoſe fair eyes,
That they may help thee to conſume our days,
Or doſt thou ſpare her for her cruelties;
B'ing mercileſs, like thee, that no man weighs?
And yet thou ſee'ſt thy pow'r ſhe diſobeys;
Cares not for thee, but lets thee waſte in vain;
And prodigal of hours and years, betrays
Beauty and youth t' opinion and diſdain.
Yet ſpare her, time; let her exempted be:
She may become more kind to thee, or me.

XXIV.

Theſe ſorrow'ng ſighs, the ſmoke of mine annoy;
Theſe tears which heat of ſacred flame diſtils;
Are thoſe due tributes, that my faith doth pay
Unto the tyrant, whoſe unkindneſs kills.
I ſacrifice my youth and blooming years
At her proud feet, and ſhe reſpects not it;
My flow'r untimely's wither'd with my tears;
And winter woes, for ſpring of youth unfit.
She thinks a look may recompenſe my care,
And ſo with looks prolongs my long-look'd caſe:
As ſhort that bliſs, ſo is the comfort rare;
Yet muſt that bliſs my hungry thoughts appeaſe.
Thus ſhe returns my hopes ſo fruitleſs ever;
Once let her love indeed, or elſe look never.

XXV.

False hope, prolongs my ever certain grief;
Traitor to me, and faithful to my love!
A thouſand times it promis'd me relief,
Yet never any true effect I prove.
Oft when I find in her no truth at all,
I baniſh her, and blame her treachery;
Yet ſoon again I muſt her back recal,
As one that dies without her company.

Thus often as I chaſe my hope from me,
Straightway ſhe haſtes her unto Delia's eyes;
Fed with ſome pleaſing look there ſhall ſhe be,
And ſo ſent back, and thus my fortune lies.
Looks feed my hope; hope foſters me in vain.
Hopes are unſure, when certain is my pain.

XXVI.

Look on my griefs, and blame me not to mourn,
From care to care that leads a life ſo bad;
Th' orphan of fortune, born to be her ſcorn,
Whoſe clouded brow doth make my days ſo ſad.
Long are their nights, whoſe cares do never ſleep;
Lothſome their days, whom no ſun ever joy'd:
Th' impreſſion of her eyes do pierce ſo deep,
That thus I live both day and night annoy'd.
But ſince the ſweeteſt root yields fruit ſo ſour,
Her praiſe from my complaint I may not part:
I love th' effect the cauſe b'ing of this pow'r;
I'll praiſe her face, and blame her ſtinty heart:
Whilſt we both make the world admire at us;
Her for diſdain, and me for loving thus.

XXVII.

Reign in my thoughts, fair hand, ſweet eye, rare voice:
Poſſeſs me whole, my heart's triumverate:
Yet heavy heart to make ſo hard a choice,
Of ſuch as ſpoil thy poor afflicted ſtate.
For whilſt they ſtrive which ſhall be lord of all,
All my poor life by them is trodden down;
They all erect their trophies on my fall,
And yield me nought that gives them their renown.
When back I look, I ſigh my freedom paſt,
And wail the ſtate wherein I preſent ſtand;
And ſee my fortune ever like to laſt,
Finding me rein'd with ſuch a heavy hand.
What can I do but yield—And yield I do,
And ſerve all three; and yet they ſpoil me too.

XXVIII.

Alluding to the Sparrow, perſued by a Hawk, that flew into the Boſom of Zenocrates.

Whilst by thy eyes purſu'd, my poor heart flew
Into the ſacred refuge of thy breaſt;
Thy rigour in that ſanctuary ſlew [bleſt,
That, which thy ſucc'ring mercy ſhould have
No privilege of faith could it protect, [ſign'd,
Faith b'ing with blood, and five years witneſs
Wherein no ſhew gave cauſe of leaſt ſuſpect;
For well thou ſaw'ſt my love, and how I pin'd.
Yet no mild comfort would thy brow reveal,
No lightning looks which falling hopes erect;
What boots to laws of ſuccour to appeal?
Ladies and tyrants never laws reſpect.
Then there I die, from whence my life ſhould come;
And by that hand whom ſuch deeds ill become.

XXIX.

Still in the trace of one perplexed thought,
My ceaſeleſs cares continually run on;
Seeking in vain what I have ever ſought,
One in my love, and her hard heart ſtill one.

I who did never joy in other ſun,
And have no ſtars but thoſe that muſt fulfil
The work of rigour, fatally begun
Upon this heart, whom cruelty will kill.
Injurious Delia, yet I love thee ſtill;
And will whilſt I ſhall draw this breath of mine:
I'll tell the world, that I deſerv'd but ill,
And blame myſelf t' excuſe that heart of thine.
See then who ſins the greater of us twain;
I in my love, or thou in thy diſdain?

XXX.

Oft do I marvel, whether Delia's eyes
Are eyes; or elſe two radiant ſtars that ſhine!
For how could nature ever thus deviſe
Of earth (on earth) a ſubſtance ſo divine?
Stars ſure they are, whoſe motions rule deſires:
And calm and tempeſt follow their aſpects:
Their ſweet appearing ſtill ſuch pow'r inſpires,
That makes the world admire ſo ſtrange effects.
Yet whether fix'd or wand'ring ſtars are they,
Whoſe influ'nce rule the orb of my poor heart?
Fix'd ſure they are; but wand'ring make me ſtray
In endleſs errors, whence I cannot part.
Stars then, not eyes, move you with milder view,
Your ſweet aſpect on him that honours you.

XXXI.

The ſtar of my miſhap impos'd this pain,
To ſpend the April of my years in grief;
Finding my fortune ever in the wane,
With ſtill freſh cares, ſupply'd with no relief.
Yet thee I blame not, though for thee 'tis done:
But theſe weak wings preſuming to aſpire,
Which now are melted by thine eyes bright ſun,
That makes me fall from off my high deſire.
And in my fall I cry for help with ſpeed,
No pitying eye looks back upon my fears:
No ſuccour find I now, when I moſt need,
My heats muſt down in th' ocean of my tears:
Which ſtill muſt bear the title of my wrong,
Caus'd by thoſe cruel beams that were ſo ſtrong.

XXXII.

And yet I cannot reprehend the flight,
Or blame th' attempt preſuming ſo to ſoar;
The mounting venture for a high delight,
Did make the honour of the fall the more.
For who gets wealth, that puts not from the ſhore?
Danger hath honour; great deſigns their fame:
Glory doth follow; courage goes before.
And though th' event oft anſwers not the ſame,
Suffice that high attempts have never ſhame.
The mean obſerver, whom baſe ſafety keeps,
Lives without honour, dies without a name,
And in eternal darkneſs ever ſleeps.
And therefore, Delia, 'tis to me no blot,
To have attempted, though attain'd thee not.

XXXIII.

Raising my hopes on hills of high deſire,
Thinking to ſcale the heaven of her heart,
My ſlender means preſum'd too high a part;
Her thunder of diſdain forc'd me t' retire,
And threw me down to pain in all this fire;
Where lo I languiſh in in ſo heavy ſmart,
Becauſe th' attempt was far above my art:
Her pride brook'd not poor ſouls ſhould ſo aſpire.
Yet I proteſt, my high-deſiring will
Was not to diſpoſſeſs her of her right;
Her ſov'reignty ſhould have remained ſtill;
I only ſought the bliſs to have her ſight.
Her ſight contented thus to ſee me ſpill,
Fram'd my deſires fit for her eyes to kill.

XXXIV.

Why doſt thou, Delia, credit ſo thy glaſs,
Gazing thy beauty deign'd thee by the ſkies:
And doſt not rather look on him, (alas!) [eyes?
Whoſe ſtate beſt ſhews the force of murd'ring
The broken tops of lofty trees declare
The fury of a mercy-wanting ſtorm:
And of what force thy wounding graces are,
Upon myſelf thou beſt may'ſt find the form:
Then leave thy glaſs, and gaze thyſelf on me;
That mirror ſhews what pow'r is in thy face:
To view your form too much, may danger be;
Narciſſus chang'd t' a flower in ſuch a caſe.
And you are chang'd, but not t' a hyacint:
I fear your eye hath turn'd your heart to flint.

XXXV.

I once may ſee when years ſhall wreck my wrong,
When golden hairs ſhall change to ſilver wire?
And thoſe bright rays that kindle all this fire,
Shall fail in force, their working not ſo ſtrong:
Then beauty (now the burthen of my ſong),
Whoſe glorious blaze the world doth ſo admire,
Muſt yield up all to tyrant time's deſire; [long.
Then fade thoſe flow'rs that deck'd her pride ſo
When if ſhe grieve to gaze her in her glaſs,
Which then preſents her winter wither'd hue;
Go you, my verſe; go tell her what ſhe was;
For what ſhe was, ſhe beſt ſhall find in you.
Your fi'ry heat lets not her glory paſs,
But (Phœnix-like) ſhall make live anew.

XXXVI.

Look, Delia, how w' eſteem the half-blown roſe,
The image of thy bluſh, and ſummer's honour!
Whilſt yet her tender bud doth undiſcloſe
That full of beauty, time beſtows upon her.
No ſooner ſpreads her glory in the air,
But ſtrait her wide-blown pomp comes to decline;
She then is ſcorn'd that late adorn'd the fair:
So fade the roſes of thoſe cheeks of thine!
No April can revive thy wither'd flow'rs,
Whoſe ſpringing grace adorns the glory now:
Swift ſpeedy time, feather'd with flying hours,
Diſſolves the beauty of the faireſt brow.
Then do not thou ſuch treaſure waſte in vain;
But love now, whilſt thou may'ſt be lov'd again.

XXXVII.

But love whilſt that thou may'ſt be lov'd again,
Now whilſt that May hath fill'd thy lap with flow'rs;
Now whilſt thy beauty bears without a ſtain;
Now uſe the ſummer ſmiles, e're winter low'rs.

And whilſt thou ſpread'ſt unto the riſing ſun,
The faireſt flow'r that ever ſaw the light,
Now joy the time before thy ſweet be done;
And, Delia, think thy morning muſt have night;
And that thy brightneſs fets at length to Weſt,
When thou wilt cloſe up that which now thou ſhew'ſt,
And think the ſame becomes thy fading beſt,
Which then ſhall moſt inveil, and ſhadow moſt.
Men do not weigh the ſtalk for what it was,
When once they find her flow'r, her glory paſs.

XXXVIII.

When men ſhall find thy flow'r, thy glory paſs,
And thou with careful brow ſitting alone,
Received had'ſt this meſſage from thy glaſs,
That tells the truth, and ſays that all is gone,
Freſh ſhalt thou ſee in me the wounds thou mad'ſt;
Though ſpent thy flame, in me the heat remaining:
I that have lov'd thee thus before thou fad'ſt,
My faith ſhall wax when thou art in thy waining.
The world ſhall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter's ſpent:
Then what my faith hath been, thyſelf ſhall ſee;
And that thou waſt unkind, thou may'ſt repent.
Thou may'ſt repent that thou haſt ſcorn'd my tears,
When winter ſnows upon thy ſable hairs.

XXXIX.

When winter ſnows upon thy ſable hairs,
And froſt of age hath nipt thy beauties near;
When dark ſhall ſeem thy day that never clears,
And all lies wither'd that was held ſo dear:
Then take this picture which I here preſent thee,
Limned with a pencil not all unworthy:
Here ſee the gifts that God and nature lent thee;
Here read thyſelf, and what I ſuffer'd for thee.
This may remain thy laſting monument,
Which happily poſterity may cheriſh;
Theſe colours with thy fading are not ſpent:
Theſe may remain, when thou and I ſhall periſh.
If they remain, then thou ſhalt live thereby;
They will remain, and ſo thou can'ſt not die.

XL.

Thou can'ſt not die, whilſt any zeal abound
In feeling hearts, that can conceive theſe lines;
Though thou a Laura, haſt no Petrarch found,
In baſe attire yet clearly beauty ſhines.
And I (though born within a colder clime)
Do feel mine inward heat as great, (I know it:)
He never had more faith, although more rhime;
I love as well, though he could better ſhow it.
But I may add one feather to thy fame,
To help her flight throughout the faireſt iſle:
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then ſhould'ſt thou live in an immortal ſtile.
For though that Laura better limned be,
Suffice thou ſhalt be lov'd as well as ſhe.

XLI.

Be not diſpleas'd, that theſe my papers ſhould
Bewray unto the world how fair thou art;
Or that my wits have ſhew'd the beſt they could.
(The chaſteſt flame that ever warmed heart!)
Think not, ſweet Delia, this ſhall be thy ſhame,
My muſe ſhould ſound thy praiſe with mournful warble;
How many live, the glory of whoſe name
Shall reſt in ice, when thine is grav'd in marble?
Thou may'ſt in after ages live eſteem'd,
Unbury'd in theſe lines, reſerv'd in pureneſs;
Theſe ſhall entomb thoſe eyes, that have redeem'd
Me from the vulgar, thee from all obſcureneſs.
Although my careful accents never mov'd thee,
Yet count it no diſgrace that I have lov'd thee.

XLII.

Delia, theſe eyes that ſo admire thine,
Have ſeen thoſe walls which proud ambition rear'd
To check the world; how they entomb'd have lien
Within themſelves, and on them ploughs have ear'd.
Yet never found that barb'rous hand attain'd
The ſpoil of fame deſerv'd by virtuous men;
Whoſe glorious actions luckily had gain'd
Th' eternal annals of a happy pen.
And therefore grieve not if thy beauties die;
Though time do ſpoil thee of the faireſt veil,
That ever yet cover'd mortality;
And muſt enſtar the needle and the rail.
That grace which doth more than enwoman thee,
Lives in my lines, and muſt eternal be.

XLIII.

Moſt fair and lovely maid! Look from the ſhore,
See thy Leander ſtriving in theſe waves!
Poor ſoul quite ſpent, whoſe force can do no more!
Now ſend forth hope; for now calm pity ſaves.
And waft him to thee with thoſe lovely eyes,
A happy convoy to a holy land: [lies;
Now ſhew thy pow'r, and where thy virtue
To ſave thine own, ſtretch out the faireſt hand.
Stretch out the faireſt hand, a pledge of peace;
That hand that darts ſo right, and never miſſes.
I ſhall forget old wrongs; my griefs ſhall ceaſe:
And that which gave my wounds, I'll give it kiſſes.
Once let the ocean of my cares find ſhore;
That thou be pleas'd, and I may ſigh no more.

XLIV.

Read in my face a volume of deſpairs,
The wailing Iliads of my tragic woe; [cares,
Drawn with my blood, and painted with my
Wrought by her hand that I have honour'd ſo.
Who whilſt I burn, ſhe ſings at my ſoul's wrack,
Looking aloft from turret of her pride;
There my ſoul's tyrant joys her, in the ſack
Of her own ſeat, whereof I made her guide.
There do theſe ſmokes that from affliction riſe,
Serve as an incenſe to a cruel dame;
A ſacrifice thrice grateful to her eyes,
Becauſe their power ſerves to exact the fame.
Thus ruins ſhe (to ſatisfy her will)
The temple where her name was honour'd ſtill.

XLV.

My Delia hath the waters of mine eyes,
The ready handmaids on her grace t' attend;
That never fall to ebb, but ever dries;
For to their flow she never grants an end.
The ocean never did attend more duly
Upon his sov'reign's course, the night's pale queen,
Nor paid the impost of his waves more truly,
Than mine unto her cruelty hath been.
Yet nought the rock of that hard heart can move,
Where beat their tears with zeal, and fury drives;
And yet I rather languish for her love,
Than I would joy the fairest she that lives.
And if I find such pleasure to complain,
What should I do then, if I should obtain?

XLVI.

How long shall I in mine affliction mourn?
A burden to myself, distrest in mind!
When shall my interdicted hopes return
From out despair, wherein they live confin'd?
When shall her troubled brow, charg'd with disdain,
Reveal the treasure which her smiles impart?
When shall my faith the happiness attain,
To break the ice that hath congeal'd her heart?
Unto herself, her self my love doth summon,
(If love in her hath any pow'r to move)
And let her tell me as she is a woman,
Whether my faith hath not deserv'd her love?
I know her heart cannot but judge with me,
Although her eyes my adversaries be.

XLVII.

Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green,
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth shew;
And strait 'tis gone, as it had never been.
Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish;
Short is the glory of the blushing rose:
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.
When thou, surcharg'd with burden of thy years,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth;
And that in beauty's lease expir'd, appears
The date of age, the calends of our death.
But ah! no more; this must not be foretold:
For women grieve to think they must be old.

XLVIII.

I must not grieve my love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile;
Flowers have time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.
And sport, sweet maid, in season of these years,
And learn to gather flow'rs before they wither;
And where the sweetest blossoms first appears,
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.

Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise:
Pity and smiles do best become the fair;
Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

XLIX.

And whither, poor forsaken, wilt thou go,
To go from sorrow, and thine own distress?
When ev'ry place presents like face of woe,
And no remove can make thy sorrows less?
Yet go, forsaken; leave these woods, these plains:
Leave her and all, and all for her, that leaves
Thee and thy love forlorn, and both disdains;
And of both wrongful deems, and ill conceives.
Seek out some place; and see if any place
Can give the least release unto thy grief:
Convey thee from the thought of thy disgrace;
Steal from thyself, and be thy cares own thief.
But yet what comforts shall I hereby gain?
Bearing the wound, I needs must feel the pain.

L.

Drawn with th' attractive virtue of her eyes,
My touch'd heart turns it to that happy coast;
My joyful North, where all my fortune lies,
The level of my hopes desired most:
There were my Delia fairer than the sun, [smile;
Deck'd with her youth whereon the world doth
Joys in that honour which her eyes have won,
Th' eternal wonder of our happy isle!
Flourish, fair Albion, glory of the North;
Neptune's best darling, held between his arms:
Divided from the world, as better worth;
Kept for himself, defended from all harms.
Still let disarmed peace deck her and thee;
And muse foe Mars abroad far foster'd be.

LI.

Care-charmer sleep, son of the sable night;
Brother to death, in silent darkness born;
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain;
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

LII.

Let others sing of knights and palladines,
In aged accents, and untimely words;
Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits records:
But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes;
Authentic shall my verse in time to come;
When yet th' unborn shall say, Lo, where she lies! [dumb.
Whose beauty made him speak, that else was

These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age;
And these thy sacred virtues must protect,
Against the dark and time's consuming rage.
Though th' error of my youth in them appear,
Suffice they shew I liv'd and lov'd thee dear.

LIII.

As to the Roman that would free his land,
His error was his honour and renown;
And more the fame of his mistaking hand,
Than if he had the tyrant overthrown.
So, Delia, hath mine error made me known,
And my deceiv'd attempt deserv'd more fame,
Than if I had the victory mine own,
And thy hard heart had yielded up the same.
And so likewise renowned is thy blame,
Thy cruelty, thy glory. O strange case,
That errors should be grac'd, that merit shame;
And sin of frowns bring honour to the face!
Yet happy, Delia, that thou wast unkind;
Though happier far, if thou would'st change thy mind.

LIV.

Like as the lute delights, or else dislikes,
As is his art that plays upon the same;
So sounds my muse, according as she strikes
On my heart-strings high-tun'd unto her fame.
Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,
Which here I yield in lamentable wise;
A wailing descant on the sweetest ground,
Whose due reports give honour to her eyes.
Else harsh my style, untunable my muse; [name:
Hoarse sounds the voice, that praiseth not her
If any pleasing relish here I use,
Then judge the world her beauty gives the fame.
For no ground else could make the music such,
Nor other hand could give so true a touch.

LV.

None other fame mine unambitious muse
Affected ever, but t' eternize thee:
All other honours do my hopes refuse,
Which meaner priz'd and momentary be.
For God forbid I should my papers blot
With mercenary lines, with servile pen;
Praising virtues in them that have them not,
Basely attending on the hopes of men.
No, no; my verse respects not Thames, nor theatres,
Nor seeks it to be known unto the great:
But Avon, poor in fame, and poor in waters,
Shall have my song: where Delia hath her seat.
Avon shall be my Thames, and she my song;
No other prouder brooks shall hear my wrong.

LVI.

Unhappy pen, and ill-accepted lines,
That intimate in vain my chaste desire;
My chaste desire, which from dark sorrow shines,
Enkindl'd by her eyes celestial fire.
Celestial fire, and unrespecting pow'rs!
Which pity not the wounds made by their might;

Shew'd in these lines the work of careful hours,
The sacrifice here offer'd to her sight.
But since she weighs them not, this rests for me;
I'll moan myself, and hide the wrong I have;
And so content me that her frowns should be
To m' infant style, the cradle and the grave.
What though my muse no honour get thereby?
Each bird sings to herself, and so will I.

LVII.

Lo here the impost of a faith entire,
Which love doth pay, and her disdain extorts!
Behold the message of a chaste desire,
Which tells the world how much my grief imports!
These tributary passions, beauty's due,
I send those eyes the cabinets of love;
That cruelty herself might grieve to view
Th' affliction her unkind disdain doth move.
And how I live cast down from off all mirth,
Pensive alone, only but with despair:
My joys abortive perish in their birth;
My griefs long-liv'd, and care succeeding care.
This is my state; and Delia's heart is such:
I say no more—I fear I said too much.

AN ODE.

Now each creature joys the other,
Passing happy days and hours;
One bird reports unto another,
In the fall of silver show'rs;
Whilst the earth, our common mother,
Hath her bosom deck'd with flow'rs.
Whilst the greatest torch of heaven,
With bright rays warms Flora's lap;
Making nights and days both even,
Cheering plants with fresher sap:
My field of flowers quite bereaven,
Wants refresh of better hap.
Eccho, daughter of the air,
(Babbling guest of rocks and hills,)
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
And sounds the accents of my ills.
Each thing pities my despair,
Whilst that she her lover kills.
Whilst that she (O cruel maid!)
Doth me and my love despise;
My life's flourish is decay'd,
That depended on her eyes;
But her will must be obey'd;
And well he ends, for love who dies.

A PASTORAL.

O happy, golden age!
Not for that rivers ran
With streams of milk, and honey dropt from trees:
Not that the earth did gage
Unto the husbandman

Her voluntary fruits, free without fees,
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud did beguile
Th' eternal flow'ring spring,
Wherein liv'd ev'ry thing;
And whereon th' heavens perpetually did smile:
Not for no ship had brought
From foreign shores, or wars or wares ill sought.
But only for that name,
That idle name of wind;
That idol of deceit, that empty sound
Call'd Honour; which became
The tyrant of the mind,
And so torments our nature without ground,
Was not yet vainly found:
Nor yet sad griefs imparts,
Amidst the sweet delights
Of joyful, am'rous wights. [hearts;
Nor were his hard laws known to free-born
But golden laws, like these [please.
Which nature wrote—That's lawful, which doth
Then amongst flow'rs and springs,
Making delightful sport,
Sat lovers without conflict, without flame;
And nymphs and shepherds sings
Mixing in wanton sort [fame,
Whisp'rings with songs, then kisses with the
Which from affection came.
The naked virgin then
Her roses fresh reveals,
Which now her veil conceals,
The tender apples in her bosom seen;
And oft in rivers clear,
The lovers with their loves consorting were.
Honour, thou first didst close
The spring of all delight;
Denying water to the am'rous thirst,
Thou taught'st fair eyes to lose
The glory of their light:
Restrain'd from men, and on themselves reverst.
Thou in a lawn didst first
Those golden hairs encase,
Late spread unto the wind:
Thou mad'st loose grace unkind;
Gav'st bridle to their words, art to their pace.
O Honour, it is thou
That mak'st that stealth, which love doth free allow.
It is thy work that brings
Our griefs and torments thus:
But thou fierce lord of Nature and of Love,
The qualifier of kings;
What dost thou here with us,
That are below thy pow'r, shut from above?
Go, and from us remove;
Trouble the mighties sleep;
Let us neglected base
Live still without thy grace,
And th' use of th' ancient happy ages keep.
Lets love—This life of ours
Can make no truce with time that all devours.
Let's love—The sun doth set, and rise again;
But when as our short light
Comes once to set, it makes eternal night.

A DESCRIPTION OF BEAUTY;

TRANSLATED OUT OF MARINO.

I.

O BEAUTY, (beams, nay, flame
Of that great lamp of light)
That ſhines a while with fame,
But preſently makes night!
Like winter's ſhort-liv'd bright,
Or ſummer's ſudden gleams; [beams.
How much more dear, ſo much loſs-laſting

II.

Wing'd Love away doth fly,
And with it time doth bear;
And both take ſuddenly
The ſweet, the fain, the dear.
A ſhining day and clear
Succeeds an obſcene night;
And ſorrow is the hue of ſweet delight.

III.

With what then doſt thou ſwell,
O youth of new-born day!
Wherein doth thy pride dwell,
O Beauty made of clay!
Not with ſo ſwift a way
The headlong current flies,
As do the ſparkling rays of two fair eyes.

IV.

Do not thyſelf betray
With wantoniſing years;
O beauty, traitors gay!
Thy melting life that wears,
Appearing, diſappears;
And with thy flying days,
Ends all thy good of price, thy fair of praiſe.

V.

Truſt not, vain creditor,
Thy apt deceived view,
In thy falſe counſellor,
That never tells thee true.
Thy form and flatter'd hue,
Which ſhall ſo ſoon tranſpaſs,
Is far more fair than is thy looking-glaſs.

VI.

Enjoy thy April now,
Whilſt it doth freely ſhine;
This lightning flaſh and ſhew,
With that clear ſpir't of thine,
Will ſuddenly decline;
And thou fair murd'ring eyes
Shall be Love's tombs, where now his cradle lies.

VII.

Old trembling age will come,
With wrinkl'd cheeks and ſtains,
With motion troubleſome;
With ſkin and bloodleſs weaves,
That lively viſage reaven,
And made deform'd and old,
Hates ſight of glaſs it lov'd ſo to behold.

VIII.

Thy gold and ſcarlet ſhall
Pale ſilver-colour be;
Thy row of pearls ſhall fall
Like wither'd leaves from tree;
And thou ſhalt ſhortly ſee
Thy face and hair to grow
All plough'd with furrows, over-ſwoln with ſnow.

IX.

That which on Flora's breaſt,
All freſh and flouriſhing,
Aurora newly dreſt
Saw in her dawning ſpring;
Quite dry and languiſhing,
Depriv'd of honour quite,
Day-cloſing Heſperus beholds at night.

X.

Fair is the lily; fair
The roſe; of flow'rs the eye!
Both wither in the air,
Their beauteous colours die;
And ſo at length ſhall lie
Depriv'd of former grace,
The lilies of thy breaſts, the roſes of thy face.

XI.

What then will it avail,
O youth adviſed ill!
In lap of beauty frail
To nurſe a wayward will,
Like ſnake in ſun-warm hill?
Pluck, pluck betime thy flow'r,
That ſprings, and parcheth in one ſhort hour.

EPISTLES.

To the Angel Spirit of the moſt excellent

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

To thee, pure ſpir't, to thee alone addreſt
Is this joint work, by double int'reſt thine:
Thine by thine own, and what is done of mine
Inſpir'd by thee, thy ſecret pow'r impreſt.
My muſe with thine itſelf dar'd to combine,
As mortal ſtaff with that which is divine:
Let thy fair beams give luſtre to the reſt.
That Iſrael's king may deign his own transform'd
In ſubſtance no, but ſuperficial tire;
And Engliſh guis'd in ſome ſort may aſpire,
To better grace thee what the vulgar form'd.
His ſacred tunes age after age admire;
Nations grow great in pride and pure deſire,
So to excel in holy rites perform'd.
O had that ſoul, which honour brought to reſt
Too ſoon, not left, and reft the world of all
What man could ſhew, which we perfection call!
This precious piece had ſorted with the beſt.
But ah! wide feſter'd wounds (that never ſhall,
Nor muſt be clos'd) unto freſh bleeding fall.
Ah memory! what needs this new artiſt?
Yet bleſſed grief, that ſweetneſs can impart,
Since thou art bleſt—Wrongly do I complain;
Whatever weights my heavy thoughts ſuſtain,
Dear feels my ſoul for thee—I know my part.
Nor be my weakneſs to thy rites a ſtain;
Rites to aright, life, blood would not refrain.
Aſſiſt me then, that life what thine did part.
Time may bring forth what time had yet ſuppreſt,
In whom thy loſs hath laid to utter waſte
The wreck of time, untimely all defac'd,
Remaining as the tomb of life deceaſt:
Where in my heart the higheſt room thou haſt;
There, truly there, thy earthly being is plac'd:
Triumph of death!—In earth how more than bleſt
Behold (O that thou were now to behold!)
This finiſh'd long perfection's part begun;
The reſt but piec'd, as left by thee undone.
Pardon, bleſt ſoul, preſumption over bold:
If love and zeal hath to this error run,
'Tis zealous love; love that hath never done,
Nor can enough, though juſtly here controul'd.
But ſince it hath no other ſcope to go,
Nor other purpoſe but to honour thee;
That thine may ſhine, where all the Graces be:
And that my thoughts (like ſmalleſt ſtreams that flow,
Pay to their ſea their tributary fee)
Do ſtrive, yet have no means to quit nor free
That mighty debt of infinites I owe.
To thy great worth, which time to times enrol,
Wonder of men! ſole born! ſoul of thy kind!
Complete in all—But heav'nly was thy mind,
For wiſdom, goodneſs, ſweetneſs, faireſt ſoul!
Too good to wiſh; too fair for earth; refin'd
For heav'n, where all true glory reſts confin'd:
And where but there no life without controul?
O when from this account, this caſt-up ſum,
This reck'ning made the audit of my woe!
Some time of race my ſwelling paſſions know;
How work my thoughts! My ſenſe is ſtricken dumb,
That would thee more than words could ever ſhew;
Which all fall ſhort. Who knew thee beſt to know,
There lives no wit that may thy prayer become:
And reſt fair monuments of thy fair fame,
Though not complete. Nor can we reach in thought,
What on that goodly piece time would have wrought:
Had divers ſo ſpar'd that life (but life) to frame
The reſt: alas ſuch loſs! the world hath nought
Can equal it—Nor (O) more grievance brought!
Yet what remains, muſt ever crown thy name.
Receive theſe hints; theſe obſequies receive;
(If any mark of thy ſecret ſpirit thou bear)
Made only thine, and no name elſe muſt wear.
I can no more, dear ſoul; I take my leave:
My ſorrow ſtrives to mount the higheſt ſphere.

To the Right Reverend Father in God,

JAMES MONTAGUE,

Lord Biſhop of Wincheſter; Dean of the Chapel, and one of his Majeſty's moſt honourable Privy Council.

Although you have, out of your proper ſtore,
The beſt munition that may fortify
A noble heart; as no man may have more,
Againſt the batt'ries of mortality:
Yet, rev'rend lord, vouchſafe me leave to bring
One weapon more unto your furniſhment,
That you th' aſſaults of this cloſe vanquiſhing,
And ſecret waſting ſickneſs may prevent:
For that myſelf have ſtruggled with it too,
And know the worſt of all that it can do.
And let me tell you this, you never could
Have found a gentler warring enemy,
And one that with more fair proceeding would
Encounter you without extremity;
Nor give more time to make reſiſtances,
And to repair your breaches, than will this.
For whereas other ſickneſſes ſurpriſe
Our ſpir'ts at unawares, diſweep'ning ſuddenly
All ſenſe of underſtanding in ſuch wiſe,
As that they lay us dead before we die,
Or fire us out of our enflamed fort,
With raving frenſies in a fearful ſort:
This comes and ſteals us by degrees away;
And yet not that without our privity,
They rap us hence, as vultures do their prey,
Confounding us with tortures inſtantly.
This fairly kills, they foully murder us,
Trip up our heels before we can diſcern.
This gives us time of treaty, to diſcuſs
Our ſuff'ring, and the cauſe thereof to learn.
Beſides, therewith we oftentimes have truce
For many months; ſometimes for many years;
And are permitted to enjoy the uſe
Of ſtudy: And although our body wears,
Our wit remains; our ſpeech, our memory
Fail not, or come before ourſelves to die.
We part together, and we take our leave
Of friends, of kindred: we diſpoſe our ſtate,
And yield up fairly what we did receive,
And all our bus'neſſes accommodate.
So that we cannot ſay we were thruſt out,
But we depart from hence in quiet ſort;
The foe with whom we have the battle fought,
Hath not ſubdued us, but got our fort.
And this diſeaſe is held moſt incident
To the beſt natures, and moſt innocent.
And therefore, rev'rend lord, there cannot be
A gentler paſſage, than there is hereby
Unto that port, wherein we ſhall be free
From all the ſtorms of worldly miſery.
And though it ſhew us daily in our glaſs,
Our fading leaf turn'd to a yellow hue;
And how it withers as the ſap doth paſs,
And what we may expect is to enſue.
Yet that I know diſquiets not your mind,
Who knows the brittle metal of mankind;
And have all comforts virtue can beget,
And moſt the conſcience of well acted days:
Which all thoſe monuments which you have ſet
On holy ground, to your perpetual praiſe,
(As things beſt ſet) muſt ever teſtify
And ſhew the worth of noble Montague:
And ſo long as the walls of piety
Stand, ſo long ſhall ſtand the memory of you.
And Bath and Wells, and Wincheſter ſhall ſhew
Their fair repairs to all poſterity;
And how much bleſt and fortunate they were,
That ever-gracious hand did plant you there.
Beſides, you have not only built up walls,
But alſo (worthier edifices) men;
By whom you ſhall have the memorials,
And everlaſting honour of the pen.
That whenſoever you ſhall come to make
Your exit from this ſcene, wherein you have
Perform'd ſo noble parts; you then ſhall take
Your leave with honour, have a glorious grave
" For when can men go better to their reſt,
" Than when they are eſteem'd and loved beſt?"

DEDICATIONS.

OF PHILOTAS;

A TRAGEDY.

TO THE PRINCE.

To you moſt hopeful prince, not as you are,
But as you may be, do I give theſe lines:
That when your judgment ſhall arrive ſo far,
As t'oerlook th' intricate deſigns
Of uncontented man; you may behold
With what encounters greateſt fortunes cloſe,
What dangers, what attempts, what manifold
Incumbrances ambition undergoes,
How hardly men digeſt felicity;
How to th' intemperate, to the prodigal,
To wantonneſs, and unto luxury,
Many things want, but to ambition all.
And you ſhall find the greateſt enemy
That man can have, is his proſperity.
Here ſhall you ſee how men diſguiſe their ends.
And plant bad courſes under pleaſing ſhews,
How well preſumptions broken ways defends,
Which clear-eyed judgment gravely doth diſcloſe.
Here ſhall you ſee how th' eaſy multitude
Tranſported, take the party of diſtreſs;
And only out of paſſions do conclude,
Not out of judgment, of men's practices;
How pow'rs are thought to wrong, that wrongs debar,
And kings not held in danger, though they are.
Theſe ancient repreſentments of times paſt
Tell us that men have, do, and always run
The ſelf ſame line of action, and do caſt
Their courſe alike, and nothing can be done,
Whilſt they, their ends, and nature are the ſame:
But will be wrought upon the ſelf ſame frame.
This benefit, moſt noble prince, doth yield
The ſure records of books, in which we find
The tenure of our ſtate, how it was held
By all our anceſtors, and in what kind
We hold the ſame, and likewiſe how in the end
This frail poſſeſſion of felicity,
Shall to our late poſterity deſcend
By the ſame patent of like deſtiny.
In them we find that nothing can accrue
To man, and his condition that is new.
Which images here figured in this wiſe
I leave unto your more mature ſurvey,
Amongſt the vowes that others ſacrifice
Unto the hope of you, that you one day
Will give this grace to this kind of harmony.
For know, great prince, when you ſhall come to know
How that it is the faireſt ornament
Of worthy times, to have thoſe which may ſhew
The deeds of power, and lively repreſent
The actions of a glorious government.
And is no leſſer honour to a crown,
T' have writers then have actors of renown.
And though you have a ſwannet of your own,
Within the banks of Douen meditates
Sweet notes to you, and unto your renown
The glory of his muſic dedicates,
And in a lofty tune is ſet to ſound
The deep reports of ſullen tragedies:
Yet may this laſt of me be likewiſe found
Amongſt the vows that others ſacrifice
Unto the hope of you, that you one day
May grace this now neglected harmony,
Which ſet unto your glorious actions, may
Record the ſame to all poſterity.
Though I the remnant of another time
Am never like to ſee that happineſs,
Yet for the zeal that I have borne to rhyme
And to the muſes, wiſh that good ſucceſs
To others travel, that in better place,
And better comfort, they may be incheer'd

Who ſhall deſerve, and who ſhall have the grace
To have a muſe held worthy to be heard.
And know, ſweet prince, when you ſhall come to know,
That 'tis not in the pow'r of kings to raiſe
A ſpirit for verſe that is not born thereto,
Nor are they born in every princes days:
For late Eliza's reign gave birth to more
Then all the kings of England did before.
And it may be, the genius of that time
Would leave to her the glory in that kind,
And that the utmoſt powers of Engliſh rhyme
Should be within her peaceful reign confin'd;
For ſince that time our ſongs could never thrive,
But lain as if forlorn; though in the prime
Of this new raiſing ſeaſon, we did ſtrive
To bring the beſt we could unto the time.
And I although among the latter train,
And leaſt of thoſe that ſung unto this land,
Have borne my part, though in an humble ſtrain,
And pleas'd the gentler that did underſtand:
And never had my harmleſs pen at all
Diſtain'd with any looſe immodeſty,
Nor ever noted to be touch'd with gall,
To aggravate the worſt man's infamy.
But ſtill have done the faireſt offices
To virtue and the time, yet nought prevails,
And all our labours are without ſucceſs,
For either favour or our virtue fails.
And therefore ſince I have out-liv'd the date
Of former grace, acceptance and delight,
I would my lines late-born beyond the fate
Of her ſpent line, had never come to light
So had I not been tax'd for wiſhing well,
Nor now miſtaken by the cenſuring ſtage,
Nor in my fame and reputation fell,
Which I eſteem more than what all the age
Or th' earth can give. But years hath done this wrong,
To make me write too much, and live too long.
And yet I grieve for that unfiniſh'd frame,
Which thou dear muſe didſt vow to ſacrifice,
Unto the bed of peace, and in the fame
Deſign our happineſs to memoriſe,
Muſt, as it is, remain, though as it is:
It ſhall to after-times relate my zeal
To kings and unto right, to quietneſs,
And to the union of the commonweal.
But this may now ſeem a ſuperfluous vow,
We have this peace; and thou haſt ſung enow,
And more then will be heard, and then as good
As not to write, as not to be underſtood.

OF CLEOPATRA,

A TRAGEDY.

To the Right Honourable, the Lady Mary,

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Lo! here the labour which ſhe did impoſe,
Whoſe influence did predominate my muſe:
The ſtar of wonder my deſires firſt choſe
To guide their travels in the courſe I uſe:
She, whoſe clear brightneſs had the power t' infuſe
Strength to my thoughts, from whence theſe motions came,
Call'd up my ſpirits from out their low repoſe,
To ſing of ſtate, and tragic notes to frame.

I, who (contending with an humble ſong)
Made muſic to myſelf that pleas'd me beſt,
And only told of Delia, and her wrong, [reſt:
And prais'd her eyes, and 'plain'd mine own un-
(A text from whence my muſe had not digreſt)
Madam, had not thy well grac'd Antony;
(Who all alone, having remained long)
Requir'd his Cleopatra's company.
Who if ſhe here do ſo appear in act,
That he can ſcarce diſcern her for his queen,
Finding how much ſhe of herſelf hath lackt,
And miſs'd that grace wherein ſhe ſhould be ſeen,
Her worth obſcur'd, her ſpirit embaſed clean,
Yet lightning thou by thy ſweet cheerfulneſs,
My dark defects, which from her powers detract,
He may her gueſs by ſome reſemblances,

And I hereafter in another kind,
More ſuiting to the nature of my vain,
May peradventure raiſe my humble mind
To other muſic in this higher ſtrain;
Since I perceive the world and thou doſt deign
To countenance my ſong, and cheriſh me,
I muſt ſo work poſterity may find,
My love to verſe, my gratitude to thee.

Now when ſo many pens (like ſpears) are charg'd,
To chaſe away this tyrant of the north;
Groſs barbariſm, whoſe power grown far enlarg'd
Was lately by the valiant brothers worth
Firſt found, encountred, and provoked forth:
Whoſe onſet made the reſt audacious,
Whereby they likewiſe have ſo well diſcharg'd
Upon that hideous beaſt encroaching thus,

And now muſt I with that poor ſtrength I have,
Reſiſt ſo foul a foe in what I may:
And arm againſt oblivion and the grave,
That elſe in darkneſs carries all away,
And makes of all an univerſal prey;
So that if by my pen procure I ſhall
But to defend me, and my name to ſave,
Then though I die, I cannot yet die all;

But ſtill the better part of me will live,
And in that part will live thy reverend name,
Although thyſelf doſt far more glory give
Unto thyſelf, than I can by the ſame.
Who doſt with thine own hand a bulwark frame
Againſt theſe monſters, (enemies of honour)
Which evermore ſhall ſo defend thy fame,
As time, or they, ſhall never prey upon her.

Thoſe hymns which thou doſt conſecrate to heaven,
Which Iſrael's ſinger to his God did frame:
Unto thy voyage eternity hath given, [came,
And makes thee dear to him from whence they
In them muſt reſt thy venerable name,
So long as Sion's God remaineth honoured;
And till confuſion hath all zeal bereaven,
And murdered faith, and temples ruined.

By this (great lady) thou muſt then be known,
When Wilton lies low levell'd with the ground:
And this is that which thou may'ſt call thine own,
Which ſacrilegious time cannot confound;

Here thou ſurviv'ſt thyſelf, here thou art found
Of late ſucceeding ages, freſh in fame:
This monument cannot be overthrown,
Where, in eternal braſs remains thy name.

O that the ocean did not bound our ſtyle
Within theſe ſtrict and narrow limits ſo;
But that the melody of our ſweet iſle,
Might now be heard to Tiber, Arne, and Po:
That they may know how far Thames doth outgo
The muſic of declined Italy;
And liſt'ning to our ſongs another while,
Might learn of thee their notes to purify.

O why may not ſome after coming hand
Unlock theſe limits, open our confines,
And break aſunder this impriſoning band,
T' enlarge our ſpirits, and publiſh our deſigns;
Planting our roſes on the Apennines?
And to teach Rhyne, to Loire, and Rhodanus.
Our accents, and the wonders of our land,
That they might all admire and honour us.

Whereby great Sidney and our Spenſer might,
With thoſe Po ſingers being equalled,
Enchant the world with ſuch a ſweet delight,
That their eternal ſongs (for ever read)
May ſhew what great Eliza's reign hath bred.
What muſic in the kingdom of her peace
Hath now been made to her, and by her might,
Whereby her glorious fame ſhall never ceaſe.

But if that fortune doth deny us this,
Then Neptune, lock up with th' ocean's key
This treaſure to ourſelves, and let them miſs
Of ſo ſweet riches: as unworthy they
To taſte the great delights that we enjoy.
And let our harmony ſo pleaſing grown,
Content ourſelves, whoſe error ever is
Strange notes to like, and diſeſteem our own.

But, whither do my vows tranſport me now,
Without the compaſs of my courſe enjoin'd?
Alas! what honour can a voice ſo low
As this of mine, expect hereby to find?
But (madam) this doth animate my mind,
That yet I ſhall be read among the reſt,
And though I do not to perfection grow,
Yet ſomething ſhall I be, though not the beſt.

OF THE QUEEN'S ARCADIA;

A PASTORAL TRAGI-COMEDY.

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

That which their zeal, whose only zeal was bent
To shew the best they could that might delight
Your royal mind, did lately represent
Renown'd empress to your princely sight:
Is now the off'ring of their humbleness,
Here consecrated to your glorious name;
Whose happy presence did vouchsafe to bless
So poor presentments, and to grace the same:
And though it be in th' humblest rank of words,
And in the lowest region of our speech,
Yet is it in that kind, as best accords
With rural passions, which use not to reach
Beyond the groves, and woods where they were bred:
And best become a cloist'ral exercise,
Where men shut out retir'd, and sequest'red
From public fashion, seem to sympathise
With innocent and plain simplicity:
And living here under the awful hand
Of discipline, and strict observancy,
Learn but our weaknesses to understand,
And therefore dare not enterprise to shew
In louder style the hidden mysteries,
And arts of thrones, which none that are below
Though sphere of action, and the exercise
Of power can truly skew: though men may strain
Conceit above the pitch where it should stand,
And form more monstrous figures then contain
A possibility, and go beyond.
The nature of those managements so far,
As oft their common decency they mar:
Whereby the populace (in whom such skill
Is needless) may be brought to apprehend
Notions, that may turn all to a taste of ill
Whatever power shall do, or might intend:
And think all cunning, all proceeding one,
And nothing simple, and sincerely done:
Yet the eye of practice, looking down from high
Upon such over-reaching vanity,
Sees how from error t' error it doth float,
As from an unknown ocean into a gulf: [goat,
And how though th' wolf, would counterfeit the
Yet every chink bewrayes him for a wolf.
And therefore in the view of state t' have shew'd
A counterfeit of state had been to light
A candle to the sun, and so bestow'd
Our pains to bring our dimness unto light.
For majesty, and power, can nothing see
Without itself, that can sight worthy be.
And therefore durst not we but on the ground,
From whence our humble argument hath birth,
Erect our scene, and thereon are we found,
And if we fall, we fall but on the earth, [bring;
From whence we pluck'd the flowers that here we
Which if at their first opening they did please,
It was enough, they serve but for a spring,
The first sent is the best in things as these:
A music of this nature on the ground,
Is ever wont to vanish with the sound.
But yet your royal goodness may raise new
Grace, but the muses they will honour you.

Chi non fa, non falla.

OF HYMEN'S TRIUMPH;

A PASTORAL TRAGI-COMEDY.

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

HERE, was your ſacred influence begat
(Moſt lov'd, and moſt reſpected majeſty)
With humble heart, and hand, I conſecrate
Unto the glory of your memory:
As being a piece of that ſolemnity,
Which your magnificence did celebrate
In hallowing of thoſe roofs (you rear'd of late)
With fires and cheerful hoſpitality,
Whereby, and by your ſplendent worthineſs,
Your name ſhall longer live then ſhall your walls:
For, that fair ſtructure goodneſs finiſhes,
Bears off all change of times, and never falls.
And that is it hath let you in ſo far
Into the heart of England as you are.
And worthily, for never yet was queen
That more a people's love have merited
By all good graces, and by having been
The means our ſtate ſtands faſt eſtabliſhed
And bleſt by your bleſt womb, who are this day
The higheſt born queen of Europe, and alone
Have brought this land more bleſſings every way,
Than all the daughters of ſtrange kings have done.
For, we by you no claims, no quarrels have
No factions, no betraying of affairs:
You do not ſpend our blood, nor ſtates, but ſave:
You ſtrength us by alliance, and your heirs.
Not like thoſe fatal marriages of France,
For whom this kingdom hath ſo dearly paid,
Which only our afflictions did advance:
And brought us far more miſeries, then aid.
Renowned Denmark, that haſt furniſhed
The world with princes, how much do we owe
To thee for this great good thou didſt beſtow,
Whereby we are both bleſt, and honoured?
Thou didſt not ſo much hurt us heretofore.
But now thou haſt rewarded us far more.
But what do I on this high ſubject fall
Here, in the front of this low paſtoral?
This a more grave, and ſpacious room requires
To ſhew your glory, and my deep deſires.

PROLOGUE.

HYMEN'S TRIUMPH;

A PASTORAL TRAGI-COMEDY.

HYMEN *oppoſed by* AVARICE, ENVY, *and* JEALOUSY, *the diſturbers of quiet marriage*—First Enters.

HYMEN.

In this diſguiſe and paſtoral attire,
Without my ſaffron robe, without my torch,
Or other enſigns of my duty:
I, Hymen, am come hither ſecretly,
To make Arcadia ſee a work of glory,
That ſhall deſerve an everlaſting ſtory.
Here ſhall I bring you two the moſt entire
And conſtant lovers that were ever ſeen,
From out the greateſt ſuff'rings of annoy
That fortune could inflict, to their full joy,
Wherein no wild, no rude, no antic ſport,
But tender paſſions, motions ſoft, and grave,
The ſtill ſpectators muſt expect to have.
For theſe are only Cynthia's recreatives
Made unto Phœbus, and are feminine;
And therefore muſt be gentle like to her,
Whoſe ſweet affections wildly move and ſtir.
And here, with this white wand, will I effect
As much, as with my flaming torch of love:
And with the power thereof, affections move
In theſe fair nymphs, and ſhepherds round about.

ENVY.

Stay, Hymen, ſtay; you ſhall not have the day
Of this great glory, as you make account:
We will herein, as we were ever wont,
Oppoſe you in the matches you adreſs,
And undermine them with diſturbances.

HYMEN.

Now, do thy worſt, baſe Envy, thou canſt do;
Thou ſhalt not diſappoint my purpoſes.

AVARICE.

Then will I, Hymen, in deſpite of thee,
I will make parents croſs deſires of love,
With thoſe reſpects of wealth, as ſhall diſſolve
The ſtrongeſt knots of kindeſt faithfulneſs.

HYMEN.

Hence greedy Avarice, I know thou art
A hag, that doſt bewitch the minds of men:
Yet ſhall thou have no at all herein.

JEALOUSY.

Then will I, Hymen, do thou what thou canſt;
I will ſteal cloſely into linked hearts;
And ſhake their veins with cold diſtruſtfulneſs;
And ever keep them waking in their fears,
With ſpirits, which their imagination rears.

HYMEN.

Diſquiet Jealouſy, vile fury, thou,
Thou art the ugly monſter of the mind,
Avant, be gone, thou ſhalt have nought to do
In this fair work of ours, nor evermore
Canſt enter there, where honour keeps the door.
And therefore, hideous furies, get you hence,
This place is ſacred to integrity,
And clean deſires: your ſight moſt lothſome is
Unto ſo well diſpos'd a company.
Therefore be gone, I charge you by my power,
We muſt have nothing in Arcadia four.

ENVY.

Hymen, thou canſt not chaſe us ſo away;
For, look how long as thou mak'ſt marriages,
So long will we produce incumbrances.
And we will in the ſame diſguiſe, as thou,
Mix us among the ſhepherds, that we may
Effect our work the better, being unknown;
For ills ſhew other faces then their own.

ULYSSES AND THE SIREN.

SIREN.

Come worthy Greek, Ulyſſes, come,
Poſſeſs theſe ſhores with me,
The winds and ſeas are troubleſome,
And here we may be free.
Here may we ſit and view their toil
That travel in the deep,
And joy the day in mirth the while,
And ſpend the night in ſleep.

ULYSSES.

Fair nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with eaſe,
Then would I come and reſt with thee,
And leave ſuch toils as theſe.
But here it dwells, and here muſt I
With danger ſeek it forth,
To ſpend the time luxurioufly,
Becomes not men of worth.

SIREN.

Ulyſſes, O be not deceiv'd
With that unreal name,
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
And reſts on others fame.
Begotten only to moleſt
Our peace, and to beguile
(The beſt thing of our life) our reſt,
And give us up to toil.

ULYSSES.

Delicious nymph, ſuppoſe there were
Nor honour nor report,
Yet manlineſs would ſcorn to wear
The time in idle ſport;
For toil doth give a better touch,
To make us feel our joy,
And eaſe finds tedioufneſs as much
As labour yields annoy.

SIREN.

Then pleaſure likewiſe ſeems the ſhore,
Whereto tends all your toil,
Which you forego to make it more,
And periſh oft the while.
Who may diſport them diverſely,
Find never tedious day,
And eaſe may have variety,
As well as action may.

ULYSSES.

But natures of the nobleſt frame
Theſe toils and dangers pleaſe,
And they take comfort in the fame,
As much as you in eaſe;
And with the thought of actions paſt,
Are recreated ſtill:
When pleaſure leaves a touch at laſt,
To ſhew that it was ill.

SIREN.

That doth opinion only cauſe,
That's out of cuſtom bred,
Which makes us many other laws,
Than ever nature did.
No widows wail for our delights,
Our ſports are without blood,
The world we ſee by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good.

ULYSSES.

But yet the ſtate of things require
Theſe motions of unreſt:
And theſe great ſpirits of high deſire
Seem born to turn them beſt.
To purge the miſchiefs that encreaſe,
And all good order mar,
For oft we ſee a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war.

SIREN.

Well, well, Ulyſſus, then I ſee,
I ſhall not have thee here:
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there.
I muſt be won that cannot win,
Yet loſt were I not won,
For beauty hath created been
T' undo, or be undone.

THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

Out from the horror of infernal deeps,
My poor afflicted ghoſt comes here to plain it,
Attended with my ſhame that never ſleeps,
The ſpot wherewith my kind and youth did ſtain it,
My body found a grave where to contain it:
A ſheet could hide my face, but not my ſin,
For fame finds never tomb t' encloſe it in.

And which is worſe, my ſoul is now denied,
Her tranſport to the ſweet Elyſian reſt,
The joyful bliſs for ghoſts repurified,
The ever-ſpringing gardens of the bleſt:
Charon denies me waftage with the reſt.
And ſays my ſoul can never paſs the river,
Till lovers ſighs on earth ſhall it deliver.

So ſhall I never paſs; for how ſhould I
Procure this ſacrifice amongſt the living?
Time hath long ſince worn out the memory
Both of my life, and lives unjuſt depriving,
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reviving.
Roſamond hath little left her but her name,
And that diſgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the ſame.

No muſe ſuggeſts the pity of my caſe,
Each pen doth overpaſs my juſt complaint,
Whilſt others are prefer'd, though far more baſe;
Shore's wife is grac'd, and paſſes for a ſaint;
Her legend juſtifies her foul attaint.
Her well told tale did ſuch compaſſion find,
That ſhe is paſs'd, and I am left behind.

Which ſeen with grief, my miſerable ghoſt,
(Whilom inveſted in ſo fair a vail,
Which, whilſt it lov'd, was honoured of the moſt,
And being dead, gives matter to bewail)
Comes to ſolicit thee, (whilſt others fail)
To take this taſk, and in thy woful ſong
To form my caſe and regiſter my wrong.

Although I know thy juſt lamenting muſe,
Toil'd in th' affection of thine own diſtreſs,
In others cares hath little time to uſe,
And therefore may'ſt eſteem of mine the leſs:
Yet as thy hopes attend happy redreſs,
Their joys depending on a woman's grace,
So move thy mind a woful woman's caſe.

Delia may hap to deign to read our ſtory,
And offer up her ſighs among the reſt,
Whoſe merit would ſuffice for both our glory,
Whereby thou might'ſt be grac'd, and I be bleſt;
That indulgence would profit me the beſt.
Such power ſhe hath by whom thy youth is led,
To joy the living, and to bleſs the dead.

So I (through beauty) made the wofull'ſt wight,
By beauty might have comfort after death:
That dying faireſt, by the faireſt might
Find life above on earth, and reſt beneath.
She that can bleſs us with one happy breath,
Give comfort to thy muſe to do her beſt,
That thereby thou may'ſt joy, and I might reſt.

Thus ſaid: forthwith mov'd with a tender care,
And pity (which myſelf could never find,)
What ſhe deſir'd, my muſe deign'd to declare,
And therefore will'd her boldly tell her mind.
And I (more willing) took this charge aſſign'd,
Becauſe her griefs were worthy to be known,
And telling hers, might hap forget mine own.

Then write (quoth ſhe) the ruin of my youth,
Report the downfal of my ſlipp'ry ſtate,
Of all my life reveal the ſimple truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late.
Exemplify my frailty, tell how fate
Keeps in eternal dark our fortunes hidden,
And e'er they come to know them 'tis forbidden.

For whilſt the ſunſhine of my fortune laſted,
I joy'd the happieſt warmth, the ſweeteſt heat
That ever yet imperious beauty taſted.
I had what glory ever fleſh could get:
But this fair morning had a ſhameful ſet.
Diſgrace dark'd honour, ſin did cloud my brow,
As note the ſequel, and I'll tell thee how.

The blood I ſtain'd, was good and of the beſt,
My birth had honour, and my beauty fame:
Nature and fortune join'd to make me bleſt,
Had I had grace t' have known to uſe the ſame.
My education ſhew'd from whence I came,
And all concurr'd to make me happy firſt,
That ſo great hope might make me more accurſt.

Happy liv'd I whilſt parents eye did guide
The indiſcretion of my feeble ways,
And country-home kept me from being eide,
Where, beſt unknown, I ſpent my ſweeteſt days;
Till that my friends mine honour fought to raiſe
To higher place, which greater credit yields,
Deeming ſuch beauty was unfit for fields.

From country then to court I was prefer'd
From calm to ſtorms, from ſhore into the deeps:
There, where I periſh'd, where my youth firſt err'd,
There, where I loſt the flower, which honour keeps,
There, where the worſer thrives, the better weeps;
Ah me! (poor wench) on this unhappy ſhelf,
I grounded me and caſt away myſelf.

There, where as frail and tender beauty ſtands,
With all aſſaulting powers environed;
Having but prayers and weak feeble hands
To hold their honour's fort unvanquiſhed;
There, where to ſtand, and be unconquered,
Is to b' above the nature of our kind,
That cannot long for pity be unkind.

For thither com'd, when years had arm'd my youth,
With rareſt proof of beauty ever ſeen:
When my reviving eye had learnt the truth,
That it had pow'r to make the winter green,
And flow'r affections whereas none had been;
Soon could I teach my brow to tyranniſe,
And make the world do homage to mine eyes.

For age I ſaw (though years with cold conceit,
Congeal'd their thoughts againſt a warm deſire,)
Yet ſigh their want, and look at ſuch a bait;
I ſaw how youth was wax before the fire;
I ſaw by ſtealth, I fram'd my look a lyre.
Yet well perceiv'd, how fortune made me then
The envy of my ſex, and wonder unto men.

Look how a comet at the firſt appearing,
Draws all men's eyes with wonder to behold it;
Or as the ſaddeſt tale at ſudden hearing,
Makes ſilent liſt'ning unto him that told it,
So did my ſpeech when rubies did unfold it;
So did the blazing of my bluſh appear, [dear.
T' amaze the world, that holds ſuch ſights ſo

Ah beauty, ſiren, fair inchanting good!
Sweet ſilent rhetoric of perſuading eyes:
Dumb eloquence, whoſe pow'r doth move the blood
More than the words or wiſdom of the wiſe;
Still harmony, whoſe diapaſon lies
Within a brow, the key which paſſions move,
To raviſh ſenſe, and play a world in love.

What might I not then do whoſe pow'r was ſuch?
What cannot women do that know their pow'r?
What women knows it not (I fear too much)
How bliſs or bale lies in their laugh or low'r,
Whilſt they enjoy their happy blooming flow'r,
Whilſt nature decks them in their beſt attires
Of youth and beauty, which the world admires.

Such one was I, my beauty was mine own,
No borrow'd bluſh which bank-rot beauties ſeek;
That new-found ſhame, a ſin to us unknown,
Th' adulterate beauty of a falſed cheek:
Vile ſtain to honour, and to women eke,
Seeing that time our fading muſt detect,
Thus with defect to cover our defect.

Impiety of times, chaſtity's abettor,
Falſehood, wherein thyſelf thyſelf denieſt:
Treaſon to counterfeit the ſcale of nature,
The ſtamp of Heav'n, impreſſed by the Higheſt.
Diſgrace unto the world, to whom thou lieſt:
Idol unto thyſelf, ſhame to the wiſe,
And all that honour thee idolatriſe.

Far was that ſin from us whoſe age was pure,
When ſimple beauty was accounted beſt,
The time when women had no other lure
But modeſty, pure cheeks, a virtuous breaſt;
This was the pomp wherewith my youth was bleſt.
Theſe were the weapons which mine honour won,
In all the conflicts which mine eyes begun.

Which were not ſmall, I wrought on no mean object,
A crown was at my feet, ſceptres obey'd me, [ject
Whom fortune made my king, love made my ſub-
Who did command the land, moſt humbly pray'd me,
Henry the Second, that ſo highly weigh'd me,
Found well (by proof) the privilege of beauty,
That it had pow'r to countermand all duty.

For after all his victories in France,
And all the triumphs of his honour won:
Unmatch'd by ſword, was vanquiſh'd by a glance
And hotter wars within his breaſt begun.
Wars, whom whole legions of deſires drew on:
Againſt all which, my chaſtity contends
With force of honour, which my ſhame defends.

No armour might be found that could defend,
Tranſpiercing rays of chryſtal-pointed eyes:
No ſtratagem, no reaſon could amend,
No not his age; (yet old men would be wiſe)
But ſhews deceive, outward appearance lies.
Let none for ſeeming ſo, think ſaints of others,
For all are men, and all have ſuck'd their mothers.

Who would have thought a monarch would have ever
Obey'd his hand-maid of ſo mean eſtate;
Vulture ambition feeding on his liver,
Age having worn his pleaſures out of date,
But hap comes never, or it comes too late.
For ſuch a dainty which his youth found not,
Unto his feeble age did chance allot.

Ah, fortune! never abſolutely good,
For that ſome croſs ſtill counter-checks our luck;
As here behold th' incompatible blood,
Of age and youth was that whereon we ſtuck:
Whoſe lothing, we from nature's breaſts do ſuck;

As oppoſite to what our blood requires,
For equal age doth equal like deſires.

But mighty men, in higheſt honour ſiting,
Nought but applauſe and pleaſure can behold:
Sooth'd in their liking, careleſs what is fitting,
May not be ſuffer'd once to think they're old:
Not truſting what they ſee, but what is told.
Miſerable fortune to forget ſo far
The ſtate of fleſh, and what our frailties are.

Yet muſt I needs excuſe ſo great defect
For drinking of the Lethe of mine eyes,
H' is forc'd forget himſelf, and all reſpect
Of majeſty, whereon his ſtate relies:
And now of loves and pleaſures muſt deviſe.
For thus reviv'd again, he ſerves and ſu'th,
And ſeeks all means to undermine my youth.

Which never by aſſault he could recover,
So well encamp'd in ſtrength of chaſte deſires:
My clean-arm'd thoughts repell'd an unchaſte lover.
The crown that could command what it requires,
I leſſer priz'd then chaſtities attires.
Th' unſtain'd vail, which innocents adorns,
Th' ungather'd roſe, defended with the thorns.

And ſafe mine honour ſtood, till that in truth,
One of my ſex, of place and nature bad,
Was ſet in ambuſh to entrap my youth,
One in the habit of like frailty clad,
One who the liv'ry of like weakneſs had.
A ſeeming matron, yet a ſintul monſter,
As by her words the chaſter ſort may conſter.

She ſet upon me with the ſmootheſt ſpeech
That court and age could cunningly deviſe:
Th' one authentic, made her fit to teach,
The other learn'd her how to ſubtiliſe.
Both were enough to circumvent the wiſe.
A document that well might teach the ſage,
That there's no truſt in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (ſaid ſhe) behold thy happy chance,
That haſt the lot caſt down into thy lap,
Whereby thou may'ſt thy honour great advance,
Whilſt thou (unhappy) wilt not ſee thy hap:
Such fond reſpect thy youth doth ſo inwarp.
T' oppoſe thyſelf againſt thine own good fortune,
That points thee out, and ſeems thee to importune.

Doſt thou not ſee how that thy king (thy love)
Lightens forth glory on thy dark eſtate:
And ſhow'rs down gold and treaſure from above,
Whilſt thou doſt ſhut thy lap againſt thy fate?
Fie fondling, fie, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth; thou can'ſt not ſee
What is the fortune that doth follow thee.

Thou muſt not think thy flow'r can always flouriſh,
And that thy beauty will be ſtill admired; [riſh,
But that thoſe rays which all theſe flames do nou-
Cancell'd with time, will have their date expired,
And men will ſcorn what now is ſo deſired.
Our frailties doom is written in the flowers,
Which flouriſh now, and fade e're many hours.

Read in my face the ruins of my youth,
The wreck of years upon my aged brow;
I have been fair (I muſt confeſs the truth)
And ſtood upon as nice reſpects as thou;
I loſt my time, and I repent it now.
But were I to begin my youth again,
I would redeem the time I ſpent in vain.

But thou haſt years and privilege to uſe them,
Thy privilege doth bear beauty's great ſcale;
Beſides, the law of nature doth excuſe them,
To whom thy youth may have a juſt appeal.
Eſteem not fame more than thou doſt thy weal,
Fame (whereof the world ſeems to make ſuch choice)
Is but an echo, and an idle voice.

Then why ſhould this reſpect of honour bound us,
In th' imaginary liſts of reputation?
Titles which cold ſeverity hath found us,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation:
Melancholy's opinion, cuſtom's relation; [fair,
Pleaſure's plague, beauty's ſcourge, hell to the
To leave the ſweet for caſtles in the air.

Pleaſure is felt, opinion but conceiv'd,
Honour, a thing without us, not our own;
Whereof we ſee how many are bereav'd,
Which ſhould have reap'd the glory they had ſown:
And many have it, yet unworthy, known.
So breathes this blaſt, this many-headed beaſt,
Whercof the wiſeſt have eſteemed leaſt.

The ſubtle city-women, better learned,
Eſteem them chaſte enough that beſt ſeem ſo:
Who though they ſport, it ſhall not be decerned,
Their face bewrays not what their bodies do;
'Tis wary walking that doth ſafelieſt go.
With ſhew of virtue, as the cunning knows,
Babes are beguil'd with ſweets, and men with ſhews.

Then uſe thy talent, youth ſhall be thy warrant,
And let not honour from thy ſports detract:
Thou muſt not fondly think thyſelf tranſparent,
Than thoſe who ſee thy face can judge thy fact,
Let her have ſhame that cannot cloſely act.
And ſeem the chaſte, which is the chieſeſt art,
For what we ſeem each ſee, none knows our heart.

What, doſt thou ſtand on this, that he is old?
Thy beauty hath the more to work upon,
Thy pleaſure's want ſhall be ſuppy'd with gold,
Cold age doats moſt when heat of youth is gone:
Enticing words prevail with ſuch a one.
Alluring ſhews moſt deep impreſſion ſtrikes,
For age is prone to credit what it likes.

Here interrupt, ſhe leaves me in a doubt,
When lo began the combat in my blood,
Seeing my youth environ'd round about,

The ground uncertain where my reaſons ſtood;
Small my defence to make my party good,
Againſt ſuch powers which were ſo ſurely laid,
To overthrow a poor unſkilful maid.

Treaſon was in my bones, myſelf conſpiring,
To ſell myſelf to luſt, my ſoul to ſin:
Pure-bluſhing ſhame was even in retiring,
Leaving the ſacred hold it glory'd in.
Honour lay proſtrate for my fleſh to win,
When cleaner thoughts my weakneſs'gan upbray
Againſt myſelf, and ſhame did force me ſay;

Ah, Roſamond! what doth thy fleſh prepare?
Deſtruction to thy days, death to thy fame;
Wilt thou betray that honour held with care,
T' entomb with black reproach a ſpotted name?
Leaving thy bluſh the colours of thy ſhame?
Opening thy feet to ſin, thy ſoul to luſt,
Graceleſs to lay thy glory in the duſt?

Nay firſt let th' earth gape wide to ſwallow thee,
And ſhut thee up in boſom with her dead,
E'er ſerpent tempt thee taſte forbidden tree,
Or feel the warmth of an unlawful bed;
Suff'ring thyſelf by luſt to be miſled;
So to diſgrace thyſelf and grieve thine heirs,
That Clifford's race ſhould ſcorn thee one of their's.

Never wiſh longer to enjoy the air,
Then that thou breath'ſt the breath of chaſtity:
Longer than thou preſerv'ſt thy ſoul as fair
As is thy face, free from impurity.
Thy face, that makes th' admir'd in every eye,
Where nature's care ſuch rarities inroll,
Which us'd amiſs may ſerve to damn thy ſoul.

But what? he is my king, and may conſtrain me,
Whether I yield or not, I live defamed.
The world will think authority did gain me,
I ſhall be judg'd his love, and ſo be ſhamed,
We ſee the fair condem'd, that never gamed.
And if I yield, 'tis honourable ſhame,
If not, I live diſgrac'd, yet thought the ſame.

What way is left thee then, (unhappy maid)
Whereby thy ſpotleſs foot may wander out
This dreadful danger, which thou ſeeſt is laid,
Wherein thy ſhame doth compaſs thee about?
Thy ſimple years cannot reſolve this doubt.
Thy youth can never guide thy foot ſo even,
But (in deſpite) ſome ſcandal will be given.

Thus ſtood I balanc'd equally preciſe,
Till my frail fleſh did weigh me down to ſin;
Till world and pleaſure made me partialiſe,
And glittering pomp my vanity did win,
When to excuſe my fault my luſts begin.
And impious thoughts alleg'd this wanton clauſe,
That though I ſinn'd, my ſin had honeſt cauſe.

So well the golden balls caſt down before me,
Could entertain my courſe, hinder my way:
Whereat my wretchleſs youth ſtooping to ſtore me,
Loſt me the goal, the glory, and the day.
Pleaſure had ſet my well-ſchool'd thoughts to play,
And bade me uſe the virtue of mine eyes,
For ſweetly it fits the fair to wantoniſe.

Thus wrought to ſin, ſoon was I train'd from court,
T' a ſolitary grange, there to attend
The time the king ſhould thither make reſort,
Where he love's long-deſired work ſhould end.
Thither he daily meſſages doth ſend,
With coſtly jewels, (orators of love,)
Which (ah, too well men know) do women move.

The day before the night of my defeature,
He greets me with a caſket richly wrought;
So rare, that art did ſeem to ſtrive with nature,
T' expreſs the cunning workman's curious thought,
The myſtery whereof I prying ſought,
And found engraven on the lid above,
Amymone, how ſhe with Neptune ſtrove.

Amymone, old Danaus' faireſt daughter,
As ſhe was fetching water all alone [her,
At Lerna: whereas Neptune came and caught
From whom ſhe ſtriv'd and ſtruggled to be gone,
Bathing the air with cries and piteous moan;
But all in vain, with him ſhe's forc'd to go,
'Tis ſhame that men ſhould uſe poor maidens ſo.

There might I ſee deſcribed how ſhe lay,
At thoſe proud feet, not ſatisfy'd with prayer:
Wailing her beauty-hap, curſing the day,
In act ſo piteous to expreſs deſpair. [fair,
And by how much more griev'd, ſo much more
Her tears upon her cheeks (poor careful girl,)
Did ſeem againſt the ſun chryſtal and pearl:

Whoſe pure clear ſtreams (which lo ſo fair appears)
Wrought hotter flames (O miracle of love!)
That kindles fire in water, heat in tears,
And makes neglected beauty mightier prove,
Teaching afflicted eyes affects to move;
To ſhew that nothing ill becomes the fair,
But cruelty, which yields unto no prayer.

This having view'd, and therewith ſomething moved,
Figured I find within the other ſquares,
Transformed Io, Jove's dearly loved,
In her affliction how ſhe ſtrangely fares.
Strangely diſtreſſed (O beauty borne to cares)
Turn'd to a heifer, kept with jealous eyes,
Always in danger of her hateful ſpies.

Theſe preſidents preſented to my view,
Wherein the preſage of my fall was ſhewn,
Might have forewarn'd me well what would enſue,
And others harms have made me ſhun mine own.
But fate is not prevented, though foreknown.
For that muſt hap, decreed by heavenly pow'rs,
Who work our fall, yet make the fault ſtill ours.

Witneſs the world, wherein is nothing rifer,
Than miſeries unken'd before they come:
Who can the characters of chance decypher

Written in clouds of our concealed dome,
Which though perhaps have been reveal'd to some,
Yet that so doubtful (as success did prove them)
That must know they have the heav'ns above them.

I saw the sin wherein my foot was en'tring,
I saw how that dishonour did attend it;
I saw the shame whereon my flesh was vent'ring,
Yet had I not the power for to defend it.
So weak is sense, when error hath condemn'd it.
We see what's good, and thereto we consent,
But yet we choose the worst, and soon repent.

And now I come to tell the worst of illness,
Now draws the date of mine affliction near.
Now when the dark had wrapt up all in stilness,
And dreadful black had dispossess'd the clear,
Com'd was the night (mother of sleep and fear)
Who with her sable mantle friendly covers
The sweet-stol'n sport of joyful meeting lovers.

When lo, I joy'd my lover, not my love,
And felt the hand of lust most undesir'd:
Enforc'd th' unproved bitter sweet to prove,
Which yields no natural pleasure when 'tis hir'd.
Love's not constrain'd, nor yet of due requir'd.
Judge they who are unfortunately wed,
What 'tis to come unto lothed bed.

But soon his age receiv'd his short contenting,
And sleep seal'd up his languishing desires:
When he turns to his rest, I to repenting,
Into myself my waking thought retires:
My nakedness had prov'd my senses liars.
Now op'ned were mine eyes to look therein,
For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

Now did I find myself unparadis'd,
From those pure fields of my so clean beginning:
Now I perceiv'd how ill I was advis'd,
My flesh 'gan lothe the new felt touch of sinning;
Shame leaves us by degrees, not at first winning.
For nature checks a new offence with lothing,
But use of sin doth make it seem as nothing.

And use of sin did work in me a boldness,
And love in him, incorporates such zeal,
That jealousy increas'd with ages coldness,
Faring to lose the joy of all his weal,
Or doubting time his stealth might else reveal;
H' is driven to devise some subtle way,
How he might safely'st keep so rich a prey.

A stately palace he forthwith did build,
Whose intricate innumerable ways
With such confused errors, so beguil'd
Th' unguided ent'rers, with uncertain strays,
And doubtful turnings, kept them in delays,
With bootless labour leading them about,
Able to find no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the closed bosom of which frame,
That serv'd a centre to that goodly round,
Were lodgings, with a garden to the same,

With sweetest flowers that e'er adorn'd the ground,
And all the pleasures that delight hath found,
T' entertain the sense of wanton eyes,
Fuel of love, from whence lusts flames arise.

Here I, inclos'd from all the world asunder,
The minotaur of shame kept for disgrace,
The monster of fortune, and the world's wonder,
Liv'd cloister'd in so desolate a case:
None but the king might come into the place,
With certain maids that did attend my need,
And he himself came guided by a thread.

O jealousy, daughter of envy and love,
Most wayward issue of a gentle sire;
Foster'd with fears, thy fathers joys t' improve,
Mirth marring monster, born a subtle liar;
Hateful unto thyself, flying thine own desire:
Feeding upon suspect that doth renew thee,
Happy were lovers if they never knew thee.

Thou hast a thousand gates thou ent'rest by,
Condemning trembling passions to our heart;
Hundred ey'd Argus, ever waking spy,
Pale hag, infernal fury, pleasures smart,
Envious observer, prying in every part;
Suspicious, fearful, gazing still about thee,
O would to God that love could be without thee.

Thou didst deprive (through false suggesting fear)
Him of content, and me of liberty:
The only good that women hold so dear,
And turn'st my freedom to captivity,
First made a prisoner, ere an enemy,
Enjoin'd the ransom of my body's shame,
Which though I paid, could not redeem the same.

What greater torment ever could have been,
Than to enforce the fair to live retir'd?
For what is beauty if it be not seen?
Or what is't to be seen, if not admir'd?
And though admir'd, unless in love desir'd?
Never were cheeks of roses, locks of amber,
Ordain'd to live imprison'd in a chamber.

Nature created beauty for the view,
(Like as the fire for heat, the sun for light:)
The fair do hold this privilege as due
By ancient charter, to live most in sight;
And she that is debar'd it, hath not right.
In vain our friends from this, do us exhort,
For beauty will be where is most resort.

Witness the fairest streets that Thames doth visit,
The wond'rous concourse of the glitt'ring fair:
For what rare woman deck'd with beauty is it,
That thither covets not to make repair?
The solitary country may not stay her.
Here is the centre of all beauties best,
Excepting Delia, left t' adorn the west.

Here doth the curious with judicial eyes,
Contemplate beauty gloriously attired:
And herein all our chiefest glory lies,

To live where we are prais'd and moſt deſired.
O how we joy to ſee ourſelves admired,
Whilſt niggardly our favours we diſcover:
We love to be belov'd, yet ſcorn the lover.

Yet would to God my foot had never mov'd
From country ſafety, from the fields of reſt:
To know the danger to be highly lov'd,
And live in pomp to brave among the beſt,
Happy for me, better had I been bleſt,
If I unluckily had never ſtray'd,
But liv'd at home a happy country maid.

Whoſe unaffected innocence thinks,
No guileful fraud, as doth the courtly liver:
She's deck'd with truth, the river where ſhe drinks
Doth ſerve her for her glaſs, her counſel-giver;
She loves ſincerely, and is loved ever.
Her days are peace, and ſo ſhe ends her breath,
(True life that knows not what's to die till death.)

So ſhould I never have been regiſt'red
In the black book of the unfortunate:
Nor had my name inroll'd with maids miſled,
Which bought their pleaſures at ſo high a rate
Nor had I taught (through my unhappy fate),
This leſſon (which myſelf learn'd with expence)
How moſt it hurts, that moſt delights the ſenſe.

Shame follows ſin, diſgrace is duly given,
Impiety will out, never ſo cloſely done:
No walls can hide us from the eye of heaven,
For ſhame muſt end what wickedneſs began; [on,
Forth breaks reproach when we leaſt think there-
And this is ever proper unto courts,
That nothing can be done, but fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lies moſt ſecret hidden,
Ent'ring the cloſet of the palace dweller:
Abroad revealing what is moſt forbidden.
Of truth and falſehood both an equal teller,
'Tis not a guard can ſerve for to expel her.
The ſword of juſtice cannot cut her wings,
Nor ſtop her mouth from utt'ring ſecret things.

And this our ſtealth ſhe could not long conceal,
From her whom ſuch a forfeit moſt concern'd:
The wronged queen, who could ſo cloſely deal,
That ſhe the whole of all our practice learn'd,
And watch a time when leaſt it was diſcern'd,
In abſence of the king to wreak her wrong,
With ſuch revenge as ſhe deſired long.

The labyrinth ſhe ent'red by that thread,
That ſerv'd a conduct to my abſent lord,
Left there by chance, reſerv'd for ſuch a deed,
Where ſhe ſurpris'd me whom ſhe ſo abhorr'd.
Enrag'd with madneſs, ſcarce ſhe ſpeaks a word,
But flies with eager fury to my face,
Off'ring me moſt unwomanly diſgrace.

Look how a tygreſs, that hath loſt her whelp,
Runs fiercely ranging through the woods aſtray:
And ſeeing herſelf depriv'd of hope or help,
Furiouſly aſſaults what's in her way,
To ſatisfy her wrath (not for a prey),
So fell ſhe on me in outrageous wiſe,
As could diſdain and jealouſy deviſe.

And after all her vile reproaches us'd,
She forc'd me take the poiſon ſhe had brought,
To end the life that had her ſo abus'd,
And free her fears, and eaſe her jealous thought.
No cruelty her wrath could leave unwrought,
No ſpiteful act that to revenge is common;
(No beaſt being fiercer than a jealous woman.)

Here take (ſaith ſhe) thou impudent unclean,
Baſe graceleſs ſtrumpet, take this next your heart;
Your love-ſick heart, that overcharg'd hath been
With pleaſure's ſurfeit, muſt be purg'd with art.
This potion hath a power that will convert
To naught thoſe humours that oppreſs you ſo.
And (girl) I'll ſee you take it e'er I go.

What, ſtand you now amaz'd, retire you back?
Tremble you (minion?) come, diſpatch with ſpeed;
There is no help, your champion now you lack,
And all theſe tears you ſhed will nothing ſteed;
Thoſe dainty fingers needs muſt do the deed.
Take it, or I will drench you elſe by force,
And trifle not, leſt that I uſe you worſe.

Having this bloody doom from helliſh breath,
My woful eyes on every ſide I caſt:
Rigour about me, in my hand my death,
Preſenting me the horror of my laſt:
All hope of pity and of comfort paſt.
No means, no power; no forces to contend,
My trembling hands muſt give myſelf my end.

Theſe hands that beauty's miniſters had been,
They muſt give death, that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gave conſent to ſin,
Muſt now receive deſtruction in thereat,
That body which my luſt did violate,
Muſt ſacrifice itſelf t' appeaſe the wrong.
(So ſhort is pleaſure, glory laſts not long)

And ſhe no ſooner ſaw I had it taken,
But forth ſhe ruſhes (proud with victory)
And leaves m' alone, of all the world forſak'n,
Except of death, which ſhe had left with me.
(Death and myſelf alone together be),
To whom ſhe did her full revenge refer.
Oh, poor weak conqueſt both for him and her

Then ſtraight my conſcience ſummons up my ſi
T' appear before me in a hideous face;
Now doth the terror of my ſoul begin,
When ev'ry corner of that hateful place
Diſclates mine error, and reveals diſgrace;
Whilſt I remain oppreſt in ev'ry part,
Death in my body, horror at my heart.

Down on my bed, my lothſome ſelf I caſt,
The bed that likewiſe gives in evidence
Againſt my ſoul, and tells I was unchaſte;

Tells I was wanton, tells I followed ſenſe,
And therefore caſt, by guilt of mine offence;
Muſt hear the right of heaven needs ſatisfy,
And where I wanton lay, muſt wretched die.

Here I begin to wale my hard miſhap,
My ſudden, ſtrange unlook'd-for miſery;
Accuſing them that did my youth entrap,
To give me ſuch a fall of infamy.
And poor diſtreſs'd Roſamond (ſaid I)
Is this thy glory got, to die forlorn
In deſerts where no ear can hear thee mourn?

Nor any eye of pity to behold
The woful end of my ſad tragedy;
But that thy wrongs unſeen, thy tale untold,
Muſt here in ſecret ſilence buried lie
And with thee, thine excuſe together die.
Thy ſin reveal'd, but thy repentence hid,
Thy ſhame alive, but dead what thy death did.

Yet breathe out to theſe walls the breath of moan,
Tell th' air thy 'plaints, ſince men thou canſt not tell.
And though thou periſh deſolate alone,
Tell yet thyſelf, what thyſelf knows too well;
Utter thy grief wherewith thy ſoul doth ſwell.
And let thy heart pity thy heart's remorſe,
And be thyſelf the mourner and the corſe.

Condole thee here, clad all in black deſpair,
With ſilence only, and a dying bed;
Thou that of late, ſo flouriſhing, ſo fair,
Didſt glorious live, admir'd and honour'd:
And now from friends, from ſuccour hither led,
Art made a ſpoil to luſt, to wrath, to death,
And in diſgrace, forc'd here to yield thy breath.

Did nature (for this good) ingeniate,
To ſhew in thee the glory of her beſt;
Framing thine eye the ſtar of thy ill fate,
Making thy face the foe to ſpoil the reſt?
O beauty, thou an enemy profeſt
To chaſtity, and us that love thee moſt, [loſt?
Without thee, how w' are loth'd, and with thee

You, you that proud with liberty and beauty,
And well may you be proud that you be ſo)
Glitter in court, lov'd and obſerv'd of duty;
Would God I might to you but ere I go
Speak what I feel, to warn you by my woe,
To keep your feet in cleanly paths of ſhame,
That no enticing may divert the ſame.

Seeing how againſt your tender weakneſs ſtill,
The ſtrength of wit, and gold, and all is bent;
And all th' aſſaults that ever might or ſkill,
Can give againſt a chaſte and clean intent:
Oh! let not greatneſs work you to conſent.
The ſpot is foul, though by a monarch made
Kings cannot privilege what God forbade.

Lock up therefore the treaſure of your love,
Under the ſureſt keys of fear and ſhame: [move,
And let no pow'rs have pow'r chaſte thoughts to
To make a lawleſs entry on your fame;
Open to thoſe the comfort of your flame,
Whoſe equal love ſhall march with equal pace,
In thoſe pure ways that lead to no diſgrace.

For ſee how many diſcontented beds,
Our own aſpiring or our parents pride
Have caus'd, whilſt that ambition vainly weds
Wealth, and not love honour, and nought beſide:
Whilſt married but to titles, we abide
As wedded widows, wanting what we have,
When ſhadows cannot give us what we crave.

Or whilſt we ſpend the freſheſt of our time,
The ſweet of youth implotting in the air;
Alas, how oft we fall, hoping to climb;
Or whether as unprofitably fair,
Whilſt thoſe decays which are without repair,
Make us neglected, ſcorn'd and reprov'd.
(And O, what are we, if we be not lov'd?)

Faſten therefore upon occaſions fit,
Leſt this, or that, or like diſgrace as mine,
Do overtake your youth or ruin it,
And cloud with infamy your beauty's ſhine:
Seeing how many ſeek to undermine
The treaſury that's unpoſſeſt of any:
And hard 'tis kept that is deſir'd of many.

And flie (O flie) theſe bed-brokers unclean,
(The monſters of our ſex) that make a prey
Of their own kind, by an unkindly mean;
And even (like vipers) eating out a way
Through th' womb of their own ſhame, accurs'd they
Live by the death of fame, the gain of ſin,
The filth of luſt, uncleanneſs wallows in.

As if 'twere not enough that we (poor we)
Have weakneſs, beauty, gold, and men our foes.
But we muſt have ſome of ourſelves to be
Traitors unto ourſelves, to join with thoſe?
Such as our feeble forces do diſcloſe,
And ſtill betray our cauſe, our ſhame, our youth,
To luſt, to folly, and to mens untruth?

Hateful confounders both of blood and laws,
Vile orators of ſhame, that plead delight:
Ungracious agents in a wicked cauſe,
Factors for darkneſs, meſſengers of right;
Serpents of guile, devils, that do invite
The wanton taſte of that forbidden tree, [he.
Whoſe fruit once pluck'd, will ſhew how foul we

You in the habit of a grave aſpect,
(In credit by the truſt of years) can ſhew
The cunning wayes of luſt, and can direct
The fair and wily wantons how to go,
Having (your lothſome ſelves) your youth ſpent ſo.
And in uncleanneſs ever have been fed,
By the revenue of a wanton bed.

By you have been the innocent betray'd,
The bluſhing fearful, bolden'd unto ſin,
The wife made ſubtle, ſubtle made the maid.

The husband scorn'd, dishonoured the kin:
Parents disgrac'd, children infamous been.
Confus'd our race, and falsified our blood,
Whilst fathers sons possess wrong fathers good.

This, and much more, I would have uttered then,
A testament to be recorded still, [pen,
Sign'd with my blood, subscrib'd with conscience
To warn the fair and beautiful from ill.
Though I could wish (by th' example of my will)
I had not left this note, to the fair,
But did intestate t' have had no heir.

But now, the poison spread through all my veins,
'Gan dispossess my living senses quite;
And nought respecting death (the last of pains)
Plac'd his pale colours (th' ensign of his might)
Upon his new-got spoil before his right;
Thence chac'd my soul, setting my day e'er noon, [soon.
When I least thought my joys could end so

And as convey'd t' untimely funerals,
My scarce cold corse not suffer'd longer stay;
Behold, the king (by chance) returning, falls
T' encounter with the same upon the way,
As he repair'd to see his dearest joy.
Not thinking such a meeting could have been,
To see his love, and seeing been unseen.

Judge those whom chance deprives of sweetest treasure,
What 'tis to lose a thing we hold so dear;
The best delight, wherein our soul takes pleasure,
The sweet of life, that penetrates so near.
What passions feels that heart, enforc'd to bear
The deep impression of so strange a sight,
That overwhelms us, or confounds us quite?

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body steers,
Words had no passage, tears no issue found,
For sorrow shut up words, wrath kept in tears,
Confus'd affects each other do confound:
Oppress with grief, his passions had no bound.
Striving to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dumb.

At length, extremity breaks out away,
Through which, th' imprisoned voice with tears attended,
Wails out a sound that sorrows do bewray,
With arms across, and eyes to heaven bended,
Vapouring out sighs that to the skies ascended.
Sighs (the poor ease calamity affords)
Which serve for speech when sorrow wanteth words.

O heavens (quoth he) why do mine eyes behold
The hateful rays of this unhappy sun?
Why have I light to see my sins control'd,
With blood of mine own shame thus vilely done?
How can my sight endure to look thereon?
Why doth not black eternal darkness hide
That from mine eyes, my heart cannot abide?

What saw my life wherein my soul might joy;
What had my days whom troubles still afflicted,
But only this, to counterpoise annoy?
This joy, this hope, which death hath interdicted;
This sweet, whose loss hath all distress inflicted;
This, that did season all my sour of life,
Vex'd still at home with broils, abroad in strife.

Vex'd still at home with broils, abroad in strife,
Dissension in my blood, jars in my bed:
Distrust at board, suspecting still my life,
Spending the night in horror, days in dread;
(Such life hath tyrants, and this life I led).
These mis'ries go mask'd in glittering shews,
Which wise men see, the vulgar little knows.

Thus as these passions do him overwhelm,
He draws him near my body to behold it.
And as the vine marry'd unto the elm
With strict embraces, so doth he enfold it:
And as he in his careful arms doth hold it,
Viewing the face that even death commends,
On senseless lips, millions of kisses spends.

Pitiful mouth (saith he) that living gav'st
The sweetest comfort that my soul could wish:
O be it lawful now, that dead thou hav'st,
This sorrowing farewell of a dying kiss,
And you fair eyes, containers of my bliss,
Motives of love, born to be matched never,
Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleep for ever.

Ah! how methinks I see death dallying seeks,
To entertain itself in love's sweet place;
Decay'd roses of discolour'd cheeks,
Do yet retain dear notes of former grace;
And ugly death sits fair within her face;
Sweet remnants resting of vermilion red,
That death itself doubts whether she be dead.

Wonder of beauty, oh receive these 'plaints,
These obsequious, the last that I shall make thee;
For lo! my soul that now already faints,
That lov'd thee living, dead will not forsake thee,
Hastens her speedy course to overtake thee.
I'll meet my death, and free myself thereby,
For (ah) what can he do that cannot die?

Yet ere I die, thus much my soul doth vow,
Revenge shall sweet'n death with ease of mind;
And I will cause posterity shall know,
How fair thou wert above above all wom'nkind,
And after ages monuments shall find,
Shewing thy beauty's title, not thy name.
Rose of the world, that sweeten'd so the same.

This said, though more desirous yet to say,
(For sorrow is unwilling to give over)
He doth repress what grief would else bewray,
Lest the too much his passion should discover;
And yet respect scarce bridles such a lover,
So far transpoted that he knows not whether,
For love and majesty dwell ill together,

Then were my funeral's not long deferr'd,
But done with all the rites pomp could deviſe,
At Godſtow, where my body was interr'd,
And richly tomb'd in honourable wiſe,
Where yet as now ſcarce any note deſcries,
Unto theſe times, the memory of me,
Marble and braſs ſo little laſting be.

For thoſe walls which the credulous devout,
And apt-believing ignorant did found;
With willing zeal, that never call'd in doubt,
That time their works ſhould ever ſo confound,
Lie like confuſed heaps as under ground.
And what their ignorance eſteem'd ſo holy,
The wiſer ages do account as folly.

And were it not thy favourable lines
Re-edify'd the wrack of my decays,
And that thy accents willingly aſſigns
Some farther date, and give me longer days,
Few in this age had known my beauties praiſe.
But thus renew'd my fame redeems ſome time,
Till other ages ſhall neglect thy rhyme.

Then when confuſion in her courſe ſhall bring
Sad deſolation on the times to come: [ſing,
When mirthleſs Thames ſhall have no ſwan to
All muſic ſilent, and the muſes dumb.
And yet even then it muſt be known to ſome, [ſo,
That once they flouriſh'd, though not cheriſh'd
And Thames had ſwans as well as ever Po.

But here an end, I may no longer ſtay,
I muſt return t' attend at Stygian flood:
Yet e're I go, this one word more I pray,
Tell Delia, now her ſigh may do me good,
And will her note the frailty of our blood,
And it I paſs unto thoſe happy banks,
Then ſhe muſt have her praiſe, thy pen her thanks.

So vanquiſh'd ſhe, and left me to return
To proſecute the tenor of my woes:
Eternal matter for my muſe to mourn,
But (yet) the world hath heard too much of thoſe,
My youth ſuch errors muſt no more diſcloſe.
I'll hide the reſt, and grieve for what hath been,
Who made me known, muſt make me live unſeen.

A LETTER

FROM

OCTAVIA TO HER HUSBAND MARCUS ANTONIUS.

To the Right Honourable and moſt virtuous Lady,

THE LADY MARGARET, COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

Although the meaner ſort (whoſe thoughts are plac'd
As in another region, far below
The ſphere of greatneſs) cannot rightly taſte
What touch it hath, nor right her paſſions know:
Yet have I here adventur'd to beſtow
Words upon grief, as my griefs comprehend;
And made this great afflicted lady ſhew,
Out of my feelings, what ſhe might have penn'd.
And here the ſame, I bring forth, to attend
Upon thy rev'rent name, to live with thee,
Moſt virtuous lady, that vouchſaf'ſt to lend
Ear to my notes, and comfort unto me,
That one day may thine own fair virtues ſpread,
Being ſecretary now but to the dead.

The Argument.

Upon the ſecond agreement (the firſt being broken through jealouſy of a diſproportion of eminency) between the Triumviri Octavius Cæſar, Marcus Antonius, and Lepidus: Octavia, the ſiſter of Octavius Cæſar, was married to Antonius, as a link to combine that which never yet, the greateſt ſtrength nature, or any power of neareſt reſpect, could long hold together, who made but the inſtrument of others ends, and delivered up as an hoſtage, to ſerve the opportunity of advantages

met not with that integrity ſhe brought; but, as highly preferred to affliction, encountered with all the grievances that beat upon the miſery of greatneſs, expoſed to ſtand betwixt the diverſe tending humours of unquiet parties. For Antony having yet upon him the fetters of Egypt, laid on by the power of a moſt incomparable beauty, could admit no new laws into the ſtate of his affection, or diſpoſe of himſelf, being not himſelf, but as having his heart turned caſtward, whither the point of his deſires were directed, touched with the ſtrongeſt allurements that ambition and a licentious ſovereignty, could draw a man unto: could not truly deſcend to the private love of a civil nurtured matron, whoſe entertainment bounded with modeſty, and the nature of her education, knew not to clothe her affections in any other colours, than the plain habit of truth, wherein ſhe ever ſuited all her actions, and uſed all her beſt ornaments of honeſty, to win the good liking of him that held her, but as a curtain, drawn between him and Octavius, to ſhadow his other purpoſes with all which the ſharp ſight of an equally jealous ambition could ſoon pierce into, and as eaſily look through, and over blood and nature, as he to abuſe it; and therefore, to prevent his aſpiring, he arms his forces, either to reduce Antony to the rank of his eſtate, or elſe to diſrank him out of ſtate and all. When Octavia, by the employment of Antony (as being not yet ready to put his fortune to her trial), throws herſelf, great with child, and as big with ſorrow, into the travel of a moſt labourſome reconciliation: taking her journey, from the furtheſt part of Greece, to find Octavius, with whom her care and tears were ſo good agents, that they effected their commiſſion beyond all expectation; and for that time quite diſarmed their wrath, which yet long could not hold ſo. For Antonius falling into the relapſe of his former diſeaſe, watching his opportunity, got over again into Egypt, where he ſo forgot himſelf, that he quite put off his own nature, and wholly became a prey to his pleaſures, as if he had wound himſelf out of the reſpect of country, blood, and alliance, which gave to Octavia the cauſe of much affliction, and to me, the argument of this letter.

I.

To thee (yet dear) though moſt diſloyal lord,
Whom impious love keeps in a barb'rous land,
Thy wronged wife Octavia ſendeth word
Of th' unkind wounds receiv'd by thy hand,
Great Antony, O let thine eyes afford
But to permit thy heart to underſtand
The hurt thou doſt, and do but read her tears,
That ſtill is thine, though thou wilt not be hers.

II.

Although, perhaps, theſe my complaints may come
Whilſt thou in th' arms of that inceſtuous queen,
The ſtain of Egypt, and the ſhame of Rome,
Shalt dallying ſit, and bluſh to have them ſeen:
Whilſt proud diſdainful ſhe, gueſſing for whom
The meſſage came, and what the cauſe hath been,
Will ſcorning ſay, faith this comes from your dear,
Now, Sir, you muſt be ſhent for ſtaying here.

III.

From her indeed it comes, delicious dame,
(Thou royal concubine and queen of luſt)
Whoſe arms yet pure, whoſe breaſts are void of blame,
And whoſe moſt lawful flame proves thine unjuſt;
'Tis ſhe that ſends the meſſage of thy ſhame,
And his untruth that hath betray'd her truſt:
Pardon, dear lord, from her theſe ſorrows are,
Whoſe bed brings neither infamy nor war.

IV.

And therefore hear her words, that too, too much
Hath heard the wrongs committed by thy ſhame;
Although at firſt my truſt in thee was ſuch,
As it held out againſt the ſtrongeſt fame:
My heart would never let in once a touch
Of leaſt belief, till all confirm'd the fame:
That I was almoſt laſt that would believe,
Becauſe I knew me firſt that moſt muſt grieve.

V.

How oft have poor abuſed I took part
With falſehood, only for to make thee true?
How oft have I argued againſt my heart,
Not ſuffering it to know that which it knew?
And for I would not have thee what thou art,
I made myſelf, unto myſelf untrue:
So much my love labour'd againſt my ſin,
To ſhut out fear, which yet kept fear within.

VI.

For I could never think th' aſpiring mind
Of worthy and victorious Antony,
Could be by ſuch a ſyren ſo declin'd,
As to be train'd a prey to luxury:
I could not think my lord cou'd be ſ' unkind,
As to deſpiſe his children, Rome, and me:

But, O, how soon are they deceiv'd that trust,
And more their shame that will be so unjust.

VII.

But now that certain fame hath open laid
Thy new relapse, and strange revolt from me,
Truth hath quite beaten all my hopes away,
And made the passage of my sorrows free;
For now poor heart, there's nothing in the way
Remains to stand betwixt despair and thee:
All is thrown down, there comes no succours new,
It is most true, my lord is most untrue.

VIII.

And now I may with shame enough pull in
The colours I advanced in his grace,
For that subduing pow'r, that him did win,
Hath lost me too the honour of my face:
Yet why should I, bearing no part in sin,
Bear such a mighty part of his disgrace?
Yes, though it be not mine, it is of mine:
And his renown being 'clips'd, mine cannot shine.

IX.

Which makes me, as I do, hide from the eye
Of the misjudging vulgar, that will deem,
That sure there was in me some reason why
Which made thee thus my bed to disesteem:
So that, alas! poor undeserving I,
A cause of thy unclean deserts shall seem,
Though lust takes never joy in what is due,
But still leaves known delights to seek out new.

X.

And yet my brother Cæsar laboured,
To have me leave thy house, and live more free;
But God forbid Octavia should be led
To leave to live in thine, though left by thee,
The pledges here of thy forsaken bed,
Are still the objects that remember me
What Antony was once, although false now,
And is my lord, though he neglect his vow.

XI.

These walls that here do keep me out of sight,
Shall keep me all unspotted unto thee,
And testify that I will do thee right,
I'll never stain thy house, though thou shame me:
The now sad chamber of my once delight,
Shall be the temple of my pity,
Sacred unto the faith I reverence,
Where I will pay my tears for thy offence.

XII.

Although my youth, thy absence, and this wrong
Might draw my blood to forfeit unto shame,
Nor need I frustrate my delights so long,
That have such means to carry so the same;
Since that the face of greatness is so strong,
As it dissolves suspect, and bears out blame,
Having all secret helps that long thereto,
That seldom wants there aught but will to do.

XIII.

Which yet to do, e're lust this heart shall frame,
Earth swallow me alive, hell rap me hence;
Shall I, because despis'd, contemn my shame,
And add disgrace to others impudence:
What can my pow'r, but give more pow'r to fame?
Greatness must make it great incontinence:
Chambers are false, the bed and all will tell,
No door keeps in their shame that do not well.

XIV.

Hath greatness aught peculiar else alone,
But to stand fair and bright above the base?
What doth divide the cottage from the throne,
If vice shall lay both level with disgrace?
For if uncleanness make them all but one,
What privilege hath honour by this place?
What though our sins go brave and better clad,
They are as those in rage, as base, as bad.

XV.

I know not how but wrongfully I know
Hath undeserning custom plac'd our kind
Under desert, and set us far below
The reputation to our sex assign'd:
Charging our wrong reputed weakness, how
We are unconstant, fickle, false, unkind:
And though our life with thousand proofs shews no,
Yet since strength sales it, weakness must be so.

XVI.

Unequal partage to b' allow'd no share
Of pow'r to do of life's best benefit:
But stand, as if we interdicted were
Of virtue, action, liberty and might:
Must you have all, and not vouchsafe to spare
Our weakness any int'rest of delight?
Is there no portion left for us at all,
But suff'rance, sorrow, ign'rance and thrall?

XVII.

Thrice happy you, in whom it is no fault,
To know, to speak, to do, and to be wise:
Whose words have credit, and whose deeds though naught,
Must yet be made to seem far otherwise:
You can be only heard, whilst we are taught
To hold our peace, and not to exercise,
The powers of our best parts, because your parts
Have with our freedom robb'd us of our hearts.

XVIII.

We in this prison of ourselves confin'd,
Must here shut up with our own passions live
Turn'd in upon us, and denied to find
The vent of outward means that might relieve:
That they alone must take up all our mind:
And no room left us, but to think and grieve,
Yet oft our narrow'd thoughts look more direct
Then your loose wisdom's born with wild neglect.

XIX

For, should we to (as God forbid she should)
Carry no better hand on our desires
Than your strength doth, what int'rest could
Our wronged patience pay you for your hires?
What mixture of strange generations would
Succeed the fortunes of uncertain fires
What foul confusion in your blood and race
To your immortal shame and our disgrace?

XX.

What? are there bars for us, no bounds for you?
Must levity stand sure, though firmness fail?
And are you privileg'd to be untrue,
And we no grant to be dispens'd withal?
Must we unviolable keep your due,
Both to your love, and to your falsehood thrall?

Whilſt you have ſtretch'd your luſt upon your will,
As if your ſtrength were licenc'd to do ill.

XXI.

O if you be more ſtrong, then be more juſt,
Clear this ſuſpicion, make not the world to doubt,
Whether in ſtrong or weak be better truſt,
Infrailty or elſe valour be more ſtout:
And if we have ſhut in our hearts from luſt,
Let not your bad example let them out,
Think that there is like feeling in our blood,
If you will have us good, be you then good.

XXII.

Is it, that love doth take no true delight
In what it hath, but ſtill in what it would,
Which draws you on to do us this unright,
Whilſt fear in us, of looſing what we hold,
Keeps us in ſtill to you, that ſet us light,
So that, what you entice, doth us infold?
Then love, 'tis thou that doſt confound us ſo,
To make our truth the occaſion of our wo.

XXIII.

Diſtreſſed womankind, that either muſt
For loving loſe your loves, or get neglect:
Whilſt wantons are more car'd for than the juſt,
And falſehood cheriſh'd, faith without reſpect.
Better ſhe fares in whom is leſs truſt,
And more is lov'd that is in more ſuſpect.
Which (pardon me) ſhews no great ſtrength of mind,
To be moſt theirs, that uſe you moſt unkind.

XXIV.

Yet well it fits, for that ſin ever muſt
Be tortur'd with the rack of his own frame;
For he that holds no faith, ſhall find no truſt;
But ſowing wrong, is ſure to reap the ſame:
How can he look to have his meaſure juſt,
That fills deceit, and reckons not of ſhame?
And being not pleas'd with what he hath in lot,
Shall ever pine for that which he hath not.

XXV.

Yet if thou couldſt not love, thou mightſt have ſeem'd,
Though to have ſeem'd, had likewiſe been unjuſt:
Yet ſo much are lean ſhews of us eſteem'd,
That oft they feed, though not ſuffice our truſt:
Becauſe our nature grieveth to be deem'd
To be ſo wrong'd, although we be, and muſt;
And it's ſome eaſe yet to be kindly us'd
In outward ſhew, though ſecretly abus'd.

XXVI.

But wo to her that both in ſhew deſpis'd
And in effect diſgrac'd, and left forlorn;
For whom no comforts are to be deviſ'd,
Nor no new hopes can evermore be borne.
O, Antony! could it not have ſuffic'd
That I was thine, but muſt be made her ſcorn
That envies all her blood, and doth divide
Thee from thyſelf, only to ſerve her pride.

XXVII

What fault have I committed that ſhould make
So great diſlike of me and of my love?
Or doth thy fault but an occaſion take
For to diſlike what moſt doth it approve?
Becauſe the conſcience gladly would miſtake
Her own miſdeeds which ſhe would fain remove;
And they that are unwilling to mend,
Will take offence, becauſe they will offend.

XXVIII.

Or having run beyond all pardon quite,
They fly and join with ſin as wholly his,
Making it now their ſide, their part, their right,
And to turn back, would ſhew t' have done amiſs:
For now they think, not to be oppoſite
To what upbraids their fault, were wickedneſs:
So much doth folly thruſt them into blame,
That even to leave off ſhame, they count it ſhame.

XXIX

Which do not thou, dear lord, for I do not
Purſue thy fault, but ſue for thy return
Back to thyſelf, whom thou haſt both forgot
With me, poor me, that doth not ſpite, but mourn.
And if thou couldſt as well amend thy blot,
As I forgive, theſe, plaints had been forborn:
And thou ſhouldſt be the ſame unto my heart,
Which once thou were, not that which now thou art.

XXX.

Though deep doth ſit the hard recov'ring ſmart
Of that laſt wound (which God grant be the laſt)
And more doth touch that tender feeling part
Of my ſad ſoul, than all th' unkindneſs paſt:
And, Antony, I appeal to thine own heart,
(If th' heart, which once was thine, thou yet ſtill haſt)
To judge if ever woman that did live
Had juſter cauſe, than wretched I, to grieve.

XXXI.

For coming unto Athens, as I did,
Weary and weak with toil, and all diſtreſt,
After I had with ſorrow compaſſed
A hard conſent, to grant me that requeſt:
And how my travel was conſidered,
And all my care and coſt thyſelf knows beſt:
That wouldſt not move one foot from luſt for me,
That had left all was dear to come to thee.

XXXII.

For, firſt, what great ado had I to win
M' offended brother Cæſar's backward will?
And pray'd, and wept, and cry'd, to ſtay the ſin
Of civil rancour riſing 'twixt you ſtill:
For in what caſe ſhall wretched I be in,
Set 'twixt both, to ſhare with both your ill?
My blood, ſaid I, with either of you goes,
Whoever win, I ſhall be ſure to loſe.

XXXIII.

For what ſhame ſhould ſuch mighty perſons get
For two weak womens cauſe to diſagree?
Nay, what ſhall I, that ſhall be deem'd to ſet
Th' enkindled fire, ſeeming inflam'd for me?
O! if I be the motive of this hate,
Let theſe unguilty hands the quenchers be,
And let me trudge to mediate an accord,
The agent 'twixt my brother and my lord.

XXXIV.

With prayers, vows, and tears, with urging hard,
I wrung from him a ſlender grant at laſt,

And with the rich proviſions I prepar'd
For thy (intended Parthian war) made haſte,
Weighing not how my poor weak body far'd,
But all the tedious difficulties paſt:
And came to Athens; whence I Niger ſent,
To ſhew thee of my coming and intent.

XXXV.

Whereof, when he had made relation,
I was commanded to approach no near;
Then ſent I back, to know what ſhould be done
With th' horſe, and men, and money, I had there:
Whereat, perhaps, when ſome remorſe begun
To touch thy ſoul, to think yet what we were,
Th' enchantreſs ſtraight 'twixt thy heart and thee,
And intercepts all thoughts that came of me.

XXXVI.

She arms her tears, the enſigns of deceit,
And all her battery, to oppoſe my love,
And bring thy coming grace to a retreat,
The pow'r of all her ſubtilty to prove:
Now pale and faint, ſhe languiſhes, and ſtraight
Seems in a ſound, unable more to move:
Whilſt her inſtructed fellows ply thine ears
With forged paſſions, mixt with feigned tears.

XXXVII.

Hard-hearted lord, ſay they, how canſt thou ſee
This mighty queen, a creature ſo divine,
Lie thus diſtreſt, and languiſhing for thee,
And only wretched, but for being thine?
Whilſt baſe Octavia muſt entitled be
Thy wife, and ſhe eſteem'd thy concubine:
Advance thy heart, raiſe it unto his right,
And let a ſceptre baſer paſſions quit.

XXXVIII.

Thus they aſſail thy nature's weakeſt ſide,
And work upon th' advantage of my mind;
Knowing where judgment ſtood leaſt fortified,
And how t' encounter ſolly in her kind:
But yet the while, O what doſt thou abide,
Who in thyſelf ſuch wreſtling thoughts doſt find?
In what confuſed caſe is thy ſoul in,
Rackt betwixt pity, ſorrow, ſhame, and ſin?

XXXIX.

I cannot tell, but ſure I dare believe,
My travels needs muſt ſome compaſſion move:
For no ſuch lock to blood could nature give
To ſhut out pity, though it ſhut out love:
Conſcience muſt leave a little way to grieve
To let in horror coming to reprove,
The guilt of thine offence that caus'd the ſame,
For deepeſt wounds the hand of our own ſhame.

XL.

Never have unjuſt pleaſures been complete,
In joys entire, but ſtill fear kept the door,
And held back ſomething from that full of ſweet,
To interſour unſure delights the more:
For never did all circumſtances meet
With thoſe deſires which were conceiv'd before:
Something muſt ſtill be left to check our ſin,
And give a touch of what ſhould not have been.

XLI.

Wretched mankind! wherefore hath nature made
The lawful undelightful, th' unjuſt ſhame?
As if our pleaſure only were forbade,
But to give fire to luſt, t' add greater flame:
Or elſe, but as ordained more to lade
Our heart with paſſions to confound the ſame,
Which, though it be, yet add not worſe to ill,
Do, as the beſt men do, bound thine own will.

XLII.

Redeem thyſelf, and now at length make peace
With thy divided heart, oppreſt with toil:
Break up this war, this breaſt diſſention ceaſe,
Thy paſſions to thy paſſions reconcile:
I do not only ſeek my good t' encreaſe,
But thine own eaſe, and liberty: the while
Thee in the circuit of thyſelf confine,
And be thine own, and then thou wilt be mine.

XLIII.

I know my pitied love doth aggravate
Envy and wrath for theſe wrongs offered:
And that my ſuff'rings add with my eſtate,
Coals in thy boſom, hatred on thy head:
Yet is not that my fault, but my hard fate,
Who rather wiſh to have been unpitied
Of all but thee, than that my love ſhould be
Hurtful to him that is ſo dear to me.

XLIV.

Cannot the buſy world let me alone,
To bear alone the burden of my grief;
But they muſt intermeddle with my moan,
And ſeek t' offend me with unſought relief?
Whilſt my afflictions labour to move none
But only thee: muſt pity play the thief,
To ſteal ſo many hearts to hurt my heart,
And move a part againſt my deareſt part?

XLV.

Yet all this ſhall not prejudice my lord,
If yet he will but make return at laſt;
His ſight ſhall raze out of the ſad record
Of my enrolled grief all that is paſt:
And I will not ſo much as once afford
Place for a thought to think I was diſgrac'd:
And pity ſhall bring back again with me
Th' offended hearts that have forſaken thee.

XLVI.

And therefore come, dear lord, leſt longer ſtay
Do arm againſt thee all the pow'rs of ſpite,
And thou be made at laſt the woful prey
Of full enkind'led wrath, and ruin'd quite:
But what preſaging thought of blood doth ſtay
My trembling hand, and doth my ſoul affright?
What horror do I ſee, prepar'd t' attend
Th' event of this? what end, unleſs thou end?

XLVII.

With what ſtrange forms, and ſhadows ominous,
Did my laſt ſleep, my griev'd ſoul entertain?
I dream'd, yea, O dreams are but frivolous!
And yet I'll tell it, and God grant it vain.
Methought a mighty (*a*) hippopotamus,
From Niles floating, thruſts into the main,

(*a*) ſea horſe.

Upon whoſe back, a wanton mermaid ſat,
As if ſhe rul'd his courſe, and ſteer'd his fate.

XLVIII.

With whom t' encounter, forth another makes,
Alike in kind, of ſtrength and pow'r as good:
At whoſe engrappling, Neptune's mantle takes
A purple colour, dy'd with ſtreams of blood;
Whereat this looker on, amaz'd, forſakes
Her champion there, who yet the better ſtood:
But ſee'ng her gone, ſtraight after he flies,
As if his heart and ſtrength lay in her eyes.

XLIX.

On follows wrath upon diſgrace and fear,
Whereof th' event forſook me with the night,
But my wak'd cares, gave me, theſe ſhadows were
Drawn but from darkneſs to inſtruct the light,
Theſe ſecret figures, nature's meſſage bear
Of coming woes, were thy deciper'd right;
But if as clouds of ſleep thou ſhalt them take,
Yet credit wrath and ſpight that are awake.

L.

Prevent, great ſpirit, the tempeſts that begin,
If luſt and thy ambition have left way
But to look out, and have not ſhut all in,
To ſtop thy judgmont from a true ſurvey
Of thy eſtate, and let thy heart within
Conſider in what danger thou doſt lay
Thy life and mine, to leave the good thou haſt,
To follow hopes with ſhadows overcaſt.

LI.

Come, come away from wrong, from craft, from toil,
Poſſeſs thine own with right, with truth, with peace:
Break from theſe ſnares, thy judgment unbeguile,
Free thine own torment, and my grief releaſe.
But whither am I carried all this while
Beyond my ſcope, and know not when to ceaſe?
Words ſtill with my increaſing ſorrows grough:
I know t' have ſaid too much, but not enough.
Wherefore, no more, but only I commend
To thee the heart that's thine, and ſo I end.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM BROWNE;

Containing his

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS,
SHEPHERD'S PIPE,
INNER TEMPLE MASQUE,
MISCELLANIES.

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

So much a ſtranger my ſeverer muſe
Is not to love ſtrains, or a ſhepherd's reed,
But that ſhe knows ſome rites of Phœbus' dues,
Of Pan, of Pallas, and her ſiſter's meed.
Read and commend, ſhe durſt theſe tun'd eſſays
Of him that loves her (ſhe hath ever found
Her ſtudies as one circle). Next ſhe prays
His readers be with roſe and myrtle crown'd!
No willow touch them! As his bays are free
From wrong of bolts, ſo may their chaplets be.

SELDEN'S VERSES PREFIXED TO BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF BROWNE.

OF WILLIAM BROWNE, this ſlight narrative ſcarcely merits the title that is given to it; but the materials for a fuller account are not to be found. He was born at Taviſtock, in Devonſhire, in the year 1590. His father, Thomas Browne was of the rank of gentleman, and according to Prince, in his 'Worthies of Devon,' deſcended of the knightly family of Browne of Browne's-Ilaſh, in the pariſh of Langtree, near Great Torrington.

He was inſtructed in grammatical learning at the ſchool of Taviſtock, from whence he was ſent to Exeter College, Oxford, about the beginning of the reign of King James I. where he made a great progreſs in claſſical and polite literature.

He left the univerſity before he had taken any degree, and entered into the Society of the Inner Temple, London, where he ſeems to have devoted himſelf chiefly to poetry, and probably paid little attention to the ſtudy of the law.

In 1613, he publiſhed, in folio, the firſt book of *Britannia's Paſtorals*; a conſiderable part of which he appears to have written before he had attained his twentieth year.

> Here could I ſpend that ſpring of poeſy,
> Which not twice ten ſuns have beſtow'd on me;
> And tell the world the muſe's love appears
> In nonag'd youth, as in the length of years.

It was dedicated, by a copy of verſes, to William, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain to his Majeſty, and uſhered into the world by complimentary verſes from ſome of his ingenious and learned friends; among whom were Drayton, Selden, Jonſon, Chriſtopher Brooke, W. Herbert, Charles Croke, Unton Croke, John Glanville, John Davies of Hereford, George Wither of Lincoln's Inn; and Edward Heyward, Fr. Dynne, Thomas Gardiner, W. Ferrar, Fr. Oulde, John Morgan, Thomas Heygate, and Auguſtus Cæſar, of the Inner Temple. In the fifth Song, he inſerted *an Elegy on the bewailed death of the truly beloved and moſt virtuous Henry, Prince of Wales*; whoſe loſs was juſtly a ſubject of national regret.

Theſe paſtorals were generally read and admired, and procured him a great reputation.

In 1614, he publiſhed *The Shepherd's Pipe, in even Eclogues*. It was dedicated by a copy of verſes to Edward, Lord Zouch. The firſt eclogue is copied from Occleeve, a writer of the age of Chaucer, whoſe other poems he deſigned to publiſh. In the fourth eclogue, he lamented the death of his friend Mr. Thomas Manwood, ſon of Sir Peter Manwood, Knight, under the name of *Philarete*.

In 1616, he publiſhed the ſecond book of *Britannia's Paſtorals*; in which he celebrated the famous Earl of Eſſex, together with Spenſer, Drayton, Daniel, Jonſon, and other contemporary poets.

At the beginning of the year 1624, he returned to Exeter College, and became tutor to Robert Dormer Earl of Caernarvon, who was killed in the battle of Newbury, on the 20th of September 1643, and has been praiſed by Clarendon.

On the 16th of November, in the ſame year, he was created Maſter of Arts, and was ſtyled in the public regiſter of the Univerſity, a man well ſkilled in all kinds of polite literature and uſeful arts, *Vir omni humana literatura et bonarum artium, cognitione inſtructus*.

In 1625, he publiſhed the two books of *Britannia's Paſtorals*, in 2 vols. 8vo.

After he had quitted the univerſity with his pupil, he appears to have been patroniſed by William Earl of Pembroke, the friend of Daniel, and one of the moſt univerſally beloved and eſteemed nobleman of that age.

Wood, ſays Lord Pembroke, had great reſpect for him, and took him into his family, and that he "got wealth and purchaſed an eſtate;" and that "he had a great mind in a little body."

The time of his death is uncertain, though it probably happened in 1645. Wood ſays, "in my ſearches I find that one William Browne, of Ottery, St. Mary, in Devon, died in the winter time 1645; whether the ſame with the poet, I am hitherto ignorant." It is very likely to have been the ſame perſon, as he was a native of Devonſhire, and appears to have had a ſtrong attachment to that country, and might therefore naturally be led to fix his reſidence there in the latter part of his life.

This is all that is known of Browne; a man who obtained the higheſt diſtinction, as a poet, in a learned and poetical age, and to whoſe memory time has by no means done juſtice. His fate is as uncommon as it is unmerited. He who was admired and beloved by all the beſt writers of his time, who was eſteemed and highly recommended by the critical Jonſon, and the learned Selden, was, in a few years after his death, almoſt forgotten.

So great are the revolutions of our language, and ſuch the uncertainty of literary fame, that before the cloſe of the century in which he wrote, his poetry was become antiquated, and only one edition of his works has been printed in a hundred years.

But the effuſions of a real poetical mind will be ſeldom rendered totally abortive, and thoſe honours which, through envy or accident, are withheld in one age, are ſure to be repaid with intereſt, by taſte and gratitude in another.

The preſent age, diſtinguiſhed by a taſte for poetical antiquities, has already made him ſome reparation for the injuſtice of the laſt; and poſterity, through each ſucceeding generation, will complete the meaſure of his fame.

His poems, which deſerved to be reſcued from the obſcurity into which they had fallen, were collected by T. Davies, the laudable reſtorer of our old Engliſh poets, and printed in 3 vols. 12mo. 1772, as a proper companion of his editions of Davies, Carew, and Suckling.

The Shepherd's Pipe was become ſo extremely ſcarce, that if Mr. Warton, the learned hiſtorian of the Engliſh poetry had not lent his own copy to be tranſcribed, the public might have been deprived of this admirable collection of eclogues.

The Inner Temple Maſque, which had never been printed, was procured from the library of Emanuel College, Cambridge, by the learned Dr. Farmer, who alſo communicated the copy of *Verſes prefixed to the Tragedy of Richard III*, not inſerted in any former edition.

Some other unprinted poems of Browne appear to have been in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Warburton, the herald, which were ſold with his library about the year 1759 or 1760, and cannot be recovered.

His Poems are now, for the firſt time, received into a chronological arrangement of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

Browne is eminently entitled to a very high rank among our old Engliſh claſſics; he has original imagery, ſtriking ſentiment, fertility of expreſſion, and happy combinations, together with a felicity of diction, and a flow of harmony, that merit the attention of the modern writers of verſe.

There is an amiable ſimplicity in moſt of his pieces; and he knew how to move the heart by ſtrokes of genuine nature and paſſion His imagination was fertile, and his mind vigorous, but his judgment was corrupted by the vitiated taſte of the age in which he lived: His writings, therefore, abound with falſe wit, and frivolous ornaments; his deſcriptions, though pictureſque, have an air of extravagance; his conceptions, though ſtrong, have marks of deformity, and his language never flows in a continued ſtrain of purity: he could not plan with preciſion and delicacy, and was unable to join correctneſs with ſpirit.

He is mentioned by Winſtanley, as "worthily deſerving of commendations;" but the paſſage which he quotes as a ſpecimen of his manner, is injurious to his merits, and by no means characteriſtic of Browne.

It is to his honour that Milton read and imitated him, as every attentive reader of *Philarete* and "Lycidas," muſt ſoon diſcover: the reſemblance is obvious; and it is detracting nothing from the merit of "Lycidas," that it owes its origin to *Philarete*.

His *Inner Temple Maſque* alſo, may be ſuppoſed to have ſuggeſted the hint to Milton of his "Maſque of Comus," to which indeed it is much inferior, both in the deſign and execution, though ſome of the ſongs have an agreeable wildneſs and beauty, not unworthy of that great genius.

Wood ſays, that "as he had honoured his country with his elegant and ſweet paſtorals, ſo was he expected, and alſo entreated, a little farther to grace it, by drawing out the line of his poetic anceſtors, beginning in Joſephus Iſcanus, and ending in himſelf; but whether ever publiſhed, having been all or moſtly written, as 'twas ſaid, I know not."

In one of Mr. Oldys's MSS. it is obſerved, that "he was reputed a man not only the beſt verſed in the works and beauties of the Engliſh poets, but alſo in their lives and characters, wherefore he was pitched and prevailed upon to draw out the line of his poetic anceſtors, from Joſephus Iſcanus, down to himſelf, which muſt have been a delectable and uſeful labour, from a man not only of his learning and taſte, but who had the advantage of living ſo much nearer the times when our moſt renowned cultivators of Engliſh poetry adorned this iſle."

The authority of Mr. Oldys is unqueſtionable; and his ſentiments relative to this intended work of Browne, cannot fail to command the approbation, and excite the regret of every lover of literary and poetical biography.

The modern teſtimonies to his merits are few, from the want of his being generally read; but his fame, however tardy, was progreſſive. He found a friend and reader in Pattiſon of Sidney College, Cambridge, who, it is ſaid, was poſſeſſed of no book at his death, except *Britannia's Paſtorals*; he was alſo a favourite with Thompſon of Queen's College, Oxford, who intended to print an edition of his *Paſtorals*, with notes and obſervations, which, though of little value, are preſerved in Davies's edition.

He was more fortunate in attracting the notice of the amiable and ingenious Mr. Headley,

"Who wove freſh garlands for the muſe of yore,"

and has drawn his poetical character with a diſcriminating pencil, though with a penury rather than a profuſion of praiſe.

"The Italian writers were his models, and he was either too young or too injudicious to reſiſt the contagion of forced alluſions and conceits, which an incorrect age, not only endured, but practiſed and approved. His deſcriptions are ſometimes puerile, and at other times overwrought; one while loſt in a profuſion of colours, and at another bald and ſpiritleſs: yet he ſeems to have been a great admirer, and no inattentive obſerver of the charms of nature; as his works abound in minute rural imagery, though indiſcriminately ſelected. From the verſes prefixed to his book, he ſhould ſeem to have written very early in life. Had it been otherwiſe, and chaſte and wholeſome models been thrown in his way, much might have been expected from his natural powers. The praiſe he received from Selden, Jonſon, and Drayton, and the notice he obtained from Milton, are real honours that almoſt counterbalance oblivion, at leaſt they prove that he did not deſerve it."

To the truly noble and learned

WILLIAM EARL OF PEMBROKE,

LORD CHAMBERLAIN TO HIS MAJESTY, &c.

Not that the gift (great lord) deſerves your hand,
(Held ever worth the rareſt works of men)
Offer I this; but ſince in all our land
None can more rightly claim a poet's pen:
That noble blood and virtue truly known,
Which circular in you united run,
Makes you each good, and every good your own,
If it can hold in what my muſe hath done.
But weak and lowly are theſe tuned lays,
Yet though but weak to win fair memory,
You may improve them, and your gracing raiſe;
For things are priz'd as their poſſeſſors be.
If for ſuch favour they have worthleſs ſtriven,
Since love the cauſe was, be that love forgiven!

Your honour's,

W. Browne.

TO THE READER.

The times are ſwoln ſo big with nicer wits,
That nought ſounds good, but what opinion ſtrikes,
Cenſure with judgment ſeld together ſits;
And now the man more than the matter likes.

The great rewardreſs of a poet's pen,
Fame, is by thoſe ſo clog'd ſhe ſeldom flies,
The muſes ſitting on the graves of men,
Singing that virtue lives and never dies.

And chas'd away by the malignant tongues
Of ſuch, by whom detraction is ador'd:
Hence grows the want of ever-living ſongs,
With which our iſle was whilom bravely ſtor'd.

If ſuch a baſiliſk dart down his eye,
(Empoiſon'd with the dregs of utmoſt hate)
To kill the firſt blooms of my poeſy,
It is his worſt, and makes me fortunate.
Kind wits I vail to, but to fools preciſe
I am as confident as they are nice.

W. W.

From the Inner-Temple,
June 18. 1613.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

SONG I.

The Argument.

Marina's love yclep'd the fair,
Celand's diſdain, and her deſpair,
Are the firſt wings my Muſe puts on
To reach the ſacred Helicon.

I THAT whileare near Tavie's * ſtrag'ling ſpring,
Unto my ſeely ſheep did uſe to ſing,
And play'd to pleaſe myſelf, on ruſtic reed,
Nor ſought for bay, (the learned ſhepherd's meed,)
But as a ſwain unkent fed on the plains,
And made the echo umpire of my ſtrains:
Am drawn by time, (although the weak'ſt of many)
To ſing thoſe lays as yet unſung of any.
What need I tune the ſwains of Theſſaly?
Or bootleſs, add to them of Arcadie?
No: fair Arcadia cannot be completer,
My praiſe may leſſon, but to make thee greater.
My muſe for lofty pitches ſhall not roam,
But homely pipen of her native home:
And to the ſwains, love rural minſtralſy,
Thus, dear Britannia, will I ſing of thee.
High on the plains of that renowned iſle,
Which all men beauty's garden-plot enſtyle,
A ſhepherd dwelt, whom fortune had made rich
With all the gifts that ſeely men bewitch.
Near him a ſhepherdeſs, for beauty's ſtore
Unparallel'd of any age before.

Within thoſe breaſts her face a flame did move,
Which never knew before what 'twas to love,
Dazzling each ſhepherd's ſight that view'd her eyes.
And as the Perſians did idolatriſe
Unto the ſun: they thought that Cynthia's light
Might well be ſpar'd, where ſhe appear'd in night.
And as when many to the goal do run,
The prize is given never but to one:
So firſt, and only Celandine was led,
Of deſtinies and heaven much favoured,
To gain this beauty, which I here do offer
To memory: his pains (who would not proffer
Pains for ſuch pleaſures?) were not great nor much,
But that his labour's recompence was ſuch
As countervailed all: for ſhe whoſe paſſion,
(And paſſion oft is love) whoſe inclination
Bent all her courſe to him-wards, let him know
He was the elm whereby her vine did grow:
Yea, told him, when his tongue began this taſk,
She knew not to deny when he would aſk.
Finding his ſuite as quickly got as mov'd,
Celandine, in his thoughts not well approv'd
What none could diſallow, his love grew fained,
And what he once affected, now diſdained.
But fair Marina, (for ſo was ſhe call'd)
Having in Celandine her love inſtall'd,
Affected ſo this faithleſs ſhepherd's boy,
That ſhe was rapt beyond degree of joy;
Briefly, ſhe could not live one hour without him,
And thought no joy like theirs that liv'd about him.
This variable ſhepherd for a while
Did nature's jewel, by his craft, beguile:
And ſtill the perfecter her love did grow,
His did appear more counterfeit in ſhew.

* *Tavie is a river, having his head in Dertmore in Devon, ſome few miles from Marie-Tavy, and falls ſouthward into Tamar: out of the ſame moor riſeth, running northward, another, called Tau; which, by the way, the rather I ſpeak of, becauſe in the printed Malmeſbury de Geſt. Pontific. lib. 2 fol. 146. you read, "Eſt in Domnonia cœnobium Monachorum juxta Tau fluvium, quod Taviſtock vocatur:" whereas, upon Tau ſtands (near the northſide of the ſhire) Tauſtock, being no remnants of a monaſtery; ſo that you muſt there read, "juxta Tavi Fluvium," as in a manuſcript copy of Malmeſbury (the form of the hand, aſſuring Malmeſbury's time) belonging to the Abbey of St. Auguſtin in Canterbury, I have ſeen in the hands of my very learned friend M. Selden.*

Which she perceiving that his flame did flake,
And lov'd her only for his trophy's sake:
" For he that's stuffed with a faithless tumour,
" Loves only for his lust and for his humour:"
And that he often in his merry sit
Would say, his good came, e'er he hop'd for it:
His thoughts for other subjects being prest,
Esteeming that as nought, which he possest:
" For, what is gotten but with little pain,
" As little grief we take to lose again:"
Well-minded Marine grieving, thought it strange
That her ingrateful swain did seek for change.
Still by degrees her cares grew to the full,
Joys to the wane: heart-rending grief did pull
Her from herself, and she abandon'd all
To cries and tears, fruits of a funeral;
Running, the mountains, fields, by wat'ry springs,
Filling each cave with woful echoings;
Making in thousand places her complaint,
And uttering to the trees what her tears meant.
" For griefs conceal'd (proceeding from desire)
" Consume the more, as doth a close pent fire."
Whilst that the day's sole eye doth guide the seas,
In his day's journey to th' Antipodes;
And all the time the jetty charioteer
Hurls her black mantle through our hemisphere.
Under the covert of a sprouting pine
She sits and grieves for faithless Celandine.
Beginning thus: Alas! and must it be
That love, which thus torments and troubles me
In settling it, so small advice hath lent
To make me captive, where enfranchisement
Cannot be gotten? nor where, like a slave,
The office due to faithful prisoners, have?
O cruel Celandine, why shouldst thou hate
Her, who to love thee, was ordain'd by fate!
Should I not follow thee, and sacrifice
My wretched life to thy betraying eyes?
Aye me! of all, my most unhappy lot,
What others would, thou may'st, and yet wilt not.
Have I rejected those that me ador'd,
To be of him, whom I adore, abhor'd?
And pass'd by others tears, to make election
Of one, that should so pass by my affection?
I have: and see, the heav'nly powers intend
" To punish sinners in what they offend."
May be he takes delight to see in me
The burning rage of hellish jealousy;
Tries if in fury any love appears;
And bathes his joy within my flood of tears.
But if he lov'd to soil my spotless soul,
And me amongst deceived maids enrol,
To publish to the world my open shame:
Then heart take freedom; hence accursed flame;
And, as queen regent in my heart shall move
" Disdain, that only over-ruleth love:"
By this enfranchis'd sure my thoughts shall be,
And in the same sort love, as thou lov'st me.
But what? or can I cancel or unbind
That which my heart hath seal'd and love hath sign'd?
No, no, grief doth deceive me more each hour;
" For, who so truly loves, hath not that power."
I wrong to say so, since of all 'tis known,
" Who yields to love doth leave to be her own."
But what avails my living thus apart?
Can I forget him? or out of my heart
Can tears expulse his image? surely no.
" We well may flie the place, but not the woe:
" Love's fire is of a nature which by turns
" Consumes in presence, and in absence burns."
And knowing this, aye me! unhappy wight!
What means is left to help me in this plight?
And from that peevish, shooting, hood-wink'd elf,
To repossess my love, my heart, myself?
Only this help I find, which I elect,
Since what my life, nor can nor will effect,
My ruin shall: and by it, I shall find,
" Death cures (when all helps fail (the grieved
" mind."
And welcome here, (than love, a better guest)
That of all labours art the only rest:
Whilst thus I live, all things discomfort give,
The life is sure a death wherein I live:
Save life and death do differ in this one,
That life hath ever cares, and death hath none.
But if that he (disdainful swain) should know
That for his love I wrought my overthrow;
Will he not glory in't? and from my death
Draw more delights, and give new joys their breath?
Admit he do, yet better 'tis that I
Render myself to death than misery.
I cannot live, thus barred from his sight,
Nor yet endure, in presence, any wight
Should love him but myself. O reason's eye,
How art thou blinded with wild jealousy!
And is it thus? Then which shall have my blood,
Or certain ruin, or uncertain good?
Why do I doubt? Are we not still advis'd,
" That certainty in all things best is priz'd?"
Then, if a certain end can help my moan,
" Know death hath certainty, but life hath none."
Here is a mount, whose top seems to despise
The far inferior vale that under lies:
Who, like a great man rais'd aloft by fate,
Measures his height by others mean estate:
Near to whose foot there glides a silver flood,
Falling from hence, I'll climb unto my good:
And by it finish love and reason's strife;
And end my misery as well as life.
But as a coward's heartener in war,
The stirring drum, keeps lesser noise from far,
So seem the murmuring waves, tell in mine ear,
That guiltless blood was never spilled there.
Then stay awhile; the beasts that haunt those springs,
Of whom I hear the fearful bellowings,
May do that deed, (as moved by my cry)
Whereby my soul, as spotless ivory,
May turn from whence it came, and, freed from hence,
Be unpolluted of that foul offence.
But why protract I time? Death is no stranger,
" And generous spirits never fear for danger:
" Death is a thing most natural to us,
" And fear doth only make it odious."
As when to seek her food abroad doth rove
The Nuncius of peace, the feely dove,
Two sharp set hawks do her on each side hem,
And she knows not which way to flie from them;

Or like a ſhip, that toſſed to and fro
With wind and tide, the wind doth ſternly blow,
And drives her to the main, the tide comes ſore
And hurls her back again towards the ſhore;
And ſince her ballaſt, and her ſails do lack,
One brings her out, the other beats her back;
Till one of them encreaſing more his ſhocks,
Hurls her to ſhore, and rends her on the rocks:
So ſtood ſhe long, 'twixt love and reaſon toſt,
Until deſpair, (who, where it comes rules moſt)
Won her to throw herſelf, to meet with death,
From off the rock into the flood beneath.
The waves that were above, when as ſhe fell,
For fear flew back again into their well;
Doubting enſuing times on them would frown,
That they ſo rare a beauty help'd to drown,
Her fall, in grief, did make the ſtream ſo roar,
That ſullen murmurings filled all the ſhore.

A ſhepherd (near this flood that fed his ſheep,
Who at this chance left grazing and did weep)
Having ſo ſad an object for his eyes,
Left pipe and flock, and in the water flies,
To ſave a jewel, which was never ſent
To be poſſeſt by one ſole element:
But ſuch a work nature diſpos'd and gave,
Where all the elements concordance have.
He took her in his arms, for pity cry'd,
And brought her to the river's further ſide:
Yea, and he fought by all his art and pain,
To bring her likewiſe to herſelf again:
While ſhe that by her fall was ſenſeleſs left,
And almoſt in the waves had life bereft,
Lay long, as if her ſweet immortal ſpirit
Was fled ſome other palace to inherit.

But as clear Phœbus, when ſome foggy cloud
His brightneſs from the world awhile doth ſhroud,
Doth by degrees begin to ſhew his light
Unto the view: or, as the queen of night,
In her encreaſing horns, doth rounder grow,
Till full and perfect ſhe appear in ſhew:
Such order in this maid the ſhepherd ſpies,
When ſhe began to ſhew the world her eyes.
Who (thinking now that ſhe had paſt death's dream,
Occaſion'd by her fall into the ſtream,
And that hell's ferryman did then deliver
Her to the other ſide th' infernal river)
Said to the ſwain: O Charon, I am bound
More to thy kindneſs, than all elſe, that round
Come thronging to thy boat: thou haſt paſt over
The woful'ſt maid that e'er theſe ſhades did cover:
But pr'thee (ferryman direct my ſp'rit
Where that black river runs the Lethe hight,
That I of it (as other ghoſts) may drink,
And never of the world, or love, more think.
The ſwain perceiving by her words ill ſorted,
That ſhe was wholly from herſelf tranſported;
And fearing leſt thoſe often idle fits
Might clean expel her uncollected wits:
Fair nymph (ſaid he) the powers above deny
So fair a beauty ſhould ſo quickly die:
The heavens unto the world have made a loan,
And muſt for you have intereſt, three for one:
Call back your thoughts o'ercaſt with dolours night;
Do you not ſee the day, the heavens, the light?
Do you not know in Pluto's darkſome place
The light of heaven did never ſhew his face?
Do not your pulſes beat, y'are warm, have breath,
Your ſenſe rapt with fear, but not with death?
I am not Charon, nor of Pluto's hoſt;
Nor is there fleſh and blood found in a ghoſt;
But as you ſee, a feely ſhepherd's ſwain,
Who, though my mere revenues bet he train
Of milk-white ſheep, yet I am joy'd as much,
In ſaving you, (O, who would not ſave ſuch?)
As ever was the wand'ring youth of * Greece,
That brought, from Colchos, home, the Golden Fleece.

The never too much-praiſed fair Marine,
Hearing thoſe words, believ'd her ears and een:
And knew how ſhe eſcaped had the flood
By means of this young ſwain that near her ſtood.
Whereat for grief ſhe 'gan again to faint,
Redoubling thus her cries and ſad complaint:
Alas! and is that likewiſe barr'd from me,
Which for all perſons elſe lies ever free?
Will life, nor death, nor ought abridge my pain?
But live ſtill dying, die to live again?
The moſt unhappy I! which find moſt ſure,
The wound of love, neglected, is paſt cure.
Moſt cruel god of love (if ſuch there be)
That ſtill to my deſires art contrary!
Why ſhould I not in reaſon this obtain,
That as I love, I may be lov'd again?
Alas! with thee too, nature plays her parts,
That fram'd ſo great a diſcord, 'tween two hearts;
One flies, and always doth in hate preſever;
The other follows, and in love grows ever.
Why doſt thou not extinguiſh clean this flame,
And plac'd on him that beſt deſerves the ſame?
Why had not I affected ſome kind youth
Whoſe every word had been the word of truth?
Who might have had to love, and lov'd to have
So true a heart as I to Celand gave.
For † Pſyche's love! if beauty gave thee birth,
Or if thou haſt attractive power on earth,
Dame Venus' ſweeteſt child, requite this love;
Or fate yield means my ſoul may hence remove!
Once ſeeing in a ſpring her drowned eyes,
O cruel beauty, cauſe of this (ſhe cries,)
Mother of love, (my joy's moſt fatal knife)
That work'ſt her death, by whom thyſelf haſt life!

The youthful ſwain that heard this loving ſaint
So oftentimes to pour forth ſuch complaint,
Within his heart ſuch true affection prais'd,
And did perceive kind love and pity rais'd
His mind to ſighs; yea, beauty forced this,
That all her grief he thought was likewiſe his.
And having brought her what his lodge affords,
Sometime he wept with her, ſometime with words
Would ſeek to comfort; when alas poor elf
He needed then a comforter himſelf.
Daily whole troops of grief unto him came,
For her who languiſh'd of another flame.
If that ſhe ſigh'd he thought him lov'd of her,
When 'twas another fail her wind did ſtir:

* *Jaſon.*

† *See Apuleius's Golden Aſs, 4th, 5th, and 6th v.*

But had her sighs and tears been for this boy,
Her sorrow had been less, and more her joy.
Long time in grief he hid his love-made pains,
And did attend her walks in woods and plains;
Bearing a fuel, which her sun-like eyes
Enflam'd, and made his heart the sacrifice.
Yet he, sad swain, to shew it did not dare;
And she, least he should love, aye dy'd for fear.
She, ever-wailing, blam'd the powers above,
That night nor day give any rest to love.
He prais'd the heavens in silence, oft was mute,
And thought with tears and sighs to win his suit.
Once in the shade, when she by sleep repos'd,
And her clear eyes 'twixt her fair lids enclos'd;
The shepherd swain began to hate and curse
That day unfortunate, which was the nurse
Of all his sorrows. He had given breath
And life to her, which was his cause of death.
O Æsop's snake, that thirstest for his blood,
From whom thyself receiv'd'st a certain good.
Thus oftentimes unto himself alone
Would he recount his grief, utter his moan;
And after much debating did resolve
Rather his grandame earth should clean involve
His pining body, e'er he would make known
To her, what tares love in his breast had sown.
Yea, he would say, when grief for speech hath cry'd;
"'Tis better never ask then be deny'd."
But as the queen of rivers, fairest Thames,
That for her buildings other floods enflames
With greatest envy; or the * nymph of Kent,
That stately'st ships to sea hath ever sent;
Some base groom, for lucre's hellish course,
Her channel having stopt, kept back her source,
(Fill'd with disdain) doth swell above her mounds,
And overfloweth all the neighb'ring grounds,
Angry she tears up all that stops her way,
And with more violence runs to the sea:
So the kind shepherd's grief (which long up pent
Grew more in pow'r and longer in extent)
Forth of his heart more violently thrust,
And all his vow'd intentions quickly burst,
Marina hearing sighs, to him drew near,
And did entreat his cause of grief to hear:
But had she known her beauty was the sting,
That caused all that instant sorrowing;
Silence in bands her tongue had stronger kept,
And sh'ad not ask'd for what the shepherd wept.
The swain first, of all times, this best did think,
To shew his love, whilst on the river's brink
They sat alone, then thought, he next would move her
With sighs and tears, (true tokens of a lover):
And since she knew what help from him she found
When in the river she had else been drown'd,
He thinketh sure she cannot but grant this,
To give relief to him, by whom she is:
By this incited, said; Whom I adore,
Sole mistress of my heart, I thee implore,
Do not in bondage hold my freedom long;
And since I life or death hold from your tongue,
Suffer my heart to love; yea, dare to hope
To get that good of love's intended scope.

* *Medway.*

Grant I may praise that light in you I see,
And dying to myself, may live in thee.
Fair nymph surcease this death-alluring languish,
So rare a beauty was not born for anguish.
Why should'st thou care for him that cares not for thee?
Yea, most unworthy wight, seems to abhor thee:
And if he be as you do here paint forth him,
He thinks you best of beauties are not worth him;
That all the joys of love will not quit cost
For all lov'd freedom which by it is lost.
Within his heart such self-opinion dwells,
That his conceit in this he thinks excels;
Accounting women beauty's sugred baits,
That never catch, but fools, with their deceits:
"Who of himself harbours so vain a thought,
"Truly to love could never yet be brought."
Then love that heart, where lies no faithless seed,
That never wore dissimulation's weed:
Who doth account all beauties of the spring,
That jocund summer days are ushering,
As foils to yours. But if this cannot move
Your mind to pity, nor your heart to love;
Yet, sweetest, grant me love to quench the flame,
Which burns you now. Expel his worthless name,
Clean root him out by me, and in his place
Let him inhabit, that will run a race
More true in love. It may be for your rest.
And when he sees her, who did love him best,
Possessed by another, he will rate
The much of good he lost, when 'tis too late:
"For what is in our powers, we little deem,
"And things possest by others, best esteem."
If all this gain you not a shepherd's wife,
Yet give not death to him which gave you life.
Marine, the fair, hearing his wooing tale,
Perceived well what wall his thoughts did scale.
And answer'd thus: I pray, Sir Swain, what boot
Is it to me to pluck up by the root
My former love, and in his place to sow
As ill a seed, for any thing I know?
Rather 'gainst thee I mortal hate retain,
That seek'st to plant in me new cares, new pain:
Alas! th' hast kept my soul from death's sweet bands,
To give me over to a tyrant's hands;
Who on his racks will torture by his pow'r,
This weaken'd, harmless body, every hour.
Be you the judge, and see if reason's laws
Gives recompence of favour for this cause:
You from the streams of death, brought life on shore;
Releas'd one pain, to give me ten times more.
For love's sake, let my thoughts in this be free;
Object no more your hapless saving me:
That obligation which you think should bind,
Doth still increase more hatred in my mind;
Yea, I do think, more thanks to him were due
That would bereave my life, than unto you.
The thunder-stroken swain lean'd to a tree,
As void of sense as weeping Niobe:
Making his tears the instruments to woo her,
The sea wherein his love should swim unto her:
And, could there flow from his two-headed fount,
As great a flood as is the Hellespont,

Within that deep he would as willing wander,
To meet his Hero, as did ere * Leander.
Meanwhile the nymph withdrew herſelf aſide,
And to a grove at hand her ſteps applied.
With that ſad ſight (O! had he never ſeen,
His heart in better caſe had ever been)
Againſt his heart, againſt the ſtream he went,
With this reſolve, and with a full intent,
When of that ſtream he had diſcovered
The fount, the well-ſpring, or the bubbling head,
He there would ſit, and with the well drop vie,
That it before his eyes would firſt run dry:
But then he thought the ‡ God that haunts that lake,
The ſpoiling of his ſpring would not well take.
And therefore leaving ſoon the chryſtal flood,
Did take his way unto the neareſt wood:
Seating himſelf within a darkſome cave,
(Such places heavy Saturniſts do crave,)
Where yet the gladſome day was never ſeen,
Nor Phœbus' piercing beams had ever been,
Fit for the ſynod houſe of thoſe fell legions,
That walk the mountains, and Silvanus regions.
Where tragedy might have her full ſcope given,
Froms mens aſpects, and from the view to heaven.
Within the ſame ſome crannies did deliver
Into the midſt thereof a pretty river;
The nymph whereof came by out of the veins
Of our firſt mother, having late ta'en pains
In ſcouring of her channel all the way,
From where it firſt began to leave the ſea.
And in her labour thus far now had gone,
When coming through the cave, ſhe heard that one
Spake thus: "If I do in my death perſevere,
"Pity may that effect, which love could never."
By this ſhe can conjecture 'twas ſome ſwain,
Who overladen by a maid's diſdain,
Had here (as fitteſt) choſen out a place,
Where he might give a period to the race
Of his loth'd life: which ſhe (for pity's ſake)
Minding to hinder, div'd into her lake,
And haſt'ned where the ever-teeming earth
Unto her current gives a wiſhed birth;
And by her new-delivered river's ſide,
Upon a bank of flow'rs, had ſoon eſpied
Remond, young Remond, that full well could ſing,
And tune his pipe at Pan's-birth carolling:
Who for his nimble leaping, ſweeteſt lays,
A laurel garland wore on holidays;
In framing of whoſe hand dame Nature ſwore
There never was his like, nor ſhould be more:

Whoſe locks (infnaring nets) were like the rays,
Wherewith the ſun doth diaper the ſeas:
Which if they had been cut, and hung upon
The ſnow-white cliffs of fertile Albion,
Would have allured more, to be, their winner,
Than all the † diamonds that are hidden in her.
Him ſhe accoſted thus; ſwain of the wreathe,
Thou art not placed, only here to breathe;
But nature in thy framing ſhews to me,
Do good; and ſurely I myſelf perſuade.
Thou never wert for evil action made,
In heaven's conſiſtory 'twas decreed,
That choiceſt fruit ſhould come from choiceſt feed;
In baſer veſſels we do ever put
Baſeſt materials, do never ſhut
Thoſe jewels moſt in eſtimation ſet,
But in ſome curious coſtly cabinet.
If I may judge by th' outward ſhape alone,
Within, all virtues have convention:
"For't gives moſt luſtre unto virtue's feature,
"When ſhe appears cloth'd in a goodly creature."
Half way the hill, near to thoſe aged trees,
Whoſe inſides are as hives for lab'ring bees,
(As who ſhould ſay (before their roots were dead)
For good works ſake and alms, they harboured
Thoſe whom nought elſe did cover but the ſkies:)
A path (untroden but of beaſts) there lies,
Directing to a cave in yonder glade,
Where all this foreſt's citizen's, for ſhade
At noon-time come, and are the firſt, I think,
That (running through that cave) my water drink:
Within this rock their ſits a woful wight,
As void of comfort as that cave of light;
And as I wot, occaſion'd by the frowns
Of ſome coy ſhepherdeſs that haunts theſe downs.
This I do know (whos'ever wrought his care)
He is a man nigh treading to deſpair.
Then hie thee thither, ſince 'tis charity
To ſave a man; leave here thy flock with me:
For whilſt thou fav'ſt him from the Stygian bay,
I'll keep thy lambkins from all beaſts of prey.
The nearneſs of the danger (in his thought)
As it doth ever, more compaſſion wrought:
So that with reverence to the nymph, he went
With winged ſpeed, and haſt'ned to prevent
Th' untimely ſeizure of the greedy grave:
Breathleſs, at laſt, he came into the cave;
Where, by a ſign directed to the man,
To comfort him he in this ſort began:
Shepherd all hail, what mean theſe plaints? this cave
(Th' image of death, true portrait of the grave)
Why doſt frequent? and wail thee under ground,
From whence there never yet was pity found?
Come forth, and ſhew thyſelf unto the light,
Thy grief to me. If there be ought that might

* *See Muſæus and Ovid's Epiſtles; likewiſe the Seſtyad, a poem, in ſix books, begun by Chriſtopher Marlow, and finiſhed by George Chapman; highly eſteemed by Ben Jonſon.*

‡ *Deæ ſanè et Nimphæ, plerunque fontibus et fluviis præſunt apud poetas, quæ Ephydriades et Naiades dictæ: verum et nobis tamen deum præſicere (ſic Alpheum Tyberinum, et Rhenum, et id genus alios divoæ legimus) haud illicitum.*

† *Julium Cæſarem, ſpe Margaritarum, Britanniam petiſſe, ſcribit Sueton. in Jul. cap.* 47. *et ex iis thoracem factum veneri genetrici dicâſſe. Plin. Hiſt Nat.* 9. *cap.* 35. *De Margaritis verò noſtris conſulas Camden. in Cornub. et Somerſet.*

Give any eaſe unto thy troubled mind,
We joy as much to give, as thou to find,
The love-ſick ſwain replied: Remond, thou art
The man alone to whom I would impart
My woes, more willing than to any ſwain,
That lives and feeds his ſheep upon the plain.
But vain it is, and 'twould increaſe my woes
By their relation, or to thee or thoſe
That cannot remedy. Let it ſuffice,
No fond diſtruſt of thee makes me preciſe
To ſhew my grief. Leave me then, and forego
This cave more ſad, ſince I have made it ſo.
Here tears broke forth. And Remond 'gan anew:
With ſuch entreaties earneſt to purſue
His former ſuit, that he (though hardly) wan
The ſhepherd to diſcloſe; and thus began:
Know briefly Remond then, a heavenly face,
Nature's idea, and perfection's grace,
Within my breaſt hath kindled ſuch a fire,
That doth conſume all things, except deſire;
Which daily doth increaſe, though always burning,
And I want tears but lack no cauſe of mourning:
For he whom love under his colours draws,
"May often want th' effect, but ne'er the cauſe."
Quoth th' other, have thy ſtars malign been ſuch,
That their predominations ſway ſo much
Over the reſt, that with a mild aſpect
The lives and loves of ſhepherds do affect?
Then do I think there is ſome greater hand,
Which thy endeavours ſtill doth countermand:
Wherefore I wiſh thee quench the flame, thus mov'd,
"And never love except thou be belov'd:
"For ſuch an humour every woman ſeizeth,
"She not him that plaineth, but that pleaſeth.
"When much thou loveſt, moſt diſdain comes on-
" thee; [from thee,
"And when though think'ſt to hold her, ſhe flies
"She follow'd, flies; ſhe fled from, follows poſt,
"And loveth beſt where ſhe is hated moſt.
"'Tis ever noted both in maids and wives,
"Their hearts and tongues are never relatives.
"Hearts full of holes (ſo elder ſhepherd's ſaine),
"As apter to receive than to retain."
Whoſe crafts and wiles did I intend to ſhow,
This day would not permit me time, I know:
The day's ſwift horſes would their courſe have run,
And div'd themſelves within the ocean,
Ere I ſhould have performed half my taſk,
Striving their crafty ſubtilties t'unmaſk.
And gentle ſwain ſome counſel take of me;
Love not ſtill where thou mayſt; love, who loves
thee;
Draw to the courteous, fly thy love's abhorrer,
"And if ſhe be not for thee, be not for her."
If that ſhe ſtill be wavering, will away, [ſtay?
Why ſhouldſt thou ſtrive to hold what will not
This maxim, reaſon never can confute,
"Better to live by loſs than die by ſuit."
If to ſome other love ſhe is inclin'd,
Time will at length clean root that from her mind.
Time will extinct loves flames, his hell-like flaſhes,
And like a burning brand conſume't to aſhes.
Yet mayſt thou ſtill attend, but not importune:
"Who ſeeks oft miſſeth, ſleepers light on fortune,"
Yea, and on woman too. Thus doltiſh ſots
"Have fate and faireſt women for their lots.
"Favour and pity wait on patience:"
And hatred oft attendeth violence.
If thou wilt get deſire, whence love has pawn'd it,
Believe me, take thy time, but ne'er demand it.
Women, as well as men, retain deſire;
But can diſſemble, more then men, their fire.
Be never caught with looks, nor ſelf-wrought rumour;
Nor by a quaint diſguiſe, nor ſinging humour.
Thoſe out-ſide ſhews are toys, which outwards ſnare:
But virtue lodg'd within, is only fair.
If thou hadſt ſeen the beauty of our nation,
And find'ſt her have no love, have thou no paſſion:
But ſeek thou further; other places ſure
May yield a face as fair, a love more pure:
Leave (O, then leave) fond ſwain this idle courſe,
For love's a god no mortal wight can force.
Thus Remond ſaid, and ſaw the fair Marine
Plac'd near a ſpring, whoſe waters chryſtaline
Did in their murmurings bear a part, and 'plained
That one ſo true ſo fair, ſhould be diſdained:
Whilſt in her cries, that fill'd the vale along,
Still Celand was the burden of her ſong.
The ſtranger ſhepherd left the other ſwain,
To give attendance to his fleecy train;
Who in departing from him, let him know,
That yonder was his freedom's overthrow,
Who ſat bewailing (as he late had done)
That love by true affection was not won.
This fully known: Remond came to the maid
And after ſome few words (her tears allay'd)
Began to blame her rigour, call'd her cruel,
To follow hate, and fly love's chiefeſt jewel.
Fair, do not blame him that he thus is mov'd;
For women ſure were made to be beloved.
If beauty wanting lovers long ſhould ſtay,
It like an houſe undwelt in would decay:
When in the heart if it have taken place,
Time cannot blot, nor crooked age deface.
The adamant and beauty we diſcover
To be alike; for beauty draws a lover,
The adamant his iron. Do not blame
His loving then, but that which caus'd the ſame.
Who ſo is lov'd doth glory ſo to be:
The more your lovers, more your victory.
Know, if you ſtand on faith, moſt womens loathing,
'Tis but a word, a character of nothing.
Admit it ſomewhat, if what we call conſtance,
Within a heart hath no long time reſidence,
And in a woman ſhe becomes alone
Fair to herſelf but foul to every one.
If in a man it once have taken place,
He is a fool, or doats, or wants a face
To win a woman, and I think it be
No virtue, but a mere neceſſity:

Heaven's powers deny it swain (quoth she) have done,
Strive not to bring that in derision,
Which whoso'er detracts in setting forth,
Doth truly derogate from his own worth.
It is a thing which heaven to all hath lent
To be their virtue's chiefest ornament:
Which whoso wants, is well compar'd to these
False tables, wrought by * Alcibiades:
Which noted well of all, were found t' have been
Most fair without, but most deform'd within.
Then shepherd know that I intend to be
As true to one, as he is false to me.
To one? (quoth he) why so: Maids pleasure take
To see a thousand languish for their sake:
Women desire for lovers of each sort,
And why not you? Th' amorous swain for sport;
The lad that drives the greatest flock to field,
Will buskins, gloves, and other fancies yield;
The gallant swain will save you from the jaws
Of ravenous bears, and from the lion's paws.
Believe what I propound; do many choose,
"The least herb in the field serves for some use."
Nothing persuaded, nor assuag'd by this,
Was fairest Marine or her heavinesse:
But prais'd the shepherd as he ere did hope,
His silly sheep should fearless have the scope
Of all the shadows that the trees do lend,
From Raynard's stealth, when Titan doth ascend,
And run his midway course; to leave her there,
And to his bleating charge again repair.
He condescended; left her by the brook,
And to the swain and's sheep himself betook.
He gone; she with herself thus gan to saine;
Alas poor Marine, think'st to attain
His love by sitting here? or can the fire
Be quencht with wood? can we allay desire
By wanting what's desired? O that breath,
The cause of life, should be the cause of death;
That who is shipwreckt on love's hidden shelf,
Doth live to others, dies unto herself.
Why might I not attempt by death as yet
To gain that freedom, which I could not get,
Being hind'red heretofore; a time as free,
A place as fit offers itself to me,
Whose seed of ill is grown to such a height,
That makes the earth groan to support his weight.
Who so is lull'd asleep with Midas' treasures,
And only fears by death to lose life's pleasures;
Let them fear death; but since my fault is such,
And only fault, that I have lov'd too much,
On joys of life why should I stand! for those
Which I near had, I surely cannot lose.
Admit a while I to those thoughts consented,
"Death can be but deferred, not prevented."
Then raging with delay, her tears that fell
Usher'd her way, and she into a cell
Straightways leapt after: "O! how desperation
"Attends upon the mind enthral'd to passion!"
The fall of her did make the god below,
Starting, to wonder whence that noise should grow:
Whether some ruder clown in spite did fling
A lamb, untimely fall'n, into his spring:
And if it were, he solemnly then swore
His spring should flow some other way: no more
Should it in wanton manner ere be seen
To writhe in knots, or give a gown of green
Unto their meadows, nor be seen to play,
Nor drive the rushy mills, that in his way
The shepherd's made: but rather for their lot,
Send them red waters that their sheep should rot.
And with such moorish springs embrace their field,
That it should nought but moss and rushes yield.
Upon each hillock, where the merry boy
Sits piping in the shade his notes of joy,
He'd shew his anger, by some flood at hand,
And turn the same into a running sand.
Upon the oak, the plumb tree and the holm,
The stock dove and the blackbird should not come,
Whose muting on those trees does make to grow
Rots curing † hyphear, and the mistletoe.
Nor shall this help their sheep, whose stomachs fails,
By tying knots of wool near to their tails:
But as the place next to the knot doth die,
So shall it all the body mortify.
Thus spake the god: But when, as in the water,
The crops came sinking down, he spy'd the matter,
And catching softly in his arms the maid,
He brought her up; and having gently laid
Her on his bank, did presently command
Those waters in her, to come forth: At hand
They straight came gushing out, and did contest
Which chiefly should obey their god's behest.
This done, her then pale lips he straight held ope,
And from his silver hair let fall a drop
Into her mouth, of such an excellence,
That call'd back life, which griev'd to part from thence,
Being for troth assur'd, that, than his one,
She ne'er possest a fairer mansion.
Then did the god her body forwards steep,
And cast her for a while into a sleep;
Sitting still by her, did his full view take
Of nature's masterpiece. Here, for her sake,
My pipe in silence, as of right, shall mourn,
Till from the wat'ring we again return.

* *They represented a god or goddess without, and a Silenus or deformed piper within. Erasmus has a curious dissertation on Sileni Alcibiades. Adag. p.* 667. *Edit. R. Steplens.*

† *Hyphear ad faginanda Pecora utilissimus: nino autem fatum nullo modo nascitur, nec nisi per alvum avium redditum maximè Palumbiset Turdi. Plin. Hist. Nat.* 16. *cap.* 44. *Hinc illud vetus verbum, turdus sibi malum cacat.*

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

SONG II.

The Argument.

Oblivion's ſpring, and Dory's love,
With fair Marina's rape, firſt move
Mine oaten pipe, which after ſings
The birth of two renowned ſprings.

Now till the ſun ſhall leave us to our reſt,
And Cynthia have her brother's place poſſeſt,
I ſhall go on: And, firſt, in diff'ring ſtripe,
The flood-god's ſpeech thus tune on oaten pipe:
Or mortal, or a power above,
Inrag'd by fury, or by love,
Or both, I know not, ſuch a deed
Thou would'ſt effected, that I bleed
To think thereon: Alas! poor elf,
What, grown a traitor to thyſelf?
This face, this hair, this hand ſo pure
Were not ordain'd for nothing ſure.
Nor was it meant ſo ſweet a breath
Should be expos'd by ſuch a death;
But rather in ſome lover's breaſt,
Be given up, the place that beſt
Befits a lover yield his ſoul.
Nor ſhould thoſe mortals e'er controul
The gods, that in their wiſdom ſage
Appointed have what pilgrimage
Each one ſhould run: And why ſhould men
Abridge the journey ſet by them?
But much I wonder any wight
If he did turn his outward ſight
Into his inward, dar'd to act
Her death, whoſe body is compact
Of all the beauties ever nature
Laid up in ſtore for earthly creature.
No ſavage beaſt can be ſo cruel
To rob the earth of ſuch a jewel.
Rather the ſtately unicorn
Would in his breaſt enraged ſcorn,
That maids committed to his charge,
By any beaſt in foreſt large,
Should be ſo wrong'd. Satyrs rude
Durſt not attempt, or e'er intrude
With ſuch a mind the flowry balks,
Where harmleſs virgins have their walks.
Would ſhe be won with me to ſtay,
My waters ſhould bring from the ſea
The corral red, as tribute due,
And roundeſt pearls of orient hue:
Or in the richer veins of ground
Should ſeek for her the diamond.
And whereas now unto my ſpring
They nothing elſe but gravel bring,
They ſhould within a mine of gold
In piercing manner long time hold,
And having it to duſt well wrought,
By them it hither ſhould be brought;
With which I'll pave and overſpread
My bottom, where her foot ſhall tread.
The beſt of fiſhes in my flood
Shall give themſelves to be her food.
The trout, the dace, the pike, the bream,
The eel, that loves the troubled ſtream,
The millers-thumb, the hiding loach,
The perch, the ever-nibbling roach,
The ſhoats, with whom is Tavie fraught,
The fooliſh gudgeon, quickly caught,
And, laſt, the little minnow-fiſh,
Whoſe chief delight in gravel is.
In right ſhe cannot me deſpiſe,
Becauſe ſo low mine empire lies.
For I could tell how nature's ſtore
Of majeſty appeareth more
In waters, than in all the reſt
Of elements. It ſeem'd her beſt

To give the waves moſt ſtrength and pow'r:
For they do ſwallow and devour
The earth; the waters quench and kill
The flames and fire: and mounting ſtill
Up in the air, are ſeen to be,
As challenging a ſeignore
Within the heavens, and to be one
That ſhould have like dominion.
They be a ceiling and a floor
Of clouds, caus'd by the vapours ſtore
Ariſing from them, vital ſpirit
By which all things their life inherit
From them is ſtopped, kept aſunder.
And what's the reaſon elſe of thunder,
Of lightning's flaſhes all about,
That with ſuch violence break out,
Cauſing ſuch troubles and ſuch jars,
As with itſelf the world had wars?
And can there any thing appear
More wonderful, than in the air
Congealed waters oft to ſpy
Continuing pendant in the ſky?
Till falling down in hail or ſnow,
They make thoſe mortal wights below
To run, and ever help deſire
From his foe element the fire,
Which fearing them to come abroad
Within doors maketh his abode.
On falling down oft time in rain,
Doth give green liveries to the plain,
Make ſhepherd's lambs fit for the diſh,
And giveth nutriment to fiſh.
Which nouriſheth all things of werth
The earth produceth and brings forth;
And therefore well conſidering
The nature of it in each thing:
As when the teeming earth doth grow
So hard, that none can plow nor ſow,
Her breaſt it doth ſo mollify,
That it not only comes to be
More eaſy for the ſhare and ox,
But that in harveſt times the ſhocks
Of Ceres' hanging eared corn
Doth fill the hovel and the barn.
To trees and plants I comfort give;
By me they fructify and live:
For, firſt, aſcending from beneath
Into the ſky, with lively breath,
I thence am furniſh'd, and beſtow
The ſame on herbs, that are below.
So that by this each one may ſee
I cauſe them ſpring and multiply.
Who ſeeth this, can do no leſs,
Than of his own accord confeſs,
That notwithſtanding all the ſtrength
The earth enjoys in breadth and length,
She is beholding to each ſtream,
And hath received all from them.
Her love to him ſhe then muſt give,
By whom herſelf doth chiefly live.
This being ſpoken by this water's god,
He ſtraightway in his hand did take his rod,
And ſtroke it on his bank, wherewith the flood
Did ſuch a roaring make within the wood,
That ſtraight the (*a*) nymph who then ſat on her ſhore,
Knew there was ſomewhat to be done in ſtore:
And therefore haſting to her brother's ſpring
She ſpy'd what caus'd the waters echoing.
Saw where fair Marine firſt aſleep did lie,
Whilſt that the god ſtill viewing her ſat by:
Who, when he ſaw his ſiſter nymph draw near,
He thus 'gan tune his voice unto her ear.

Faireſt ſiſter (for we come
Both from the ſwelling Thetis' womb)
The reaſon why of late I ſtrook
My ruling wand upon my brook
Was for this purpoſe; late this maid
Which on my bank aſleep is laid,
Was by herſelf, or other wight,
Caſt in my ſpring, and did affright
With her late fall, the fiſh that take
Their chiefeſt pleaſure in my lake:
Of all the fry within my deep,
None durſt out of their dwellings peep.
The trout within the weeds did ſcud,
The eel him hid within the mud.
Yea, from this fear I was not free:
For as I muſing ſat to ſee
How that the pretty pebbles round
Came with my ſpring from under ground,
And how the waters iſſuing
Did make them dance about my ſpring;
The noiſe thereof did me appal:
That ſtarting upward therewithal,
I in my arms her body caught,
And both to light and life her brought:
Then caſt her in a ſleep you ſee.
But, brother, to the cauſe (quoth ſhe)
Why by your raging waters wild
Am I here called? Thetis' child,
Reply'd the god, for thee I ſent,
That when her time of ſleep is ſpent,
I may commit her to thy gage,
Since women beſt know women's rage.
Meanwhile, fair nymph, accompany
My ſpring with thy ſweet harmony;
And we will make her ſoul to take
Some pleaſure, which is ſad to wake,
Although the body hath his reſt.

She gave conſent: and each of them addreſt
Unto their part. The watry nymph did ſing
In manner of a pretty queſtioning:
The god made anſwer to what ſhe propounded,
Whilſt from the ſpring a pleaſant muſic ſounded,
(Making each ſhrub in ſilence to adore them)
Taking their ſubject from what lay before them.

NYMPH.

What's that, compact of earth, infus'd with air,
A certain, made full with uncertainties;
Sway'd by the motion of each ſeveral ſphere;
Who's fed with nought but infelicities;
Endures not heat nor cold; is like a ſwan,
That this hour ſings, next dies?

GOD. It is a man.

NYMPH.

What's he, born to be ſick, ſo always dying,
That's guided by inevitable fate;

(*a*) *The watry nymph that ſpoke to Remond.*

That comes in weeping, and that goes out crying;
Whose kalendar of woes is still in date;
Whose life's a bubble, and in length a span;
A consort still in discords?

GOD. 'Tis a man.

NYMPH.

What's he, whose thoughts are still quell'd in th' event,
Though ne'er so lawful, by an opposite,
Hath all things fleeting, nothing permanent:
And as his ears wears still a parasite:
Hath friends in wealth, or wealthy friends, who can
In want prove meer illusions?

GOD. 'Tis a man.

NYMPH.

What's he, that what he is not, strives to seem,
That doth support an Atlas-weight of care:
That of an outward good doth best esteem,
And looketh not within how solid they are:
That doth not virtuous, but the richest scan;
Learning and worth by wealth?

GOD. 'Tis a man.

NYMPH.

What's that possessor, which of good makes bad;
And what is worst makes choice still for the best;
That giveth most to think of what he had,
And of his chiefest loss accounteth least;
That doth not what he ought, but what he can;
Whose fancy's ever boundless!

GOD. 'Tis a man.

NYMPH.

But what is it, wherein * dame nature wrought
The best of works, the only frame of heaven;
And having long to find a present, fought,
Wherein the world's whole beauty might be given;
She did resolve in it all arts to summon,
To join with nature's framing?

GOD. 'Tis this woman.

NYMPH.

If beauty be a thing to be admired;
And if admiring draw to it affection;
And what we do affect, is most desired;
What wight is he to love denies subjection?
And can his thoughts within himself confine?
Marine that waking lay, said—Celandine.
He is the man that hates, which some admire;
He is the wight that loathes whom most desire:
'Tis only he to love denies subjecting.
And but himself, thinks none is worth affecting.
Unhappy me the while; accurst my fate,
That nature gives no love where she gave hate.
The watry rulers then perceived plain,
Nipt with the winter of love's frost, disdain;
This nonpareil of beauty had been led
To do an act which envy pitied:
Therefore in pity did confer together,
What physic best might cure this burning fever.
At last found out that in a grove below,
Where shadowing sycamours past number grow,
A fountain takes his journey to the main,
Whose liquor's nature was so soveraign,
(Like to the wond'rous well and famous spring,
Which in † Boetia hath his issuing)
That who so of it doth but only taste,
All former memory from him doth waste.
Not changing any other work of nature,
But doth endow the drinker with a feature
More lovely. Fair Medea took from hence
Some of this water; by whose quintessence,
‡ Æson from age came back to youth. This known,
(The god thus spake:)

——— Nymph be thine own,
And after mine. This goddess here
(For she's no less) will bring thee where
Thou shalt acknowledge springs have done
As much for thee as any one.
Which ended, and thou gotten free,
If thou wilt come and live with me,
No shepherd's daughter, nor his wife,
Shall boast them of a better life.
Meanwhile I leave thy thoughts at large,
Thy body to my sister's charge;
Whilst I into my spring do dive,
To see that they do not deprive
The meadows near, which much do thirst,
Thus heated by the sun. May first
(Quoth Marine) swains give lambs to thee;
And may thy flood have seignorie
Of all floods else; and to thy fame
Meet greater springs, yet keep thy name.
May never euet, nor the toad,
Within thy banks make their abode!
Taking thy journey from the sea,
May'st thou ne'er happen in thy way
On nitre or on brimstone mine,
To spoil thy taste! this spring of thine
Let it of nothing taste but earth,
And salt conceived, in their birth
Be ever fresh! let no man dare
To spoil thy fish, make lock or ware,
But on thy margent still let dwell
Those flow'rs which have the sweetest smell.
And let the dust upon thy strand
Become like Tagus' golden sand.
Let as much good betide to thee,
As thou hast favour shew'd to me.

Thus said; in gentle paces they remove,
And hast'ned onward to the shady grove:
Where both arriv'd; and having found the rock,
Saw how this precious water it did lock.
As he whom avarice possesseth most,
Drawn by necessity unto his cost,
Doth drop by piece-meal down his prison'd gold,
And seems unwilling to let go his hold.
So the strong rock the water long time stops
And by degrees lets it fall down in drops. [food,
Like hoarding housewives that do mould their
And keep from others, what doth them no good.

* *The first woman is feigned to be named Pandora, i. e. a creature framed of the concurrence of the gifts and ornaments of all the god. As Hesiod.* Ὅτι πάντες ὀλυμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες Δῶρον ἐδώρησαν.

† *Pliny writes of two springs rising in Boetia, the first helping memory, called* Μνήμη. *The latter causing oblivion, called* Λήθη.

‡ *Ovid, Metam. b. 6.*

The drops within a ciſtern fell of ſtone
Which fram'd by nature, art had never one
Half part ſo curious. Many ſpells then uſing,
The water's nymph 'twixt Marine's lips infuſing
Part of this water, ſhe might ſtraight perceive
How ſoon her troubled thoughts began to leave
Her love-ſwoln breaſt; and that her inward flame
Was clean aſſuaged, and the very name
Of Celandine forgotten; did ſcarce know
If there were ſuch a thing as love or no.
And ſighing, therewithal threw in the air
All former love, all ſorrow, all deſpair;
And all the former cauſes of her moan
Did therewith bury in oblivion.
Then muſt'ring up her thoughts, grown vagabonds
Preſt to relieve her inward bleeding wounds,
She had as quickly all things paſt forgotten,
As men do monarchs that in earth lie rotten.
As one new-born ſhe ſeem'd, ſo all diſcerning:
" Though things long learned are the long'ſt un-
" learning."
Then walk'd they to a grove but near at hand,
Where fiery Titan had but ſmall command,
Becauſe the leaves conſpiring kept his beams,
For fear of hurting (when he's in extremes)
The under flowers, which did enrich the ground
With ſweeter ſcents than Arabia found.
The earth doth yield (which they through pores
exhale)
Earth's beſt of odours, th' aromatical:
Like to that ſmell, which oft our ſenſe deſcries
Within a field which long unplowed lies,
Somewhat before the ſetting of the ſun;
And where the rainbow in the horizon
Doth pitch her tips: or as when in the prime,
The earth being troubled with a drought long
time,
The hand of heaven his ſpongy clouds doth ſtrain,
And throws into her lap a ſhower of rain;
She ſendeth up (conceived from the ſun)
A ſweet perfume and exhalation.
Not all the ointments brought from Delos iſle;
Nor from the confines of ſeven-headed Nile;
Nor that brought whence Phœnicians have abodes,
Nor Cyprus wild vine-flowers; nor that of Rhodes;
Nor roſes oil from Naples, Capua,
Saffron confected in Cicilia;
Nor that of quinces, nor of marjoram,
That ever from the iſle of Coös, came.
Nor theſe, nor any elſe, though ne'er ſo rare,
Could with this place for ſweeteſt ſmells compare,
* There ſtood the elm, whoſe ſhade ſo mildly dim
Doth nouriſh all that groweth under him.
Cypreſs that like pyramids run topping,
And hurt the leaſt of any by their dropping.
The elder, whoſe fat ſhadow nouriſheth,
Each plant ſet near to him long flouriſheth.
The heavy-headed plane tree, by whoſe ſhade
The graſs grows thickeſt, men are freſher made.
The oak, that beſt endures the thunder ſhocks:
The everlaſting ebon, cedar, box.
The olive that in wainſcot never cleaves.
The amorous vine, which in the elm ſtill weaves.
The lotus, juniper, where worms ne'er enter:
The pine, with whom men through the ocean ven-
ture.
The warlike yew, by which (more than the launce
The ſtrong-arm'd Engliſh ſpirits conquer'd France.
Amongſt he reſt the tamariſk there ſtood,
For houſewives beſoms only known moſt good.
The cold-place-loving birch, and ſervice tree:
The walnut loving vales, and mulberry.
The mapple, aſh, that do delight in fountains,
Which have their currents by the ſides of moun-
tains.
The laurel, myrtle, ivy, date, which hold
Their leaves all winter, be it ne'er ſo cold.
The fir, that oftentimes doth roſin drop:
The beech, that ſcales the welkin with his top:
All theſe, and thouſand more within this grove,
By all the induſtry of nature ſtrove
To frame an arbour that might keep within it
The beſt of beauties that the world hath in it.
Here ent'ring, at the entrance of which ſhroud,
The ſun half angry hid him in a cloud,
As raging that a grove ſhould from his ſight
Lock up a beauty whence himſelf had light.
The flowers pull'd in their heads as being ſham'd
Their beauties by the others were deſam'd.
Near to this wood there lay a pleaſant mead,
Where fairies often did their meaſures tread,
Which in the meadow made ſuch circles green,
As if with garlands it had crowned been,
Or like the circle where the ſigns we track,
And learned ſhepherds call't the Zodiac:
Within one of theſe rounds was to be ſeen
A hillock riſe, where oft the fairy queen
At twilight ſate, and did command her elves,
To pinch thoſe maids that had not ſwept their
ſhelves:
And further, if by maidens overſight,
Within doors water were not brought at night:
Or if they ſpread no table, ſet no bread,
They ſhould have nips from toe unto the head:
And for the maid that had perform'd each thing,
She in the water pale bade leave a ring.
Upon this hill there ſat a lovely ſwain,
As if that nature thought it great diſdain
That he ſhould (ſo through her his genius told
him)
Take equal place with ſwains, ſince ſhe did hold
him
Her chiefeſt work, and therefore thought it fit,
That with inferiors he ſhould never ſit.
Narciſſus' change, ſure Ovid clean miſtook,
He dy'd not looking in a chryſtal brook,
But (as thoſe which in emulation gaze)
He pin'd to death by looking on this face.
When he ſtood fiſhing by ſome river's brim,
The fiſh would leap, more for a ſight of him
Than for the fly. The eagle, higheſt bred,
Was taking him once up for Ganimede.
The ſhag-hair'd ſatyrs, and the tripping fawns;
With all the troop that frolick on the lawns,
Would come and gaze on him, as who ſhould ſay
They had not ſeen his like this many a day.
Yea Venus knew no difference 'twixt theſe twain
Save Adon was a hunter, this a ſwain.

* *See Spencer's Faery Queen, b. 1. c. 1. ſt. 8, 9.*

The wood's ſweet choriſters from ſpray to ſpray
Would hop them neareſt him, and then there ſtay:
Each joying greatly from his little heart,
That they with his ſweet reed might bear a part.
This was the boy, (the poets did miſtake)
To whom bright Cynthia ſo much love did make,
And promis'd for his love no ſcornful eyes
Should ever ſee her more in horned guiſe:
But ſhe at his command, would as of duty
Become as full of light as he of beauty.
Lucina at his birth for midwife ſtuck:
And Citherea nurs'd and gave him ſuck,
Who to that end, once dove-drawn from the ſea,
Her full paps dropt, whence came the milky way.
And as when Plato did i' th' cradle thrive,
Bees to his lips brought honey from their hive:
So to this boy they came, I know not whether
They brought, or from his lips did honey gather.
The wood nymphs oftentimes would buſied be,
And pluck for him the bluſhing ſtrawberry:
Making of them a bracelet on a bent,
Which for a ſavour to this ſwain they ſent.
Sitting in ſhades, the ſun would oft by ſkips
Steal through the boughs, and ſeize upon his lips.
The chiefeſt cauſe the ſun did condeſcend
To * Phaeton's requeſt, was to this end,
That whilſt the other did his horſes rein, [ſwain;
He might ſlide from his ſphere, and court this
Whoſe ſparkling eyes vy'd luſtre with the ſtars,
The trueſt centre of all circulars.
In brief, if any man in ſkill were able
To finiſh up † Apelles' half done table,
This boy (the man left out) were fitteſt ſure
To be the pattern of that portraiture.
Piping he ſat, as merry as his look,
And by him lay his bottle and his hook,
His buſkins (edg'd with ſilver) were of ſilk,
Which held a leg more white than morning's milk.
Thoſe buſkins he had got and brought away
For dancing beſt upon the revel day.
His oaten reed did yield forth ſuch ſweet notes,
Joined in conſort with the birds ſhrill throats,
That equalis'd the harmony ſpheres,
A muſic that would raviſh choiceſt ears.
Long look'd they on (who would not long look on,
That ſuch an object had to look upon)?
Till at the laſt the nymph did Marine ſend,
To aſk the neareſt way, whereby to wend
To theſe fair walks where ſprung Marina's ill,
Whilſt ſhe would ſtay: Marine obey'd her will,
And haſt'ned towards him (who would not do ſo,
That ſuch a pretty journey had to go?)
Sweetly ſhe came, and with a modeſt bluſh,
Gave him the day, and then accoſted thus:
Faireſt of men, that (whilſt thy flock doth feed)
Sit'ſt ſweetly piping on thine oaten reed
Upon this little berry (ſome yclepe
A hillock) void of care, as are thy ſheep
Devoid of ſpots, and ſure on all this green
A fairer flock as yet were never ſeen:
Do me this favour (men ſhould favour maids)
That whatſoever path directly leads,
And void of danger, thou to me do ſhew,
That by it to the Mariſh I may go.
Marriage! (quoth he) miſtaking what ſhe ſaid,
Nature's perfection: thou moſt faireſt maid,
(If any fairer than the faireſt may be)
Come ſit thee down by me; know lovely lady,
Love is the readieſt way; if ta'en aright
You may attain thereto full long ere night.
The maiden thinking he of Mariſh ſpoke,
And not of marriage, ſtraightway did invoke,
And pray'd the ſhepherd's god might always keep
Him from all danger, and from wolves his ſheep.
Wiſhing with all that in the prime of ſpring
Each ſheep he had, two lambs might yearly bring.
But yet (quoth ſhe) arede good gentle ſwain,
If in the dale below, or on yond plain;
Or is the village ſituate in a grove,
Through which my way lies, and ye cleped love.
Nor on yon plain, nor in this neighbouring wood;
Nor in the dale where glides the ſilver flood.
But like a beacon on a hill ſo high,
That every one may ſee't which paſſeth by
Is love yplac'd; there's nothing can it hide,
Although of you as yet 'tis uneſpy'd.
But on which hill (quoth ſhe) pray tell me true?
Why here, (quoth he) it ſits and talks to you.
And are you love (quoth ſhe?) fond ſwain adieu,
You guide me wrong, my way lies not by you.
Though not your way, you may not lie by me:
Nymph, with a ſhepherd thou as merrily
May'ſt love and live, as with the greateſt lord,
"Greatneſs doth never moſt content afford."
I love thee only, not affect world's pelf,
"She is not lov'd, that's lov'd not for herſelf."
How many ſhepherd's daughters who in duty,
To griping fathers, have inthral'd their beauty,
To wait upon the gout, to walk when pleaſes
Old January halt. O that diſeaſes
Should link with youth! She hath ſuch a mate
Is like two twins, born both incorporate:
Th' one living, the other dead: the living twin
Muſt needs be ſlain through noiſomneſs of him
He carrieth with him: ſuch are their eſtates,
Who merely marry wealthy, and not their mates.
As ebbing waters freely ſlide away,
To pay their tribute to the raging ſea;
When meeting with the flood they juſtle ſtout,
Whether the one ſhall in, or th' other out:
Till the ſtrong flood new power of waves doth bring,
And drives the river back into his ſpring:
So Marine's words off'ring to take their courſe,
By love then ent'ring, were kept back, and force
To it, his ſweet face, eyes, and tongue aſſign'd
And threw them back again into her mind.
"How hard it is to leave and not to do
"That which by nature we are prone unto?
"We hardly can (alas! why not?) diſcuſs,
"When nature hath decreed it muſt be thus.
"It is a maxim held of all, known plain,
"Thurſt nature off with forks, ſhe'll turn a-
"gain."

* *See Ovid's Metam. b. 2. Apollonius Argonaut. l. 4. Lucretus, l. 5.*

† *An unfiniſhed Venus. Plin. l. 35. c. 10. Cicero, l. 3. de Officiis, lib. 1. epiſt. 9. Epiſt. ad Famil.*

Blithe Doridon (ſo men this ſhepherd hight)
Seeing his goddeſs in a ſilent plight,
(" Love often makes the ſpeech's organs mute,")
Began again thus to renew his ſuit:
If by my words your ſilence hath been ſuch,
Faith I am ſorry I have ſpoke ſo much.
Bar I thoſe lips? fit to be th' utt'rers, when
The heavens would parly with the chiefs of men.
Fit to direct (a tongue all hears convinces)
When beſt of ſcribes writes to the beſt of princes,
Were mine like yours of choiceſt words completeſt,
" I'd ſhew how grief's a thing weighs down the
" greateſt
" The beſt of forms (who knows not?) grief doth
" taint it,
" The ſkilfull'ſt pencil never yet could paint it."
And reaſon good, ſince no man yet could find
What figure repreſents a grieved mind.
Methinks a troubled thought is thus expreſt,
To be a chaos rude and indigeſt:
Where all do rule, and yet none bears chief ſway:
Check'd only by a power that's more than they.
This do I ſpeak, ſince to this every lover
That thus doth love, is thus ſtill given over.
If that you ſay you will not, cannot love:
Oh heavens! for what cauſe then do you here move?
Are you not fram'd of that experteſt mold,
For whom all in this round concordance hold
Or are you framed of ſome other faſhion,
And have a form and heart but not a paſſion?
It cannot be: for then unto what end
Did the beſt workman this great work intend?
Not that by mind's commerce, and joint eſtate,
The world's continuers ſtill ſhould propagate?
Yea, if that reaſon (regent of the ſenſes)
Have but a part amongſt your excellences,
She'll tell you what you call virginity,
Is fitly lik'ned to a barren tree;
Which when the gard'ner on it pains beſtows,
To graft an imp thereon, in time it grows
To ſuch perfection, that it yearly brings
As goodly fruit as any tree that ſprings.
Believe me, maiden, vow no chaſtity;
For maidens but imperfect creatures be.
Alas! poor boy, (quoth Marine), have the fates
Exempted no degrees? are no eſtates
Free from love's rage? Be rul'd: unhappy ſwain,
Call back thy ſpirits, and recollect again
Thy vagrant wits. I tell thee for a truth
" Love is a ſyren that doth ſhipwreck youth."
Be well advis'd, thou entertain'ſt a gueſt
That is the harbinger of all unreſt:
Which like the viper's young that lick the earth,
Eat out the breeder's womb to get a birth.
Faith (quoth the boy) I know there cannot be
Danger in loving or in enjoying thee.
For what cauſe were things made and called good,
But to be loved? If you underſtood
The birds that prattle here, you would know then,
As birds woo birds, maids ſhould be woo'd of
men.
But I want power to woo, ſince what was mine
Is fled, and lie as vaſſals at your ſhrine: [move,
And ſince what's mine is your's, let that ſame
Although in me you ſee nought worthy love.

Marine about to ſpeak, forth of a ſling
(Fortune to all misfortune's plies her wing
More quick and ſpeedy) came a ſharp'ned flint,
Which in the fair boy's neck made ſuch a dint,
That crimſon blood came ſtreaming from the
wound,
And he fell down into a deadly ſwound.
The blood ran all along where it did fall,
And could not find a place of burial:
But where it came, it there congealed ſtood,
As if the earth loth'd to drink guiltleſs blood.
Gold-hair'd Apollo, muſes ſacred king,
Whoſe praiſe in Delphos' iſle doth ever ring:
Phyſic's firſt founder, whoſe art's excellence
Extracted nature's chiefeſt quinteſſence,
Unwilling that a thing of ſuch a worth
Should ſo be loſt; ſtraight ſent a dragon forth
To fetch his blood, and he perform'd the ſame:
And now apothecaries give it name,
From him that fetch'd it: (* doctors know it good
In phyſic's uſe) and call it dragon's blood.
Some of the blood by chance did downward fall,
And by a vein got to a mineral,
Whence came a red, decayed dames infuſe it
With Venice ceruſe, and for painting uſe it.
Marine aſtoniſh'd, (moſt unhappy maid),
O'ercome with fear, and at the view afraid,
Fell down into a trance, eyes loſt their ſight,
Which being open made all darkneſs light.
Her blood ran to her heart, or life to feed,
Or lothing to behold ſo vile a deed.
And as when winter doth the earth array
In ſilver ſuit, and when the night and day
Are in diſſention, night locks up the ground,
Which by the help of day is oft unbound;
A ſhepherd's boy with bow and ſhafts addreſt,
Ranging the fields, having once pierc'd the breaſt
Of ſome poor fowl, doth with the blow ſtraight
ruſh
To catch the bird lies panting in the buſh:
So ruſh'd this ſtriker in, up Marine took,
And haſt'ned with her to a near hand brook [ſaine)
Old ſhepherd's ſaine, (old ſhepherd's ſooth have
Two rivers † took their iſſue from the main,
Both near together, and each bent his race,
Which of them both ſhould firſt behold the face
Of radiant Phœbus: one of them in gliding
Chanc'd on a vein where nitre had abiding:
The other, lothing that her purer wave
Should be defil'd with that the nitre gave,
Fled faſt away, the other follow'd faſt,
Till both been in a rock ymet at laſt.
As ſeemed beſt, to rock did firſt deliver
Out of his hollow ſides the purer river:
(As if it taught thoſe men in honour clad,
To help the virtuous and ſuppreſs the bad).
Which gotten looſe, did ſoftly glide away.
As men from earth, to earth; from ſea to ſea

* *The tears of a tree bearing a fruit ſomething like a cherry; the ſkin of which pulled off, they ſay, reſembles a dragon.*

† *An expreſſion of the natures of two rivers riſing near together, and differing in their taſtes and manner of running.*

So rivers run: and that from whence both came
Takes what she gave: waves, earth: but leaves a name.
As waters have their course, and in their place
Succeeding streams well out, so is man's race:
The name doth still survive, and cannot die,
Until the channels stop, or spring grow dry.
As I have seen upon a bridal day
Full many maids clad in their best array,
In honour of the bride come with their flaskets
Fill'd full with flowers: others in wicker baskets
Bring from the marish rushes, to o'erspread
The ground, whereon to church the lovers tread;
Whilst that the quaintest youth of all the plain
Ushers their way with many a piping strain:
So, as in joy, at this fair river's birth,
Triton came upon a channel with his mirth,
And call'd the neighb'ring nymphs each in her turn
To pour their pretty rivulets from their urn;
To wait upon this new-delivered spring.
Some running through the meadows, with them bring
Cowslip and mint: and 'tis another's lot
To light upon some gardener's curious knot,
Whence she upon her breast (love's sweet repose)
Doth bring the queen of flowers, the English rose.
Some from the fen bring reeds, wild thyme from downs;
Some from a grove the bay that poets crowns;
Some from an aged rock the moss hath torn,
And leaves him naked unto winter's storm:
Another from her banks (in mere good will)
Brings nutriment for fish, the camomile.
Thus all bring somewhat, and do overspread
The way the spring unto the sea doth tread.
This while the flood which yet the rock up pent,
And suffered not with jocund merriment
To tread rounds in his spring; came rushing forth,
As angry that his waves (he thought) of worth
Should not have liberty, nor help the prime.
And as some ruder swain composing rhyme,
Spends many a grey goose quill unto the handle,
Buries within his socket many a candle;
Blots paper by the quire, and dries up ink,
As Xerxes' army did whole rivers drink,
Hoping thereby his name his work should raise
That it should live until the last of days:
Which finished, he boldly doth address
Him and his works to undergo the press;
When lo (O fate!) his work not seeming fit
To walk in equipage with better wit,
Is kept from light, there gnawn by both moths and worms,
At which he frets: right so this river storms:
But broken forth, as Tavy creeps upon
The western * vales of fertile Albion,
Here dashes roughly on an aged rock,
That his intended passage doth up lock;
There intricately 'mongst the woods doth wander,
Losing himself in many a wry meander;
Here amorously bent, clips some fair mead;
And then dispers't in rills, doth measures tread
Upon her bosom 'mongst her flow'ry banks:
There in another place bears down the banks
Of some day-labouring wretch: here meets a rill,
And with their forces join'd cut out a mill
Into an island, then in jocund guise
Surveys his conquest, lands his enterprise:
Here digs a cave at some high mountain's foot:
There undermines an oak, tears up his root:
Thence rushing to some country farm at hand,
Breaks o'er the yeoman's mounds, sweeps from his land
His harvest hope of wheat, of rye, or pease:
And makes that channel which was shepherd's lease:
Here, as our wicked age doth sacrilege,
Helps down an abbey, then a natural bridge
By creeping under ground he frameth out,
As who should say he either went about
To right the wrong he did, or hid his face,
For having done a deed so vile and base,
So ran this river on, and did bestir
Himself, to find his fellow-traveller.
But th' other fearing least her noise might shew
What path she took, which way her streams did flow:
As some way-faring man strays through a wood,
Where beasts of prey thirsting for human blood
Lurk in their dens, he softly list'ning goes,
Not trusting to his heels, treads on his toes:
Dreads every noise he hears, thinks each small bush
To be a beast that would upon him rush:
Feareth to die, and yet his wind doth smother;
Now leaves this path, takes that, then to another:
Such was her course. This feared to be found,
The other not to find, swells o'er each mound,
Roars, rages, foams, against a mountain dashes,
And in recoil, makes meadows standing plashes:
Yet finds not what he seeks in all his way,
But in despair runs headlong to the sea.
This was the cause them by tradition taught,
Why one flood ran so fast, th' other so soft,
Both from one head. Unto the rougher stream,
(Crown'd by that meadow's flow'ry diadem,
Where Doridon lay hurt) the cruel swain
Hurries the shepherdess, where having lay'n
Her in a boat like the * canoes of Ind,
Some seely trough of wood, or some tree's rind:
Puts from the shore, and leaves the weeping strand,
Intends an act by water, which the land
Abhorr'd to bolster; yea, the guiltless earth
Loth'd to be midwife to so vile a birth:
Which to relate I am enforc'd to wrong
To modest blushes of my maiden song.
Then each fair nymph whom nature doth endow
With beauty's cheek, crown'd with a shamefac'd brow;
Whose well-tun'd ears, chaste object-loving een
Ne'er heard nor saw the works of † Aretine;

* *Devonshire.*

* *See Thomas de Bry's America, vol.* I. *fol. part.* I. *Virginia Tabul.* 12*mo. Lintrium conficiendorum Ratio. See likewise Sir Thomas Herbert's Travels, fol.* 3*d edit. p.* 30.

† *Italian poet.*

Who ne'er came on the Citherean shelf,
But is as true as chastity itself,
Where hated impudence ne'er set her seed;
Where lust lies not vail'd in a virgin's weed:
Let her withdraw. Let each young shepherdling
Walk by, or stop his ear, the whilst I sing.
But ye, whose blood, like kids upon a plain,
Doth skip, and dance lavoltoes in each vein;
Whose breasts are swoln with the venerean game,
And warm yourselves at lust's alluring flame;
Who dare to act as much as men dare think,
And wallowing lie within a sensual sink;
Whose feigned gestures do entrap our youth
With an apparency of simple truth;
Insatiate gulfs, in your defective part
By art help nature, and by nature, art:
Lend me your ears, and I will touch a string
Shall lull your sense asleep the while I sing.
But stay: methinks I hear something in me
That bids me keep the bounds of modesty;
Says, "Each man's voice to that is quickly moved
"Which of himself is best of all beloved;
"By utt'ring what thou know'st less glory's got,
"Than by concealing what thou knowest not."
If so, I yield to it, and set my rest
Rather to loose the bad, than wrong the best.
My maiden muse flies the lascivious swains,
And scorns to soil her lines with lustful strains:
Will not dilate (nor on her forehead bear
Immodesty's abhorred character)
His shameless pryings, his undecent doings;
His curious searches, his respectless wooings:
How that he saw. But what? I dare not break it,
You safer may conceive than I dare speak it.
Yet verily had he not thought her dead,
Sh' had lost, ne'er to be found, her maidenhead.
The rougher stream lothing a thing compacted
Of so great shame, should on his flood be acted;
(According to our times not well allow'd
In others, what he in himself avow'd)
Bent hard his forehead, furrow'd up his face,
And danger led the way the boat did trace.
And as within a landscape that doth stand
Wrought by the pencil of some curious hand,
We may descry, here meadow, there a wood:
Here standing ponds, and there a running flood:
Here on some mount a house of pleasure vaunted;
Where once the roaring cannon had been planted:
There on a hill a swain pipes out the day,
Outbraving all the choristers of May.
A huntsman here follows his cry of hounds,
Driving the hare along the fallow grounds:
Whilst one at hand seeming the sport t' allow,
Follows the hounds, and careless leaves the plough.
There in another place some high-rais'd land,
In pride bears out her breasts unto the strand.
Here stands a bridge, and there a conduit head:
Here round a May-pole some the measures tread:
There boys the truant play and leave their book:
Here stands an angler with a baited hook.
There for a stag one lurks within a bough:
Here sits a maiden milking of her cow.
There on a goodly plain (by time thrown down)
Lies buried in his dust some ancient town;
Who now envillaged, there's only seen
In his vast ruins what his state has been:
And all of these in shadows so expreſt
Make the beholder's eyes to take no rest;
So for the swain the flood did mean to him
To shew in nature, (not by art to limn)
A tempest's rage, his furious waters threat,
Some on this shore, some on the other beat.
Here stands a mountain, where was once a dale;
There where a mountain stood is now a vale.
Here flows a billow, there another meets:
Each, on each side the skiff, unkindly greets.
The waters underneath 'gan upward move,
Wond'ring what stratagems were wrought above:
Billows that miss'd the boat, still onward thrust,
And on the cliffs, as swoln with anger, burst.
All these, and more, in substance so expreſt,
Made the beholder's thoughts to take no rest.
Horror in triumph rid upon the waves;
And all the furies from their gloomy caves
Come hovering o'er the boat, summon'd each sense
Before the fearful bar of conscience;
Were guilty all, and all condemned were
To undergo their horrors which despair.
What muse? what pow'r? or what thrice sacred hearse,
That lives immortal in a well-tun'd verse,
Can lend me such a sight that I might see
A guilty conscience true anatomy;
That well kept register wherein is writ
All ills men do, all goodness they omit?
His pallid fears, his sorrows, his affrightings;
His late wish'd had-I-wists, remorseful bitings:
His many tortures, his heart-rending pain:
How were his griefs composed in one chain,
And he by it let down into the seas,
Or through the centre to the antipodes?
He might change climates, or be barr'd heaven's face:
Yet find no salve, nor ever change his case.
Fears, sorrows, tortures, sad affright, nor any,
Like to the conscience sting, though thrice as many;
Yet all these torments by the swain were born,
Whilst death's grim visage lay upon the storm.
But as when some kind nurse doth long time keep
Her pretty babe at suck; whom fall'n asleep
She lays down in his cradle, stints his cry
With many a sweet and pleasing lullaby;
Whilst the sweet child, not troubled with the shock,
As sweetly slumbers, as his nurse doth rock.
So lay the maid, th' amazed swain sat weeping,
And death in her was dispossest by sleeping.
The roaring voice of winds, the billows raves,
Nor all the mutt'ring of the sullen waves
Could once disquiet, or her slumber stir:
But lull'd her more asleep than wakened her.
Such are their states, whose souls from soul offence
Enthroned sit in spotless innocence.
Where rest my muse; till (jolly shepherd's swains)
Next morn with pearls of dew bedecks our plains
We'll fold our flocks, then in fit time to go on
To tune mine eaten pipe for Doriden.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

SONG III.

The Argument.

The ſhepherd's ſwain here ſinging on
Tells of the cure of Doridon:
And then unto the water's falls
Chaunteth the ruſtic paſtorals.

Now had the ſun, in golden chariot hurl'd,
Twice bid good-morrow to the nether world:
And Cynthia, in her orb and perfect round,
Twice view'd the ſhadows of the upper ground.
Twice had the day-ſtar uſher'd forth the light;
And twice the evening-ſtar proclaim'd the night;
E'er once the ſweet-fac'd boy (now all forlorn)
Came with his pipe to reſalute the morn.
When grac'd by time (unhappy time the while)
The cruel ſwain (who e'er knew ſwain ſo vile?)
Had ſtroke the lad, in came the watry nymph,
To raiſe from found poor Doridon (the imp,
Whom nature ſeem'd to have ſelected forth
To be ingraffed on ſome ſtock of worth;)
And the maids help, but ſince "to dooms of fate
"Succour, though ne'er ſo ſoon, comes ſtill too
"late."
She rais'd the youth, then with her arms inrings
him, [him.
And ſo with words of hope ſhe homewards brings
At door expecting him his mother ſat,
Wond'ring her boy would ſtay from her ſo late;
Framing for him unto herſelf excuſes:
And with ſuch thoughts gladly herſelf abuſes:
As that her ſon, ſince day grew old and weak,
Staid with the maids to run at barleybreak:
Or that he cours'd a park with females fraught,
Which would not run except they might be caught.
Or in the thickets laid ſome wily ſnare
To take the rabbit or the purblind hare.
Or taught his dog to catch the climbing kid:
Thus ſhepherds do; and thus ſhe thought he did.
"In things expected meeting with delay,
"Though there be none, we frame ſome cauſe
"of ſtay."
And ſo did ſhe, (as ſhe who doth not ſo;)
Conjecture time unwing'd he came ſo ſlow.
But Doridon drew near, ſo did her grief:
"Ill luck, for ſpeed, of all things elſe is chief."
For as the blind man * ſung, "time ſo provides,
"That joy goes ſtill on foot, and ſorrow rides."
Now when ſhe ſaw (a woful ſight) her ſon,
Her hopes then fail'd her, and her cries begun
To utter ſuch a plaint, that ſcarce another
Like this, e'er came from any love-ſick mother.
If man hath done this, heaven why mad'ſt thou
men?
Not to deface thee and thy children;
But by the work the workman to adore;
Framing that ſomething, which was nought before.
Ay me unhappy wretch! if that in things
Which are as we (ſave title) men ſcar kings,
That be their poſtures to the life limb'd on
Some wood as frail as they, or cut in ſtone, [things,"
"'Tis death to ſtab: why then ſhould earthly
Dare to deface his form, who formed kings?
When the world was but in his infancy,
Revenge, deſires unjuſt, vile jealouſy,
Hate, envy, murder, all theſe ſix then reigned,
When but their half of men the world contained.
Yet but in part of theſe, thoſe ruled then,
When now as many vices live as men.

* *Homer.*

Live they? yes, live I fear to kill my ſon,
With whom my joys, my love, my hopes, are done.
Ceaſe, quoth the water's nymph, that led the ſwain;
Though 'tis each mother's cauſe thus to complain:
Yet "abſtinence in things we muſt profeſs
"Which nature fram'd for need, not for exceſs."
Since the leaſt blood, drawn from the leſſer part
Of any child, comes from the mother's heart,
We cannot chooſe but grieve, except that we
Should be more ſenſeleſs than the ſenſeleſs tree,
Reply'd his mother. Do but cut the limb
Of any tree, the trunk will weep for him:
Rend the cold *ſycamor's thin bark in two,
His name and tears would ſay, ſo love ſhould do.
"That mother is all flint (than beaſts leſs good)
"Which drops no water when her child ſtreams
"blood."
At this the wounded boy fell on his knee,
Mother, kind mother (ſaid), weep not for me,
Why, I am well; indeed I am. If you
Ceaſe not to weep, my wound will bleed anew.
When I was promis'd firſt the light's fruition,
You oft have told me, 'twas on this condition,
That I ſhould hold it with like rent and pain
As others do, and one time leave 't again.
Then, deareſt mother leave, oh! leave to wail,
"Time will effect where tears can nought avail."
Herewith Marinda, taking up her ſon,
Her hope, her love, her joy, her Doridon.
She thank'd the nymph, for her kind ſuccour lent,
Who ſtraight tript to her watry regiment.
Down in a dell (where in that †month whoſe
ſame
Grows greater by the man who gave it name,
Stands many a well-pil'd cock of ſhort ſweet hay,
That feeds the huſband's neat each winter's day)
A mountain had his foot, and gan to riſe
In ſtately height to parley with the ſkies.
And yet as blaming his own lofty gate,
Weighing the fickle props in things of ſtate,
His head began to droop, and downwards bending,
Knock'd on that breaſt which gave it birth and
ending:
And lies ſo with an hollow hanging vault,
As when ſome boy trying the Somerſet,
Stands on his head, and feet, as he did lie
To kick againſt earth's ſpangled canopy;
When ſeeing that his heels are of ſuch weight,
That he cannot obtain their purpos'd height,
Leaves any more to ſtrive; and thus doth ſay:
What now I cannot do, another day
May well effect: It cannot be deny'd
Shew'd a will to act, becauſe I try'd:
The ſcornful Hill men call'd him, who did ſcorn
So to be call'd, by reaſon he had borne
No hate to greatneſs, but a mind to be
The ſlave of greatneſs through humility:
For had his mother nature thought it meet,
He meekly bowing would have kiſt her feet.
Under the hollow hanging of this hill,
There was a cave cut out by nature's ſkill:
Or elſe it ſeem'd the mount did open's breaſt,
That all might ſee what thoughts he there poſſeſt.
Whoſe gloomy entrance was environ'd round
With ſhrubs that cloy ill huſband's meadow-
ground: [brier,
The thick-grown hawthorn, and the binding
The holly, that outdares cold winter's ire:
Who, all entwin'd, each limb with limb did deal,
That ſcarce a glimpſe of light could inward ſteal.
And uncouth place, fit for an uncouth mind,
That is as heavy as that cave is blind;
Here liv'd a man, his hoary hairs call'd old,
Upon whoſe front time many years had told.
Who, ſince dame nature in him feeble grew,
And he unapt to give the world ought new,
The ſecret power of herbs that grow on mold,
Sought ought to cheriſh and relieve the old.
Hither Marinda, all in haſte, came running,
And with her tears deſir'd the old man's cunning.
When this good man (as goodneſs ſtill is preſt
At all aſſays to help a wight diſtreſt)
As glad and willing was to eaſe her ſon,
As ſhe would ever joy to ſee it done.
And giving her a ſalve in leaves up-bound;
And ſhe directed how to cure the wound,
With thanks, made homewards, (longing ſtill to ſee
Th' effect of this good hermit's ſurgery)
There carefully her ſon laid on a bed,
(Enriched with the blood he on it ſhed)
She waſhes, dreſſes, binds his wound (yet ſore)
That griev'd, it could weep blood for him no more.
Now had the glorious ſun ta'en up his inn,
And all the lamps of heav'n enlight'ned been,
Within the gloomy ſhades of ſome thick ſpring,
Sad Philomel gan on the hawthorn ſing,
(Whilſt every beaſt at reſt was lowly laid)
The outrage done upon a ſeely maid.
All things were huſht, each bird ſlept on his bough;
And night gave reſt to him, day tir'd at plough;
Each beaſt, each bird, and each day-toiling wight,
Receiv'd the comfort of the ſilent night:
Free from the gripes of ſorrow every one,
Except poor Philomel and Doridon;
She on a thorn ſings ſweet, though ſighing ſtrains;
He on a couch more ſoft, more ſad complains:
Whoſe inpent thoughts him long time having
pained,
He ſighing wept, and weeping thus complained.
Sweet Philomela (then he heard her ſing)
I do not envy thy ſweet caroling,
But do admire thee, that each ev'n and morrow,
Canſt careleſsly thus ſing away thy ſorrow.
Would I could do ſo too! and ever be
In all my woes ſtill imitating thee:
But I may not attain to that; for then
Such moſt unhappy, miſerable men
Would ſtrive with heaven, and imitate the ſun,
Whoſe golden beams in exhalation,
Though drawn from ſens, or other grounds impure,
Turn all to fructifying nuriture.
When we draw nothing by our ſun-like eyes,
That ever turns to mirth, but miſeries:
Would I had never ſeen, except that ſhe
Who made me wiſh ſo, love to look on me.

* *Alluding to our Engliſh pronunciation, and indifferent orthography.*

† *July took its name from Julius Cæſar.*

Had * Colin Clout yet liv'd, (but he is gone)
That beſt on earth could tune a lover's moan.
Whoſe ſadder tones enforc'd the rocks to weep,
And laid the greateſt griefs in quiet ſleep:
Who, when he ſung (as I would do to mine)
His trueſt loves to his fair Roſalin,
Entic'd each ſhepherd's ear to hear him play,
And rapt with wonder, thus admiring ſay:
Thrice happy plains (if plains thrice happy may be)
Where ſuch a ſhepherd pipes to ſuch a lady.
Who made the laſſes long to ſit down near him;
And woo'd the rivers from their ſprings to hear him.
Heaven reſt thy ſoul (if ſo a ſwain may pray)
And as thy works live here, live there for ay.
Meanwhile (unhappy) I ſhall ſtill complain
Love's cruel wounding of a ſilly ſwain.

Two nights thus paſt: the lily-handed morn
Saw Phœbus ſtealing dew from Ceres' corn.
The mounting lark (day's herald) got on wing,
Bidding each bird chooſe out his bough and ſing.
† The lofty treble ſung the little wren;
Robin the mean, that beſt of all loves men;
The nightingale the tenor; and the thruſh
The counter-tenor ſweetly in a buſh:
And that the muſic might be full in parts,
Birds from the groves flew with right willing hearts:
But (as it ſeem'd) they thought (as do the ſwains,
Which tune their pipes on ſack'd Hibernia's plains)
There ſhould ſome droaning part be, therefore will'd
Some bird to fly into a neighb'ring field,
In embaſſy unto the king of bees,
To aid his partners on the flow'rs and trees:
Who, condeſcending, gladly flew along,
To bear the baſs to his well tuned ſong.
To crows was willing they ſhould be beholding
For his deep voice; but being hoarſe with ſcolding,
He thus lends aid; upon an oak doth climb,
And, nodding with his head, ſo keepeth time.

O, true delight, enharbouring the breaſts
Of thoſe ſweet creatures with the plumy creſts.
Had nature unto man ſuch ſimpl'neſs given,
He would, like birds, be far more near to heaven.
But Doridon well knew (who knows no leſs?)
"Man's compounds have o'erthrown his ſimpleneſs." [yield,

Noontide the morn had woo'd, and ſhe 'gan
When Doridon (made ready for the field)
Goes ſadly forth (a woful ſhepherd's lad)
Drowned in tears, his mind with grief yclad,
To ope his fold and let his lambkins out,
(Full jolly flock they ſeem'd, a well fleec'd rout)
Which gently walk'd before, he ſadly pacing,
Both guides and follows them towards their graſing. [dear,
When from a grove the wood-nymphs held full
Two heavenly voices did entreat his ear,
And did compel his longing eyes to ſee
What happy wight enjoy'd ſuch harmony.

Which joined with five more, and ſo made ſeven,
Would parallel in mirth the ſpheres of heaven.
To have a ſight at firſt he would not preſs,
For fear to interrupt ſuch happineſs:
But kept aloof the thick grown ſhrubs among,
Yet ſo as he might hear this wooing ſong.

F. Fye, ſhepherd's ſwain, why ſit'ſt thou all alone,
Whilſt other lads are ſporting on the leys?
R. Joy may have company, but grief hath none:
Where pleaſure never came, ſports cannot pleaſe.
F. Yet may you pleaſe to grace our this day's ſport;
Though not an actor, yet a looker on.
R. A looker on indeed, ſo ſwains of ſort,
Caſt low, take joy to look whence they are thrown.
F. Seek joy, and find it.
R. Griet doth not mind it.
BOTH.
"Then both agree in one,
"Sorrow doth hate
"To have a mate;
"True grief is ſtill alone."
F. Sad ſwain array'd, (if that a maid may aſk?)
What cauſe ſo great effects of grief hath wrought?
R. Alas, love is not hid, it wears no maſk;
To view 'tis by the face conceiv'd and brought.
F. The cauſe I grant: the cauſer is not learned:
Your ſpeech I do entreat about this taſk.
R. If that my heart were ſeen, 'twould be diſcerned;
And Fida's name found graven on the caſk.
F. Hath love young Remond moved?
R. 'Tis Fida that is loved.
BOTH.
"Although 'tis ſaid that no men
"Will with their hearts,
"Or goods chief parts,
"Truſt either ſeas or women."
F. How may a maiden be aſſur'd of love,
Since falſehood late in every ſwain excelleth?
R. When proteſtations fail, time may approve
Where true affection lives, where falſehood dwelleth.
F. The trueſt cauſe elects a judge as true:
Fy, how my ſighing, my much loving telleth!
R. Your love is fix'd in one whoſe heart to you
Shall be as conſtancy, which ne'er rebelleth.
F. None other ſhall have grace.
R. None elſe in my heart place.
BOTH.
"Go, ſhepherd ſwain, and wive all,
"For love and kings
"Are two like things,
"Admitting no corrival."

As when ſome malefactor judg'd to die
For his offence, his execution nigh,
Caſteth his ſight on ſtates unlike to h
And weighs his ill by other's happineſs:
So Doridon thought every ſtate to be
Further from him, more near felicity.

* *Edmund Spenſer.*
† *A deſcription of a muſical conſort of birds.*

O bleſſed ſight! where ſuch concordance meets,
Where truth with truth, and love with liking greets.
Had (quoth the ſwain) the fates given me ſome meaſure
Of true delight's ineſtimable treaſure,
I had been fortunate: but now ſo weak
My bankrupt heart will be enforc'd to break.
Sweet love that draws on earth a yoke ſo even;
Sweet life that imitates the bliſs of heaven;
Sweet death they needs muſt have, who ſo unite
That two diſtinct make one hermaphrodite:
Sweet love, ſweet life, ſweet death, that ſo do meet
On earth; in death, in heaven be ever ſweet!
Let all good wiſhes ever wait upon you,
And happineſs as handmaid tending on you.
Your love's within one centre meeting have!
One hour your deaths, your crops poſſeſs one grave!
Your name's ſtill green, (thus doth a ſwain implore)
Till time and memory ſhall be no more!
Herewith the couple hand in hand aroſe,
And took the way which to the ſheep-walk goes.
And whilſt that Doridon their gate look'd on,
His dog diſelos'd him, ruſhing forth upon
A well fed deer, that trips it o'er the mead,
As nimbly as the wench did whilom tread
On Ceres' dangling ears, or ſhaft let go
By ſome fair nymph that bears Diana's bow.
When turning head, he not a foot would ſtir,
Scorning the barking of a ſhepherd's cur:
So ſhould all ſwains as little weigh their ſpite,
Who at their ſongs do bawl, but dare not bite.
Remond, that by the dog the maſter knew,
Came back, and angry bad him to purſue;
Dory (quoth he) if your ill-tutor'd dog
Have nought of awe, then let him have a clog.
Do you not know this ſeely timerous deer,
(As uſual to his kind) hunted whileare,
The ſun not ten degrees got in the ſigns,
Since to our maids, here gathering columbines,
She weeping came, and with her head low laid
In Fida's lap, did humbly beg for aid.
Whereat unto the hounds they gave a check,
And ſaving her, might ſpy about her neck
A collar hanging, and (as yet is ſeen)
Theſe words in gold wrought on a ground of green:
"Maidens, ſince 'tis decreed a maid ſhall have me,
"Keep me till he ſhall kill me that muſt ſave me."
But whence ſhe came, or who the words concern,
We neither know nor can of any learn,
Upon a pallat ſhe doth lie at night,
Near Fida's bed, nor will ſhe from her ſight:
Upon her walks ſhe all the day attends,
And by her ſide ſhe trips where'er ſhe wends.
Remond, (reply'd the ſwain) if I have wrong'd
Fida in ought which unto her belong'd,
I ſorrow for't, and truly do proteſt,
As yet I never heard ſpeech of this beaſt:
Nor was it with my will; or if it were,
Is it not lawful we ſhould chaſe the deer,
That, breaking our incloſures every morn,
Are found at feed upon our crop of corn?
Yet had I known this deer, I had not wrong'd
Fida in ought which unto her belong'd.
I think no leſs, quoth Remond; but I pray,
Whither walks Doridon this holyday?
Come, drive your ſheep to their appointed feeding,
And make you one at this our merry meeting.
Full many a ſhepherd with his lovely laſs,
Sit telling tales upon the clover graſs:
There is the merry ſhepherd of the hole;
Thenot, Piers, Nilkin, Duddy, Hobbinol,
Alexis, Sylvan, Teddy of the glen,
Rowly, and Perigot here by the fen,
With many more, I cannot reckon all
That meet to ſolemniſe this feſtival.
I grieve not at their mirth, ſaid Doridon:
Yet had there been of feaſts not any one
Appointed or commanded, you will ſay,
"Where there's content 'tis ever holyday."
Leave further talk (quoth Remond) let's be gone,
I'll help you with your ſheep, the times draws on.
Fida will call the hind, and come with us.
Thus went they on, and Remond did diſcuſs
Their cauſe of meeting, till they won with pacing
The circuit choſen for the maidens tracing.
It was a roundel ſeated on a plain,
That ſtood as centinel unto the main,
Environ'd round with trees and many an arbour,
Wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour:
And on a bough within the quick'ning ſpring,
Would be a teaching of their young to ſing;
Whoſe pleaſing notes the tired ſwain have made
To ſteal a nap at noontide in the ſhade.
Nature herſelf did there in triumph ride,
And made that place the ground of all her pride.
Whoſe various ſhow'rs deceiv'd the raſher eye,
In taking them for curious tapeſtry.
A ſilver ſpring forth of a rock did fall,
That in a drought did ſerve to water all.
Upon the edges of a graſſy bank,
A tuft of trees grew circling in a rank,
As if they ſeem'd their ſports to gaſe upon,
Or ſtood as guard againſt the wind and ſun:
So fair, ſo freſh, ſo green, ſo ſweet a ground
The piercing eyes of heaven yet never found.
Here Doridon all ready met doth ſee,
(Oh, who would not at ſuch a meeting be?)
Where he might doubt, who gave to other grace,
Whether the place the maids, or maids the place.
Here gan the reed, and merry bagpipe play,
Shrill as a thruſh upon a morn of May,
(A rural muſic for an heavenly train)
And every ſhepherdeſs danc'd with her ſwain.
As when ſome gale of wind doth nimbly take
A fair white lock of wool, and with it make
Some pretty driving: here it ſweeps the plain:
There ſtays, here hops, there mounts, and turns again:
Yet all ſo quick, that none ſo ſoon can ſay
That now it ſtops, or leaps, or turns away:
So was their dancing, none look'd thereupon,
But thought their ſeveral motions to be one.
A crooked meaſure was their firſt election,
Becauſe all crooked tends to beſt perfection.

And as I ween this often bowing measure,
Was chiefly framed for the womens pleasure. [ing,
Though, like the rib, they crooked are and bend-
Yet to the best of forms they aim their ending:
Next in an (I) their measure made a rest,
Shewing when love is plainest it is best.
Then in a (Y) which thus doth love commend,
Making of two at first, one in the end.
And, lastly, closing in a round do enter,
Placing the lusty shepherds in the centre:
About the swains they dancing seem'd to roll,
As other planets round the heavenly pole.
Who, by their sweet aspect, or chiding frown,
Could raise a shepherd up, or cast him down.
Thus were they circled, till a swain came near,
And sent this song unto each shepherd's ear:
The note and voice so sweet, that for such mirth,
The gods would leave the heavens, and dwell on earth.

Happy are you so enclosed,
May the maids be still disposed,
In their gestures and their dances,
So to grace you with entwining,
That envy wish in such combining.
Fortune's smile with happy chances.

Here it seems as if the graces
Measur'd out the plain in traces,
In a shepherdess disguising.
Are the spheres so nimbly turning,
Wand'ring lamps in heaven burning,
To the eye so much enticing?

Yes, heaven means to take these thither,
And add one joy to see both dance together.

Gentle nymphs, be not refusing,
Love's neglect is time's abusing,
They and beauty are but lent you;
Take the one, and keep the other:
Love keeps fresh what age doth smother,
Beauty gone you will repent you.

'Twill be said, when ye have proved,
Never swains more truly loved:
O, then fly all nice behaviour!
Pity fain would (as her duty)
Be attending still on beauty,
Let her not be out of favour.

Disdain is now so much rewarded,
That pity weeps since she is unregarded.

The measure and the song here being ended:
Each swain his thoughts thus to his love commended:

The First presents his Dog, with these:

When I my flock near you do keep,
And bid my dog go take a sheep,
He clean mistakes what I bid do,
And bends his pace still towards you.
Poor wretch, he knows more care I keep
To get you, than a feely sheep.

The Second, his Pipe, with these:

Bid me to sing (fair maid) my song shall prove
There ne'er was truer pipe sung truer love.

The Third, a pair of Gloves, thus:

These will keep your hands from burning,
Whilst the sun is swiftly turning;
But who can any veil devise
To shield my heart from your fair eyes?

The Fourth, an Anagram.

MAIDEN AND MEN.

Maidens should be aiding men,
And for love give love again:
Learn this lesson from your mother,
One good wish requires another.
They deserve their names best, when
Maids most willingly aid men.

The Fifth, a Ring, with a Picture in a Jewel on it.

Nature hath fram'd a gem beyond compare,
The world's the ring, but you the jewel are.

The Sixth, a Nosegay of Roses, with a Nettle in it.

Such is the posy, love composes;
A stinging nettle mixt with roses.

The Seventh, a Girdle.

This during light I give to clip your waist;
Fair, grant mine arms that place when day is past.

Whilst every one was off'ring at the shrine
Of such rare beauties might be styl'd divine,
This lamentable voice towards them flies:
"O, heaven, send aid, or else a maiden dies!"
Herewith some ran the way the voice them led;
Some with the maidens staid, which shook for dread:
What was the cause, time serves not now to tell.
Hark! for my jolly wedder rings his bell,
And almost all our flocks have left to graze:
Shepherds, 'tis almost night, hie home apace;
When next we meet (as we shall meet e'er long)
I'll tell the rest in some ensuing song.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

SONG IV.

The Argument.

Fida's diſtreſt, the hind is ſlain,
Yet from her ruins lives again.
Riot's deſcription next I rhyme;
Then Alitheia, and old Time:
And laſtly, from this ſong I go,
Having deſcrib'd the Vale of Wo.

HAPPY ye days of old, when every waſte
Was like a ſanctuary to the chaſte;
When inceſts, rapes, adulteries, were not known;
All pure as bloſſoms, which are newly blown.
Maids were as free from ſpots, and ſoils within,
As moſt unblemiſh'd in the outward ſkin.
Men every plain and cottage did afford,
As ſmooth in deeds, as they were fair of word.
Maidens with men, as ſiſters with their brothers;
And men and maids convers'd as with their mothers;
Free from ſuſpicion, or the rage of blood.
Strife only reign'd, for all ſtriv'd to be good.
But then, as little wrens, but newly fledge,
Firſt, by their neſts hop up and down the hedge;
Then one from bough to bough gets up a tree:
His fellow noting his agility,
Thinks he as well may venture as the other,
So flufhing from one ſpray unto another
Gets to the top, and then enbold'ned flies,
Unto an height paſt ken of human eyes:
So time brought worſe, men firſt deſir'd to talk;
Then came ſuſpect; and then a private walk;
Then by conſent appointed times of meeting,
Where moſt ſecurely each might kiſs his ſweeting:
Laſtly, with luſts their panting breaſts ſo ſwell,
They came to—But to what I bluſh to tell.
And ent'red thus, rapes uſed were of all,
Inceſt, adultery, held as ver. ! :

The certainty in doubtful balance reſts,
If beaſts did learn of men, or men of beaſts.
Had they not learn'd of man who was their king,
So to inſult upon an underling,
They civilly had ſpent their lives gradation,
As meek and mild as in their firſt creation;
Nor had th' infections of infected minds
So alter'd nature, and diſorder'd kinds.
Fida had been leſs wretched, I more glad,
That ſo true love ſo true a progreſs had.
When Remond left her, (Remond then unkind)
Fida went down the dale to ſeek the hind:
And found her taking foil within a flood:
Whom when ſhe call'd, ſtraight follow'd to the wood.
Fida then wearied, fought the cooling ſhade,
And found an arbour by the ſhepherds made
To frolic in (when Sol did hotteſt ſhine)
With cates, which were far cleanlier than fine.
For in thoſe days men never us'd to feed
So much for pleaſure as they did for need.
Enriching then the arbour down ſhe ſat her;
Where many a buſy bee came flying at her:
Thinking when ſhe for air her breaſts diſcloſes,
That there had grown ſome tuft of damaſk-roſes,
And that her azure veins which then did ſwell,
Were conduit pipes brought from a living well,
Whoſe liquor might the world enjoy for money,
Bees would be bankrupt, none would care for honey.

The hind lay ſtill without, (poor ſilly creature,
How like a woman art thou fram'd by nature?
Timorous, apt to tears, wily in running,
Caught beſt when force is intermix'd with cunning)
Lying thus diſtant, different chances meet them,
And with a fearful object fate doth greet them.
Something * appear'd, which ſeem'd far off, a man.
In ſtature, habit, gait, proportion:
But when the eyes their objects maſters were,
And it for ſtricter cenſure came more near,
By all his properties one well might gueſs,
Than of a man, he ſure had nothing leſs.
For verily ſince old † Deucalion's flood
Earth's ſlime did ne'er produce a viler brood.
Upon the various earth's embroidered gown
There is a weed upon whoſe head grows down;
Now-thiſtle 'tis yclep'd, whoſe downy wreath,
If any one can blow off at a breath,
We deem her for a maid: ſuch was his hair,
Ready to ſhed at any ſtirring air.
His ears were ſtrucken deaf when he came nigh,
To hear the widow's or the orphan's cry.
His eyes encircled with a bloody chain,
With pouring in the blood of bodies ſlain.
His mouth exceeding wide, from whence did fly
Vollies of execrable blaſphemy;
Banning the heavens, and he that rideth on them,
Dar'd vengeance to the teeth to fall upon him;
Like Scythian wolves, or ‡ men of wit bereav'n,
Which howl and ſhoot againſt the lights of heav'n.
His hands, (if hands they were), like ſome dead corſe,
With digging up his buried anceſtors;
Making his father's tomb and ſacred ſhrine
The trough wherein the hog-herd fed his ſwine.
And as that beaſt hath legs (which ſhepherds fear,
Yclep'd a badger, which our lambs doth tear)
One long, the other ſhort; that when he runs
Upon the plain, he halts; but when he wons
On craggy rocks, or ſteepy hills, we ſee
None runs more ſwift, nor eaſier than he:
Such legs the monſter had, one ſinew ſhrunk,
That in the plains he reel'd, as being drunk;
And halted in the paths to virtue tending:
And therefore never durſt he that way bending:
But when he came on carved monuments,
Spiring Coloſſus, and high-raiſed rents,
He paſs'd them o'er, quick as the eaſtern wind
Sweeps through a meadow; or a nimble hind;
Or ſatyr on a lawn; or ſkipping roe;
Or well-wing'd ſhaft forth of a Parthian bow.
His body made (ſtill in conſumptions riſe)
A miſerable priſon for a life.
Riot he hight; whom ſome curs'd fiend did raiſe,
When like a chaos were the nights and days;
Got and brought up in the Cymerian clime, [time:
Where ſun nor moon, nor days, nor nights do
As who ſhould ſay, they ſcorn'd to ſhew their faces,
To ſuch a fiend, ſhould ſeek to ſpoil the graces.

At ſight whereof, Fida nigh drown'd in fear,
Was clean diſmay'd when he approached near;
Nor durſt ſhe call the deer, nor whiſtling wind her, [her;
Fearing her noiſe might make the monſter find
Who ſlyly came, for he had cunning learn'd him,
And ſeiz'd upon the hind, ere ſhe diſcern'd him.
Oh! how ſhe ſtriv'd and ſtruggled; every nerve
Is preſt at all eſſays a life to ſerve;
Yet ſoon we loſe, what we might longer keep
Were not prevention commonly a ſleep.
Maids, of this monſter's brood be fearful all,
What to the hind mayhap to you befal.
Who with her feet held up inſtead of hands,
And tears which pity from the rock commands,
She ſighs, and ſhrieks, and weeps, and looks upon him:
Alas! ſhe ſobs, and many a groan throws on him;
With plaints which might abate a tyrant's knife,
She begs for pardon, and entreats for life;
The hollow caves reſound her moanings near it,
That heart was flint which did not grieve to hear it:
The high topt firs which on that mountain keep,
Have ever ſince that time been ſeen to weep.
The owl till then, 'tis thought full well could ſing,
And tune her voice to every bubbling ſpring:
But when ſhe heard thoſe plaints, then forth ſhe yode
Out of the covert of an ivy rod,
And hollowing for aid, ſo ſtrain'd her throat,
That ſince ſhe clean forgot her former note.
A little robin ſitting on a tree,
In doleful notes bewail'd her tragedy.
An aſp, who thought him ſtout, could not diſſemble,
But ſhew'd his fear, and yet is ſeen to tremble.
Yet cruelty was deaf, and had no ſight
In ought which might gainſay the appetite:
But with his teeth rending her throat aſunder,
Beſprinkled with her blood the green graſs under.
And gormandizing on her fleſh and blood,
He vomiting returned to the wood.
Riot but newly gone, as ſtrange a viſion
Though far more heavenly came in apparition.
As that ‖ Arabian bird (whom all admire)
Her exequies prepar'd and funeral fire,
Burnt in a flame conceived from the ſun,
And nouriſhed with ſlips of cinnamon,
Out of her aſhes hath a ſecond birth,
And flies abroad a wonderment on earth:
So from the ruins of this mangled § creature
Aroſe ſo fair and ſo divine a feature,
That Envy for her heart would doat upon her;
Heaven could not chooſe but be enamour'd on her:
Were I a ſtar, and ſhe a ſecond ſphere,
I'd leave the other, and be fixed there.
Had fair Arachne wrought this maiden's hair,
When ſhe with ¶ Pallas did for ſkill compare,
Minerva's work had never been eſteem'd,
But this had been more rare and highly deem'd.

* *Deſcription of Riot.*
† *Ovid's Metamorphoſes, Book I.*
‡ *Men of Scirum ſhot againſt the ſtars.*
‖ *See Claudian's Phœnix.*
§ *Deſcription of Truth.*
¶ *Ovid's Metamorphoſes, Book VI.*

Yet gladly now she would reverse her doom,
Weaving this hair within a spider's loom.
Upon her forehead, as in glory sat
Mercy and majesty, for wond'ring at,
As pure and simple as Albania's snow,
Or milk-white swans which stem the streams of Po.
Like to some goodly foreland, bearing out,
Her hair, the tufts which fring'd the shore about.
And least the man which sought those coasts might slip,
Her eyes like stars, did serve to guide the ship.
Upon her front (heaven's fairest promontory)
Delineated was th' authentic story
Of those elect, whose sheep at first began
To nibble by the springs of Canaan:
Out of whose sacred loins, (brought by the stem
Of that sweet singer of Jerusalem),
Came the best shepherd ever flocks did keep,
Who yielded up his life to save his sheep.
O thou Etern! by whom all beings move,
Giving the springs beneath and springs above:
Whose finger doth this universe sustain,
Bringing the former and the latter rain,
Who dost with plenty meads and pastures fill,
By drops distill'd like dew on Hermon hill:
Pardon a silly swain, who (far unable
In that which is so rare, so admirable)
Dares on an oaten pipe, thus meanly sing
Her praise immense, worthy a silver string.
And thou which through the desert and the deep
Didst lead thy chosen like a flock of sheep:
As sometimes by a star thou guided'st them,
Which fed upon the plains of Bethlehem;
So by thy sacred spirit direct my quill,
When I shall sing ought of thy holy hill,
That times to come, when they my rhymes rehearse,
May wonder at me, and admire my verse:
For who but one rapt in celestial fire,
Can by his muse to such a pitch aspire?
That from aloft he might behold and tell
Her worth, whereon an iron pen might dwell.
When she was born, Nature in sport began,
To learn the cunning of an artizan,
And did vermillion with a white compose,
To mock herself, and paint a damask rose.
But scorning nature unto art should seek,
She spilt her colours on this maidens cheek.
Her mouth the gate from whence all goodness came,
Of power to give the dead a living name.
Her words embalmed in so sweet a breath,
That made them triumph both on time and death,
Whose fragrant sweets, since the cameleon knew,
And tasted of, he to this humour grew:
Left other elements, held this so rare,
That since he never feeds on ought but air.
O had I Virgil's verse, or Tully's tongue!
Or rapping numbers like the * Thracian's song,
I have a theme would make the rockets to dance,
And surly beasts that through the desert prance.
High from their caves, and every gloomy den,
To wonder at the excellence of men.

Nay, they would think their states forever raised,
But once to look on one, so highly praised.
Out of whose maiden breasts (which sweetly rise)
The seers suck'd their hidden prophecies:
And told that for her love in time to come,
Many should seek the crown of martyrdom,
By fire, by sword, by tortures, dungeons, chains,
By stripes, by famine, and a world of pains;
Yet constant still remain (to her they lov'd)
Like Sion mount, that cannot be remov'd.
Proportions on her arms and hands recorded,
The world for her no fitter place afforded,
Praise her who list, he still shall be her debtor:
For art ne'er feign'd, nor nature fram'd a better.
As when a holy father hath began
To offer sacrifice to mighty Pan,
Doth the request of every swain assume,
To scale the welkin in a sacred fume,
Made by a widow'd turtle's loving mate,
Or lambins, or some kid immaculate,
Th' off'ring heaves aloft, with both his hands:
Which all adore, that near the altar stands:
So was her heavenly body comely rais'd
On two fair columns; those that Ovid prais'd
In Julia's † borrow'd name, compar'd with these,
Were crabs to apples of th' Hesperides;
Or stump-foot Vulcan in comparison,
With all the height of true perfection.
Nature was here so lavish of her store,
That she bestow'd until she had no more.
Whose treasure being weak'ned (by this dame)
She thrust into the world so many lame.
The highest synod of the glorious sky,
(I heard a wood nymph sing) sent Mercury
To take a survey of the fairest faces,
And to describe to them all womens graces;
Who long time wand'ring in a serious quest,
Noting what parts by beauty were possess'd:
At last he saw this maid, then thinking fit
To end his journey, here, NIL ULTRA writ.
Fida in adoration kiss'd her knee,
And thus bespake; Hail, glorious deity!
(If such thou art, and who can deem you less?
Whether thou reign'st queen of the wilderness,
Or art that goddess ('tis unknown to me)
Which from the ocean draws her pedegree:
Or one of those who, by the mossy banks
Of drissling Helicon, in airy ranks
Tread roundelays upon the silver sands,
While shaggy satyrs tripping o'er the strands,
Stand still and gaze, and yield their senses thrals
To the sweet cadence of your madrigals:
Or of the fairy troop that nimbly play,
And by the springs dance out the summer's day;
Teach the little birds to build their nests,
And in their singing how to keepen rests:
Or one of those, who watching where a spring
Out of our grand-dame earth hath issuing,
With your attractive music woo the stream
(As men by fairies led, fall'n in a dream)
To follow you, which sweetly trilling wanders
In many mazes, intricate meanders;

* *Orpheus.*

† *Corinna. Ovid. Amor. Lib. I. El. 5.*

Till at the laſt, to mock th' enamour'd rill,
Ye bend your traces up ſome ſhady hill;
And laugh to ſee the wave no further tread
But in a chaſe run foaming on his head,
Being enforc'd a channel new to frame,
Leaving the other deſtitute of name.
If thou be one of theſe, or all, or more,
Succour a ſeely maid, that doth implore
Aid, on a bended heart, unfeign'd and meek,
As true as bluſhes of a maiden cheek.
Maiden, ariſe, reply'd the new-born maid:
"Pure innocence the ſtones will aid."
Nor of the fairer troop, nor muſes nine;
Nor am I Venus, nor of Proſerpine:
But daughter to a luſty aged ſwain,
That cuts the green turfs of th' enamel'd plain;
And with his ſcythe hath many a ſummer ſhorn
The plow'd lands lab'ring with a crop of corn;
Who from the cold-clipt mountain, by his ſtroke,
Fells down the lofty pine, the cedar, oak:
He opes the floodgates, as occaſion is,
Sometimes on that man's land, ſometimes on this.
When Verolame, a ſtately nymph of yore,
Did uſe to deck herſelf on Iſis' ſhore,
One morn (among the reſt) as there ſhe ſtood,
Saw the pure channel all beſmear'd with blood;
Inquiring for the cauſe, one did impart,
Thoſe drops came from her holy Alban's heart;
Herewith in grief ſhe gan entreat my ſire,
That Iſis' ſtream, which yearly did attire
Thoſe gallant fields in changeable array,
Might turn her courſe and run ſome other way.
Leaſt that her waves might waſh away the guilt
From off their hands, which Alban's blood had ſpilt:
He condeſcended, and the nimble wave
Her fiſh no more within that channel drave:
But as a witneſs left the crimſon gore
To ſtain the earth, as they their hands before.
He had a being e'er there was a birth,
And ſhall not ceaſe until the ſea and earth,
And what they both contain, ſhall ceaſe to be,
Nothing confines him but eternity.
By him the names of good men ever live,
Which ſhort-liv'd men unto oblivion give:
And in forgetfulneſs he lets him fall,
That is no other man than natural:
'Tis he alone that rightly can diſcover,
Who is the true, and who the feigned lover.
In ſummer's heat when any ſwain to ſleep
Doth more addict himſelf than to his ſheep;
And whilſt the leaden gods ſits on his eyes,
If any of his fold, or ſtrays, or dies,
And to the waking ſwain it be unknown,
Whether his ſheep be dead, or ſtray'd, or ſtol'n;
To meet my ſire he bends his courſe in pain,
Either where ſome high hill ſurveys the plain;
Or takes his ſtep toward the flow'ry valleys,
Where zephyrs with the cowſlip hourly dallys;
Or to the groves, where birds from heat or weather,
Sit ſweetly tuning of their notes together;
Or to a mead a wanton river dreſſes
With richeſt collars of her turning eſſes;
Or where the ſhepherds ſit old ſtories telling,
Chronos, my ſire, hath no ſet place of dwelling;
But if the ſhepherd meet the aged ſwain,
He tells him of his ſheep, or ſhews them ſlain.
So great a gift the ſacred powers of heaven
(Above all others) to my ſire hath given,
That the abhorred ſtratagems of night,
Lurking in caverns from the glorious light,
By him (*per* force) are from their dungeons hurl'd,
And ſhew'd as monſters to the wond'ring world.
What mariner is he ſailing upon?
The watry deſert clipping Albion,
Hears not the billows in their dances roar
Anſwer'd by echoes from the neighb'ring ſhore;
To whoſe accord the maids trip from the downs,
And rivers dancing come, ycrowned with towns,
All ſinging forth the victories of time,
Upon the monſters of the weſtern clime,
Whoſe horrid, damned, bloody plots would bring
Confuſion on the laureate poet's king.
Whoſe hell-fed hearts devis'd how never more
A ſwan might ſinging ſit on Iſis' ſhore:
But croaking ravens, and the ſcreechowl cry,
The fit muſicians for a tragedy,
Should evermore be heard about her ſtrand,
To fright all paſſengers from that ſad land.
Long ſummer's days I on his worth might ſpend,
And yet begin again when I would end.
All ages ſince the firſt age firſt begun,
E'er they could know his worth their age was done;
Whoſe abſence all the treaſury of earth
Cannot buy out. From far-fam'd Tagus' birth,
Not all the golden gravel he treads over,
One minute paſt, that minute can recover.
I am his only child (he hath no other)
'Clep'd Aletheia, born without a mother.
Poor Aletheia long deſpis'd of all,
Scarce charity would lend an hoſpital
To give my month's cold watching one night's reſt,
But in my room took in the miſer's cheſt.
In winter's time when hardly fed the flocks,
And iſicles hung dangling on the rocks;
When Hyems bound the flood in ſilver chains,
And hoary froſts had candied all the plains;
When every barn rung with the threſhing flails,
And ſhepherds' boys for cold 'gan blow their nails:
(Wearied with toil in ſeeking out ſome one
That had a ſpark of true devotion;)
It was my chance, (chance only helpeth need)
To find an houſe built for holy deed,
With goodly architect, and cloiſters wide,
With groves and walks along a river's ſide;
The place itſelf afforded admiration,
And every ſpray a theme of contemplation.
But (woe is me!) when knocking at the gate,
I 'gan entreat an entrance thereat:
The porter aſk'd my name: I told; He ſwell'd,
And bade me thence: wherewith in grief repell'd,
I ſought for ſhelter to a ruin'd houſe,
Harb'ring the weaſel, and the duſt-bred mouſe;

And others none, except the two-kind bat,
Which all the day there melancholy sat:
Here sat I down with wind and rain ybeate;
Grief fed my mind, and did my body eat.
Yet idleness I saw (lam'd with the gout)
Had entrance when poor truth was kept without.
There saw I drunkenness with dropsies swoln;
And pamper'd lust that many a night had stoln
Over the abbey-wall when gates were lock'd,
To be in Venus wanton bosom rock'd:
And gluttony that surfeiting had been,
Knock at the gate and straightway taken in:
Sadly I sat, and sighing griev'd to see,
Their happiness my infelicity.
At last came envy by, who having spied
Where I was sadly seated, inward hide,
And to the convent eagerly she cries,
Why sit you here, when with these ears and eyes
I heard and saw a strumpet dares to say,
She is the true fair Aletheia.
Which you have boasted long to live among you?
Yet suffer not a peevish girl to wrong you.
With this provok'd, all rose, and in a rout
Ran to the gate, strove who should first get out,
Bade me be gone, and then (in terms uncivil)
Did call me counterfeit, witch, hag, whore, devil;
Then like a strumpet drove me from their cells,
With tinkling pans, and with the noise of bells.
And he that lov'd me, or but moan'd my case,
Had heaps of firebrands banded at his face.
Thus beaten thence (distrest, forsaken wight)
Enforc'd in fields to sleep, or wake all night;
A silly sheep seeing me straying by,
Forsook the shrub where once she meant to lie;
As if she in her kind (unhurting elf)
Did bid me take such lodging as herself:
Gladly I took the place the sheep had given,
Uncanopy'd of any thing but heaven. [quented,
Where nigh benumb'd with cold, with grief fre-
Unto the silent night I thus lamented:
Fair Cynthia, if from thy silver throne,
Thou ever lent'st an ear to virgin's moan!
Or in thy monthly course, one minute staid
Thy palfreys trot, to hear a wretched maid!
Pull in their reins, and lend thine ear to me,
Forlorn forsaken, cloth'd in misery:
But if a woe hath never woo'd thine ear,
To stop those coursers in their full carreer;
But as stone hearted men, uncharitable,
Pass careless by the poor, when men less able,
Hold not the needy's help in long suspence,
But in their hands pour their benevolence.
O, if thou be so hard to stop thine ears;
When stars in pity drop down from their spheres,
Yet for a while in gloomy vale of night,
Inshrowd the pale beams of thy borrowed light:
O! never once discourage goodness (lending
One glimpse of light) to see misfortune spending
Her utmost rage on truth, despised, distressed,
Unhappy, unreliev'd, yet undressed.
Where is the heart at virtue's suff'ring grieveth?
Where is the eye that pitying relieveth?
Where is the hand that still the hungry feedeth?
Where is the ear that the decrepid steedeth?
That heart, that hand, that ear, or else that eye,
Giveth, relieveth, feeds, steeds, misery?
O earth produce me one (of all thy store)
Enjoys; and be vain glorious no more.
By this had Chanticleer, the village cock,
Bidden the good-wife for her maids to knock:
And the swart ploughman for his breakfast staid,
That he might till those lands were fallow laid;
The hills and valleys here and there resound
With re-echoes of the deep mouth'd hound;
Each shepherd's daughter with her cleanly pail,
Was come a field to milk the morning's meal,
And ere the sun had climb'd the eastern hills,
To gild the mutt'ring bourns, and pretty rills.
Before the lab'ring bee had left the hive,
And nimble fishes which in rivers dive,
Began to leap, and catch the drowned fly,
I rose from rest, not infelicity.
Seeking the place of charity's resort,
Unware I happ'ned on a prince's court;
Where meeting greatness, I requir'd relief,
(O happy undelayed!) she said in brief,
To small effect thine oratory tends,
"How can I keep thee and so many friends?"
If of my household I should make thee one,
Farewell my servant adulation:
I know she will not stay when thou art there:
But seek some great man's service otherwhere.
Darkness and light, summer and winter's weather
May be at once, ere you two live together.
Thus with a nod she left me cloth'd in woe.
Thence to the city once I thought to go,
But somewhat in my mind this thought had thrown,
"It was a place wherein I was not known."
And therefore went unto these homely towns,
Sweetly environ'd with the dazied downs.
Upon a stream washing a village end
A mill is plac'd, that never difference kend
'Twixt days for work, and holy-tides for rest,
But always wrought and ground the neighbour's grest.
Before the door I saw the miller walking,
And other two (his neighbours) with him talking:
One of them was a weaver, and the other
The village tailor, and his trusty brother;
To them I came, and thus my suit began;
Content the riches of a country man
Attend your actions, be more happy still,
Then I am hapless! and as yonder mill,
Though in his turning it obey the stream,
Yet by the headstrong torrent from his beam
Is unremov'd, and till the wheel be tore,
It daily toils; then rests, and works no more:
So in life's motion may never be
(Though sway'd with griefs) o'er-borne with misery. [clothes,
With that the miller laughing, brush'd his
Then swore by cock and other dunghill oaths,
I greatly was to blame, that durst so wade
Into the knowledge of a wheel-wright's trade.
I, neighbour, quoth the tailor (then he bent
His pace to me, spruce like a Jack of Lent)

Your judgment is not ſeam-rent when you ſpend it,
Nor is it botching, for I cannot mend it.
And maiden, let me tell you in diſpleaſure,
You muſt not preſs the cloth you cannot meaſure:
But let your ſteps be ſtitcht to wiſdom's chalking,
And caſt preſumptuous ſhreds out of your walking.
The weaver ſaid, Fie wench, yourſelf you wrong
Thus to let ſlip the ſhuttle of your tongue:
For mark me well, yea, mark me well, I ſay,
I ſee you work your ſpeech's web aſtray.
Sad to the ſoul, o'erlaid with idle words,
O heaven, quoth I, where is the place affords
A friend to help, or any heart that ruth
The moſt dejected hopes of wronged truth!
Truth! quoth the miller, plainly for our parts,
I and the weaver hate thee with our hearts:
The ſtrifes you raiſe I will not now diſcuſs,
Between our honeſt cuſtomers and us:
But get you gone, for ſure you may deſpair
Of comfort here, ſeek it ſome other where.
Maid, (quoth the tailor) we no ſuccour owe you,
For as I gueſs here's none of us doth know you:
Nor my remembrance any thought can ſeize
That I have ever ſeen you in my days.
Seen you? nay, therein confident I am;
Nay till this time I never heard your name,
Excepting once, and by this token chief,
My neighbour at that inſtant call'd me thief,
By this you ſee you are unknown among us,
We cannot help you, though your ſtay may wrong us.
Thus went I on, and further went in woe:
For as ſhrill ſounding fame, that's never ſlow,
Grows in her going, and increaſeth more,
Where ſhe is now, than where ſhe was before:
So grief, (that never healthy, ever ſick,
That froward ſcholar to arithmetic,
Who doth diviſion and ſubtraction fly,
And chiefly learns to add and multiply)
In longeſt journeys hath the ſtrongeſt ſtrength,
And is at hand, ſuppreſt, unquail'd at length.
Between two hills, the higheſt Phœbus ſees
Gallantly crown'd with large ſky kiſſing trees,
Under whoſe ſhade the humble valleys lay;
And wild boars from their dens their gambols play:
There lay a gravell'd walk o'ergrown with green,
Where neither tract of man nor beaſt was ſeen.
As the ploughman when the land he tills,
Throws up the fruitfull earth in ridged hills,
Between whoſe chevron form he leaves a baulk;
So 'twixt thoſe hills had nature fram'd this walk,
Not over dark, nor light, in angles bending,
And like the gliding of a ſnake deſcending:
All huſht and ſilent as the mid of night:
No chatt'ring pie, nor crow appear'd in ſight;
But further in I heard the turtle dove,
Singing ſad dirges on her lifeleſs love,
Birds that compaſſion from the rocks could bring,
Had only licenſe in that place to ſing:
Whoſe doleful notes the melancholy cat
Cloſe in a hollow tree ſat wond'ring at.
And trees that on the hill-ſide comely grew,
When any little blaſt of Æol blew,
Did not their curled heads, as they would be
The judges to approve their melody.
Juſt half the way this ſolitary grove,
A cryſtal ſpring from either hill-ſide ſtrove,
Which of them firſt ſhould woo the meeker ground,
And make the pebbles dance unto their ſound.
But as when children having leave to play,
And near the maſter's eye ſport out the day,
(Beyond condition) in their childiſh toys
Oft vext their tutor with too great a noiſe,
And make him ſend ſome ſervant out of door,
To ceaſe their clamour, leſt they play no more;
So when the pretty rill a place eſpies,
Where with the pebbles ſhe would wantonize;
And that her upper ſtream ſo much doth wrong her,
To drive her thence, and let her play no longer;
If ſhe with too loud mutt'ring ran away,
As being much incens'd to leave her play;
A weſtern, mild, and pretty whiſpering gale,
Came dallying with the leaves along the dale,
And ſeem'd as with the water it did chide,
Becauſe it ran ſo long unpacified:
Yea, and me thought it bade her leave that coil,
Or he would choke her up with leaves and ſoil:
Whereat the rivulet in my mind did weep,
And hurl'd her head into a ſilent deep.
Now he that guides the chariot of the ſun,
Upon th' ecliptic circle had ſo run,
That his braſs hoof'd fire-breathing horſes wan
The ſtately height of the meridian:
And the day-lab'ring man (who all the morn
Had from the quarry with his pick-ax torn
A large well ſquared ſtone, which he would cut
To ſerve his ſtyle, or for ſome water-ſhut)
Seeing the ſun preparing to decline,
Took out his bag, and ſat him down to dine.
When by a ſliding, yet not ſteep deſcent,
I gain'd a place, ne'er poet did invent
The like for ſorrow: not in all this round
A fitter ſeat for paſſion can be found.
As when a dainty ſount, and cryſtal ſpring,
Got newly from the earth's impriſoning,
And ready preſt ſome channel clear to win,
Is round his riſe by rocks immured in,
And from the thirſty earth would be withheld,
Till to the ciſtern top the waves have ſwell'd:
But that a careful hind the well hath found,
As he walks ſadly through his parched ground;
Whoſe patience ſuff'ring not his land to ſtay
Until the water o'er the ciſtern play,
He gets a pick-ax, and with blows ſo ſtout,
Digs on the rock, that all the groves about
Reſound his ſtroke, and ſtill the rock doth charge,
Till he hath made a hole both long and large,
Whereby the waters from their priſon run,
To cloſe earth's gaping wounds made by the ſun;
So through theſe high rais'd hills, embracing round
This ſhady, ſad, and ſolitary ground,
Some power (reſpecting one whoſe heavy moan
Requir'd a place to ſit and weep alone)

Had cut a path, whereby the grieved wight
Might freely take the comfort of this ſcite.
About the edges of whoſe roundly form,
In order grew ſuch trees as do adorn
The ſable hearſe, and ſad forſaken mate;
And trees whoſe tears their loſs commiſerate;
Such are the cypreſs, and the weeping myrrh,
The dropping amber, and the refin'd fir,
The bleeding vine, the wat'ry ſycamor,
And willow for the forlorn paramoure;
In comely diſtance: underneath whoſe ſhade
Moſt neat in rudeneſs nature arbours made:
Some had a light; ſome to obſcure a ſeat,
Would entertain a ſufferance ne'er ſo great:
Where grieved wights ſat (as I after found,
Whoſe heavy hearts the height of ſorrow crown'd)
Wailing in ſaddeſt tunes the dooms of fate
On men by virtue cleped fortunate.

The * firſt note that I heard, I ſoon was won
To think the ſighs of fair Endymion;
The ſubject of whoſe mournful heavy lay
Was his declining with fair Cynthia.

Next † him a great man ſat, in woe no leſs;
Tears were but barren ſhadows to expreſs
The ſubſtance of his grief, and therefore ſtood
Diſtilling from his heart red ſtreams of blood:
He was a ſwain whom all the Graces kiſt,
A brave, heroic, worthy martialiſt:
Yet on the downs he oftentimes was ſeen
To draw the merry maidens of the green
With his ſweet voice: once, as he ſat alone,
He ‡ ſung the outrage of the lazy drone,
Upon the lab'ring bee, in ſtrains ſo rare,
That all the flitting pinioniſts of air
Attentive ſat, and in their kinds did long
To learn ſome note from his well-timed ſong.

Exiled Naſo (from whoſe golden pen
The muſes did diſtil delights for men)
Thus § ſang of Cephalus (whoſe name was worn
Within the boſom of the bluſhing morn:)
He had a dart was never ſet on wing,
But death flew with it: he could never fling,
But life fled from the place where ſtuck the head:
A hunter's frolic life in woods he lead
In ſeparation from his yoked mate,
Whoſe beauty, once, he valued at a rate
Beyond Aurora's cheek, when ſhe (in pride)
Promis'd their offspring ſhould be deify'd:
Procris ſhe hight; who (ſeeking to reſtore
Herſelf that happineſs ſhe had before)
Unto the green wood wends, omits no pain
Might bring her to her lord's embrace again:
But fate thus croſt her, coming where he lay
Wearied with hunting all the ſummer's day,
He ſomewhat heard within the thicket ruſh,
And deeming it ſome beaſt hid in a buſh,
Raiſed himſelf, then ſet on wing a dart,
Which took a ſad reſt in the reſtleſs heart
Of his chaſte wife; who with a bleeding breaſt
Left love and life, and ſlept in endleſs reſt.

With Procris heavy fate this ſhepherd's wrong
Might be compar'd, and aſk as ſad a ſong.

In th'autumn of his youth, and manhood's ſpring,
Deſert (grown now a moſt dejected thing)
Won him the favour of a royal maid,
Who with Diana's nymphs in foreſts ſtray'd,
And liv'd a huntreſs life exempt from fear.
She once encount'red with a ſurly * bear,
Near to a cryſtal fountain's flow'ry brink,
Heat brought them thither both, and both would drink,
When from her golden quiver ſhe took forth
A dart, above the reſt eſteem'd for worth,
And ſent it to his ſide: the gaping wound
Gave purple ſtreams to cool the parched ground,
Whereat he gnaſh'd his teeth, ſtorm'd his hurt limb,
Yielded the earth what it denied him:
Yet ſunk not there, but (wrapt in horror) hy'd
Unto his helliſh cave, deſpair'd, and dy'd.

After the bear's juſt death, the quick'ning ſun.
Had twice ſix times about the zodiac run,
And (as reſpectleſs) never caſt an eye,
Upon the night envail'd Cymmerii,
When this brave ſwain (approved valorous,
In oppoſition of a tyrannous
And bloody ſavage) being long time gone
Quelling his rage with faithleſs † Gerion,
Returned from the ſtratagems of wars,
(Enriched with his quail'd foes bootleſs ſcars)
To ſee the clear eyes of his deareſt love,
And that her ſkill in herbs might help remove
The freſhing of a wound which he had got
In her defence, by envy's poiſon'd ſhot,
And coming through a grove wherein his fair
Lay with her breaſts diſplay'd to take the air,
His ruſhing through the boughs made her ariſe,
And dreading ſome wild beaſt's rude enterpriſe,
Directs towards the noiſe a ſharpen'd dart,
That reach'd the life of his undaunted heart;
Which when ‡ ſhe knew, twice twenty moons nigh ſpent
In tears for him, and dy'd in languiſhment.

Within an arbour ſhadow'd with a vine,
Mixed with roſemary and eglantine,
A ſhepherdeſs was ſet, as fair as young,
Whoſe praiſe full many a ſhepherd whilom ſung,
Who on an altar fair had to her name,
In conſecration many an anagram:
And when with ſuger'd ſtrains they ſtrove to raiſe
Worth, to a garland of immoral bays;
She as the learned'ſt maid was choſe by them,
(Her flaxen hair crown'd with an anadem)
To judge who beſt deſerv'd, for ſhe could fit
The height of praiſe unto the height of wit.
But well-a-day thoſe happy times were gone,
(Millions admit a ſmall ſubtraction).

And as the year hath firſt his jocund ſpring,
Wherein the leaves, to birds ſweet carolling,
Dance with the wind: then ſees the ſummer's day
Perfect the embryon bloſſom of each ſpray:

* *Sir Walter Raleigh.* † *Earl of Eſſex.*
‡ *The Buzzing Bee's Complaint; by the Earl of Eſſex.*
§ *Art of Love, Book* 3.

* *Earl of Leiceſter.*
† *Earl of Eſſex's expedition to Calais.*
‡ *Queen Elizabeth.*

Next cometh autumn, when the threſhed ſheaf
Looſeth his grain, and every tree his leaf:
Laſtly, cold winter's rage, with many a ſtorm,
Threats the proud pines which Ida's top adorn,
And makes the ſap leave ſuccourleſs the ſhoot,
Shrinking to comfort his decaying root.
Or as a quaint muſician being won,
To run a point of ſweet diviſion,
Gets by degrees into the higheſt key;
Then, with like order falleth in his play
Into a deeper tone; and laſtly, throws
His period in a diapaſon cloſe:
So every human thing terreſtrial,
His utmoſt height attain'd, bends to his fall.
And as a comely youth, in faireſt age,
Enamour'd on a maid (whoſe parentage
Had fate adorn'd, as nature deck'd her eye,
Might at a beck command a monarchy)
But poor and fair could never yet bewitch
A miſer's mind, preferring foul and rich;
And therefore (as a king's heart left behind,
When as his corſe are borne to be enſhrin'd)
(His parent's will, a law) like that dead corſe,
Leaving his heart, is brought unto his horſe,
Carried unto a place that can impart
No ſecret embaſſy unto his heart,
Climbs ſome proud hill, whoſe ſtately eminence
Vaſſals the fruitful vale's circumference:
From whence, no ſooner can his lights deſcry
The place enriched by his miſtreſs' eye:
But ſome thick cloud his happy proſpect blends,
And he, in ſorrow rais'd, in tears deſcends:
So this ſad nymph (whom all commiſerate)
Once pac'd the hill of greatneſs and of ſtate,
And got the top; but when ſhe 'gan addreſs
Her ſight, from thence to ſee true happineſs,
Fate interpos'd an envious cloud of fears,
And ſhe withdrew into this vale of tears
Where ſorrow ſo enthral'd beſt virtue's jewel,
Stone's check'd grief's hardneſs, call'd her too too cruel,
A ſtream of tears upon her fair cheeks flows,
As morning dew upon the damaſk roſe,
Or cryſtal glaſs veiling vermilion;
Or drops of milk on the carnation:
She ſang and wept, O ye ſea-binding cleeves,
Yield tributary drops, for virtue grieves!
And to the period of her ſad ſweet key
Entwin'd her caſe with chaſte Penelope;
But ſee the driſling ſouth, my mournful ſtrain
Anſwers, in weeping drops of quick'ning rain,
And ſince this day we can no further go,
Reſtleſs I reſt within this vale of woe,
Until the modeſt morn on earth's vaſt zone,
The ever gladſome day ſhall re-enthrone.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

SONG V.

The Argument.

In notes that rocks to pity move,
Idia ſings her buried love:
And from her horn of plenty gives
Comfort to truth, whom none relieves.
Repentance houſe next calls me on,
With riot's true converſion:
Leaving Amynta's love to truth,
To be the theme the Muſe enſu'th.

HERE full of April, vail'd with ſorrow's wing,
For lovely lays, I dreary dirges ſing.
Whoſo hath ſeen young lads (to ſport themſelves)
Run in a low ebb to the ſandy ſhelves:
Where ſeriouſly they work in digging wells,
Or building childiſh ſorts of cockle ſhells:
Or liquid water each to other bandy;
Or with the pebbles play at handy-dandy,
Till unawares the tide hath clos'd them round,
And they muſt wade it through or elſe be drown'd,
May (if unto my pipe he liſten well)
My muſe diſtreſs with theirs ſoon parallel.
For where I whilom ſung the loves of ſwains,
And woo'd the cryſtal currents of the plains,
Teaching the birds to love, whilſt every tree
Gave his attention to my melody:
Fate now (as envying my too happy theme)
Hath round begirt my ſong with ſorrow's ſtream,
Which, till my muſe wade through and get on ſhore,
My grief-ſwoln ſoul can ſing of love no more.
But turn we now (yet not without remorſe)
To heav'nly Aletheia's ſad diſcourſe,
That did from Fida's eyes ſalt tears exhale,
When thus ſhe ſhew'd the ſolitary vale.
Juſt in the midſt this joy-forſaken ground
A hillock ſtood, with ſprings embraced round:
(And with a cryſtal ring did ſeem to marry
Themſelves, to this ſmall iſle ſad ſolitary:)
Upon whoſe breaſt (which trembled as it ran)
Rode the fair downy ſilver coated ſwan:
And on the banks each cypreſs bow'd his head,
To hear the ſwan ſing her own * epiced.
As when the gallant youth which live upon
The weſtern downs of lovely Albion;
Meeting, ſome feſtival to ſolemnize,
Chooſe out two, ſkill'd in wreſtling exerciſe,
Who ſtrongly, at the wriſt or collar cling,
Whilſt arm in arm the people make a ring.
So did the water round this iſle inlink,
And ſo the trees grew on the water's brink:
Waters their ſtreams about the iſland ſcatter;
And trees perform'd as much unto the water:
Under whoſe ſhade the nightingale would bring
Her chirping young, and teach them how to ſing.
The woods moſt ſad, muſicians thither hie,
As it had been the ſylvan's caſtaly,
And warbled forth ſuch elegiac ſtrains,
That ſtruck the winds dumb; and the motley plains
Were fill'd with envy, that ſuch ſhady places
Held all the world's delights in their embraces.

* *A funeral ſong before the corpſe be interred.*

O how (methinks) the imps of Mneme bring
Dews of invention from their sacred spring!
Here could I spend that spring of poesy,
Which not twice ten suns have bestow'd on me;
And tell the world, the muse's love appears
In nonag'd youth, as in the length of years.
But e'er my muse erected have the frame,
Wherein t' enshrine an unknown shepherd's name,
She many a grove, and other woods must tread,
More hills, more dales, more founts must be display'd,
More meadows, rocks, and from them all elect
Matter befitting such an architect.

As children on a play day leave the schools,
And gladly run unto the swimming pools,
Or in the thickets, all with nettles stung,
Rush to despoil some sweet thrush of her young;
Or with their hats (for fish) lade in a brook
Withouten pain: but when the morn doth look
Out of the eastern gates, a snail would faster
Glide to the schools, than they unto their master:
So when before I sung the songs of birds,
(Whilst every moment sweeten'd lines affords)
I pip'd devoid of pain; but now I come
Unto my task, my muse is stricken dumb.
My blubb'ring pen her sable tears lets fall,
In characters right hi'roglyphical,
And mixing with my tears are ready turning,
My late white paper to a weed of mourning;
Or ink and paper strive how to impart
My words, the weeds they wore, within my heart:
Or else the blots unwilling are my rhimes
And their sad cause should live till after-times;
Fearing if men their subject should descry,
They forthwith would dissolve in tears and die.

Upon the island's craggy rising hill,
A quadrant ran, wherein by artless skill,
At every corner nature did erect
A column rude, yet void of all defect:
Whereon a marble lay. The thick grown briar;
And prickled hawthorn (woven all entire)
Together clung, and barr'd the gladsome light
From any entrance, fitting only night.
No way to it but one, steep and obscure,
The stairs of rugged stone, seldom in ure,
All overgrown with moss, as nature sat
To entertain grief with a cloth of state.

Hardly unto the top I had ascended,
But that the trees (finding the steps) befriended
My weary limbs, who bowing down their arms,
Gave hold unto my hands to 'scape from harms:
Which evermore are ready, still present
Our feet, in climbing places eminent.
Before the door (to hinder Phœbus' view)
A shady box tree grasped with an yew,
As in the place behalf thy menace war
Against the radiance of each sparkling star.
And on their barks (which time had nigh deprav'd)
These lines (it seem'd) had been of old engrav'd.
"This place was fram'd of yore, to be possest
"By one which sometime hath been happiest."

Lovely * Ida the most beauteous
Of all the darlings of Oceanus.

* *Britannia.*

Hesperia's envy and the western pride,
Whose party-coloured garment nature dy'd
In more eye-pleasing hues, with richer grain,
Than Iris' bow attending April's rain.
Whose lily white, enshaded with the rose
Had that * man seen, who sung th' Æneidos,
Dido had in oblivion slept, and she
Had given his muse her best eternity.
Had brave Atrides (who did erst employ
His force to mix his dead with those of Troy)
Been proffered for a truce her feigned peace,
Helen had staid, and that had gone to Greece:
The Phrygian soil had not him drunk with blood,
Achilles longer breath'd, and Troy yet stood:
The † prince of poets had not sung his story,
‡ My friend had lost his ever-living glory.

But as a snowy swan, who many a day
On Thamar's swelling breasts hath had his play,
For further pleasure doth assay to swim
My native Tavy, or the sandy Plim:
And on the panting billows bravely rides,
Whilst country-lasses walking on the sides
Admire her beauty, and with clapping hands,
Would force her leave the stream, and tread the sands,
When she regardless swims to th' other edge,
Until an envious briar, or tangling sedge
Despoils her plumes; or else a sharpened beam
Pierceth her breast, and on the bloody stream
She pants for life? so whilom rode this maid
On streams of worldly bliss, more rich array'd
With earth's delight, then thought could put in ure,
To glut the senses of an epicure.
Whilst neighb'ring kings upon their frontiers stood,
And offer'd for her dow'r huge seas of blood:
And perjur'd § Gerion to win her, rent
The Indian rocks for gold, and bootless spent
Almost his patrimony for her sake,
Yet nothing like respected as the ‖ Drake
That scow'rd her channels, and destroy'd the weed,
Which spoil'd her sister's nets, and fishes breed.
At last her truest love she threw upon
A ¶ royal youth, whose like, whose paragon
Heaven never lent the earth: so great a spirit
The world could not contain, nor kingdoms merit;
And therefore Jove did with the saints enthrone him,
And left his lady nought but tears to moan him.

Within this place (as woful as my verse)
She with her crystal fonts bedew'd his hearse,
Envailed with a sable weed she sat,
Singing this song which stones dissolved at.

What time the world clad in a morning robe,
A stage made for a woful tragedy:
When showers of tears from the celestial globe
Bewail'd the fate of sea-lov'd Britanny;
When sighs as frequent were as various sights,
When hope lay bed-rid, and all pleasures dying,
When envy wept,
And comfort slept;

* *Virgil.* † *Homer.*
‡ *G. Chapman.* § *King Philip of Spain.*
‖ *Sir Francis.* ¶ *Prince Henry.*

When cruelty itſelf ſat almoſt crying,
Nought being heard but what the mind affrights,
When autumn had diſrob'd the ſummer's pride,
Then England's honour, Europe's wonder dy'd:

O ſaddeſt ſtrain that ever muſes ſung!
A text of woe for grief to comment on;
Tears, ſighs, and ſobs, give paſſage to my tongue,
Or I ſhall ſpend you till the laſt is gone.
Which done, my heart in flames of burning love
(Wanting his moiſture) ſhall to cinders turn:
But firſt, by me
Bequeathed be
To ſtrew the place wherein his ſacred urn
Shall be enclos'd, this might in many move
The like effect: (who would not do it?) when
No grave befits him but the hearts of men.

That man, whoſe maſs of ſorrow hath been ſuch,
That by their weight, laid on each ſeveral part,
His fountains are ſo dry, he but as much
As one poor drop hath left to eaſe his heart;
Why ſhould he keep it? ſince the time doth call,
That he ne'er better can beſtow it in:
If ſo he fears
That others tears
In greater number, greateſt prizes win;
Know none gives more than he which giveth all.
Then he which hath but one poor tear in ſtore,
O let him ſpend that drop, and weep no more.

Why flows not Helicon beyond her ſtrands?
Is Henry dead, and do the muſes ſleep?
Alas! I ſee each one amazed ſtands,
"Shallow fords mutter, ſilent are the deep:"
Fain would they tell their griefs, but know not where:
All are ſo full, nought can augment their ſtore:
Then how ſhould they
Their griefs diſplay
To men, ſo cloy'd, they fain would hear no more?
Though blaming thoſe whoſe plaints they cannot hear:
And with this wiſh, their paſſions I allow,
May that muſe never ſpeak that's ſilent now!

Is Henry dead? Alas! and do I live
To ſing a ſcreech owl's note that he is dead?
If any one a fitter theme can give,
Come give it now, or never to be read.
But let him ſee it do of horror taſte,
Anguiſh, deſtruction: could it rend in ſunder
With fearful groans
The ſenſeleſs ſtones,
Yet ſhould we hardly be enforc'd to wonder,
Our former griefs would ſo exceed their laſt:
Time cannot make our ſorrows ought completer;
Nor add one grief to make our mourning greater.

England was ne'er ingirt with waves till now;
Till now it held part with the continent:
Aye me! ſome one in pity ſhew me, how
I might in doleful numbers ſo lament;
That any one which lov'd him, hated me,
Might dearly love me, for lamenting him.
Alas! my plaint
In ſuch conſtraint
Breaks forth in rage, that through my paſſions ſwim,
Yet are they drowned e'er they landed be:
Imperfect lines: O happy were I hurl'd
And cut from life as England from the world.

O happier had we been! if we had been
Never made happy by enjoying thee!
Where hath the glorious eye of heaven ſeen
A ſpectacle of greater miſery?
Time turn thy courſe, and bring again the ſpring;
Break nature's laws; ſearch the records of old,
* If ought befel
Might parallel
† Sad Britain's caſe; weep rocks, and heaven behold,
What ſeas of ſorrow ſhe is plunged in.
Where ſorms of woe ſo mainly have beſet her;
She hath no place for worſe, nor hope for better.

Britain was whilom known (by more than fame)
To be one of the iſlands fortunate;
What frantic man would give her now that name,
Lying ſo rueful and diſconſolate?
Hath not her wat'ry zone in murmuring,
Fill'd every ſhore with echoes of her cry?
Yes, Thetis raves,
And bids her waves
Bring all the nymphs within her empery
To be aſſiſtant in her ſorrowing:
See where they ſadly ſit on Iſis' ſhore,
And rend their hairs as they would joy no more.

Iſis the glory of the weſtern world,
When our hero (honour'd Eſſex) dy'd,
Strucken with wonder, back again ſhe hurl'd,
And fill'd her banks with an unwonted tide:
As if ſhe ſtood in doubt, if it were ſo,
And for the certainty had turn'd her way.
Why do not now
Her waves re-flow?
Poor nymph, her ſorrows will not let her ſtay;
Or flies to tell the world her country's woe
Or cares not to come back, perhaps, as ſhewing
Our tears ſhould make the flood, not her re-flowing.

Sometimes a tyrant held the reins of Rome,
Wiſhing to all the city but one head,
That all at once might undergo his doom,
And by one blow from life be ſevered.
Fate wiſh'd the like on England, and 'twas given;
(O miſerable men, enthral'd to fate!)
Whoſe heavy hand
That never ſcann'd
The miſery of kingdoms ruinates,
Minding to leave her of all joys bereaven,
With one ſad blow (alas! can worſer fall!)
Hath giv'n this little iſle her funeral.

* *If ought ere fell.*
† *Sad Albion's caſe then note when I unfold.*
See MS. copy in the Bodleian Library.

O, come ye bleſſed imps of memory,
Erect a new Parnaſſus on his grave!
There tune your voices to an elegy,
The ſaddeſt note that e'er Apollo gave.
Let every accent make the ſtander by
Keep time unto your ſong with dropping tears,
Till drops that fell
Have made a well
To ſwallow him which ſtill unmoved hears!
And though myſelf prove ſenſeleſs of your cry,
Yet gladly ſhould my light of life grow dim.
To be entomb'd in tears are wept for him.

When laſt he ſicken'd, then we firſt began
To tread the labyrinth of woe about:
And by degrees we further inward ran,
Having his thread of life to guide us out.
But deſtiny no ſooner ſaw us enter
Sad ſorrow's maze, immured up in night,
Where nothing dwells
But cries and yells
Thrown from the hearts of men depriv'd of light;
When we were almoſt come into the centre,
Fate (cruelly) to bar our joys returning,
Cut off our thread, and left us all in mourning.

If you have ſeen at foot of ſome brave hill,
Two ſprings ariſe, and delicately trill,
In gentle chidings through an humble dale,
(Where tufty daiſies nod at every gale)
And on the banks a ſwain (with laurel crown'd)
Marrying his ſweet notes with their ſilver ſound:
When as the ſpongy clouds ſwoln big with water
Throw their conception on the world's theatre:
Down from the hills the rained waters roar,
Whilſt every leaf drops to augment their ſtore:
Grumbling the ſtones fall o'er each others back,
Rending the green turfs with their cataract,
And through the meadows run in ſuch a noiſe,
That taking from the ſwain the fountains voice,
Inforce him leave their margent, and alone
Couple his baſe pipe with their baſer tone.
Know (ſhepherdeſs) that ſo I lent an ear
To thoſe ſad wights whoſe 'plaints I told whileare:
But when this goodly lady 'gan addreſs
Her heavenly voice to ſweeten heavineſs,
It drown'd the reſt, as torrents little ſprings;
And ſtrucken mute at her great ſorrowings,
Lay ſtill and wonder'd at her pit'ous moan,
Wept at her griefs, and did forget their own,
Whilſt I attentive ſat, and did impart,
Tears when they wanted drops, and from a heart,
As high in ſorrow as e'er creature wore.
Lent thrilling groans to ſuch as had no more.
Had wife Ulyſſes (who regardleſs flung
Along the ocean when the ſyren's ſung)
Paſs'd by and ſeen her on the ſea-torn cleeves,
Wail her loſt love (while Neptune's wat'r thieves
Durſt not approach for rocks;) to ſee her face
He would have hazarded his Grecian race,
Thruſt headlong to the ſhore, and to her eyes
Offer'd his veſſel as a ſacrifice.
Or had the ſyrens on a neighbour ſhore
Heard in what raping notes ſhe did deplore
Her buried glory, they had left their ſtrelves,
And to come near her would have drown'd themſelves.

Now ſilence lock'd the organs of that voice;
Whereat each merry ſilvan wont rejoice,
When with a bended knee to her I came,
And did impart my grief and hated name:
But firſt a pardon begg'd, if that my cauſe
So much conſtrain'd me as to break the laws
Of her wiſh'd ſequeſtration, or aſk'd bread
(To ſave a life) from her, whoſe life was dead:
But lawleſs famine, ſelf-conſuming hunger,
Alas! compell'd me: had I ſtayed longer,
My weaken'd limbs had been my wants forc'd meed,
And I had fed on that I could not feed.
When ſhe (compaſſionate) to my ſad moan
Did lend a ſigh, and ſtole it from her own;
And (woful lady wrack'd on hapleſs ſhelf)
Yielded me comfort, yet had none herſelf:
Told how ſhe knew me well ſince I had been,
As chiefeſt conſort of the Faery Queen;
O happy queen! for ever, ever praiſe
Dwell on thy tomb; the period of all days
Only ſeal up thy fame; and as thy birth
Enrich'd thy temples on the fading earth,
So have thy virtues crown'd thy bleſſed ſoul,
Where the firſt Mover with his words controul;
As with a girdle the huge ocean binds;
Gathers into his fiſt the nimble winds;
Stops the bright courſer in his hot career;
Command the moon twelve courſes in a year:
Live thou with him in endleſs bliſs; while we
Admire all virtues in admiring thee.
Thou, thou, the fautreſs of the learned well;
Thou nurſing mother of God's Iſrael;
Thou, for whoſe loving truth, the heaven rains
Sweet Mel and Manna on our flow'ry plains:
Thou, by whoſe hand the ſacred Trine did bring
Us out of bonds, from bloody Bonnering.
Ye ſuckling babes, for ever bleſs that name.
Releas'd your burning in your mother's flame!
Thrice bleſſed maiden, by whoſe hand was given
Free liberty to taſte the food of heaven.
Never forget her (Albion's lovely daughters)
Which led you to the ſprings of living waters!
And if my muſe her glory fall to ſing,
May to my mouth my tongue for ever cling!
Herewith (at hand) taking her horn of plenty
Fill'd with the choice of every orchard's dainty,
As pears, plums, apples, the ſweet raſpiſberry,
The quince, the apricote, the bluſhing cherry;
The mulberry (his black from Thiſbe taking)
The cluſter'd filberd, grapes oft merry making.
(This fruitful horn th' immortal ladies fill'd
With all the pleaſures that rough foreſts yield,
And gave Idia, with a further bleſſing,
That thence (as from a garden) without dreſſing,
She theſe ſhould ever have; and never want
Store, from an orchard without tree or plant.)
With a right willing hand ſhe gave me hence,
The ſtomach's comforter, the pleaſing quince;
And for the chiefeſt cheriſher ſhe lent
The royal thiſtle's milky nouriſhment.

* *Elizabeth.*

Here ſtaid I long; but when to ſee Aurora
Kiſs the perfumed cheeks of dainty Flora,
Without the vale I trode one lovely morn,
With true intention of a quick return,
An unexpected chance all the love of her.
But maiden ſee the day is waxen old,
And 'gins to ſhut in with the marigold:
The neat herd's kine do hellow in the yard;
And dairy maidens for the milk prepar'd,
Are drawing at the udder, long e'er now
The plowman hath unyok'd his team from plough:
My transformation to a fearful hind
Shall to unfold a fitter ſeaſon find;
Meanwhile yond palace, whoſe brave turrets tops,
Over the ſtately wood ſurvey the copſe,
Promis'th (if fought) a wiſhed place of reſt,
Till Sol our hemiſphere have repoſſeſt.

Now muſt my muſe afford a ſtrain to riot,
Who almoſt kill'd with his luxurious diet,
Lay eating graſs (as dogs) within a wood,
So to diſgorge the undigeſted food:
By whom fair Aletheia paſt along
With Fida, queen of every ſhepherd's ſong,
By them unſeen (for he ſecurely lay
Under the thick of many a leaved ſpray)
And through the levell'd meadows gently threw
Their neateſt feet, waſh'd with refreſhing dew,
Where he durſt not approach, but on the edge
Of th' hilly wood, in covert of a hedge,
Went onward with them, trode with them in paces,
And far off much admir'd their forms and graces.
Into the plains at laſt he headlong ventur'd:
But they the hill had got and palace enter'd.

When, like a valiant well reſolved man
Seeking new paths i' th' pathleſs ocean,
Unto the ſhores of monſter-breeding Nile;
Or through the north to the unpeopled Thyle,
Where from the equinoxial of the ſpring,
To that of autumn, Titan's golden ring
Is never off; and till the ſpring again
In gloomy darkneſs all the ſhores remain.
Or if he furrow up the briny ſea,
To caſt his anchors in the frozen bay
Of woody Norway; (who hath ever fed
Her people more with ſcaly fiſh than bread)
Though rattling mounts of ice thruſt at his helm,
And by their fall ſtill threaten to o'erwhelm
His little veſſel: and though winter throw
(What age ſhould, on their heads, white caps of ſnow;)
Strives to congeal his blood; he cares not for't,
But arm'd in mind, gets his intended port:

So riot, though full many doubts ariſe,
Whoſe unknown ends might graſp his enterpriſe,
Climbs towards the palace, and with gait demure,
With hanging head, a voice as feigning pure,
With torn and ragged coat, his hairy legs
Bloody, as ſcratch'd with briars, he entrance begs.

Remembrance ſat as portreſs of this gate:
A lady always muſing as ſhe ſat,
Except when ſometime ſuddenly ſhe roſe,
And with a back bent eye, at length, ſhe throws
Her hand to heaven: and in a wond'ring guiſe,
Star'd on each object with her fixed eyes;
As ſome wayfaring man paſſing a wood,
Whoſe waving top hath long a ſea-mark ſtood)
Goes jogging on, and in his mind nought hath,
But how the primroſe finely ſtrew the path,
Or ſweeteſt violets lay down their heads
At ſome tree's root on moſſy feather beds,
Until his heel receive's an adder's ſting,
Whereat he ſtarts, and back his head doth fling.
She never mark'd the ſuit he did prefer,
But (careleſs) let him paſs along by her.

So on he went into a ſpacious court,
All trodden bare with multitudes reſort;
At th' end whereof a ſecond gate appears,
The fabric ſhew'd full many thouſand years:
Whoſe poſtern key that time a lady kept,
Her eyes all ſwoln as if ſhe ſeldom ſlept;
And would by fits her golden treſſes tear,
And ſtrive to ſtop her breath with her own hair;
Her lily hand (not to be lik'd by art)
A pair of pincers held; wherewith her heart
Was hardly graſped, while the piled ſtones
Re-echoed to her lamentable groans.

Here at this gate the cuſtom long had been
When any fought to be admitted in,
Remorſe thus us'd them ere they had the key,
And all, theſe torments felt, paſs'd on their way.

When riot came, the lady's pains nigh done,
She paſs'd the gate; and then remorſe begun
To fetter riot in ſtrong iron chains;
And doubting much his patience in the pains,
As when a ſmith and's man (lame Vulcan's fellows)
Call'd from the anvil or the puffing bellows,
To clap a well wrought ſhoe (for more than pay)
Upon a ſtubborn nag of Galloway;
Or unback'd Jennet, or a Flander's mare,
That at the forge ſtand ſnuffing of the air;
The ſwarthy ſmith ſpits in his buckhorn fiſt,
And bids his men bring out the five-fold twiſt,
His ſhackles, ſhacklocks, hampers, gives, and chains,
His linked bolts; and with no little pains
Theſe make him faſt: and leſt all theſe ſhould faulter,
Unto a poſt with ſome ſix doubled halter
He binds his head; yet all are of the leaſt
To curb the fury of the head ſtrong beaſt:
When if a carrier's jade be brought unto him,
His man can hold his foot whilſt he can ſhoe him:
Remorſe was ſo enforc'd to bind him ſtronger,
Becauſe his faults requir'd infliction longer,
Than any ſin-preſt wight which many a day
Since Judas hung himſelf had paſt that way.

When all the cruel torments he had borne,
Galled with chains, and on the rack nigh torn,
Pinching with glowing pincers his own heart,
All lame and reſtleſs, full of wounds and ſmart,
He to the poſtern creeps, ſo inward hies,
And from the gate a two-fold path deſcries:
One leading up a hill, repentance way;
And (as more worthy) on the right hand lay:
The other headlong, ſteep, and liken'd well,
Unto the path which tendeth down to hell:
All ſteps that thither went ſhew'd no returning,
The port to pains and to eternal mourning.

Where certain death liv'd; in an ebon chair
The foul's black homicide meagre * deſpair
Had his abode: there 'gainſt the craggy rocks
Some daſh'd their brains out, with relentleſs knocks,
Others on trees (O moſt accurſed elves)
Are faſtening knots ſo to undo themſelves.
Here one in ſin not daring to appear
At mercy's ſeat with one repentant tear,
Within his breaſt was lancing of an eye,
That unto God it might for vengeance cry:
There from a rock a wretch but newly fell
All torn in pieces, to go whole to hell.
Here with a ſleepy potion one thinks fit
To graſp with death, but could not known of it:
There in a pool two men their lives expire,
And die in water to revive in fire.
Here hangs the blood upon the guiltleſs ſtones:
There worms conſume the fleſh of human bones
Here lies an arm: a leg there: here a head,
With other limbs of men unburied,
Scatt'ring the ground, and as regardleſs hurl'd,
As they at virtue ſpurned in the world.
Fie hapleſs wretch, O thou! whoſe graces ſtarving,
Meaſur'ſt God's mercy by thine own deſerving;
Which cry'ſt (diſtruſtful of the power of heaven)
"My ſins are greater than can be forgiven:"
Which ſtill art ready to "curſe God and die,"
At every ſtripe of worldly miſery;
O learn (thou in whoſe breaſts the dragon lurks),
God's mercy (ever) is o'er all his works:
Know he is pitiful, apt to forgive;
Would not a ſinner's death, but that he live.
O ever, ever reſt upon that word
Which doth aſſure thee, though his two-edg'd ſword
Be drawn in juſtice 'gainſt thy ſinful ſoul,
To ſeparate the rotten from the whole;
Yet if a ſacrifice of prayer be ſent him,
He will not ſtrike; or if he ſtruck repent him.
Let none deſpair; for curſed Judas' ſin
Was not ſo much in yielding up the King
Of Life, to death, as when he thereupon
Wholly deſpair'd of God's remiſſion.
Riot, long doubting ſtood which way were beſt
To lead his ſteps: at laſt preferring reſt
(As fooliſhly he thought) before the pain
Was to be paſt ere he could well attain
The high built palace; 'gan adventure on
That path, which led to all confuſion,
When ſuddenly a voice as ſweet, as clear,
With words divine began entice his ear:
Whereat, as in a rapture, on the ground
He proſtrate lay, and all his ſenſes found
A time of reſt; only that faculty
Which never can be ſeen, nor ever die,
That in the eſſence of an endleſs nature
Doth ſympathiſe with the all-good Creator,
That only wak'd which cannot be interr'd,
And from a heavenly quire this ditty heard.

Vain man, do not miſtruſt
Of heaven winning;
Nor (though the moſt unjuſt)
Deſpair for ſinning:
God will be ſeen his ſentence changing,
If he behold thee wicked ways eſtranging.

Climb up where pleaſures dwell
In flow'ry allies:
And taſte the living well
That decks the vallies.
Fair * Metanoia is attending
To crown thee with thoſe joys which know no ending.

Herewith on leaden wings ſleep from him flew,
When on his arm he roſe, and ſadly threw
Shrill acclamations; while an hollow cave,
Or hanging hill, or heaven, an anſwer gave.
O ſacred eſſence, light'ning me this hour!
How may I lightly ſtyle thy great power?
ECCHO. Power.
Power? but of whence? under the green wood ſpray,
Or liv'ſt in heav'n? ſay.
ECCHO. In heaven's ay.
In heaven's ay! tell may I it obtain
By alms, by faſting, prayer, by pain?
ECCHO. By pain.
Shew me the pain, it ſhall be undergone;
I to mine end will ſtill go on.
ECCHO. Go on.
But whither? On! Shew me the place, the time:
What if the mountain I do climb?
ECCHO. Do climb.
Is that the way to joys which ſtill endure?
O bid my ſoul of it be ſure!
ECCHO. Be ſure.
Then thus aſſured, do I climb the hill,
Heaven be my guide in this thy will.
ECCHO. I will.
As when a maid taught from her mother's wing,
To tune her voice unto a ſilver ſtring,
When ſhe ſhould run, ſhe reſts; reſts when ſhould run,
And ends her leſſon having now begun:
Now miſſeth ſhe her ſtop, then in her ſong,
And doing of her beſt ſhe ſtill is wrong,
Begins again, and yet again ſtrikes falſe,
Then in a chaſe forſakes her virginals,
And yet within an hour ſhe tries anew,
That with her daily pains (art's chiefeſt due)
She gains that charming ſkill: and can no leſs
Tame the fierce walkers of the wilderneſs,
Than that † Oeagrin harpiſt, for whoſe lay,
Tigers with hunger pin'd and left their prey.
So riot when he 'gan to climb the hill,
Here maketh haſte, and there long ſtandeth ſtill,

* *See Spenſer's Faery Queene, book* 1. *cap.* 9 *ſect.* 33, *&c. Fletcher's Purple Iſland, cap.* 12. *ſect.* 32, *&c.*

* Μετανοια, *Repentance.*

† *Orpheus the ſon of Oeagrus and Calliope, according to Plato, in ſome Apollon. Argonaut. l.* 1. *and himſelf, if the Argonautics be his; Of Apollo and Calliope, by ſome; of others, by others.*

Now getteth up a ſtep, then falls again,
Yet not deſpairing, all his nerves doth ſtrain
To clamber up anew, then ſlide his feet,
And down he comes; but gives not over yet,
For (with the maid) he hopes, a time will be
When merit ſhall be link'd with induſtry.
Now as an angler melancholy ſtanding
Upon a green bank yielding room for landing,
A wrigling yellow worm thruſt on his hook,
Now in the midſt he throws, then in a nook:
Here pulls his line, there throws it in again,
Mending his troke and bait, but all in vain,
He long ſtands viewing of the curled ſtream;
At laſt a hungry pike, or well-grown bream
Snatch at the worm, and haſting faſt away
He knowing it a fiſh of ſtubborn ſway,
Pulls up his rod, but ſoft; (as having ſkill)
Wherewith the hook faſt holds the fiſh's gill.
Then all his line he freely yieldeth him,
Whilſt furiouſly all up and down doth ſwim
Th' enſnared fiſh, here on the top doth ſcud,
There underneath the banks, then in the mud;
And with his frantic fits ſo ſcares the ſhoal,
That each one takes his hide, or ſtarting hole:
By this the pike clean wearied, underneath
A willow lies, and pants (if fiſhes breathe)
Wherewith the angler gently pulls him to him,
And leaſt his haſte might happen to undo him,
Lays down his rod, then takes his line in hand.
And by degrees getting the fiſh to land,
Walks to another pool: at length is winner
Of ſuch a diſh as ſerves him for his dinner:
So when the climber half the way had got,
Muſing he ſtood, and buſily 'gan plot,
How (ſince the mount did always ſteeper 'tend)
He might with ſteps ſecure his journe end.
At laſt (as wand'ring boys to gather nuts)
A hooked pole he from a hazel cuts;
Now throws it here, then there, to take ſome hold,
But bootleſs and in vain, the rocky mould
Admits no cranny, where his hazel hook
Might promiſe him a ſtep, till in a nook
Somewhat above his reach he hath eſpy'd
A little oak, and having often try'd
To catch a bough with ſtanding on his toe,
Or leaping up, yet not prevailing ſo;
He rolls a ſtone towards the little tree,
Then gets upon it, faſtens warily
His pole unto a bough, and at his drawing
The early riſing crow with clam'rous kawing,
Leaving the green bough flies about the rock,
Whilſt twenty twenty couples to him flock:
And now within his reach the thin leaves wave,
With one hand only then he holds his ſtave,
And with the other graſping firſt the leaves,
A pretty bough he in his fiſt receives;
Then to his girdle making faſt the hook,
His other hand another bough hath took;
His firſt, a third, and that, another gives,
To bring him to the place where his root lives.
Then, as a nimble ſquirrel from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his filberd food,
Sits partly on a bough his brown nuts cracking,
And from the ſhell the ſweet white kernel taking,
Till (with their crooks and bags) a ſort of boys,
(To ſhare with him,) come with ſo great a noiſe,
That he is forc'd to leave a nut nigh broke,
And for his life leap to a neighbour oak;
Thence to a beach, thence to a row of aſhes;
Whilſt through the quagmires, and red water plaſhes,
The boys run dabbling through thick and thin,
One tears his hoſe, another breaks his ſhin,
This, torn and tatter'd, hath with much ado
Got by the briars; and that hath loſt his ſhoe:
This drops his band; that headlong falls for haſte;
Another cries behind for being laſt:
With ſticks and ſtones, and many a ſounding hollow,
The little fool; with no ſmall ſport, they follow,
Whilſt he, from tree to tree, from ſpray to ſpray,
Gets to the wood, and hides him in his dray:
Such ſhift made riot, ere he could get up,
And ſo from bough to bough he won the top,
Though hindrances, from ever coming there,
Were often thruſt upon him by deſpair.
Now at his feet the ſtately mountain lay,
And with a gladſome eye he 'gan ſurvey
What perils he had trode on ſince the time
His weary feet and arms aſſay'd to climb.
When with a humble voice (withouten fear,
Though he look'd wild and overgrown with hair)
A gentle nymph in ruſſet coarſe array,
Comes and directs him onward in his way.
Firſt, brings ſhe him into a goodly hall,
Fair, yet not beautified with mineral;
But in a careleſs art, and artleſs care,
Made looſe neglect, more lovely far than rare.
Upon the floor (ypav'd with marble ſlate)
(With ſackcloth cloth'd,) many in aſhes ſat:
And round about the walls for many years,
Hung cryſtal vials of repentance tears:
And books of vows, and many a heavenly deed,
Lay ready open for each one to read.
Some were immured up in little ſhades,
There to contemplate heaven, and bid their beads,
Others with garments thin of camel's hair,
With head, and arms, and legs, and feet all bare,
Were ſinging hymns to the eternal Sage,
For ſafe returning from their pilgrimage:
Some with a whip their pamper'd bodies beat,
Others in faſting live, and ſeldom ate;
But, as thoſe trees which do in India grow,
And call'd of elder ſwains full long ago
The ſun and moon's fair trees (full goodly dight)
And ten times ten feet challenging their height)
Having no help (to overlook brave towers)
From cool refreſhing dew, or driſling ſhowers;
When as the earth (as oftentimes is ſeen)
Is interpos'd 'twixt Sol and night's pale queen;
Or when the moon eclipſeth Titan's light,
The trees (all comfortleſs) rob'd of their ſight
Weep liquid drops, which plentifully ſhoot
Along the outward bark down to the root,
And by their own ſhed tears they ever flouriſh;
So their own ſorrows, their own joys do nouriſh;
And ſo within this place full many a wight,
Did make his tears his food both day and night.

And had it granted (from th' Almighty great)
Swim through them unto his mercy ſeat.
Fair Metanoia in a chair of earth,
With count'nance ſad, yet ſadneſs promis'd mirth,
Sat vail'd in courſeſt weeds of camel's hair,
Enriching poverty; yet never fair
Was like to her, nor ſince the world begun
A lovelier lady kiſs'd the glorious ſun.
For her the god of thunder, mighty, great,
Whoſe footſtool is the earth, and heaven his ſeat,
Unto a man, who from his crying birth
Went on ſtill ſhunning what he carry'd, earth:
When he could walk no further for his grave,
Nor could ſtep over, but he there muſt have
A ſeat to reſt, when he would fain go on:
But age in every nerve, in every bone
Forbade his paſſage; for her ſake hath heaven
Fill'd up the grave, and made his path ſo even,
That fifteen courſes had the bright ſteeds run,
(And he was weary) ere his courſe was done,
For ſcorning her, the courts of kings, which throw
A proud rais'd pinnacle to reſt the crow;
And on a plain outbrave a neighbour rock
In ſtout reſiſtance of a tempter's ſhock.
For her contempt heaven (reigning his diſaſters)
Hath made thoſe towers but piles to burn their maſters,
To her the lowly nymph (Humbleſſa hight)
Brought (as her office) this deformed wight
To whom the lady courteous ſemblance ſhews;
And pitying his eſtate, in ſacred thews,
And letters (worthily yclep'd divine)
Reſolv'd t' inſtruct him: but her diſcipline
She knew of true effect, would ſurely miſs,
Except ſhe firſt his metamorphoſis,
Should clean exile; and knowing that his birth
Was to inherit reaſon, though on earth
Some witch had thus transform'd him, by her ſkill,
Expert in changing, even the very will,
In few days labours with continual prayer,
(A ſacrifice tranſcends the buxom air)
His griſly ſhape, his foul deformed feature,
His horrid looks, worſe than a ſavage creature,
By Metanoia's hand from heaven, began
Receive their ſentence of divorce from man.
And as a lovely maiden, pure and chaſte,
With naked iv'ry neck, and gown unlac'd,
Within her chamber, when the day is fled,
Makes poor her garments to enrich her bed:
Firſt, puts ſhe off her lily-ſilken gown,
That ſhrieks for ſorrow as ſhe lays it down;
And with her arms graceth a waiſtcoat fine,
Embracing her as it would ne'er untwine.
Her flaxen hair enſnaring all beholders,
She next permits to wave about her ſhoulders,
And though ſhe caſt it back, the ſilken ſlips
Still forward ſteal, and hang upon her lips:
Whereat ſhe ſweetly angry, with her laces
Binds up the wanton locks in curious traces,
Whilſt (twiſting with her joints) each hair long lingers,
As loth to be enchain'd, but with her fingers.
Then on her head a dreſſing like a crown;
Her breaſt all bare, her kirtle ſlipping down,
And all things off (which rightly ever be
Call'd the foul fair marks of our miſery)
Except her laſt, which enviouſly doth ſeize her,
Leaſt any eye partake with it in pleaſure,
Prepares for ſweeteſt reſt, while ſylvans greet her,
And (longingly) the down-bed ſwells to meet her:
So by degrees his ſhape all brutiſh wild,
Fell from him (as looſe ſkin from ſome young child)
In lieu whereof a man-like ſhape appears,
And gallant youth ſcarce ſkill'd in twenty years,
So fair, ſo freſh, ſo young, ſo admirable
In every part, that ſince I am not able
In words to ſhew his picture, gentle ſwains,
Recall the praiſes in my former ſtrains:
And know if they have graced any limb,
I only lent it thoſe, but ſtole't from him.
Had that chaſte * Roman dame beheld his face,
Ere the proud king poſſeſt her huſband's place,
Her thoughts had been adulterate, and this ſtain
Had won her greater fame, had ſhe been ſlain.
The lark that many morns herſelf makes merry
With the ſhrill chaunting of her teery-lary,
(Before he was transform'd) would leave the ſkies,
And hover o'er him to behold his eyes.
Upon an oaten pipe well could he play,
For when he led his flock upon the ley
Maidens to hear him from the plains came tripping,
And birds from bough to bough full nimbly ſkipping;
His flock (then happy flock) would leave to feed,
And ſtand amaz'd to liſten to his reed:
Lions and tigers, with each beaſt of game,
With hearing him were many times made tame:
Brave trees and flow'rs would towards him be bending,
And none that heard him wiſh'd his ſong an end.
Maids, lions, birds, flocks, trees, each flower, each ſpring,
Were rapt with wonder, when he us'd to ſing.
So fair a perſon to deſcribe to men
Requires a curious pencil, not a pen.
Him Metanoia clad in ſeemly wiſe,
(Not after our corrupted ages guiſe,
Where gaudy weeds lend ſplendor to the limb,
While that his clothes receiv'd their grace from him.)
Then to a garden ſet with rareſt flowers,
With pleaſant fountains ſtor'd, and ſhady bowers:
She leads him by the hand, and in the groves,
Where thouſand pretty birds ſung to their loves,
And thouſand thouſand bloſſoms (from their ſtalks)
Mild Zephirus threw down to paint the walks:
Where yet the wild boar never durſt appear:
Here Fida (ever to kind Remond dear)
Met them, and ſhew'd where Aletheia lay,
(The faireſt maid that ever bleſt the day.)
Sweetly ſhe lay, and cool'd her lily hands
Within a ſpring that threw up golden ſands:

* *Lucretia.*

As if it would entice her to perſevere
In living there, and grace the banks forever.
To her Amyntas (riot now no more)
Came, and ſaluted: never man before
More bleſt, nor like this kiſs hath been another.
But when two dangling cherries kiſt each other:
Nor ever beauties, like, met at ſuch cloſes,
But in the kiſſes of two damaſk roſes.
O, how the flowers (preſt with their treadings on them)
Strove to caſt up their heads to look upon them!
How jealouſly the buds that ſo had ſeen them,
Sent forth the ſweeteſt ſmells to ſtep between them,
As fearing the perfume lodg'd in their powers
Once known of them, they might neglect the flowers.
How often wiſh'd Amyntas with his heart,
His ruddy lips from hers might never part;
And that the heavens this gift were them bequeathing,
To feed on nothing but each other's breathing!
A truer love the muſes never ſung,
Nor happier names ere grac'd a golden tongue:
O! they are better fitting his ſweet ſtripe,
* Who on the banks of Ancor tun'd his pipe:
Or rather for that learned † ſwain whoſe lays
Divineſt Homer crown'd with deathleſs bays:
Or any one ſent from the ſacred well
Inheriting the ſoul of ‡ Aſtrophell.
Theſe, theſe, in golden lines might write this ſtory,
And make theſe loves their own eternal glory:
Whilſt I a ſwain as weak in years as ſkill,
Should in the valley hear them on the hill.
Yet (when my ſheep have at the ciſterns been,
And I have brought them back to ſhear the green)
To miſs an idle hour, and not for mead.
Whoſe choiceſt reliſh ſhall mine oaten reed
Record their worths: and though in accents rare
I miſs the glory of a charming air,
My muſe may one day make the courtly ſwains
Enamour'd on the muſic of the plains,
And as upon a hill ſhe bravely ſings,
Teach humble dales to weep in cryſtal ſprings.

* *Mich. Drayton.* † *Geo. Chapman.*
‡ *Sir Philip Sydney.*

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

BOOK II. SONG I.

The Argument.

Marina's freedom now I ſing,
And of her endangering:
Of famine's cave, and then th' abuſe
Tow'rds buried Colin and his muſe.

As when a mariner (accounted loſt)
Upon the watry deſert long time toſt,
In ſummer's parching heat, in winter's cold,
In tempeſts great, in dangers manifold,
Is by a fav'ring wind drawn up the maſt,
Whence he deſcries his native ſoil at laſt:
For whoſe glad ſight he gets the hatches under,
And to the ocean tells his joy in thunder,
(Shaking thoſe barnacles into the ſea,
At once, that in the womb and cradle lay)
When ſuddenly the ſtill inconſtant wind
Maſters before, that did attend behind;
And grows ſo violent, that he is fain
Command the pilot ſtand to ſea again;
Leaſt want of ſea-room in a channel ſtraight,
Or caſting anchor might caſt o'er his freight:
Thus, gentle muſe, it happens in my ſong,
A journey, tedious, for a ſtrength ſo young
I undertook: by ſilver ſeeming floods,
Paſt gloomy-bottoms, and high waving woods,
Climb'd mountains where the wanton kidling dallies,
Then with ſoft ſteps enſeal'd the meekned valleys,
In queſt of memory: and had poſſeſt
A pleaſant garden, for a welcome reſt;
No ſooner than a hundred themes come on,
And hail my bark a-new for Helicon.
Thrice ſacred powers! (if ſacred powers there be
Whoſe mild aſpect engyrland poeſy)
Ye happy ſiſters of the learned ſpring,
Whoſe heavenly notes the woods are raviſhing!
Brave Theſpian maidens, at whoſe charming lays
Each moſs-thrumb'd mountain bends, each current plays!
Pierian fingers! O ye bleſſed muſes!
Who as a gem too dear the world refuſes!
Whoſe trueſt lovers never clip with age,
O be propitious in my pilgrimage!
Dwell on my lines! and till the laſt ſand fall,
Run hand in hand with my weak paſtoral;
Cauſe every coupling cadence flow in bliſſes,
And fill the world with envy of ſuch kiſſes.
Make all the rareſt beauties of our clime,
That deign a ſweet look on my younger rhyme,
To linger on each line's enticing graces
As on their lovers lips and chaſte embraces!
Through rowling trenches, of ſelf-drowning wave,
Where ſtormy guſts throw up untimely graves,
By billows, whoſe white foam ſhew'd angry minds.
For not out-roaring all the high rais'd winds,
Into the ever drinking thirſty ſea
By rocks that under water hidden lay,
To ſhipwreck paſſengers, (ſo in ſome den
Thieves bent to robbery watch way-faring men.)
Faireſt Marina, whom I whilome ſung,
In all this tempeſt (violent though long)
Without all ſenſe of danger lay aſleep:
Till toſſed where the ſtill inconſtant deep
With wide ſpread arms, ſtood ready for the tende
Of daily tribute, that the ſwoln floods render

Into her chequer: (whence as worthy kings
She helps the wants of thousand lesser springs:)
Here wax'd the winds dumb, (shut up in their caves)
As still as midnight were the sullen waves,
And Neptune's silver ever-shaking breast
As smooth as when the halcyon builds her nest.
None other wrinkles on his face were seen
Than on a fertile mead, or sportive green,
Where never ploughshare ript his mother's womb
To give an aged seed a living tomb,
Nor blinded mole the batning earth e'er stirr'd,
Nor boys made pitfalls for the hungry bird.
The whistling reeds upon the water's side
Shot up their sharp heads in a stately pride,
And not a binding osier bow'd his head,
But on his root him bravely carried.
No dandling leaf played with the subtle air,
So smooth the sea was, and the sky so fair.
Now with his hands, instead of broad-palm'd oars,
The swain attempts to get the shell-strew'd shores,
And with continual lading making a way,
Thrusts the small boat into as fair a bay
As ever merchant wish'd might be the road
Wherein to ease his sea-torn vessel's load.
It was an island (hugg'd in Neptune's arms,
As tending it against all foreign harms,)
And Mona hight; so amiably fair,
So rich in soil, so healthful in her air,
So quick in her increase, (each dewy night
Yielding that ground as green, as fresh of plight
As't was the day before, whereon then fed
Of gallant steers, full many a thousand head)
So deck'd with floods, so pleasant in her groves,
So full of well-fleec'd flocks and fatt'ned droves,
That the brave issue of the Trojan line,
(Whose worths, like diamonds, yet in darkness shine,)
Whose deeds were sung by learned bards as high,
In raptures of immortal poesy,
As any nation's, since the Grecian lads
Were famous made by Homer's Iliads.)
Those brave heroic spirits, 'twixt one another
Proverbially call * Mona Cambria's mother.
Yet Cambria is a land from whence have come
Worthies well worth the race of Ilium;
Whose true desert of praise could my muse touch,
I should be proud that I had done so much.
And though of mighty Brute I cannot boast,
Yet doth our warlike strong Deuonian coast
Refound his worth, since on her wave worn strand
He and his Trojans first set foot on land,
Struck sail, and anchor cast on † Totnes shore,
Though now no ship can ride there any more.
In th' island's road the swain now moors his boat
Unto a willow, (left it outwards float)
And with a rude embracement taking up
The maid (more fair than ‡ she that fill'd the cup
Of the great thunderer, wounding with her eyes
More hearts than all the troops of deities).
He wades to shore, and sets her on the sand,
That gently yielded when her foot should land.
Where bubbling waters through the pebbles fleet,
As if they strove to kiss her slender feet.
Whilst like a wretch, whose cursed hand hath ta'en
The sacred relics from a holy fane,
Feeling the hand of heaven (enforcing wonder)
In his return, in dreadful cracks of thunder,
Within a bush his sacrilege hath left,
And thinks his punishment freed with the theft:
So fled the swain, from one; had Neptune spy'd
At half an ebb, he would have forc'd the tide
To swell anew; whereon his care should sweep,
Deck'd with th' riches of th' unfounded deep,
And he from thence, would with all state on shore,
To woo this beauty, and to woo no more.
Divine Electra (of the sisters seven
That beautify the glorious orb of heaven)
When Ilium's stately towers, serv'd as one light
To guide the ravisher in ugly night
Unto her virgin bed, withdrew her face,
And never would look down on human race
Till this maid's birth; since when some power hath won her
By often fits to shine, as gazing on her,
Grim Saturn's son, the dread Olympic Jove
That dark'd three days to frolic with his love,
Had he in Alcmen's stead clipt this fair wight,
The world had slept in everlasting night.
For whose sake only, (had she lived then)
Deucalion's flood had never rag'd on men:
Nor Phaëton perform'd his father's duty,
For fear to rob the world of such a beauty:
In whose due praise, a learned quill might spend
Hours, days, months, years, and never make an end.
What wretch inhuman? or what wilder blood
(Suck'd in a desert from a tiger's brood)
Could leave her so disconsolate? but one
Bred in the wastes of frost-bit Calydon;
For had his veins been heat with milder air,
He had not wrong'd so foul, a maid so fair.
Sing on sweet muse, and whilst I feed mine eyes
Upon a jewel of unvalued prize,
As bright as star, a dame as fair, as chaste
As eye behold, or shall, till nature's last.
Charm her quick senses! and with raptures sweet
Make her affection with your cadence meet!
And if her graceful tongue admire one strain
It is the best reward my pipe would gain.
In lieu whereof, in laurel worthy rhymes
Her love shall live until the end of times,
And spite of age, the last of days shall see
Her name embalm'd in sacred poesy.
Sadly alone upon the aged rocks,
Whom Thetis grac'd in washing oft their locks

* *Mom Mam Kumbry.*

† *Petunt Classem. omnibus bonis onustam, prosperis ventis mare sulcantes, in Totonesio littore feliciter applicarunt. Galf. Monum.*

‡ *Hele.*

Of branching fampire, fat the maid o'ertaken
With fighs and tears, unfortunate, forfaken;
And with a voice that floods from rocks would borrow,
She thus both wept and fung her notes of forrow.
If heaven be deaf and will not hear my cries,
But adds new days to add new miferies;
Hear then ye troubled waves and flitting gales,
That cool the bofoms of the fruitful vales!
Lend, one a flood of tears, the other wind,
To weep and figh that heaven is fo unkind!
But if ye will not fpare, of all your ftore,
One tear, or figh, unto a wretch fo poor;
Yet as ye travel on this fpacious round,
Through foreft, mountains, or the lawny ground,
If 't hap' you fee a maid weep forth her woe,
As I have done; Oh bid her as ye go
Not lavifh tears! for when her own are gone,
The world is flinty and will lend her none.
If this be eke denied, O hearken then
Each hollow vaulted rock, and crooked den!
And if within your fides one echo be,
Let her begin to rue my deftiny!
And in your clefts her plainings do not fmother,
But let that echo teach it to another!
Till round the world in founding coomb and plain,
The laft of them tell it the firft again:
Of my fad fate fo fhall they never lin
But where one ends, another ftill begin.
Wretch that I am, my words I vainly wafte,
Echo, of all woes, only fpeaks the laft;
And that's enough: for fhould fhe utter all,
As at * Meduſa's head, each heart would fall
Into a flinty fubftance and repine
At no one grief, except as great as mine.
No careful nurfe would wet her watchful eye,
When any pang fhould gripe her infantry,
Nor though to nature it obedience gave,
And kneel'd, to do her homage, in the grave
Would fhe lament her fuckling from her torne:
Scaping by death thofe torments I have borne.
This figh'd, fhe wept (low leaning on her hand)
Her briny tears down raining on the fand,
Which feen by (them, that fport it in the feas
On dolphins backs) the fair Neriades,
They came on fhore, and flily as they fell
Convey'd each tear into an oyfter fhell,
And by fome power that did affect the girls,
Transform'd thofe liquid drops to orient pearls,
And ftrew'd them on the fhore; for whofe rich prize
In winged pines the Roman colonies
Flung through the deep abyfs to our white rocks
For gems to deck their ladies golden locks:
Who valu'd them as highly in their kinds
As thofe the fun burnt Ethiopian finds
Long on the fhore, diftreft Marina lay:
For he that ope's the pleafant fweets of May
Beyond the noonftead fo far drove his team,
That harveft folks (with curds and clouted cream,
With cheefe and butter, cakes, and cates enow
That are the yeoman's from the yoke or cow)
On fheafs of corn were at their noonfhuns clofe,
Whilft by them merrily the bag-pipe goes:
Ere from her hand fhe lifted up her head,
Where all the graces then inhabited.
When caſting round her over-drowned eyes,
(So have I feen a gem of meikle price
Rule in a fcallop fhell with water fill'd)
She, on a marble rock at hand beheld
In characters deep cut with iron ſtroke,
A fhepherd's moan, which read by her, thus fpoke:

Glide foft ye filver floods,
And every fpring:
Within the fhady woods,
Let no bird fing!
Nor from the grove a turtle dove
Be feen to couple with her love,
But filence on each dale and mountain dwell
Whilft Willy bids his friend and joy farewell.

But (of great Thetis' train)
Ye mermaids fair,
That on the fhores do plain
Your fea-green hair,
As ye in trammels knit your locks
Weep ye; and fo enforce the rocks
In heavy murmurs through the broad fhores tell,
How Willy bade his friend and joy farewell.

Ceafe, ceafe, ye murmuring winds
To move a wave;
But if with troubled minds
You feek his grave;
Know 'tis as various as yourfelves,
Now in the deep, then on the fhelves,
His coffin tofs'd by fifh and furges fell,
Whilft Willy weeps and bids all joy farewell.

Had he, Arion like,
Been judg'd to drown,
He on his lute could ſtrike
So rare a fwon',
A thoufand dolphins would have come,
And jointly ſtrive to bring him home.
But he on fhipboard dy'd, by ſickneſs fell,
Since when his Willy bade all joy farewell.

Great Neptune, hear a fwain!
His coffin take,
And with a golden chain
(For pity) make
It faſt unto a rock near land!
Where ev'ry calmy morn I'll ſtand,
And ere one fheep out of my fold I tell,
Sad Willy's pipe ſhall bid his friend farewell.

Ah, heavy fhepherd, (who ſo e'er thou be,)
Quoth fair Marina, I do pity thee:
For who by death is in a true friend croſt,
Till he be earth he half himſelf hath loſt.
More happy deem I thee, lamented ſwain,
Whoſe body lies among the ſcaly train,
Since I ſhall never think that thou canſt die,
Whilſt Willy lives, or any poetry.

* *Which turned the beholders into ſtone.*

For well it ſeems in verſing he hath ſkill,
And though he (aided from the ſacred hill),
To thee with him no equal life can give,
Yet by his pen thou may'ſt for ever live.
With this, a beam of ſudden brightneſs flies
Upon her face, ſo dazling her clear eyes,
That neither flower nor graſs, which by her grew,
She could diſcern cloth'd in their perfect hue.
For as a wag (to ſport with ſuch as paſs)
Taking the ſunbeams in a lookinglaſs,
Conveys the ray into the eyes of one
Who (blinded) either ſtumbles at a ſtone;
Or, as he daz'led walks the peopled ſtreets,
Is ready juſtling every man he meets:
So then Apollo did in glory caſt
His bright beams on a rock with gold enchaſt,
And thence the ſwift reflection of their light
Blinded thoſe eyes, the chiefeſt ſtars of night.
When ſtraight a thick-ſwoln cloud (as if it ſought
In beauty's mind to have a thankful thought)
Invail'd the luſtre of great Titan's car;
And ſhe beheld from whence ſhe ſat not far,
Cut on a high brow'd rock (inlaid with gold)
This epitaph, and read it, thus inroll'd:

In depth of waves long hath Alexis ſlept,
So choiceſt jewels are the cloſeſt kept;
Whoſe death the land had ſeen; but it appears
To countervail his loſs, men wanted tears.
So here he lies, whoſe dirge each mermaid ſings,
For whom the clouds weep rain, the earth her ſprings.

Her eyes theſe lines acquainted with her mind
Had ſcarcely made, when o'er the hill behind
She heard a woman cry; ah, well-a-day,
What ſhall I do? go home, or fly, or ſtay.
Admir'd Marina roſe, and with a pace
As graceful as the goddeſſes did trace
O'er ſtately Ida, (when fond * Paris' doom
Kindled the fire ſhould mighty Troy entomb),
She went to aid the woman in diſtreſs
(True beauty never was found mercileſs),
Yet durſt ſhe not go nigh, leaſt (being ſpy'd)
Some villain's outrage, that might then betide
(For ought ſhe knew) unto the crying maid,
Might graſp with her: by thickets which array'd
The high ſea-bounding hill, ſo near ſhe went,
She ſaw what wight made ſuch loud dreariment.
Loud? yes, ſung right: for ſince the azure ſky
Impriſon'd firſt the world, a mortal's cry
With greater clangour never pierc'd the air.
A wight ſhe was ſo far from being fair,
None could be foul eſteem'd, compar'd with her.
Deſcribing foulneſs, pardon if I err,
Ye ſhepherds daughters, and ye gentle ſwains!
My muſe would gladly chaunt more lovely ſtrains:
Yet ſince on miry grounds ſhe trod, for doubt
Of ſinking, all in haſte, thus wades ſhe out.
As when great Neptune, in his height of pride,
The inland creeks fills with a high ſpring-tide,
Great ſhoals of fiſh, among the oyſter's hie,
Which, by a quick ebb, on the ſhores left dry,
With fiſhes yawn, the oyſters gaping wide:
So broad her mouth was: as ſhe ſtood and cry'd,
She tore her elfiſh knots of hair, as black
And full of duſt, as any collier's ſack.
Her eyes unlike, were like her body right,
Squint and miſhapen, one dun, th' other white.
As in a picture limb'd unto the life,
Or carved by a curious workman's knife,
If twenty men at once ſhould come to ſee
The great effects of untir'd induſtry,
Each ſev'rally would think the picture's eye
Was fixt on him, and on no ſtander by:
So as ſhe (bawling) was upon the bank,
If twice five hundred men ſtood on a rank,
Her ill face tow'rds them, every one would ſay
She looks on me; when ſhe another way
Had caſt her eyes, as on ſome rock or tree,
And on no one of all that company.
Her noſe (O crooked noſe!) her mouth o'er hung,
As it would be directed by her tongue:
Her forehead ſuch, as one might near avow
Some ploughman there had lately been at plough.
Her face ſo ſcorch'd was, and ſo wild it ſhows,
As on a pear tree ſhe had ſcar'd the crows.
Within a tanner's fat I oft have ey'd
(That three moons there had lain) a large ox hide,
In liquor mixt with ſtrongeſt bark (for gain),
Yet had not ta'en one half ſo deep a ſtain
As had her ſkin: and that as hard well nigh
As any brawns, long hardened in the ſty.
Her ſhoulders ſuch, as I have often ſeen
A ſilly cottage on a village green
Might change his corner poſts, in good behoof,
For four ſuch under proppers to his roof.
Houſewives, go, hire her; if you yearly gave
A lambkin more than uſe, you that might ſave
In waſhing beetles; for her hands would paſs
To ſerve that purpoſe, though you daily waſh.
For other hidden parts, thus much I ſay,
As ballad mongers on a market day
Taking their ſtand, one (with as harſh a noiſe
As ever cart wheel made) ſqueeks the ſad choice
Of Tom the miller, with a golden thumb,
Who, croſt in love, ran mad, and deaf, and dumb;
Half part he chaunts, and will not ſing it out,
But thus beſpeaks to his attentive rout:
Thus much for love I warbled from my breaſt,
And, gentle friends, for money take the reſt:
So ſpeak I to the overlonging ear,
That would the reſt of her deſcription hear.
Much have I ſung for love, the reſt (not common)
Martial will ſhew for coin, in's crabbed woman.
If e'er you ſaw a pedant gin prepare
To ſpeak ſome graceful ſpeech to maſter mayor,
And being baſhful, with a quaking doubt
That in his eloquence he may be out,
He oft ſteps forth, as oft turns back again;
And long 'tis e'er he ope his learned vein:
Think ſo Marina ſtood: for now ſhe thought
To venture forth, then ſome conjecture wrought
He to be jealous, leaſt this ugly wight
(Since like a witch ſhe look'd) through ſpells of night,
Might make her body thrall (that yet was free)
To all the foul intents of witchery:

* *The judgment of Paris.*

This drew her back again. At laſt ſhe broke
Through all fond doubts, went to her, and beſpoke
In gentle manner thus: good day, good maid;
With that her cry ſhe on a ſudden ſtay'd,
And rub'd her ſquint eyes with her mighty fiſt.
But as a miller having ground his griſt,
Lets down his floodgates with a ſpeedy fall,
And quarring up the paſſage therewithall,
The waters ſwell in ſpleen, and never ſtay
Till by ſome cleft they find another way:
So when her tears were ſtopt from either eye,
Her ſingults, blubb'rings, ſeem'd to make them fly
Out at her oyſter mouth and noſtrils wide.
Can there (quoth fair Marina) e'er betide
(In theſe ſweet groves) a wench, ſo great a wrong,
That ſhould enforce a cry ſo loud, ſo long?
On theſe delightful plains, how can there be
So much as heard the name of villany?
Except when ſhepherds in their gladſome ſit
Sing hymns to Pan, that they are free from it.
But ſhew me, what hath caus'd thy grievous yell?
As late (quoth ſhe) I went to yonder well
(You cannot ſee it here; that grove doth cover
With his thick boughs his little channel over),
To fetch ſome water (as I uſe) to dreſs
My maſter's ſupper (you may think of fleſh;
But well I wot he taſteth no ſuch diſh,
Of rotchets, whitings, or ſuch common fiſh,
That with his net he drags into his boat.
Among the flags below, there ſtands his cot
(A ſimple one), thatch'd o'er with reed and broom;
It hath a kitchen, and a ſeveral room
For each of us. But this is nought: you flee,
Reply'd Marine, I prithee anſwer me
To what I queſtion'd. Do but hear me firſt,
Anſwer'd the hag. He is a man ſo curſt,
Although I toil at home, and ſerve his ſwine,
Yet ſcarce allows he me whereon to dine:
In ſummer time on black berries I live,
On crabs and haws, and what wild foreſts give:
In winter's cold, barefoot, I run to ſeek
For oyſters and ſmall wrinckles in each creek,
Whereon I feed, and on the meagre ſtone,
But if he home return, and find me gone,
I ſtill am ſure to feel his heavy hand.
Alas! and weal away, ſince now I ſtand
In ſuch a plight: for if I ſeek his door,
He'll beat me ten times worſe than e'er before.
What haſt thou done? (yet aſk'd Marina) ſay?
I with my pitcher lately took my way
(As late I ſaid) to thilk ſame ſhaded ſpring,
Fill'd it, and homewards rais'd my voice to ſing;
But in my back return, I (hapleſs) ſpy'd
A tree of cherries wild, and them I ey'd
With ſuch a longing, that unawares my foot
Got underneath a hollow growing root,
Carrying my pot as maids uſe on their heads,
I fell with it, and broke it all to ſhreads.
This is my grief, this is my cauſe of moan;
And if ſome kind wight go not to atone,
My ſurly maſter, with me wretched maid,
I ſhall be beaten dead. Be not afraid,
Said ſweet Marina, haſten thee before;
I'll come to make thy peace; for ſince I ſore
Do hunger, and at home thou haſt ſmall cheer,
(Need and ſupply grow far off, ſeldom near.)
To yonder grove I'll go, to taſte the ſpring,
And ſee what it affords for nouriſhing.
Thus parted they. And ſad Marina bleſt
The hour ſhe met the maid, who did inveſt
Her in aſſured hope, ſhe once ſhould ſee
Her flock again (and drive them merrily
To their flow'r-deck'd lyre, and tread the ſhores
Of pleaſant Albion) through the well-pois'd oars
Of the poor fiſherman that dwelt thereby.
But as a man who in a lottery
Hath ventur'd off his coin, e'er he have ought,
Thinks this or that ſhall with his prize be bought,
And ſo enrich'd, march with the better rank,
When ſuddenly he's called, and all is blank:
To chaſte Marina ſo doth fortune prove,
"Stateſmen and ſhe are never firm in love."
No ſooner had Marina got the wood,
But as the trees ſhe nearly ſearch'd for food,
A * villain, lean, as any rake appears,
That look'd, as pinch'd with famine, Egypt's years,
Worn out and waſted to the pithleſs bone,
As one that had a long conſumption.
His ruſty teeth (forſaken of his lips
As they had ſerv'd with want two 'prenticeſhips),
Did through his pallid cheeks, and lankeſt ſkin,
Bewray what number were enrank'd within.
His greedy eyes deep ſunk into his head,
Which, with a rough hair, was o'er covered.
How many bones made up this ſtarved wight,
Was ſoon perceiv'd; a man of dimmeſt ſight
Apparently might ſee them knit, and tell
How all his veins and every ſinew fell.
His belly (inwards drawn), his bowels preſt,
His unfill'd ſkin hung dangling on his breaſt,
His feeble knees with pain enough uphold
That pined carcaſe, caſten in a mold,
Cut out by death's grim form. If ſmall legs wan
Ever the title of a gentleman,
His did acquire it. In his fleſh pull'd down,
As he had liv'd in a beleagured town,
Where plenty had ſo long eſtranged been,
That men moſt worthy note, in grief were ſeen
(Though they rejoic'd to have attain'd ſuch meat)
Of rats, and half tann'd hides, with ſtomachs great,
Gladly to feed: and where a nurſe moſt vilde,
Drunk her own milk, and ſtarv'd her crying child.
Yet he, through want of food, not thus became:
But nature firſt decreed, that as the flame
Is never ſeen to fly his nouriſhment,
But all conſumes: And ſtill the more is lent,
The more it covets. And as all the floods
(Down trenching from ſmall groves, and greater woods),
The vaſt inſatiate ſea doth ſtill devour,
And yet his thirſt not quenched by their power:
So ever ſhould befall this ſtarved wight;
The more his viands, more his appetite.

* *See Mr. Sackville's Induction to the Mirror of Magiſtrates.*

Whate'er the deeps bring forth, on earth, or air,
He ravine ſhould, and want in greateſt fare.
And what a city twice ſeven years would ſerve,
He ſhould devour, and yet be like to ſtarve.
A wretch ſo empty; that if e'er there be
In nature found the leaſt vacuity,
'Twill be in him. The grave to Ceres' ſtore;
A cannibal to lab'rers old and poor;
A ſponge-like dropſy drinking till it burſt;
The ſickneſs term'd the wolf, vilde and accurſt;
In ſome reſpects like th' art of alchymy,
That thrives leaſt, when it long'ſt doth multiply:
Limos he 'cleped was: whoſe long-nail'd paw
Seizing Marina, and his ſharp-fang'd jaw
(The ſtrongeſt part he had), fixt in her weeds,
He forc'd her thence, through thickets and high reeds,
Towards his cave. Her fate the ſwift winds rue,
And round the grove in heavy murmurs flew.
The limbs of trees, that (as in love with either)
In cloſe embracements long had liv'd together,
Rub'd each on other, and in ſhrieks did ſhow
The winds had mov'd more part'ners of their wo.
Old and decayed ſtocks, that long time ſpent,
Upon their arms, their roots chief nouriſhment;
And that drawn dry, as freely did impart
Their boughs a feeding on their father's heart;
Yet by reſpectleſs imps, when all was gone,
Pithleſs and lapleſs, naked left alone,
Their hollow trunks, fill'd with their neighbour's moans,
Sent from a thouſand vents ten thouſand groans.
All birds flew from the wood, as they had been
Scar'd with a ſtrong bolt rat'ling 'mong the treen.
Limos, with his ſweet theft, full fully ruſhes
Through ſharp hook'd brambles, thorns, and tangling buſhes,
Whoſe tenters ſticking in her garments, fought
(Poor ſhrubs) to help her; but availing nought,
As angry (beſt intents miſs'd beſt proceeding),
They ſcratch'd his face and legs, clear water bleeding.
Not greater haſte a fearful ſchool-boy makes
Out of an orchard, whence by ſtealth he takes
A churliſh farmer's plums, ſweet pears, or grapes,
Than Limos did, as from the thick he 'ſcapes
Down to the ſhore; where, reſting him a ſpace,
Reſtleſs Marina 'gan entreat for grace
Of one, whoſe knowing it as deſp'rate, ſtood
As where each day to get ſupply of food.
O! had ſhe (thirſty) ſuch entreaty made
At ſome high rock, proud of his evening ſhade,
He would have burſt in two, and from his veins
(For her avail) upon the under plains
A hundred ſprings a hundred ways ſhould ſwim,
To ſhew her tears enforced floods from him.
Had ſuch an oratreſs been heard to plead
For fair Polixena, the murd'rer's head
Had been her pardon, and ſo 'ſcap'd that ſhock,
Which made her lover's tomb her dying block.
Not an enraged lion, ſurly, wood,
No tiger reft her young, nor ſavage brood,
No, not the foaming boar, that durſt approve
Loveleſs to leave the mighty queen of love,
But her ſad plaints, their uncouth walks among,
Spent in ſweet numbers from her golden tongue,
So much their great hearts would in ſoftneſs ſteep,
They at her foot would groveling lie, and weep.
Yet now (alas!) nor words, nor floods of tears
Did ought avail. "The belly hath no ears."
As I have known a man lothe meet with gain
That carrieth in his front leaſt ſhew of pain,
Who for his victuals and his raiment pledges,
Whoſe ſtacks for firing are his neighbour's hedges,
From whence returning with a burden great,
Wearied, on ſome green bank he takes his ſeat,
But fearful (as ſtill theft is in his ſtay)
Gets quickly up, and haſteth faſt away:
So Limos ſooner eaſed than yreſted
Was up, and through the reeds (as much moleſted
As in the brakes) who lovingly combine,
And for her aid together twiſt and twine,
Now menacing his hands, then on his legs
Like fetters hang the undergrowing ſegs:
And had his teeth not been of ſtrongeſt hold,
He there had left his prey. Fates uncontroul'd,
Deny'd ſo great a bliſs to plants or men,
And lent him ſtrength to bring her to his den.
Weſt, in Apollo's courſe to Tagus' ſtream,
Crown'd with a ſilver circling diadem
Of wet exhaled miſts, there ſtood a pile
Of aged rocks (torn from the neighbour iſle
And girt with waves), againſt whoſe naked breaſt
The ſurges tilted, on his ſnowy creſt
The tow'ring falcon whilom built, and kings
Strove for that eirie, on whoſe ſcaling wings,
Monarchs, in gold refin'd as much would lay
As might a month their army-royal pay.
Brave birds they were, whoſe quick ſelf leſs'ning kin
Still won the garlands from the Peregrin.
Not * Cerna Iſle in Afric's ſilver main,
Nor luſtful bloody Tereus Thracian ſtrain,
Nor any other lording of the air
Durſt with this eirie for their wing compare.
About his ſides a thouſand ſea gulls bred,
The mavy, and the halcyon famouſed
For colours rare, and for the peaceful ſeas
Round the Sicilian coaſt, her brooding days.
Puffins (as thick as ſtarlings in a fen)
Were fetch'd from thence: there ſat the pewet hen,
And in the clefts the martin built his neſt.
But thoſe by this curſt caitif diſpoſſeſt
Of rooſt and neſt, the leaſt; of life, the moſt:
All left that place, and ſought a ſafer coaſt.
Inſtead of them the caterpillar haunts,
And canker-worm among the tender plants,
That here and there in nooks and corners grew,
Of cormorants and locuſts not a few;
The cramming raven, and a hundred more
Devouring creatures; yet when from the ſhore
Limos came wading (as he eaſily might
Except at high tides), all would take their flight,
Or hide themſelves in ſome deep hole or other,
Leaſt one devourer ſhould devour another.

* *Not the Cerne of Pliny, but the Iſland of Mauritius, diſcovered by the Hollanders, 1598.*

Near to the ſhore that bord'red on the rock
No merry ſwain was ſeen to feed his flock,
No luſty neat-herd thither drove his kine,
Nor booriſh hog-herd fed his rooting ſwine:
A ſtony ground it was, ſweet herbage fail'd:
Nought there but weeds, which Limos, ſtrongly nail'd,
Tore from their mother's breaſt, to ſtuff his maw.
No crabtree bore his load, nor thorn his haw.
As in a foreſt well complete with deer
We ſee the hollys, aſhes, every where
Robb'd of their clothing by the browſing game:
So near the rock, all trees where'er you came
To cold December's wrath ſtood void of bark.
Here danc'd no nymph no early-riſing lark
Sung up the ploughman and his drowſy mate:
All round the rock barren and deſolate.
In midſt of that huge pile was Limos' cave
Full large and round, wherein a miller' knave
Might for his horſe and querne have room at will:
Where was outdrawn by ſome enforced ſkill,
What mighty conqueſts were atchiev'd by him.
Firſt ſtood the ſiege of great * Jeruſalem,
Within whoſe triple wall and ſacred city
(Weep ye ſtone-hearted men! oh read, and pity!
'Tis Sion's cauſe invokes your briny tears:
Can any dry eye be when ſhe appears
As I muſt ſing her? Oh! if ſuch there be;
Fly, fly th' abode of men! and haſten thee
Into the deſert, ſome high mountain under,
Or at thee boys will hiſs, and old men wonder.
Here ſits a mother weeping, pale and wan,
With fixed eyes, whoſe hopeleſs thought ſeem'd ran
How (ſince for many days no food ſhe taſte'd,
Her meal, her oil conſum'd, all ſpent, all waſted)
For one poor day ſhe might attain ſupply,
And deſp'rate of ought elſe, ſit, pine, and die.
At laſt her mind meets with her tender child
That in the cradle lay (of oſier's wild),
Which taken in her arms, ſhe gives the teat,
From whence the little wretch, with labour great,
Not one poor drop can ſuck: whereat ſhe wou'd,
Cries out, O heaven, are all the founts of food
Exhauſted quite? and muſt my infant young
Be fed with ſhoes, yet wanting thoſe e'er long,
Feed on itſelf? No, firſt the room that gave
Him ſoul and life, ſhall be his timeleſs grave:
My dugs, thy beſt relief, through griping hunger,
Flow now no more my babe; then ſince no longer
By me thou canſt be fed, nor any other,
Be thou the nurſe, and feed thy dying mother.
Then in another place ſhe ſtraight appears,
Seething her ſuckling in her ſcalding tears.
From whence not far the painter made her ſtand,
Tearing his ſod fleſh with her cruel hand,
In gobbets which ſhe ate. O curſed womb,
That to thyſelf are both the grave and tomb!
A little ſweet lad (there) ſeems to entreat
(With held up hands) his famiſh'd ſire for meat,
Who wanting ought to give his hoped joy
But throbs and ſighs; the over angry boy,
For ſome poor pit, in dark nooks making queſt,
His ſachel finds, which grows a gladſome feaſt
To him and both his parents. Then, next day
He chews the points, wherewith he us'd to play;
Devouring laſt his books of every kind,
They fed his body which ſhould feed his mind:
But when his ſachel, points, books all were gone,
Before his fire, he droops, and dies anon.
In height of art then had the workman done,
A pious, zealous, moſt religious ſon,
Who on the enemy excurſion made,
And ſpite of danger ſtrongly did invade
Their victuals convoy, bringing from them home
Dry'd figs, dates, almonds, and ſuch fruits as come
To the beleag'ring foe, and ſates the want
Therewith of thoſe, who, from a tender plant
Bred him a man for arms: thus oft he went,
And ſtork-like ſought his parent's nouriſhment,
Till fate's decreed, he on the Roman ſpears
Should give his blood for them, who gave him theirs.
A million of ſuch throes did famine bring
Upon the city of the Mighty King,
Till, as her people, all her buildings rare
Conſum'd themſelves and dim'd the lightſome air.
Near this the curious pencil did expreſs
A large and ſolitary wilderneſs,
Whoſe high well-limbed oaks in growing ſhew'd
As they would eaſe ſtrong Atlas of his load:
Here underneath a tree in heavy plight
(Her bread and pot of water waſted quite)
* Egyptian Hagar, (nipt with hunger fell)
Sat robb'd of hope; her infant Iſhmael
(Far from her being laid) full ſadly ſeem'd
To cry for meat, his cry ſhe nought eſteem'd,
But kept her ſtill, and turn'd her face away,
Knowing all means were bootleſs to aſſay
In ſuch a deſert: and ſince now they muſt
Sleep their eternal ſleep, and cleave to duſt,
She choſe (apart) to graſp one death, alone,
Rather than by her babe a million.
Then Eriſichthon's caſe in † Ovid's ſong
Was pourtrayed out; and many more along
The inſides of the cave; which were deſcry'd
By many loop-holes round on every ſide.
Theſe fair Marina view'd, left all alone,
The cave faſt ſhut. Limos for pillage gone:
Near the waſh'd ſhore 'mong roots, and briers, and thorns,
A bullock finds, who delving with his horns
The hurtleſs earth, (the while his tough hoof tore
The yielding turf) in furious rage he bore
His head among the boughs that held it round,
While with his bellows all the ſhores reſound:
Unto the rock; fed well; then goes again:
Him Limos kill'd, and haul'd with no ſmall pain
Which ſerv'd Marina fit, for had his food
Fail'd him, her veins had fail'd their deareſt blood.
Now great Hyperion left his golden throne
That on the dancing waves in glory ſhone,
For whoſe declining on the weſtern ſhore
The oriental hills black mantles wore,
And thence apace the gentle twilight fled,
That had from hideous caverns uſhered

* *See Joſephus's Wars of the Jews, Book 7. cap. 8.*

* *Geneſis, ch. 21.* † *Metamorphoſes, B. 8.*

All-drowsy night; who in a carr of jet,
By steeds of iron-grey (which mainly swet
Moist drops on all the world) drawn through the sky,
The helps of darkness waited orderly.
First, thick clouds rose from all the liquid plains:
Then mists from marshes, and grounds whose veins
Were conduit pipes to many a crystal spring:
From standing pools and fens were following
Unhealthy fogs: each river, every rill
Sent up their vapours to attend her will.
These pitchy curtains drew 'twixt earth and heaven,
And as night's chariot through the air was driven,
Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepherd's song,
And silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue
Talk'd to the echo; satyrs broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance.
Only the curled streams soft chidings kept;
And little gales that from the green leaf swept;
Dry summer's dust, in fearful whisp'rings stirr'd,
As loth to waken any singing bird.
Darkness no less than blind Cimmerian
Of famine's cave the full possession wan,
Where lay the shepherdess inwrapt with night,
(The wished garment of a mournful wight)
Here silken slumbers and refreshing sleep
Were seldom found; with quiet minds those keep,
Not with disturbed thoughts; the beds of kings
Are never prest by them, sweet rests in rings
The tired body of the swarthy clown,
And oft'ner lies on flocks than softest down.
Twice had the cock crown, and in cities strong
The bellman's doleful noise and careful song,
Told men, whose watchful eyes no slumber hent
What store of hours theft-guilty night had spent.
Yet had not Morpheus with this maiden been,
As fearing Limos; (whose impetuous teen
Kept gentle rest from all to whom his cave
Yielded inclosure (deadly as the grave.)
But to all sad laments left her (forlorn)
In which three watches she had nigh outworn.
Fair silver-footed Thetis that time threw
Along the ocean with a beauteous crew
Of her attending sea-nymphs (Jove's bright lamps
Guiding from rocks her chariots * hippocamps.)
A journey, only made, unwares to spy
If any mighties of her empery
Oppress'd the least, and forc'd the weaker sort
To their designs, by being great in court.
O! should all potentates, whose higher birth
Enrols their titles, other gods on earth,
Should they make private search, in vail of night,
For cruel wrongs done by each favourite;
Here should they find a great one paling in
A mean man's land, which many years had been
His charge's life, and by the other's heast,
The poor must starve to feed a scurvy beast.
If any recompence drop from his fist,
His time's his own, the money, what he list.
There should they see another that commands
His farmer's team from furrowing his lands,
To bring him stones to raise his building vast,
The while his tenant's sowing time is past.
Another (spending) doth his rents enhance,
Or gets by tricks the poor's inheritance
But as a man, whose age hath dimm'd his eyes,
Useth his spectacles and as he pries
Through them, all characters seems wond'rous fair;
Yet when his glasses quite removed are
(Though with all careful heed he nearly look)
Cannot perceive one tittle in the book,
So if a king behold such favourites
(Whose being great, was being parasites,)
With th' eyes of favour; all their actions are
To him appearing plain and regular:
But let him lay his sight of grace aside,
And see what men he hath so dignify'd,
They all would vanish, and not dare appear,
Who atom-like, when their sun shined clear,
Danc'd in his beam; but now his rays are gone,
Of many hundred we perceive not one.
Or as a man, who standing to descry
How great floods far off run, and vallies lie,
Taketh a glass perspective good and true,
By which things most remote are in his view:
If monarchs, so, would take an instrument,
Of truth compos'd, to spy their subjects drent
In foul oppression by those high in seat,
Who care not to be good, but to be great)
In full aspect the wrongs of each degree
Would lie before them; and they then would see.
The devilish politician all convinces,
In murd'ring statesmen, and in pois'ning princes;
The prelate in pluralities asleep
Whilst that the wolf lies preying on his sheep;
The drowsy lawyer, and the false attornies
Tire poor men's purses with their life-long journies;
The country-gentleman, from his neighbour's hand
Forceth th' inheritance, joins land to land,
And (most insatiate) seeks under his rent
To bring the world's most spacious continent;
The fawning citizen (whose love's bought deares)
Deceives his brother when the sun shines clearest,
Gets, borrows, breaks, lets in, and stops out light,
And lives a knave to leave his son a knight;
The gripping farmer hoards the seed of bread,
Whilst in the streets the poor lie famished;
And free there's none from all this worldly strife,
Except the shepherd's heaven-blest happy life.
But stay, sweet muse! forbear this harsher strain,
Keep with the shepherds; leave the satyrs vein,
Cope not with bears; let Icarus alone
To scorch himself within the torrid zone,
Let Phaëton run on, Ixion fall,
And with a humble styled pastoral
Tread through the vallies, dance about the streams,
The lowly dales will yield us anadems
To shade our temples, 'tis a worthy meed,
No better girlond seeks mine oaten reed;
Let others climb the hills, and to their praise
(Whilst I sit girt with flowers) be crown'd with bays.

* *Sea horses.*

Shew now, fair muſe, what afterwards became
Of great Achilles' mother; ſhe whoſe name
The mermaids ſing, and tell the weeping ſtrand
A braver lady ne'er tript on land,
Except the ever-living Faery Queen,
Whoſe virtues by her ſwain ſo written been,
That time ſhall call her high enhanced ſtory
In his rare ſong, "The muſe's chiefeſt glory."
So mainly Thetis drove her ſilver throne,
Inlaid with pearls of price and precious ſtone,
(For whoſe gay purchaſe, ſhe did often make
The ſcorched negro dive the briny lake)
That by the ſwiftneſs of her chariot wheels
(Scouring the main as well built Engliſh keels)
She, of the new-found world all coaſts had ſeen,
The ſhores of Theſſaly, where ſhe was queen,
Her brother Pontus' waves, embrac'd, with thoſe
Mœotian fields and vales of Tenedos, [found
Straight Helleſpont, whoſe high brow'd cliffs yet
The mournful name of young Leander drown'd,
Then with full ſpeed her horſes doth ſhe guide
Through the Ægæan ſea, that takes a pride
In making diff'rence 'twixt the fruitful lands
Europe and Aſia almoſt joining hands,
But that ſhe thruſts her billows all a-front
To ſtop their meeting through the Helleſpont,
The midland ſea ſo ſwiftly was ſhe ſcouring,
The Adriatic gulf brave ſhips devouring.
To Padus' ſilver ſtream then glides ſhe on
(Enfamouſed by reckleſs * Phaëton)
Padus that doth beyond his limits riſe,
When the hot dog-ſtar reigns his maladies,
And robs the high and air-invading Alps
Of all their winter ſuits and ſnowy ſcalps,
To drown the levell'd lands along his ſhore,
And make him ſwell with pride. By whom of yore
The ſacred Heliconian damſels ſat,
(To whom was mighty Pindus conſecrate)
And did decree (neglecting other men)
Their height of art ſhould flow from Maro's pen.
And prattling echo's overmore ſhould long
For repetition of ſweet Naſo's ſong.
It was enacted here, in after days
What wights ſhould have their temples crown'd with bays
Learn'd Arioſto, holy Petrarch's quill,
And Taſſo ſhould aſcend the muſe's hill.
Divineſt Bartas, whoſe enriched ſoul
Proclaim'd his Maker's worth, ſhould ſo inroll
His happy name in braſs, that time nor fate
That ſwallow all, ſhould ever ruinate.
Delightful Salluſt, whoſe all bleſſed lays
The ſhepherds make their hymns on holidays,
And truly ſay thou in one week haſt penn'd
What time may ever ſtudy, ne'er amend.
Marot and Ronſard, Garnier's buſkin'd muſe
Should ſpirit of life in very ſtones infuſe.
And many another ſwain whoſe powerful ſtrain
Should raiſe the golden world to life again.
But let us leave (fair muſe) the banks of Po,
Thetis forſook his brave ſtream long ago,
And we muſt after. See in haſte ſhe ſweeps
Along the Celtic ſhores, th' Armorick deeps

* *Plin. lib.* 3. *cap.* 16.

She now is ent'ring: bear up then a-head
And by that time ſhe hath diſcovered
Our alabaſter rocks, we may deſcry
And ſtem with her, the coaſts of Britanny.
There will ſhe anchor caſt, to hear the ſongs
Of Engliſh ſhepherds, whoſe all tuneful tongues
So pleas'd the Naiades, theyd id report
Their ſongs perfection in great Nereus' court:
Which Thetis hearing, did appoint a day
When ſhe would meet them in the Britiſh ſea,
And thither for each ſwain a dolphin bring
To ride with her, while ſhe would hear him ſing,
The time preſix'd was come; and now the ſtar
Of bliſsful light appear'd, when ſhe her car
Staid in the narrow ſeas At Thames' fair port
The nymphs and ſhepherds of the iſle reſort;
And thence did put to ſea with mirthful rounds,
Whereat the billows dance above their bounds,
And bearded goats, that on the clouded head
Of any ſea-ſurveying mountain fed,
Leaving to crop the ivy, liſt'ning ſtood
At thoſe ſweet airs which did entrance the flood;
In jocund ſort the goddeſs thus they met.
And after rev'rence done, all being ſet
Upon their ſenny courſers, round her throne,
And ſhe prepar'd to cut the wat'ry zone
Ingirting Albion; all their pipes were ſtill,
And * Colin Clout began to tune his quill,
With ſuch deep art, that every one was given
To think Apollo (newly ſlid from heav'n)
Had ta'en a human ſhape to win his love,
Or with the weſtern ſwains for glory ſtrove.
He ſung th' heroic knights of Fairyland
In lines ſo elegant, of ſuch command,
That had the ‡ Thracian but play'd half ſo well
He had not left Eurydice in hell.
But ere he ended his melodious ſong
An hoſt of angels flew the clouds among,
And rapt this ſwain from his attentive mates,
To make him one of their aſſociates
In heav'n's fair choir; where now he ſings the praiſe
Of him that is the firſt and laſt of days.
Divineſt Spenſer, heav'n-bred, happy muſe!
Would any power into my brain infuſe
Thy worth or all that poets had before,
I could not praiſe till thou deſerv'ſt no more.
A damp of wonder and amazement ſtruck
Thetis' attendants, many a heavy look
Follow'd ſweet Spenſer, till the thick'ning air
Sight's further paſſage ſtopp'd. A paſſionate tear
Fell from each nymph, no ſhepherd's cheek was dry,
A doleful dirge, and mournful elegy
Flew to the ſhore. When mighty Nereus' queen
(In memory of what was heard and ſeen)
Employ'd a factor (fitted well with ſtore
Of richeſt gems, refined Indian ore)
To raiſe, in honour of his worthy name
A Piramis, whoſe head (like winged fame)
Should pierce the clouds, yea ſeem the ſtars to kiſs,
And Mauſoleus' great tomb might ſhroud in his.

† *Spenſer.*
‡ *Orpheus.*

Her will had been performance, had not fate
(That never knew how to commiserate)
Suborn'd curs'd avarice to lie in wait
For that rich prey: (gold is a taking bait)
Who closely lurking like a subtile snake
Under the covert of a thorny brake,
Seiz'd on the factor by fair Thetis sent,
And robb'd our Colin of his monument.
Ye English shepherds, sons of memory,
For satyrs change your pleasing melody,
Scourge, rail, and curse that sacrilegeous hand,
That more than fiend of hell, that Stygian brand,
All guilty Avarice; thou worst of evil,
That gulf-devouring offspring of a devil:
Heap curse on curse so direful and so fell,
Their weight may press his damned soul to hell.
Is there a spirit so gentle can refrain
To torture such? O let a satyr' vein
Mix with that man! to lash this hellish limb,
Or all our curses will descend on him.
For mine own part, although I now commerce
With lowly shepherds in as low a verse;
If of my days I shall not see an end
Till more years press me; some few hours I'll spend
In rough-hewn satyrs, and my busied pen
Shall jerk to death this infamy of men.
And like a fury, glowing coulters bare,
With which—But see how yonder fondlings tear
Their fleeces in the brakes; I must go free
Them of their bonds; rest you here merrily
Till my return: when I will touch a string
Shall make the rivers dance, and valleys ring.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

SONG II.

The Argument.

What ſhepherds on the ſea were ſeen
To entertain the ocean's queen,
Remond in ſearch of Fida gone,
And for his love young Doridon,
Their meeting with a woful ſwain,
Mute, and not able to complain
His metamorphos'd miſtreſs' wrong;
Is all the ſubject of this ſong.

The muſe's friend (grey-ey'd Aurora) yet
Held all the meadows in a cooling ſweat,
The milk-white goſſamores not upwards ſnow'd,
Nor was the ſharp and uſeful ſteering goad
Laid on the ſtrong-neck'd ox; no gentle bud
The ſun had dry'd; the cattle chew'd the cud
Low levell'd on the graſs; no fly's quick ſting
Enforc'd the ſtonehorſe in a furious ring
To tear the paſſing earth, nor laſh his tail
About his buttocks broad; the ſlimy ſnail
Might on the wainſcot, (by his many mazes
Winding meanders and ſelf-knitting traces,)
Be follow'd, where he ſtuck, his glitt'ring ſlime
Not yet wip'd off. It was ſo early time
The careful ſmith had in his footy forge
Kindled no coal; nor did his hammers urge
His neighbour's patience: owls abroad did fly
And day as then might plead his infancy.
Yet of fair Albion all the weſtern ſwains
Were long ſince up, attending on the plains
When Nereus' daughter with her mirthful hoſt
Should ſummon them, on their declining coaſt.
But ſince her ſtay was long: for fear the ſun
Shou'd find them idle, ſome of them begun
To leap and wreſtle, others threw the bar,
Some from the company removed are
To meditate the ſongs they meant to play,
Or make a new round for next holiday:
Some tales of love their love-ſick fellows told:
Others were ſeeking ſtakes to pitch their fold.
This, all alone was mending of his pipe:
That for his laſs fought fruits moſt ſweet moſt ripe.
Here, (from the reſt), a lovely ſhepherd's boy
Sits piping on a hill, as if his joy
Would ſtill endure, or elſe that age's froſt
Should never make him think what he had loſt.
Yonder a ſhepherdeſs knits by the ſprings,
Her hands ſtill keeping time to what ſhe ſings:
Or ſeeming, by her ſong, thoſe faireſt hands
Were comforted working. Near the ſands
Of ſome ſweet river ſits a muſing lad,
That moans the loſs of what he ſometimes had,
His love by death bereft: when laſt by him
An aged ſwain takes place, as near the brim
Of's grave as of the river; ſhewing how
That as thoſe floods, which paſs along right now
Are follow'd ſtill by others from their ſpring,
"And in the ſea have all their burying:"
Right ſo our times are known, our ages found,
(Nothing is permanent within this round):
One age is now, another that ſucceeds,
Extirping all things which the former breeds:
Another follows that, doth new times raiſe
New years, new months, new weeks, new hours, new days,

Mankind thus goes like rivers from their ſpring
" And in the earth have all their burying."
Thus ſat the old man counſelling the young;
Whilſt, underneath a tree which overhung
The ſilver ſtream, (as, ſome delight it took
To trim his thick boughs in the chryſtal brook),
Were ſet a jocund crew of youthful ſwains
Wooing their ſweetings with delicious ſtrains.
Sportive Oreades the hills deſcended,
The Hamadryades their hunting ended,
And in the high woods left the long-liv'd harts
To feed in peace, free from their winged darts;
Floods, mountains, vallies, woods, each vacant lies
Of nymphs that by them danc'd their Haydigyes:
For all thoſe powers were ready to embrace
The preſent means, to give our ſhepherd's grace.
And underneath this tree (till Thetis came)
Many reſorted; where a ſwain, of name
Leſs, then of worth: (and we do never own
Nor apprehend him beſt, that moſt is known.)
Fame is uncertain, who ſo ſwiftly flies
By th' unreguarded ſhade where virtue lies,
She (ill inform'd of virtue's worth) purſu'th
(In haſte) opinion for the ſimple truth.
True fame is ever likened to our ſhade,
He ſooneſt miſſeth her, that moſt hath made
To overtake her; who ſo takes his wing,
Regardleſs of her, ſhe'll be following:
Her true property ſhe thus diſcovers [ers."
" Love's her contemners, and contemns her lov-
Th' applauſe of common people never yet
Purſu'd this ſwain; he knew't the counterfeit
Of ſettled praiſe, and therefore at his ſongs
Though all the ſhepherds and the graceful throngs
Of ſemi-gods compar'd him with the beſt
That ever touch'd a reed, or was addreſs'd
In ſhepherd's coat, he never would approve
Their attributes, giv'n in ſincereſt love;
Except he truly knew them, as his merit.
Fame gives a ſecond life to ſuch a ſpirit.
This ſwain, entreated by the mirthful rout
That with entwined arms lay round about
The tree 'gainſt which he lean'd. (So have I ſeen
Tom Piper ſtand upon our village green,
Back'd with the May-pole, whilſt a jocund crew
In gentle motion circularly threw
Themſelves about him.) To his faireſt ring
Thus 'gan in numbers well according ſing:

Venus by Adonis' ſide
Crying kiſs'd, and kiſſing cry'd,
Wrung her hands and tore her hair
For Adonis dying there.

Stay, (quoth ſhe), O ſtay and live!
Nature ſurely doth not give
To the earth her ſweeteſt flowers
To be ſeen but ſome few hours.

On his face, ſtill as he bled
For each drop a tear ſhe ſhed,
Which ſhe kiſt or wip'd away,
Elſe had drown'd him where he lay.

Fair Proſerpina (quoth ſhe)
Shall not have thee yet from me;
Nor thy ſoul to fly begin,
While my lips can keep it in.

Here ſhe clos'd again. And ſome
Say, Apollo would have come
To have cur'd his wounded limb,
But that ſhe had ſmother'd him.

Look as a traveller in ſummer's day
Nigh chok'd with duſt, and melt with Titan's ray,
Longs for a ſpring to cool his inward heat,
And to that end, with vows, doth heaven entreat,
When going further, finds an apple-tree
(Standing as did old hoſpitality,
With ready arms to ſuccour any needs:
Hence plucks an apple, taſtes it, and it breeds)
So great a liking in him for his thirſt,
That up he climbs, and gathers to the firſt
A ſecond, third; nay, will not ceaſe to pull
Till he had got his cap and pockets full.
" Things long deſir'd ſo well eſteemed are,
" That when they come we hold them better far.
" There is no mean 'twixt what we love or want,
" Deſire, in men, is ſo predominant."
No leſs did all this quaint aſſembly long
Than doth the traveller: this ſhepherd's ſong
Had ſo enfnar'd each acceptable ear,
That but a ſecond, nought could bring them clear
From an affected ſnare; had Orpheus been
Playing, ſome diſtance from them, he had ſeen
Not one to ſtir a foot for his rare ſtrain,
But left the Thracian for the Engliſh ſwain.
Or had ſuſpicious Juno (when her Jove
Into a cow transform'd his faireſt * love)
Great Inachus' ſweet ſtem in durance given
To this young lad; the † meſſenger of heaven
(Fair Maria's offspring) with the depth of art
That ever Jove to Hermes might impart,
In ſing'ring of a reed, had never won
Poor Io's freedom. And though Arctor's ſon
(Hundred-ey'd Argus) might be lull'd by him,
And looſe his priſ'ner: yet in every limb
That God of wit had felt this ſhepherd's ſkill.
And by his charms brought from the muſe's hill
Enforc'd to ſleep; then robb'd of pipe and rod,
And vanquiſh'd ſo, turn ſwain, this ſwain a god.
Yet to this lad not wanted envy's ſting,
(" He's not worth ought, that's not worth envy-
" ing.")
Since many at his praiſe were ſeen to grutch.
For as a miller in his boulting hutch
Drives out the pure meal nearly, (as he can),
And in his ſifter leaves the coarſer bran:
So doth the canker of a poet's name
Let ſlip ſuch lines as might inherit fame,
And from a volume culls ſome ſmall amiſs,
To fire ſuch dogged ſpleens as mate with his,
Yet, as a man that (by his art) would bring
The ceaſeleſs current of a cryſtal ſpring
To overlook the lowly flowing head,
Sinks, by degrees, his ſolder'd pipes of lead,

* *Io.*

† *Mercury. See Nonnus, Dionyſ. l. 3. Ovid. Metam. l. 1.*

Beneath the fount, whereby the water goes
High as a well that on a mountain flows:
So when detraction and a Cynic's tongue
Have funk desert unto the depth of wrong,
By that, the eye of skill, true worth shall see
To brave the stars, though low his passage be.
But here I much digress, yet pardon, swains:
For as a maiden gath'ring on the plains
A scentful nosegay (to set near her pap,
Or as a favour, for her shepherd's cap)
Is seen far off to stray, if she have spy'd
A flower that might increase her posie's pride:
So if to wander I am sometime prest,
'Tis for a strain that might adorn the rest.
Requests, that with denial could not meet,
Flew to our shepherd, and the voices sweet
Of fairest nymphs entreating him to say
What wight he lov'd; he thus began his lay:

Shall I tell you whom I love?
Hearken then a while to me;
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versify;
Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
As she scorns the help of art.
In as many virtue's dight
As e'er yet embrace'd a heart.
So much good so truly try'd
Some for less were deify'd.

Wit she hath without desire
To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth:
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth:
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is: and if you know
Such a one as I have sung;
Be she brown, or fair, or so,
That she be but somewhile young;
Be assur'd, 'tis she or none
That I love, and love alone.

* Eous and his fellows in the team,
(Who, since their wat'ring in the western stream,
Had run a furious journey to appease
The night-sick eyes of our antipodes.)
Now (sweating) were in our horizon seen
To drink the cold dew from each flow'ry green:
When Triton's trumpet (with a shrill command)
Told, silver-footed Thetis was at hand.

* *Eous, Pyrocis, Æthon, and Phlegon, were feigned to be the horses of the sun.*

As I have seen when on the breast of Thames
A heavenly heavy of sweet English dames,
In some calm ev'ning of delightful May,
With music give a farewell to the day,
Or as they would (with an admired tone)
Greet night's ascension to her ebon throne,
Rapt with their melody, a thousand more
Run to be wafted from the bounding shore:
So ran the shepherds, and with hasty feet
Strove which should first increase that happy fleet.
The true † presagers of a coming storm
Teaching their fins, to steer them, to the form
Of Thetis' will; like boats at anchor stood,
As ready to convey the muse's brood
Into the brackish lake, that seem'd to swell,
As proud so rich a burden on it fell ‡.
Ere their arrival § Astrophel had done
His shepherd's lay, yet equalis'd of none.
Th' admired mirror, glory of our isle,
Thou far, far more than mortal man, whose style,
Struck more men dumb to hearken to thy song
Than Orpheus' harp, or Tully's golden tongue.
To him (as right) for wit's deep quintessence,
For honour, value, virtue, excellence,
Be all the garlands, crown his tomb with bay,
Who spake as much as e'er our tongue can say.
Happy Arcadia! while such lovely strains
Sung of thy vallies, rivers, hills, and plains;
Yet most unhappy other joys among,
That never heard'st his music nor his song.
Deaf men are happy so, whose virtues praise
(Unheard of them) are sung in tuneful lays.
And pardon me, ye sisters of the mountain
Who wail his loss from the Pegasian fountain,
If (like a man for portraiture unable)
‖ I set my pencil to Apelles' table;
Or dare to draw his curtain, with a will
To shew his true worth, when the artist's skill
Within that curtain fully doth express,
His own art's mast'ry my unableness,
He sweetly touch'd, what I harshly hit,
Yet thus I glory in what I have writ;
Sidney began (and if a wit so mean
May taste with him the dews of Hippocrene)
I sung the past'ral next; his muse, my mover:
And on the plains full many a pensive lover
Shall sing us to their loves, and praising be,
My humble lines, the more, for praising thee.
Thus we shall live with them, by rocks, by springs,
As well as Homer by the death of kings.
Then in a strain beyond an oaten quill
The learned ¶ shepherd of fair Hitching Hill
Sung the heroic deeds of Greece and Troy,
In lines, so worthy life, that I employ
My reed in vain to overtake his fame.
All praiseful tongues do wait upon that name.
Our second Ovid, the most pleasing muse
That heav'n did e'er in mortal's brain infuse,

† *Dolphins.*
‡ *Gesner de Aquatilibus, Hist. Natural. l. 4. p. 426.*
§ *Sir Philip Sidney.*
‖ *See b 1. f 2.*
¶ *George Chapman.*

All-loved Drayton, in ſoul-raping ſtrains,
A genuine note, of all the nymphiſh trains,
Began to tune; on it all ears were hung
As ſometime Dido's on Æneas' tongue.
Johnſon, whoſe full of merit to rehearſe
Too copious is to be confin'd in verſe;
Yet therein only fitteſt to be known,
Could any write a line which he might own.
One, ſo judicious; ſo well knowing; and
A man whoſe leaſt worth is to underſtand;
One ſo exact in all he doth prefer,
To able cenſure; for the theatre
Not Seneca tranſcends his worth of praiſe;
Who writes him well ſhall well deſerve the bays.
Well-languag'd Daniel; Brooke, * whoſe poliſh'd lines
Are fitteſt to accompliſh high deſigns;
Whoſe pen (it ſeems) ſtill young Apollo guides;
Worthy the forked hill forever glides
Streams from thy brain, ſo fair, that time ſhall ſee
Thee honour'd by thy verſe, and it by thee.
And when thy temple's well-deſerving bays,
Might imp a pride in thee to reach thy praiſe,
As in a cryſtal glaſs, fill'd to the ring
With the clear water of as clear a ſpring,
A ſteady hand may very ſafely drop
Some quantity of gold, yet o'er the top
Not force the liquor run; although before
The glaſs (of water) could contain no more:
Yet ſo all-worthy Brooke, though all men ſound
With plummets of juſt praiſe thy ſkill profound,
Thou in thy verſe thoſe attributes canſt take
And not apparent oſtentation make,
That any ſecond can thy virtues raiſe,
Striving as much to hide as merit praiſe.
† Davies and Wither, by whoſe muſe's power
A natural day to me ſeems but an hour,
And could I ever hear their learned lays,
Ages would turn to artificial days.
Theſe ſweetly chaunted to the queen of waves,
She prais'd, and what ſhe prais'd no tongue depraves.
Then baſe contempt (unworthy our report)
Fly from the muſes and their fair reſort,
And exerciſe thy ſpleen on men like thee:
Such are more fit to be contemn'd than we.
'Tis not the rancour of a cank'red heart
That can debaſe the excellence of art,
Nor great in titles makes our worth obey,
Since we have lines far more eſteem'd than they.
For there is hidden in a poet's name
A ſpell that can command the wings of Fame,
And maugre all oblivion's hated birth
Begin their immortality on earth,
When he that 'gainſt a muſe with hate combines
May raiſe his tomb in vain to reach our lines.
Thus Thetis rides along the narrow ſeas
Encompaſs'd round with lovely Naiades,
With gaudy nymphs, and many a ſkilful ſwain
Whoſe equals, earth cannot produce again, [them
But leave the times and men that ſhall ſucceed
Enough to praiſe that age which ſo did breed them.

* *Chriſtopher Brooke.*
† *John Davies of Hereford.*

Two of the quainteſt ſwains that yet have been
Fail'd their attendance on the ocean's queen,
Remond and Doridon, whoſe hapleſs fates
Late ſever'd them from their more happy mates;
For (gentle ſwains) if you remember well
When laſt I ſung on brim of yonder dell,
And as I gueſs it was that ſunny morn,
When in the grove thereby my ſheep were ſhorn,
I ween I told you, while the ſhepherd's young
Were at their paſt'ral, and their rural ſong,
The ſhricks of ſome poor maid fallen in miſchance,
Invok'd their aid, and drew them from their dance;
Each ran a ſev'ral way to help the maid;
Some tow'rds the valley, ſome the green wood ſtray'd:
Here one the thicket beats, and there a ſwain
Enters the hidden caves, but all in vain.
Nor could they find the wight whoſe ſhrieks and cry
Flew through the gentle air ſo heavily,
Nor ſee or man or beaſt, whoſe cruel teen
Would wrong a maiden or in grave or green.
Back then return'd they all to end their ſport
But Doridon and Remond; who reſort
Back to thoſe places which they erſt had fought,
Nor could a thicket be by nature wrought
In ſuch a web, ſo intricate, and knit
So ſtrong with briars, but they would enter it.
Remond, his Fida calls; Fida the woods
Reſound again, and Fida ſpeak the floods,
As if the rivers and the hills did frame
Themſelves no ſmall delight, to hear her name.
Yet ſhe appears not. Doridon would now
Have call'd his love too, but he knew not how:
Much like a man who dreaming in his ſleep
That he is falling from ſome mountain ſteep
Into a ſoundleſs lake, about whoſe brim
A thouſand crocodiles do wait for him,
And hangs but by one bough and ſhould that break
His life goes with it; yet to cry or ſpeak,
Though fain he would, can move nor voice nor tongue:
So when he Remond heard the woods among
Call for his Fida, he would gladly too
Have call'd his faireſt love, but knew not who,
Or what to call; poor lad, that canſt not tell
Nor ſpeak the name of her thou lov'ſt ſo well.
Remond by hap near to the arbour ſound
Where late the hind was ſlain, the hurtleſs ground
Beſmear'd with blood; to Doridon he cried,
And tearing then his hair, O hapleſs tide
(Quoth he) behold ſome curſed hand hath ta'en
From Fida this; O what infernal bane,
Or more then helliſh fiend enforced this!
Pure as the ſtream of aged Symois,
And as the ſpotleſs lily was her ſoul!
Ye ſacred powers that round about the pole
Turn in your ſpheres! O could you ſee this deed,
And keep your motion? If the * eldeſt ſeed
Of chained Saturn hath ſo often been
In hunters and in ſhepherd's habit ſeen

* *Jupiter.*

To trace our woods, and on our fertile plains
Woo shepherd's daughters with melodious strains,
Where was he now, or any other power?
So many sev'ral lambs have I each hour
And crooked horned rams brought to your shrines,
And with perfumes clouded the sun that shines,
Yet now forsaken? to an uncouth state
Must all things run, if such will be ingrate.
Cease Remond (quoth the boy) no more complain,
Thy fairest Fida lives; nor do thou stain
With vile reproaches any power above,
They all as much as thee have been in love:
Saturn his Rhea; Jupiter had store,
As Iö, Leda, Europa, and more;
Mars entered Vulcan's bed, partook his joy;
Phœbus had Daphne and the † sweet fac'd boy;
Venus Adonis; and the god of wit
In chastest bonds was to the muses knit,
And yet remains so, nor can any sever
His love, but brother-like affects them ever;
Pale changeful Cynthia her Endymion had,
And oft on Latmus sported with that lad:
If these were subject (as all mortal men),
Unto the golden shafts, they could not then
But by their own affections rightly guess
Her death would draw on thine; thy wretchedness
Charge them respectless; since no swain than thee
Hath off'red more unto each deity.
But fear not Remond, for those sacred powers
Tread on oblivion; no desert of ours
Can be intomb'd in their celestial breasts;
They weigh our off'rings, and our solemn feasts,
And they forget thee not: Fida (thy dear)
Treads on the earth, the blood that's sprinkled here
Ne'er fill'd her vines, the hind possest this gore,
See where the collar lies she whilome wore;
Some dog hath slain her, or the griping carl
That spoils our plains in digging them for marl.
Look as two little brothers who addrest
To search the hedges for a thrush's nest,
And have no sooner got the leavy spring,
When mad in lust with fearful bellowing
A strong-neck'd bull pursues throughout the field,
One climbs a tree, and takes that for his shield,
Whence looking from one pasture to another,
What might betide to his much-loved brother,
Further then can his over-drowned eyes
Aright perceive, the furious beast he spies,
Toss something on his horns, he knows not what;
But one thing fears, and therefore thinks it that:
When coming nigher he doth well discern
It of the wondrous one-night-feeding fern
Some bundle was; yet thence he homeward goes
Pensive and sad, nor can abridge the throes
His fear began, but still his mind doth move
Unto the worst: "Mistrust goes still with love."
So far'd it with our shepherd, though he saw
Not ought of Fida's raiment, which might draw
A more suspicion; though the collar lay
There on the grass, yet goes he thence away
Full of mistrust, and vows to leave that plain
Till he embrace his chastest love again,
Love wounded Doridon entreats him then
That he might be his partner, since no men
Had cares liker; he with him would go,
Weep when he wept, and sigh when he did so:
I quoth the boy, will sing thee songs of love,
And as we sit in some all-shady grove,
Where Philomela and such sweet'ned throats,
Are for the mastry tuoing various notes,
I'll strive with them, and tune so sad a verse,
That whilst to thee my fortunes I rehearse
No bird but shall be mute, her note decline,
And cease her woe, to lend an ear to mine,
I'll tell thee tales of love, and shew thee how
The gods have wand'red as we shepherds now;
And when thou plain'st thy Fida's loss, will I
Echo the same, and with mine own, supply.
Know Remond I do love, but well-a-day
I know not whom; but as the gladsome May
She's fair and lovely, as a goddess she
(If such as her's a goddess beauty be)
First stood before me, and inquiring was
How to the mariish she might soonest pass,
When rush'd a villain in, hell be his lot,
And drew her thence, since when I saw her not,
Nor know I where to search; but if thou please
'Tis not a forest, mountain, rocks, or seas,
Can in thy journey stop my going on.
Fate so may smile on hapless Doridon,
That he reblest may be with her fair sight
Though thence his eyes possess eternal night.
Remond agreed, and many weary days:
They now had spent in unfrequented ways:
About the rivers, valleys, holts, and crags,
Among the oziers and the waving flags,
They nearly pry, if any dens there be,
Where from the sun might harbour cruelty:
Or if they could the bones of any spy,
Or torn by beasts, or human tyranny,
They close inquiry make in caverns blind,
Yet what they look for would be death to find,
Right as a curious man that would descry
(Lead by the trembling hand of jealousy)
If his fair wife have wrong'd his bed or no,
Meeteth his torment if he find her so.
One ev'n e're Phœbus (near the golden shore
Of Tagus stream) his journey gan give o'er,
They had ascended up a woody hill
(Where oft the Fauni with their bugles shrill
Wakened the echo, and with many a shout
Follow'd the fearful deer the woods about,
Or through the breaks that hide the craggy rocks,
Digg'd to the hole where lies the wily fox.)
Thence they beheld an underlying vale
Where Flora set her rareft flowers at sale,
Whither the thriving bee came oft to suck them,
And fairest nymphs to deck their hair did pluck them.
Where oft the goddesses did run at base,
And on white hearts begun the wild-goose chase:
Here various nature seem'd adorning this,
In imitation of the fields of bliss;

† *Hyacinth.*

Or as ſhe would entice the ſouls of men
To leave Elyſium, and live here again,
Not Hybla mountain in the jocund prime
Upon her many buſhes of ſweet thyme
Shews greater number of induſtrious bees,
Then were the birds that ſung there on the trees.
Like the trim windings of a wanton lake,
That doth his paſſage through a meadow make
Ran the delightful valley 'tween two hills:
From whoſe rare trees the precious balm diſtils,
And hence Apollo had his ſimples good
That cur'd the gods, hurt by the earth's ill brood,
A cryſtal river on her boſom ſlid,
And (paſſing) ſeem'd in ſullen mutt'rings chid
The artleſs ſongſters, that their muſic ſtill
Should charm the ſweet dale, and the wiſtfull hill,
Not ſuffering her ſhrill waters as they run
Tun'd with a whiſtling gale in uniſon,
To tell as high they priz'd the bord'red vale,
As the quick linnet or ſweet nightingale.
Down from a ſteep rock came the water firſt,
(Where luſty ſatyrs often quench'd their thirſt)
And with no little ſpeed ſeem'd all in haſte
Till it the lovely bottom had embrac'd:
Then as entranc'd to hear the ſweet birds ſing,
In curled whirlpools ſhe her courſe doth bring,
As lothe to leave the ſongs that lull'd the dale,
Or waiting time when ſhe and ſome ſoft gale
Should ſpeak what true delight they did poſſeſs
Among the rare flowers which the valley dreſs.
But ſince thoſe quaint muſicians would not ſtay,
Nor ſuffer any to be heard but they:
Much like a little lad who gotten new
To play his part amongſt a ſkilful crew
Of choice muſicians, on ſome ſofter ſtring
That is not heard; the other's fingering
Drowning his art; the boy would gladly get
Applauſe with others that are of his ſet,
And therefore ſtrikes a ſtroke loud as the beſt
And often deſcants when his fellows reſt;
That, to be heard (as uſual ſingers do)
Spoils his own muſic and his part'ners too;
So at the further end the waters fell
From off an high bank down a lowly dell,
As they had vow'd ere paſſing from that ground,
The birds ſhould be enforc'd to hear their ſound.
No ſmall delight the ſhepherds took to ſee
A * coomb ſo dight in Flora's livery,
Where fair Feronia † honour'd in the woods,
And all the deities that haunt the floods,
With powerful nature ſtrove to frame a plot,
Whoſe like the ſweet Arcadia yielded not.
Down through the arched wood the ſhepherd's wend,
And ſeek all places that might help their end,
When coming near the bottom of the hill
A deep fetch'd ſigh which ſeem'd of power to kill
The breaſt that held it, pierc'd the liſt'ning wood,
Whereat the careful ſwains, no longer ſtood
Where they were looking on a tree, whoſe rind
A love-knot held which two join'd hearts en twin'd;
But ſearching round, upon an aged root
Thick lined with moſs, which (though to little boot)
Seem'd as a ſhelter it had lending been
Againſt cold winter's ſtorms and wreakful teen;
Or clad the ſtock in ſummer with that hue,
His withered branches not a long time knew:
For in his hollow trunk and periſh'd grain
The cuckow now had many a winter lain,
And thriving piſmires laid their eggs in ſtore;
The dormouſe ſlept there, and a many more.
Here ſat the lad, of whom I think of old
Virgil's prophetic ſpirit had foretold,
Who whilſt dame nature, for her cunning's ſake,
A male or female doubted which to make,
And to adorn him, more than all, aſſay'd,
This pretty youth was almoſt made a maid.
Sadly he ſat (and as would grief) alone,
As if the boy and tree had been one,
Whilſt down near boughs did drops of amber creep,
As if his ſorrow made the trees to weep.
If ever this were true in Ovid's verſe,
That tears have power an adamant to pierce,
Or move things void of ſenſe, 'twas here approv'd.
Things vegetative, once, his tears have mov'd.
Surely the ſtones might well be drawn, in pity
To burſt that he ſhould moan, as for a ditty
To come and range themſelves in order all,
And of their own accord raiſe Thebes a wall.
Or elſe his tears (as did the other's ſong)
Might have th' attractive power to move the throng
Of all the foreſts, citizens, and woods,
With every denizen of air and floods,
To ſit by him and grieve; to leave their jars,
Their ſtrifes, diſſentations, and all civil wars;
And though elſe diſagreeing, in this one
Mourning for him ſhould make an union.
For whom the heavens would wear a ſable ſuit,
If men, beaſts, fiſhes, birds, trees, ſtones, were mute.
His eyes were fixed (rather fixed ſtars)
With whom it ſeem'd his tears had been in wars,
The diff'rence this (a hard thing to deſcry),
Whether the drops were cleareſt or his eye.
Tears fearing conqueſt to the eye might fall,
An inundation brought and drowned all.
Yet like true virtue from the top of ſtate
(Whoſe hopes vile envy hath ſeen ruinate)
Being lowly caſt, her goodneſs doth appear
(Uncloth'd of greatneſs) more apparent clear:
So though dejected, yet remain a feature
Made ſorrow ſweet plac'd in ſo ſweet a creature.
"The teſt of miſery the trueſt is,
"In that none hath, but what is ſurely his."
His arms acroſs, his ſheep hook lay beſide him:
Had Venus paſs'd this way, and chanc'd t' have ſpied him,
With open breaſt, locks on his ſhoulders ſpread,
She would have ſworn (had ſhe not ſeen him dead);

* *Valley.*

† *According to that of Silius, lib. xiii. Punicor.—Itur in agros Dives ubi arte omnes colitur Feronia luco.*

It was Adonis; or if e'er there was
Held transmigration by Pythagoras,
Of souls, that certain then, her loft loves spirit
A fairer body never could inherit.
His pipe which often wont upon the plain
To sound the Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian strain,
Lay from his hook and bag clean cast apart,
And almost broken like his master's heart.
Yet till the two kind shepherds near him stept,
I find he nothing spake, but that he wept.
Cease, gentle lad (quoth Remond) let no tear
Cloud those sweet beauties in thy face appear;
Why dost thou call on that which comes alone,
And will not leave thee till thyself art gone?
Thou may'st have grief when other things are
rest thee,
All else may slide away, this still is left thee;
And when thou wanteſt other company
Sorrow will ever be embracing thee.
But fairest swain what cause hast thou of woe?
Thou hast a well fleece'd flock feed to and fro,
(His sheep along the valley that time fed
Not far from him, although unfollowed)
What do thy yews abortive bring? or lambs
For want of milk seek to their fellows dams?
No griping landlord hath enclos'd thy walks,
Nor toiling ploughman furrow'd them in baulks.
Nor hath adorn'd thy pastures all in green
With clover grass as fresh as may be seen:
Clear gliding springs refresh thy meadow's heat,
Meads promise to thy charge their winter meat,
And yet thou griev'st. O! had some swains thy
store; [more:
Their pipes should tell the woods they ask'd no
Or have the Parcæ with impartial knife
Left some friend's body tenantless of life, [morn
And thou bemoan'st that fate in his youth's
O'ercast with clods his light but newly born?
" Count not how many years he is bereav'd,
" But those which he possest and had receiv'd;
" If I may tread no longer on this stage,
" Though others think me young; it is mine age.
" For who so hath his fate's full period told,
" He full of years departs, and dieth old."*
May be that avarice thy mind hath croft,
And so thy sighs are for some trifle lost.
Why shouldst thou hold that dear the world throws
on thee?
" Think nothing good which may be taken from
" thee."
Look as some pond'rous weight or massy pack,
Laid to be carried on a porter's back,
Doth make his strong joints crack, and forceth him
Maugre the help of every nerve and limb,
To straggle in his gait, and goeth double,
Bending to earth, such is his burden's trouble:
So any one by avarice ingirt,
And prest with wealth, lies grov'ling in the dirt.
His wretched mind bends to no point but this,
That who hath most of wealth hath most of bliss.
Hence comes the world to seek such traffic forth,
And passages through the congealed north,
Who, when their hairs with icicles are hung,
And that their chatt'ring teeth confound their
tongue,
Shew them a glitt'ring stone, will straight ways
say,
If pains thus prosper, oh, what fools would play!
Yet I could tell them (as I now do thee),
" In getting wealth we lose our liberty.
" Besides, it robs us of our better powers,
" And we should be ourselves were these not
" ours.
" He is not poorest that hath least in store,
" But he which hath enough, yet asketh more:
" Nor is he rich by whom are all possest,
" But he which nothing hath, yet asketh least.
" If thou a life by nature's leading pitch,
" Thou never shalt be poor, nor never rich
" Led by opinion; for their states are such,
" Nature but little seeks, opinion much."
Amongst the many buds proclaiming May
(Decking the fields in holiday's array,
Striving who shall surpass in bravery),
Mark the fair blooming of the hawthorn tree;
Who finely clothed in a robe of white,
Feeds full the wanton eye with May's delight;
Yet for the bravery that she is in,
Doth neither handle card nor wheel to * spin,
Nor changeth robes but twice, is never seen
In other colours than in white or green.
Learn then content, young shepherd, from this tree,
Whose greatest wealth is nature's livery;
And richest ingots never toil to find,
Nor care for poverty, but of the † mind.
This spoke young Remond: yet the mournful
lad
Not once reply'd; but with a smile, though sad,
He shook his head, then cross'd his arms again,
And from his eyes did show'rs of salt tears rain;
Which wrought so on the swains, they could not
smother
Their sighs, but spent them freely as the other.
Tell us (quoth Doridon) thou fairer far,
Than ‡ he whose chastity made him a star,
More fit to throw the wounding shafts of love,
Than follow sheep and pine here in a grove.
O do not hide thy sorrows! shew them brief:
" He oft finds aid that doth disclose his grief."
If thou wouldst it continue, thou dost wrong;
" No man can sorrow very much and long."
For thus much loving nature hath dispos'd,
That 'mongst the woes that have us round en-
clos'd,
That comfort's left (and we should bless her for't),
That we may make our griefs be borne, or short.
Believe me, shepherd, we are men no less
Free from the killing throes of heavinesse
Than thou art here, and but this diff'rence sure
That use hath made us apter to endure.
More he had spoke, but that a bugle shrill
Rung through the valley from the higher hill,
And as they turn'd them tow'rds the hark'ning
sound,
A gallant stag, as if he scorn'd the ground,

* *Luke, c.* 12. *v.* 27. *Spencer's Fairy Queen, b.* 2. *c.* 6. § 16. *v.* 8.
† *Mat. c.* 5. *v.* 3.
‡ *Hippolitus.*

Came running with the wind, and bore his head
As he had been the king of foreſts bred.
Not ſwifter comes the meſſenger of heaven,
Or winged veſſel, with a full gale driven,
Nor the ſwift ſwallow flying near the ground,
By which the airs diſtemp'rature is found:
Nor Mirrha's courſe, nor Daphne's ſpeedy flight,
Shunning the daliance of the god of light,
Than ſeem'd the ſtag, that had no ſooner croſs'd them,
But in a trice their eyes as quickly loſt him.
The weeping ſwain ne'er moved, but as his eyes
Were only given to ſhew his miſeries,
Attended thoſe; and could not once be won
To leave that object whence his tears begun.
O had that * man, who (by a tyrant's hand)
Seeing his children's bodies ſtrew the ſand,
And he next morn for torment's preſs'd to go,
Yet from his eyes not let one ſmall tear flow;
But being aſk'd how well he bore their loſs,
Like to a man affliction could not croſs,
He ſtoutly anſwer'd: "Happier ſure are they
"Than I ſhall be by ſpace of one ſhort day:"
No more his grief was. But had he been here,
He had been flint had he not ſpent a tear.
For ſtill that man the perfecter is known,
Who other's ſerrows feels more than his own.
Remond and Doridon were turning then
Unto the moſt diſconſolate of men,
But that a gallant dame, fair as the morn,
Or lovely blooms the peach-tree that adorn,
Clad in a changing ſilk, whoſe luſtre ſhone
Like yellow flow'rs and graſs far off, in one;
Or like the mixture nature doth diſplay
Upon the quaint wings of the popinjay.
Her horn about her neck with ſilver tip,
Too hard a metal for ſo ſoft a lip:
Which it no oft'ner kiſt, than Jove did frown,
And in a mortal's ſhape would fain come down,
To feed upon thoſe dainties, had not he
Been ſtill kept back by Juno's jealouſy.
And ivory dart ſhe held of good command;
White was the bone, but whiter was her hand;
Of many pieces was it neatly fram'd
But more the hearts were that her eyes inflam'd.
Upon her head a green light ſilken cap,
A piece of white lawn ſhadow'd either pap,
Between which hillocks many Cupid's lay,
Where with her neck or with her teats they play,
Whilſt her quick heart will not with them diſpenſe,
But heaves her breaſts as it would beat them thence,
Who, fearing much to loſe ſo ſweet repair,
Take faſter hold by her diſheveli'd hair.
Swiftly ſhe ran; the ſweet briars to receive her
Slipt their embracements, and (as lothe to leave her) goes.
Stretch'd themſelves to their length: yet on ſhe
So great Diana frays a herd of roes,
And ſpeedy follows: Arethuſa fled
So from the † river, that her raviſhed.
When this brave huntreſs near the ſhepherds drew,
Her lily arm in full extent ſhe threw,
To pluck a little bough (to fan her face)
From off a thick leav'd aſh: (no tree did grace
The low grove as did this, the branches ſpread,
Like Neptune's trident, upwards from the head.)
No ſooner did the grieved ſhepherd ſee tree,
The nymph's white hand extended tow'rds the
But roſe and to her ran, yet ſhe had done
E'er he came near, and to the wood was gone;
Yet now approach'd the bough the huntreſs tore,
He ſuck'd it with his mouth, and kiſt it o'er
A hundred times, and ſoftly gan it bind
With dock leaves, and a ſlip of willow rind.
Then round the trunk he wreathes his weak'ned arms,
And with his ſcalding tears the ſmooth bark warms,
Sighing and groaning, that the ſhepherds by
Forgot to help him, and lay down to cry:
"For 'tis impoſſible a man ſhould be
"Griev'd to himſelf or fail of company."
Much the two ſwains admir'd, but pity'd more
That he no pow'r of words had to deplore,
Or ſhew what ſad miſfortune 'twas befel
To him whom nature (ſeem'd) regarded well.
As thus they lay; and while the ſpeechleſs ſwain
His tears and ſighs ſpent to the woods in vain,
One like a wild man overgrown with hair,
His nails long grown, and all his body bare,
Save that a wreath of ivy twiſt did hide
Thoſe parts which nature would not have diſery'd,
And the long hair that curled from his head,
A graſſy garland rudely covered.
But, ſhepherds, I have wrong'd you, 'tis now late,
For ſee our maid ſtands hollowing on yon gate,
'Tis ſupper time, with all, and we had need
Make haſte away, unleſs we mean to ſpeed
With thoſe that kiſs the hare's foot: Rheums are bred,
Some ſay, by going ſupperleſs to bed,
And thoſe I love not; therefore ceaſe my rhyme,
And put my pipes up till another time.

* *Phiton.*

† *Alpheus.*

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

SONG III.

The Argument.

A redbreaſt doth from pining ſave
Marina, ſhut in famine's cave.
The golden age deſcribed plain,
And Limos, by the ſhepherds ſlain,
Do give me leave a while to move
My pipe of Tavy, and his love.

Alas! that I have done ſo great a wrong
Unto the faireſt maiden of my ſong,
Divine Marina, who in Limos' cave
Lies ever fearful of a living grave,
And night and day upon the harden'd ſtones
Reſts, if a reſt can be amongſt the moans
Of dying wretches; where each minute all
Stand ſtill afraid to hear their death's-man call.
Thrice had the golden ſun his hot ſteeds waſh'd
In the weſt main, and thrice them ſmartly laſh'd
Out of his balmy eaſt, ſince the ſweet maid
Had in that diſmal cave been ſadly laid.
Where hunger pinch'd her ſo, ſhe need not ſtand
In fear of murd'ring by a ſecond hand:
For through her tender ſides ſuch darts might paſs,
'Gainſt which ſtrong walls of ſtone, thick gates of braſs
Deny no entrance, nor the camps of kings,
Since ſooneſt there they bend their flaggy wings.
But heaven, that ſtands ſtill for the beſt's avail,
Lendeth his hand when human helpings fail;
For 'twere impoſſible that ſuch as ſhe
Should be forgotten of the deity;
Since in the ſpacious orb could no man find
A fairer face match'd with a fairer mind.
A little robin-redbreaſt, one clear morn,
Sat ſweetly ſinging on a well-leav'd thorn:
Whereat Marina roſe, and did admire
He durſt approach from whence all elſe retire:
And pitying the ſweet bird, what in her lay
She fully ſtrove to fright him thence away.
Poor harmleſs wretch (quoth ſhe) go ſeek ſome ſpring,
And to her ſweet fall with thy fellows ſing;
Fly to the well-repleniſh'd groves, and there
Do entertain each ſwain's harmonious ear;
Traverſe the winding branches; chant ſo free,
That every lover fall in love with thee;
And if thou chance to ſee that lovely boy
(To look on whom the ſilvans count a joy),
He whom I lov'd no ſooner than I loſt,
Whoſe body all the graces hath engroſt,
To him unfold (if that thou dar'ſt to be
So near a neighbour to my tragedy),
As far as can thy voice (in plaints ſo ſad,
And in ſo many mournful accents clad,
That, as thou ſing'ſt upon a tree thereby,
He may ſome ſmall time weep, yet know not why),
How I in death was his, though pow'rs divine
Will not permit that he in life be mine.
Do this, thou loving bird; and haſte away
Into the woods: But if ſo be thou ſtay
To do a deed of charity on me
When my poor ſoul ſhall leave mortality,
By cov'ring this poor body with a ſheet
Of green leaves, gather'd from a valley ſweet;
It is in vain: theſe harmleſs limbs muſt have
Than in the caitif's womb, no other grave.
Hence then ſweet robin; leſt in ſtaying long
At once thou chance forego both life and ſong.
With this ſhe huſh'd him thence, he ſung no more,
But ('fraid the ſecond time) flew tow'rds the ſhore.

Within as short time as the swiftest swain
Can to our may-pole run and come again,
The little redbreast to the prickled thorn
Return'd, and sung there as he had beforne.
And fair Marina to the loop-hole went,
Pitying the pretty bird, whose punishment
Limos would not defer if he were spy'd.
No sooner had the bird the maiden ey'd,
But leaping on the rock, down from a bough
He takes a cherry up (which he but now
Had thither brought, and in that place had laid,
Till to the cleft his song had drawn the maid),
And flying with the small stem in his bill
(A choicer fruit, than hangs on Bacchus' * hill),
In fair Marina's bosom took his rest,
A heavenly seat fit for so sweet a guest:
Where Citherea's doves might billing sit,
And gods and men with envy look on it;
Where rose two mountains, whose rare sweets to crop,
Was harder than to reach Olympus' top:
For those the gods can; but to climb these hills,
Their pow'rs no other were than mortal wills.
Here left the bird the cherry, and anon
Forsook her bosom, and for more is gone,
Making such speedy flights into the thick,
That she admir'd he went and came so quick.
Then, left his many cherries should distaste,
Some other fruit he brings than he brought last.
Sometime of strawberries a little stem,
Oft changing colours as he gath'red them: [fus'd,
Some green, some white, some red on them in-
These lov'd, those fear'd, they blush'd to be so us'd.
The peascod green, oft with no little toil,
He'd seek for in the fattest fertil'st soil,
And rend it from the stalk to bring it to her,
And in her bosom for acceptance woo her.
No berry in the grove or forest grew,
That fit for nourishment the kind bird knew,
Nor any pow'rfull herb in open field,
To serve her brood the teeming earth did yield,
But with his utmost industry he sought it,
And to the cave for chaste Marina brought it.
So from one well-stor'd garden to another,
To gather simples runs a careful mother,
Whose only child lies on the shaking bed
Grip'd with a fever (sometime honoured
In Rome as if a † god), nor is she bent
To other herbs than those for which she went.
The feather'd hours five times were overtold,
And twice as many floods and ebbs had roll'd
The small sands out and in, since fair Marine
(For whose long loss a hundred shepherds pine),
Was by the charitable robin fed:
For whom (had she not so been nourished),
A hundred doves would search the sun-burnt hills,
Or fruitful vallies lac'd with silver rills,
To bring her olives. Th' eagle, strong of sight,
To countries far remote would bend her flight,
And with unwearied wing strip through the sky
To the choice plots of Gaul and Italy,
And never lin till homeward she escape
With the pomegranate, lemon, orange, grape,
Or the lov'd citron, and attain'd the cave.
The well-plum'd goshawk (by th' Egyptians grave
Us'd in mistick characters for speed),
Would not be wanting at so great a need,
But from the well-stor'd orchards of the land
Brought the sweet pear (once by a curs'd hand
At ‡ Swinsted us'd with poison, for the fall
Of one who on these plains rul'd lord of all).
The scentful osprey by the rock had fish'd,
And many a pretty shrimp in scallops dish'd
Some way convey'd her; no one of the shoal
That haunt the waves, but from his lurking hole
Had pull'd the cray-fish, and with much ado
Brought that the maid, and perrywinkles too.
But these for others might their labours spare,
And not with robin for their merit share.
Yet as a herdess in a summer's day,
Heat with the glorious sun's all-purging ray,
In the calm evening (leaving her fair flock),
Betakes herself unto a froth-girt rock,
On which the headlong Tavy throws his waves,
(And foams to see the stones neglect his braves:)
Where sitting to undo her buskins white,
And wash her neat legs (as her use each night),
Th' enamour'd flood before she can unlance them,
Rolls up his waves as hast'ning to embrace them;
And though to help them some small gale do blow,
And one of twenty can but reach her so,
Yet will a many little surges be
Flashing upon the rock full busily,
And do the best they can to kiss her feet,
But that their power and will, not equal meet:
So as she for her nurse look'd tow'rds the land,
(And now beholds the trees that grace the strand,
Then looks upon a hill whose sliding sides
A goodly flock, like winter's cov'ring hides,
And higher on some stone that jutteth out,
Their careful master guiding his trim rout
By sending forth his dog (as shepherds do),
Or piping sat, or clouting of his shoe.
Whence, nearer hand drawing her wand'ring sight,
(So from the earth steals the all-quick'ning light),
Beneath the rock, the waters, high, but late
(I know not by what fluice or emptying gate),
Where at a low ebb; on the sand she spies
A busy bird that to and fro still flies,
Till pitching where a hateful oyster lay,
Opening his close jaws (closer none than they
Unless the griping fist, or cherry lips
Of happy lovers in their melting sips.)
Since the decreasing waves had left him there
He gapes for thirst, yet meets with nought but air,
And that so hot; e'er the returning tide,
He in his shell is likely to be fry'd;
The wary bird a pretty pebble takes,
And claps it 'twixt the two pearl hiding flakes

* *Cithæron in Boetia.*

† *Febrem ad minus nocendum templis colebant, ait Val. Maximus. Vide Tullium in tertiô de Nat. Deorum, et secundo de Legibus.*

‡ *One writes that King John was poison'd at Swinsted, with a dish of pears; others there, in a cup of wine; some that he died at Newark of the flux; a fourth, by the distemperature of peaches eaten in his fit of an ague. Among so many doubts, I leave you to believe the author most in credit with our best of antiquaries.*

Of the broad yawning oyſter, and ſhe then
Securely picks the fiſh out (as ſome men
A trick of policy thruſt, 'tween two friends,
Sever their pow'rs, and his intention ends)
The bird thus getting that for which ſhe ſtrove,
Brought it to her, to whom the queen of love
Serv'd as a foil, and Cupid could no other,
But flie to her miſtaken for his mother.
Marina from the kind bird took the meat,
And (looking down) ſhe ſaw a number great
Of birds, each one a pebble in his bill,
Would do the like, but that they wanted ſkill:
Some threw it in too far, and ſome too ſhort;
This could not bear a ſtone ſit for ſuch ſport,
But harmleſs wretch putting in one too ſmall,
The oyſter ſhuts and takes his head withall.
Another bringing one too ſmooth and round,
(Unhappy bird that thine own death haſt found)
Lays it ſo little way in his hard lips,
That with their ſudden cloſe, the pebble ſlips
So ſtrongly forth (as when your little ones
Do 'twixt their fingers ſlip their cherry ſtones)
That it in paſſage meets the breaſt or head
Of the poor wretch, and lays him there for dead.
A many ſtriv'd, and gladly would have done
As much or more than he which firſt begun,
But all in vain, ſcarce one of twenty could
Perform the deed, which they full gladly would.
For this not quick is to that act he go'th,
That wanteth ſkill, this cunning, and ſome both:
Yet none a will, for (from the cave) ſhe ſees
Not in all-lovely May th' induſtrious bees
More buſy with the flow'rs could be, then theſe
Among the ſhell-fiſh of the working ſeas.

Limos had all this while been wanting thence,
And but juſt heav'n preſerv'd pure innocence
By the two birds, her life to air had flit
Ere the curſt caitif ſhould have forced it.

The firſt night that he left her in his den
He got to ſhore, and near th' abodes of men
That live as we by tending of their flocks,
To interchange for Ceres' golden locks,
Or with the neat-herd for his milk and cream:
Things we reſpect more than the diadem
His choice-made diſhes; O! the golden age
Met all contentment in no ſurpluſage
Of dainty viands, but (as we do ſtill)
Drank the pure water of the cryſtal rill,
Fed on no other meats than thoſe they ſed,
Labour, the ſallad that their ſtomachs bred,
Nor ſought they for the down of ſilver ſwans,
Nor thoſe ſow thiſtle locks each ſmall gale fans,
But hides of beaſts which when they liv'd they kept,
Serv'd them for bed and cov'ring when they ſlept.
If any ſofter lay, 'twas (by the loſs
Of ſome rock's warmth) on thick and ſpongy moſs,
Or on the ground: ſome ſimple wall of clay
Parting their beds from where their cattle lay.
And on ſuch palates one man clipped then
More golden ſlumbers than this age again.
That time phyſicians triv'd not: or if any,
I dare ſay, all: yet then were thrice as many
As now profeſs'd, and more; for every man
Was his own patient and phyſician.
None had a body then ſo weak and thin,
Bankrupt of nature's ſtore, to feed the ſin
Of an infatiate female, in whoſe womb
Could nature all hers paſt, and all to come
Infuſe, with virtue of all drugs beſide,
She might be try'd, but never ſatisfy'd.
To pleaſe which orke her huſband's weaken'd peace
Muſt have his cullis mix'd with ambergreaſe,
Pheaſant and partridge into jelly turn'd,
Grated with gold, ſeven times refin'd and burn'd
With duſt of orient pearl, richer the eaſt
Yet ne'er beheld: (O Epicurean feaſt!)
This is his breakfaſt; and his meal at night
Poſſets no leſs provoking appetite,
Whoſe dear ingredients valu'd are at more
Than all his anceſtors were worth before.
When ſuch as we, by poor and ſimple fare,
More able liv'd and dy'd not without heir,
Sprung from our own loins, and a ſpotleſs bed
Of any other pow'r unfeconded:
When th' other's iſſue (like a man fall'n ſick,
Or through the fever, gout, or lunatic,
Changing his doctors oft, each as his notion
Preſcribes a ſev'ral diet, ſev'ral potion,
Meeting his friend (who meet we now-a-days
That hath not ſome receipt for each diſeaſe?)
He tells him of a plaiſter, which he takes;
And finding after that, his torment flakes,
(Whether becauſe the humour is outwrought,
Or by the ſkill which his phyſician brought,
It makes no matter:) for he ſurely thinks
None of their purges, nor their diet drinks
Have made him ſound; but his belief is faſt
That med'cine was his health which he took laſt;
So (by a mother) being taught to call
One for his father, though a ſon to all.
His mother's often 'ſcapes, (though truly known)
Cannot divert him; but will ever own
For his begetter, him, whoſe name and rents
He muſt inherit. Such are the deſcents
Of theſe men; to make up whoſe limber heir
As many as in him, muſt have a ſhare;
When he that keeps the laſt yet leaſt ado,
Fathers the peoples child, and gladly too.

Happier thoſe times were, when the flaxen clue
By fair Arachne's hand the Lydians knew,
And fought not to the worm for ſilken threads,
To roll their bodies in, or dreſs their heads.
When wiſe Minerva did th' Athenians learn
To draw their milk-white fleeces into yarn;
And knowing not the mixtures which began
(Of colours) from the Babylonian,
Nor wool in Sardis dy'd, more various known
By hues, than Iris to the world hath ſhewn:
The bowels of our mother were not ript
For mader-pits, nor the ſweet meadows ſtript
Of their choice beauties, nor for Ceres' load
The fertile lands burden'd with needleſs wood.
Through the wide ſeas no winged pine did go
To lands unknown for ſtaining indigo;
Nor men in ſcorching climates moor'd their keel
To traffick for the coſtly cochineal.
Unknown was then the Phrygian broidery,
The Tyrian purple, and the ſcarlet dye,

Such as their sheep clad, such they wove and wore
Russet or white, or those mix'd, and no more:
Except sometimes (to bravery inclin'd)
Then dy'd them yellow caps with alder rind.
The Grecian mantle, Tuscan robes of state,
Tissue nor cloth of gold of highest rate,
They never saw; only in pleasant woods,
Or by th' embordered margin of the floods,
The dainty nymphs they often did behold
Clad in their light silk robes, stitch'd oft with gold.
The arras hangings round their comely halls,
Wanted the cerite's web and minerals:
Green boughs of trees with fatt'ning acorns lade,
Hung full with flow'rs and garlands quaintly made,
Their homely cots dec'kd trim in low degree,
As now the court with richest tapistry.
Instead of cushions wrought in windows lay'n,
They pick'd the cockle from their fields of grain,
Sleep-bringing poppy (by the ploughmen late
Not without cause to Ceres' consecrate)
For being round and full at his half birth
It signify'd the perfect orb of earth;
And by his inequalities when blown,
The earth's low vales and higher hills were shown,
By multitude of grains it held within,
Of men and beasts the number noted been;
And she since taking care all earth to please,
Had in her * Thesmophoria offer'd these.
Or cause that feed our elders us'd to eat,
With honey mix'd (and was their after meat)
Or since her daughter that she lov'd so well
† By him that in th' infernal shades doth dwell,
And on the Stygian banks for ever reigns
(Troubled with horrid cries and noise of chains)
(Fairest Proserpina) was rapt away;
And she in plaints, the night; in tears, the day
Had long time spent; when no high power could give her
Any redress; the ‡ poppy did relieve her:
For eating of the seeds they sleep procur'd,
And so beguil'd those griefs she long endur'd.
Or rather since her love (then happy man)
Micon (yclep'd) the brave Athenian,
Had been transform'd into this gentle flow'r
And his protection kept from Flora's pow'r).
The daisy scatter'd on each mead and down,
A golden tuft within a silver crown
(Fair fall that dainty flow'r and may there be
No shepherd grac'd that doth not honour thee!)
The primrose, when with six leaves gotten grace
Maids as a true love in their bosoms place;
The spotless lily, by whose pure leaves be
Noted, the chaste thoughts of virginity;
Carnations sweet with colour like the fire,
The fit Impresa's for enflam'd desire;
The harebell for the stainless azur'd hue,
Claims to be worn of none but those are true;

The rose, like ready youth, enticing stands,
And would be cropt if it might choose the hands;
The yellow kingcup, Flora them assign'd
To be the badges of a jealous mind;
The orange tawny marigold: the night
Hides not her colours from a searching sight.
To thee then dearest friend (my songs chief mate)
This colour chiefly I appropriate,
That spite of all the mists oblivion can
Or envious frettings of a guilty man,
Retain'st thy worth; nay, mak'st it more in prize,
Like tennis balls thrown down hard, highest rise.
The columbine in tawny often taken,
Is then ascrib'd to such as are forsaken;
Flora's choice buttons of a russet dye
Is hope even in the depth of misery.
The pansy, thistle, all with prickles set,
The cowslip, honeysuckle, violet,
And many hundreds more that grac'd the meads,
Gardens and groves (wherebeauteous Flora treads)
Were by the shepherds daughters (as yet are
Us'd in our cots) brought home with special care:
For bruising them they not alone would quell
But rot the rest, and spoil their pleasing smell.
Much like a lad, who in his tender prime
Sent from his friends to learn the use of time,
As are his mates, or good or bad, so he
Thrives to the world, and such his actions be.
As in the rainbow's many coloured hew
Here see we watched deepen'd with a blue,
There a dark tawny with a purple mix'd,
Yellow and flame, with streaks of green betwixt,
A bloody stream into a blushing run
And ends still with the colour which begun,
Drawing the deeper to a lighter stain,
Bringing the lightest to the deep'st again,
With such rare art each mingleth with his fellow,
The blue with watchet, green and red with yellow;
Like to the changes which we daily see
About the dove's neck with variety,
Where none can say (though he it strict attends)
Here one begins; and there the other ends:
So did the maidens with their various flow'rs
Deck up their windows, and make neat their bow'rs:
Using such cunning as they did dispose
The ruddy piny with the lighter rose,
The monks-hood with the bugloss, and entwine
The white, the blue, the flesh-like columbine
With pinks, sweet-williams; that far off the eye
Could not the manner of their mixtures spy.
Then with those flow'rs they most of all did prize
(With all their skill and in most curious wise
On tufts of herbs or rushes) would they frame
A dainty border round the shepherd's name.
Or poesies make, so quaint, so apt, so rare,
As if the muses only lived there:
And that the after world should strive in vain
What they then did to counterfeit again.
Nor will the needle nor the loom e'er be
So perfect in their best embroidery,
Nor such compositures make of silk and gold,
As theirs, when nature all her cunning told.

* Θεσμοφόρια and δημήτρια were sacrifices peculiar to Ceres, the one for being a lawgiver, the other as goddess of the grounds.

† See Claudian's Rape of Proserpine.

‡ Vide Servium in Virg. Georg. 1.

The word of mine did no man then bewitch,
They thought none could be fortunate if rich.
And to the covetous did wish no wrong
But what himself desir'd: to live here long.
As of their songs so of their lives they deem'd,
Not of the long'st, but best perform'd, esteem'd.
They thought that heaven to him no life did give,
Who only thought upon the means to live.
Nor wish'd they 'twere ordain'd to live here ever
But as life was ordain'd they might persevere.
O happy men! you ever did possess
No wisdom, but was mix'd with simpleness;
So, wanting malice: and from folly free,
Since reason went with your simplicity.
You search'd yourselves if all within were fair,
And did not learn of others what you were.
Your lives the patterns of those virtues gave
Which adulation tells men now they have.
With poverty, in love we only close
Because our lover's it most truly shews:
When they who in that blessed age did move,
Knew neither poverty nor want of love.
The hatred which they bore was only this,
That every one did hate to do amiss.
Their fortune still was subject to their will:
Their want (O happy!) was the want of ill.
Ye truest, fairest, loveliest nymphs that can
Out of your eyes lend fire Promethean,
All-beauteous ladies, love-alluring dames,
That on the banks of Isca, Humber, Thames,
By your encouragement can make a swain
Climb by his song where none but souls attain:
And by the graceful reading of our lines
Renew our heat to further brave designs:
(You, by whose means my muse thus boldly says:
Though she do sing of shepherds loves and lays,
And flagging weakly low gets not on wing
To second that of Helen's ravishing:
Nor hath the love nor beauty of a queen.
My subject grac'd, as other works have been;
Yet not to do their age nor ours a wrong,
Though queens, nay goddesses, fam'd Homer's song)
Mine hath been tun'd and heard by beauties more
Than all the poets that have liv'd before.
Not 'cause it is more worth: but it doth fall
That nature now is turn'd a prodigal,
And on this age so much perfection spends,
That to her last of treasure it extends;
For all the ages that are slid away
Had not so many beauties as this day.
O what a rapture have I gotten now!
That age of gold, this of the lovely brow
Have drawn me from my song! (I onward run
Clean from the end to which I first begun).
But ye the heavenly creatures of the west,
In whom the virtues and the graces rest,
Pardon! that I have run astray so long,
And grow so tedious in so rude a song,
If you yourselves should come to add one grace
Unto a pleasant grove or such like place,
Where here the curious cutting of a hedge,
There, by a pond, the trimming of the sedge:
Here the fine setting of well shading trees,
The walks there mounting up by small degrees,
The gravel and the green so equal lie,
It, with the rest, draws on your ling'ring eye:
Here the sweet smells that do perfume the air,
Arising from the infinite repair
Of odoriferous buds, and herbs of price
(As if it were another paradise)
So please the smelling sense, that you are fain
Where last you walk'd to turn and walk again.
There the small birds with their harmonious notes
Sing to a spring that smileth as she floats;
For in her face a many dimples shew,
And often skips as it did dancing go:
Here further down an over-arched alley
That from a hill goes winding in a valley,
You spy at end thereof a standing lake
Where some ingenious artist strives to make
The water (brought in turning pipes of lead
Through birds of earth most lively fashioned)
To counterfeit and mock the sylvans all
In singing well their own set madrigal.
This with no small delight retains your ear,
And makes you think none blest but who live there.
Then in another place the fruits that be
In gallant clusters decking each good tree
Invite your hand to crop them from the stem,
And liking one, taste every sort of them:
Then to the arbours walk, then to the bow'rs,
Thence to the walks again, thence to the flow'rs,
Then to the birds, and to the clear spring thence,
Now pleasing one, and then another sense:
Here one walks oft, and yet anew beginn'th,
As if it were some hidden labyrinth;
So loth to part, and so content to stay,
That when the gard'ner knocks for you away,
It grieves you so to leave the pleasures in it,
That you could wish that you had never seen it:
Blame me not then, if while to you I told
The happiness our fathers clipt of old,
The mere imagination of their bliss
So rapt my thoughts, and made me sing amiss.
And still the more they ran on those days worth,
The more unwilling was I to come forth.
O; if the apprehension joy us so,
What would the action in a human shew!
Such were the shepherds (to all goodness bent)
About whose * thorps that night curs'd Limos went.
Where he had learn'd that next day all the swains
That any sheep fed on the fertile plains,
The feast of Pallas goddess of their grounds
Did mean to celebrate. Fitly this sounds
He thought, to what he formerly intended,
His stealth should by their absence be befriended:
For whilst they in their off'rings busied were,
He 'mongst the flocks might range with lesser fear.
How to contrive his stealth he spent the night.
The morning now in colours richly dight
Stept o'er the eastern thresholds, and no lad
That joy'd to see his pastures freshly clad,
But for the holy rites himself addrest
With necessaries proper to that feast.

* *Villages.*

The altars every where now ſmoking be
With bean ſtalks, ſavine, laurel, roſemary,
Their cakes of grummel ſeed they did preſer,
And pails of milk in ſacrifices to her.
Then hymn of praiſe they all devoutly ſung
In thoſe Palilia for encreaſe of young.
But ere the ceremonies were half paſt
One of their boys came down the hill in haſte,
And told them Limos was among their ſheep;
That he, his fellows, nor their dogs could keep
The rav'ner from their flocks; great ſtore were kill'd,
Whoſe blood he ſuck'd, and yet his panch not fill'd.
O haſten then away! for in an hour
He will the chiefeſt of your fold devour.
With this moſt ran (leaving behind ſome few
To finiſh what was to fair Palas due)
And as they had aſcended up the hill
Limos they met, with no mean pace and ſkill,
Following a well fed lamb: with many a ſhout
They then purſu'd him all the plain about.
And either with forelaying of his way,
Or he full gorg'd ran not ſo ſwift as they,
Before he could recover down the ſtrand
No ſwain but on him had a faſten'd hand.
Rejoicing then (the worſt wolf to their flock
Lay in their pow'rs) they bound him to a rock.
With chains ta'en from the plough, and leaving him
Return'd back to their feaſt. His eyes late dim
Now ſparkle forth in flames, he grinds his teeth,
And ſtrives to catch at every thing he ſeeth:
But to no purpoſe: all the hope of food
Was ta'en away; his little fleſh, leſs blood,
He ſuck'd and tore at laſt, and that deny'd,
With fearful ſhrieks moſt miſerably dy'd.
Unfortunate Marina thou art free
From his jaws now, though not from miſery.
Within the cave thou likely art to pine,
If (O may never) fail a help divine,
And though ſuch aid thy wants do ſtill ſupply,
Yet in a priſon thou muſt ever lie:
But heav'n, that fed thee, will not long defer
To ſend thee thither ſome deliverer:
For, then to ſpend thy ſighs there to the main
Thou fitter wert to honour Thetis train.
Who ſo far now with her harmonious crew
Scour'd through the ſeas (O who yet ever knew
So rare a conſort?) ſhe had left behind
The Kentiſh, Suſſex ſhores, the * iſle aſſign'd
To brave Veſpaſian's conqueſt, and was come
Where the ſhrill trumpet and the rattling drum
Made the waves tremble (ere befel this chance)
And to no ſofter muſic us'd to dance.
Hail thou my native ſoil! thou bleſſed plot
Whoſe equal all the world affordeth not!
Shew me who can? ſo many cryſtal rills
Such ſweet cloth'd vallies, or aſpiring hills,
Such wood-ground, paſtures, quarries, wealthy mines,
Such rocks in whom the diamond fairly ſhines:
And if the earth can ſhew the like again;
Yet will ſhe fail in her ſea-ruling men.
Time never can produce men to o'ertake
The fames of Grenvile, Davies, Gilbert, Drake,
Or worthy Hawkins or of thouſands more
That by their pow'r made the Devonian ſhore
Mock the proud Tagus; for whoſe richeſt ſpoil
The boaſting Spaniard left the Indian ſoil
Bankrupt of ſtore, knowing it would quit coſt
By winning this though all the reſt were loſt.
As oft the ſea nymphs on her ſtrand have ſet
Learning of fiſhermen to knit a net,
Wherein to wind up their diſhevell'd hairs,
They have beheld the frolic mariners
For exerciſe (got early from their beds)
Pitch bars of ſilver, and caſt golden ſleds.
At Ex, a lovely nymph with Thetis met,
She ſinging came, and was all round beſet
With other watry powers, which by her ſong
She had allur'd to float with her along.
The lay ſhe chaunted ſhe had learn'd of yore,
Taught by a * ſkilful ſwain, who on her ſhore
Fed his fair flock; a work renown'd as far
As his brave ſubject of the Trojan war.
When ſhe had done, a pretty ſhepherd's boy
That from the near downs came (though he ſmall joy
Took in his tuneful reed, ſince dire neglect
Crept to the breaſt of her he did affect,
And that an ever buſy watchfull eye
Stood as a bar to his felicity)
Being with great entreaties of the ſwains
And by the fair queen of the liquid plains
Woo'd to his pipe, and bade to lay aſide
All troubled thoughts, as others at that tide;
And that he now ſome merry note ſhould raiſe,
To equal others which had ſung their lays:
He ſhook his head, and knowing that his tongue
Could not bely his heart, thus ſadly ſung:

As new born babes ſalute their ages morn
With cries unto their woeful mother hurl'd:
My infant muſe that was but lately born
Began with watry eyes to woo the world.
She knows not how to ſpeak, and therefore weeps
Her woes exceſs,
And ſtrives to move the heart that ſenſeleſs ſleeps,
To heavineſs;
Her eyes envail'd with ſorrows clouds
Scarce ſee the light,
Diſdain hath wrapt her in the ſhrouds
Of lothed night.
How ſhould ſhe move then her grief laden wing,
Or leave my ſad complaint, and Pæans ſing?

* *Vecta quam Veſpaſianus a Claudio miſſus ſubjugavit. Vide Bed. in hiſt. Ecc. lib.* 1. *cap.* 3.

* *Joſoph of Exeter wrote a poem of the Trojan war according to Dares the Phrygian's ſtory, but falſely attributed to Cornelius Nepos, as it is printed. He lived in the time of Henry II. and Richard I. See the illuſtrations of my moſt worthy friend Mr. Selden, upon Mr. Drayton's Poly-Olbion, p.* 58.

Six Pleyad's live in light, in darkneſs one.
Sing mirthful ſwains; but let me ſigh alone.
It is enough that I in ſilence ſit,
And bend my ſkill to learn your lays aright;
Nor ſtrive with you in ready ſtrains of wit,
Nor move my hearers with ſo true delight.
But if for heavy plaints and notes of woe
Your ears are preſt;
No ſhepherd lives that can my pipe outgo
In ſuch unreſt.
I have not known ſo many years
As chances wrong,
Nor have they known more floods of tears
From one ſo young.
Fain would I tune to pleaſe as others do,
Were not for faining ſong and numbers too.
Then (ſince not fitting now are ſongs of moan)
Sing mirthful ſwains but let me ſigh alone.

The nymphs that float upon theſe watry plains
Have oft been drawn to liſten to my ſong,
And ſirens left to tune diſſembling ſtrains
In true bewailing of my ſorrows long.
Upon the waves of late a ſilver ſwan
By me did ride,
And thrilled with my woes forthwith began
To ſing and died.
Yet where they ſhould they cannot move,
O hapleſs verſe!
That fitter, then to win a love,
Art for a hearſe.
Hence forward ſilent be; and ye my cares
Be known but to myſelf; or who deſpairs.
Since pity now lies turned to a ſtone;
Sing mirthful ſwains; but let me ſigh alone.

The fitting accent of his mournful lay
So pleas'd the powerful lady of the ſea,
That ſhe entreated him to ſing again;
And he obeying tun'd this ſecond ſtrain:

Born to no other comfort than my tears,
Yet robb'd of them by griefs too inly deep,
I cannot rightly wail my hapleſs years,
Nor move a paſſion that for me might weep.
Nature alas too ſhort hath knit
My tongue to reach my woe:
Nor have I ſkill ſad notes to fit
That might my ſorrow ſhow,
And to increaſe my torments ceaſeleſs ſting
There's no way left to ſhew my pain
But by my pen in mournful ſtrains,
Which others may perhaps take joy to ſing.

As (woo'd by May's delights) I have been borne
To take the kind air of a wiſtful morn
Near Tavy's voiceful ſtream (to whom I owe
More ſtrains than from my pipe can ever flow)
Here have I heard a ſweet bird never lin
To chide the river for his clam'rous din;
There ſeem'd another in his ſong to tell,
That what the fair ſtream did he liked well;
And going further heard another too
All varying ſtill in what the others do;
A little thence, a fourth with little pain
Cou'd all their leſſons and them ſung again;
So numberleſs the ſongſters are that ſing
In the ſweet groves of the two careleſs ſpring,
That I no ſooner could the hearing loſe
Of one of them, but ſtraight another roſe,
And perching deftly on a quaking ſpray
Nigh tir'd herſelf to make her hearer ſtay,
Whilſt in a buſh two nightingales together
Shew'd the beſt ſkill they had to draw me thither:
So (as bright Thetis paſt our cleeves along)
This ſhepherd's lay purſu'd the other's ſong,
And ſcarce one ended had his ſkilful ſtripe,
But ſtraight another took him to his pipe.
By that the younger ſwain had fully done,
Thetis with her brave company had won
The mouth of Dert, and whilſt the Tritons charm
The dancing waves, paſſing the cryſtal arm,
Sweet Yalm and Plim; arriv'd where Thamar pays
Her daily tribute to the waſtern ſeas.
Here ſent ſhe up her dolphins, and they ply'd
So buſily their fares on every ſide,
They made a quick return and brought her down
A many homages to Thamar's crown,
Who in themſelves were of as great command
As any meaner rivers of the land.
With every nymph the ſwain of moſt account
That fed his white ſheep by her clearer fount:
And every one to Thetis ſweetly ſung.
Among the reſt a ſhepherd (though but young,
Yet harten'd to his pipe) with all the ſkill
His few years could, began to fit his quill.
By Tavy's ſpeedy ſtream he fed his flock,
Where when he ſat to ſport him on a rock,
The water-nymphs would often come unto him
And for a dance with many gay gifts woo him.
Now poſies of this flow'r, and then of that;
Now with fine ſhells, then with a ruſhy hat,
With coral or red ſtones brought from the deep
To make him bracelets, or to mark his ſheep.
Willie he hight. Who by the Ocean's Queen
More cheer'd to ſing than ſuch young lads had been,
Took his beſt-framed pipe and thus 'gan move
His voice of Walla, Tavy's faireſt love.

Fair was the day, but fairer was the maid
Who that day's morn into the green woods ſtray'd.
Sweet was the air, but ſweeter was her breathing,
Such rare perfumes the roſes are bequeathing,
Bright ſhone the ſun, but brighter were her eyes,
Such are the lamps that guide the deities;
Nay ſuch the fire is, whence the Pythian knight,
Borrows his beams, and lends his ſiſter light.
Not * Pelop's ſhoulder whiter than her hands,
Nor ſnowy ſwans that jet on Iſca's ſands.
Sweet Flora, as if raviſh'd with their ſight,
In emulation made all lilies white:
For as I oft heard the wood-nymphs ſay,
The dancing fairies when they left to play,

* *Pelops was feigned by the poets to have a ſhoulder of ivory. Ovid. Metam. lib. VI. Pindar. Od. I. Olymp. Tibullus, lib. I. Eleg. 4. Virg. Georg. III.*

Then back did pull them, and in holes of trees
Stole the ſweet honey from the painful bees,
Which in the flow'r to put they oft were ſeen
And for a banquet brought it to their queen.
But ſhe that is the goddeſs of the flow'rs
(Invited to their groves and ſhady bow'rs)
Miſlik'd their choice. They ſaid that all the field
No other flow'r did for that purpoſe yield;
But quoth a nimble Fay, that by did ſtand:
If you could give't the colour of yond hand;
(Walla, by chance was in a meadow by
Learning to ſample earth's embroid'ry)
It were a gift would Flora well befit,
And our great Queen the more would honour it.
She gave conſent; and by ſome other pow'r
Made Venus' doves be equall'd by the flow'r,
But not her hand; for nature this prefers,
All other whites but ſhadowings to her's.
Her hair was roll'd in many a curious fret,
Much like a rich and artful coronet,
Upon whoſe arches twenty Cupids lay,
And were or tide, or loth to fly away.
Upon her bright eyes Phœbus his inclin'd,
And by their radiance was the god ſtruck blind,
That clean awry th' ecliptic then he ſtript,
And from the milky-way his horſes whipt;
So that the eaſtern world to fear begun,
Some ſtranger drove the chariot of the ſun.
And never but that once did heaven's bright eye
Beſtow one look on the Cymmerii.
A green ſilk frock her comely ſhoulders clad,
And took delight that ſuch a ſeat it had,
Which at her middle gather'd up in plaits,
A love-knot girdle willing bondage threats.
Not Venus Ceſton held a braver piece,
Nor that which girt the faireſt flow'r of Greece.
Down from her waiſt, her mantle looſe did fall
Which Zephyr (as afraid) ſtill play'd withal,
And then tuck'd up ſomewhat below the knee
Shew'd ſearching eyes where Cupid's columns be.
The inſide lin'd with rich carnation ſilk,
And in the midſt of both, lawn white as milk.
Which white beneath the red did ſeem to ſhroud,
As Cynthia's beauty through a bluſhing cloud,
About the edges curious to behold
A deep fringe hung of rich and twiſted gold,
So on the green marge of a cryſtal brook
A thouſand yellow flowers at fiſhes look:
And ſuch the beams are of the glorious ſun,
That through a tuft of graſs diſperſed run.
Upon her legs a pair of buſkins white,
Studded with orient pearl and chryſolite,
And like her mantle ſtitch'd with gold and green,
(Fairer yet never wore the foreſt's queen)
Knit cloſe with ribbons of a party hue,
A knot of crimſon and a tuft of blue,
Nor can the peacock in his ſpotted train
So many pleaſing colours ſhew again;
Nor could there be a mixture with more grace,
Except the heav'nly roſes in her face.
A ſilver quiver at her back ſhe wore,
With darts and arrows for the ſtag and boar,
But in her eyes ſhe had ſuch darts again,
Could conquer gods, and wound the hearts of men,
Her left hand held a knotty Braſil bow,
Whoſe ſtrength, with tears, ſhe made the red deer know.
So clad, ſo arm'd, ſo dreſt to win her will
Diana never trode on Latmus hill.
Walla, the faireſt nymph that haunts the woods,
Walla, belov'd of ſhepherds, fauns, and floods,
Walla, for whom the frolic Satyrs pine,
Walla, with whoſe fine foot the flowrets twine,
Walla, of whom ſweet birds their ditties move,
Walla, the earth's delight, and Tavy's love.
This faireſt nymph, when Tavy firſt prevail'd
And won affection where the ſylvans fail'd,
Had promis'd (as a favour to his ſtream)
Each week to crown it with an anadem:
And now Hyperion from his glitt'ring throne
Sev'n times his quick'ning rays had bravely ſhewn
Unto the other world, ſince Walla laſt,
Had on her Tavy's head the garland plac'd;
And this day (as of right), ſhe wends abroad
To eaſe the meadows of their willing load,
Flora, as if to welcome her thoſe hours,
Had been moſt laviſh of her choiceſt flow'rs,
Spreading more beauties to entice that morn
Than ſhe had done in many days beforn.
Look as a maiden ſitting in the ſhade
Of ſome cloſe arbour by the woodbine made,
Withdrawn alone, where undeſcry'd ſhe may
By her moſt curious needle give aſſay
Unto ſome purſe (if ſo her fancy move)
Or other token for her trueſt love,
Variety of ſilk about her pap,
Or in a box ſhe takes upon her lap,
Whoſe pleaſing colours wooing her quick eye,
Now this ſhe thinks the ground would beautify,
And that, to flouriſh with, ſhe deemeth beſt:
When ſpying others, ſhe is ſtraight poſſeſt
Thoſe fitteſt are; yet from that choice doth fall,
And ſhe reſolves at laſt to uſe them all:
So Walla, which to gather long time ſtood,
Whether thoſe of the field, or of the wood;
Or thoſe that 'mong the ſprings and mariſh lay:
But then the bloſſoms which enrich'd each ſpray
Allur'd her look; whoſe many colour'd graces
Did in her garland challenge no mean places:
And therefore ſhe (not to be poor in plenty)
From meadows, ſprings, woods, ſprays, culls ſome one dainty,
Which in a ſcarf ſhe put, and onwards ſet
To find a place to dreſs her coronet.
A little grove is ſeated on the marge
Of Tavy's ſtream, not over thick nor large,
Where every morn a choir of ſylvans ſung,
And leaves to chatt'ring winds ſerv'd as a tongue,
By whom the water turns in many a ring,
As if it fain would ſtay to hear them ſing,
And on the top a thouſand young birds fly,
To be inſtructed in their harmony.
Near to the end of this all-joyſome grove
A dainty circled plot ſeem'd as it ſtrove
To keep all briers and buſhes from invading,
Her pleaſing compaſs by their needleſs ſhading.
Since it was not ſo large but that the ſtore
Of trees around could ſhade her breaſt and more,

In midſt thereof a little ſwelling hill,
Gently diſburden'd of a cryſtal rill
Which from the green ſide of the flow'ry bank
Eat down a channel; here the wood-nymphs drank,
And great Diana, having ſlain the deer
Did often uſe to come and bathe her here.
Here talk'd they of their chaſe, and where next day
They meant to hunt; here did the ſhepherds play,
And many a gaudy nymph was often ſeen
Embracing ſhepherds boys upon this green.
From hence the ſpring haſtes down to Tavy's brim,
And pays a tribute of his drops to him.
Here Walla reſts the riſing mount upon,
That ſeem'd to ſwell more ſince ſhe ſat thereon,
And from her ſcarf upon the graſs ſhook down,
The ſmelling flow'rs that ſhould her river crown.
The ſcarf (in ſhaking it) ſhe bruſhed off,
Whereon were flowers ſo freſh and lively wrought,
That her own cunning was her own deceit,
Thinking thoſe true which were but counterfeit.
Under an alder, on his ſandy marge,
Was Tavy ſet to view his nimble charge,
And there his love he long time had expected:
While many a roſe-cheek'd nymph to wile neglected
To woo him to embraces; which he ſcorn'd,
As valuing more the beauties which adorn'd
His faireſt Walla, than all nature's pride
Spent on the cheeks of all her ſex beſide.
Nor would they tempt him with their open breaſts,
And ſwear their lips were love's aſſured teſts:
That Walla ſure would give him the denial
Till ſhe had known him true by ſuch a trial.
Then comes another and her hand bereaves
The ſoon ſlipt alder of two clammy leaves,
And clapping them together, bids him ſee
And learn of love the hidden myſtery,
Brave flood (quoth ſhe) that hold'ſt us in ſuſpence,
And ſhew'ſt a godlike pow'r in abſtinence,
At this thy coldneſs we do nothing wonder,
Theſe leaves did ſo, when once they grew aſunder;
But ſince the one did taſte the other's bliſs,
And felt his partner's kind, partake with his,
Behold how cloſe they join; and had they pow'r
To ſpeak their now content, as we can our,
They would on nature, lay a heinous crime
For keeping cloſe ſuch ſweets until this time,
Is there to ſuch men ought of merit due,
That do abſtain from what they never knew?
No: then as well we may account him wiſe
For ſpeaking nought, who wants thoſe faculties.
Taſte thou our ſweets; come here and freely ſip
Divineſt nectar from my melting lip;
Gaze on mine eyes, whoſe life-infuſing beams
Have pow'r to melt the icy northern ſtreams,
And ſo inflame the gods of thoſe bound ſeas
They would unchain their virgin paſſages,
And teach our mariners, from day to day,
To bring us jewels by a nearer way.
Twine thy long fingers in my ſhining hair,
And think it no diſgrace to hide them there;
For I could tell thee how the Paphian queen
Met me one day upon yond pleaſant green,
And did entreat a ſlip (though I was coy)
Wherewith to fetter her laſcivious boy.
Play with my teats that ſwell to have impreſſion;
And if thou pleaſe from thence to make digreſſion,
Paſs thou that milky-way where great Apollo,
And higher pow'rs than he would gladly follow.
When to the full of theſe thou ſhalt attain,
It were ſome maſt'ry for thee to refrain;
But ſince thou know'ſt not what ſuch pleaſures be
The world will not commend but laugh at thee.
But thou wilt ſay, thy Walla yields ſuch ſtore
Of joys, that no one love can raiſe thee more;
Admit it ſo, as who but thinks it ſtrange?
Yet ſhalt thou find a pleaſure more in change,
If that thou lik'ſt not, gentle flood, but hear
To prove that ſtate the beſt I never fear.
Tell me wherein the ſtate and glory is
Of thee, of Avon, or brave Thameſis?
In your own ſprings? or by the flowing head
Of ſome ſuch river only ſeconded?
Or is it through the multitude that do
Send down their waters to attend on you?
Your mixture with leſs brooks adds to your fames,
So long as they in you do loſe their names;
And coming to the ocean, thou doſt ſee,
It takes in other floods as well as thee;
It were no ſport to us that hunting love,
If we were ſtill confin'd to one large grove.
The water which in one pool hath a biding
Is not ſo ſweet as rillets ever gliding,
Nor would the brackiſh waves in whom you meet,
Contain that ſtate it doth, but be leſs ſweet,
And with contagious ſteams all mortals ſmother,
But that it moves from this ſhore to the other.
There's no one ſeaſon ſuch delight can bring,
As ſummer, autumn, winter, and the ſpring.
Nor the beſt flow'r that doth on earth appear
Could by itſelf content us all the year.
The ſalmon, and ſome more as well as they,
Now love the freſhet, and then love the ſea.
The flitting fowls not in one coaſt do tarry,
But with the year their habitation vary.
What muſic is there in a ſhepherd's quill
(Play'd on by him that hath the greateſt ſkill)
If but a ſtop or two thereon we ſpy?
Muſic is beſt in her variety.
So is diſcourſe, ſo joys; and why not then
As well the lives and loves of gods as men?
More ſhe had ſpoke, but that the gallant flood
Reply'd: ye wanton rangers of the wood
Leave your allurements; hie ye to your chaſe;
See where Diana with a nimble pace
Follows a ſtruck deer: if you longer ſtay
Her frown will bend to me another day.
Hark how ſhe winds her horn; ſhe ſome doth call
Perhaps for you, to make into the fall.
With this they left him. Now he wonders much
Why at this time his Walla's ſtay was ſuch,
And could have wiſh'd the nymphs back, but for fear
His love might come and chance to find them there.
To paſs the time at laſt he thus began
(Unto a pipe join'd by the art of Pan)
To praiſe his love: his haſty waves among
The frothed rocks, bearing the under ſong.

As careful merchants do expecting ſtand
(After long time and merry gales of wind)
Upon the place where their brave ſhip muſt land:
So wait I for the veſſel of my mind.

Upon a great adventure is it bound,
Whoſe ſafe return will valu'd be at more
Than all the wealthy prizes which have crown'd
The golden wiſhes of an age before.

Out of the Eaſt, jewels of worth ſhe brings,
Th' unvalu'd diamond of her ſparkling eye
Wants in the treaſures of all Europe's kings,
And were it mine they nor their crowns ſhould buy.

The ſapphires ringed on her panting breaſt,
Run as rich veins of ore about the mould,
And are in ſickneſs with a pale poſſeſt,
So true; for them I ſhould diſvalue gold.

The melting rubies on her cherry lip
Are of ſuch pow'r to hold; that as one day
Cupid flew thirſty by, he ſtoop'd to ſip
And faſten'd there could never get away.

The ſweets of candy are no ſweets to me
When her's I taſte; nor the perfumes of price
Rob'd from the happy ſhrubs of Araby,
As her ſweet breath, ſo pow'rful to entice

O haſten then! and if thou be not gone
Unto that wiſhed traffic through the main,
My pow'rful ſighs ſhall quickly drive thee on,
And then begin to draw thee back again.
If in the mean rude waves have it oppreſt,
It ſhall ſuffice I ventur'd at the beſt.

Scarce had he given a period to his lay
When from a wood (wherein the eye of day
Had long a ſtranger been, and Phœbe's light
Vainly contended with the ſhades of night)
One of thoſe wanton nymphs that woo'd him late
Came crying tow'rds him; O thou moſt ingrate,
Reſpectleſs flood! canſt thou here idly ſit,
And looſe deſires to looſer numbers fit?
Teaching the air to court thy careleſs brook,
Whilſt thy poor Walla's cries the hills have ſhook
With an amazed terror: hear! O hear!
A hundred echoes ſhrieking every where!
See how the frightful herds run from the wood;
Walla, alas! as ſhe to crown her flood
Attended the compoſure of ſweet flow'rs,
Was by a luſt fir'd ſatyr 'mong our bow'rs
Well near ſurpris'd, but that ſhe him deſcry'd
Before his rude embracement could betide.
Now but her feet no help, unleſs her cries
A needful aid draw from the deities.
It needleſs was to bid the flood purſue,
Anger gave wings; ways that he never knew
Till now, he treads; through dells and hidden brakes
Flies through the meadows, each where o'ertakes
Streams ſwiftly gliding, and them brings along
To further juſt revenge for ſo great wrong,
His current till that day was never known;
But as a mead in July, which unmown
Bears in an equal height each bent and ſtem,
Unleſs ſome gentle gale do play with them.
Now runs it with ſuch fury and ſuch rage
That mighty rocks oppoſing vaſſalage
Are from the firm earth rent and overborne
In fords where pebbles lay ſecure beforn.
Loud cataracts, and fearful roarings now
Affright the paſſenger; upon his brow
Continual bubbles like compelled drops,
And where (as now and then) he makes ſhort ſtops
In little pools, drowning his voice too high,
'Tis where he thinks he hears his Walla cry.
Yet vain was all his haſte, bending away
Too much declining to the Southern Sea,
Since ſhe had turned thence, and now begun
To croſs the brave path of the glorious ſun.
There lies a vale extended to the north
Of Tavy's ſtream, which (prodigal) ſends forth
In autumn more rare fruits than have been ſpent
In any greater plot of fruitful Kent.
Two high brow'd rocks on either ſide begin,
As with an arch to cloſe the valley in,
Upon their rugged fronts ſhort writhen oaks
Untouch'd of any fellers baneful ſtrokes,
The ivy, twiſting round their barks, hath fed
Paſt time wild goats which no man followed.
Low in the valley ſome ſmall herds of deer,
For head and footmanſhip withouten peer
Fed undiſturb'd. The ſwains that thereby thriv'd,
By the tradition from their ſires deriv'd,
Call'd it ſweet Ina's coombe: but whether ſhe
Were of the earth or greater progeny
Judge by her deeds; once this is truly known
She many a time hath on a bugle blown,
And through the dale purſu'd the jolly chaſe,
As ſhe had bid the winged winds a baſe,
Pale and diſtracted hither Walla runs,
As cloſely follow'd as ſhe hardly ſhuns;
Her mantle off, her hair now too unkind
Almoſt betray'd her with the wanton wind.
Breathleſs and faint ſhe now ſome drops diſcloſes,
As in a limbec the kind ſweet of roſes,
Such hang upon her breaſt and on her cheeks;
Or like the pearls which the tan'd Ethiop ſeeks.
The ſatyr (ſpur'd with luſt) ſtill getteth ground,
And longs to ſee his damn'd intention crown'd.
As when a greyhound (of the righteſt ſtrain)
Let ſlip to ſome poor hare upon the plain;
He for his prey ſtrives; t' other for her life,
And one of theſe or none muſt end the ſtrife:
Now ſeems the dog by ſpeed and good at bearing
To have her ſure; the other ever fearing,
Maketh a ſudden turn, and doth defer
The hound awhile from ſo near reaching her:
Yet being fetcht again and almoſt ta'en
Doubting (ſince touch'd of him) ſhe 'ſcapes her bane:
So of theſe two the minded races were,
For hope the one made ſwift, the other fear.
O if there be a power (quoth Walla then
Keeping her earneſt courſe) o'erſwaying men
And their deſires! O let it now be ſhown
Upon this ſatyr half part earthly known.

What I have hitherto with so much care
Kept undefiled, spotless, white and fair,
What in all speech of love I still reserv'd,
And from its hazard ever gladly swerv'd;
O be it now untouch'd! and may no force
That happy jewel from myself divorce!
I that have ever held all women be
Void of all worth if wanting chastity;
And whoso any lets that best flower pull,
She might be fair, but never beautiful:
O let me not forgo it! strike me dead!
Let on these rocks my limbs be scattered!
Burn me to ashes with some pow'rful flame,
And in mine own dust bury mine own name,
Rather then let me live and be defil'd.
Chastest Diana! in the deserts wild
Have I so long thy truest handmaid been?
Upon the rough rock ground thine arrows keen,
Have I (to make thee crowns) been gath'ring still
Fair check'd Etesia's yellow camomile?
And sitting by thee on our flow'ry beds
Knit thy torn buck-stalls with well-twisted threads,
To be forsaken? O now present be,
If not to save, yet help to ruin me!
If pure virginity have heretofore
By the Olympic pow'rs been honour'd more
Than other states; and gods have been dispos'd
To make them known to us, and still disclos'd
To the chaste hearing of such nymphs as we
Many a secret and deep mystery;
If none can lead, without celestial aid,
Th' immaculate and pure life of a maid,
O let not then the pow'rs all-good divine
Permit vile lust to soil this breast of mine!
Thus cry'd she as she ran: and looking back,
Whether her hot pursuer did ought slack
His former speed; she spies him not at all,
And somewhat thereby cheer'd 'gan to recall
Her nigh fled hopes; yet fearing he might lie
Near some cross path to work his villany,
And being weary, knowing it was vain,
To hope for safety by her feet again,
She sought about where she herself might hide.
A hollow vaulted rock at last she spy'd,
About whose sides so many bushes were,
She thought securely she might rest her there.
Far under it a cave, whose entrance straight
Clos'd with a stone wrought door, of no mean weight;
Yet from itself the gemmels beaten so
That little strength could thrust it to and fro.
Thither she came, and being gotten in
Barr'd fast the dark cave with an iron pin.
The satyr follow'd, for his cause of stay
Was not a mind to leave her, but the way
Sharp ston'd and thorny, where he pass'd of late,
Had cut his cloven foot, and now his gait
Was not so speedy, yet by chance he sees,
Through some small glade that ran between the trees,
Where Walla went. And with a flower pace,
Fir'd with hot blood, at last attain'd the place.
When like a fearful hare within her form,
Hearing the hounds come like a threat'ning storm,
In full cry on the walk where last she trode,
Doubts to stay there, yet dreads to go abroad:
So Walla far'd. But since he was come nigh
And by an able strength and industry
Sought to break in; with tears anew she fell
To urge the pow'rs that on Olympus dwell.
And then to Ina call'd: O, if the rooms,
The walks and arbours in these fruitful * coombs
Have famous been through all the western plains,
In being guiltless of the lasting stains
Pour'd on by lust and murder: keep them free!
Turn me to stone, or to a barked tree,
Unto a bird, or flow'r, or ought forlorn;
So I may die as pure as I was born.
" Swift are the prayers and of speedy haste,
" That take their wings from hearts so pure and
" chaste.
" And what we ask of heaven it still appears
" More plain to it in mirrors of our tears."
Approv'd in Walla. When the satyr rude
Had broke the door in two, and 'gan intrude
With steps profane into the sacred cell,
Where oft (as I have heard our shepherds tell)
Fair Ina us'd to rest from Phœbus ray:
She, or some other, having heard her pray,
Into a fountain turn'd her; and now rise
Such streams out of the cave, that they surprise
The satyr with such force and so great din,
That quenching his life's flame as well as sin,
They roll'd him through the dale with mighty roar,
And made him flie that did pursue before.
Not far beneath i' th' valley as she trends
Her silver stream, some wood nymphs and her friends,
That follow'd to her aid, beholding how
A brook came gliding where they saw but now
Some herds were feeding; wonder'd whence it came,
Until a nymph, that did attend the game
In that sweet valley, all the process told,
Which from a thick leav'd tree she did behold:
See, quoth the nymph, where the rude satyr lies
Cast on the grass; as if she did despise
To have her pure waves soil'd (with such as he)
Retaining still the love of purity.
To Tavy's crystal stream her waters go
As if some secret power ordained so;
And as a maid she lov'd him, so a brook
To his embracements only her betook.
Where growing on with him, attain'd the state
Which none but Hymen's bonds can imitate.
On Walla's brook her sisters now bewail,
For whom the rocks spend tears when others fail,
And all the woods ring with their piteous moans:
Which Tavy hearing, as he chid the stones,
That stopt his speedy course, raising his head
Inquir'd the cause, and thus was answered;
Walla is now no more. Nor from the hill
Will she more pluck for thee the daffadill,
Nor make sweet anadems to gird thy brow:
Yet in the grove she runs; a river now.
Look as the feeling † plant which learned swains
(Relate to grow on the East Indian plains)

† *Vallis.* * *Sentida.*

Shrinks up his dainty leaves, if any ſand
You throw thereon, or touch it with your hand:
So with the chance the heavy wood nymphs told,
The river (inly touch'd) began to fold
His arms acroſs, and (while the torrent raves)
Shrunk his grave head beneath his ſilver waves.
Since when he never on his banks appears
But as one frantic: when the clouds ſpend tears,
He thinks they of his woes compaſſion take,
(And not a ſpring but weeps for Walla's ſake)
And then he often (to bemoan her lack)
Like to a mourner goes, his waters black,
And every brook attending in his way,
For that time meets him in the like array.
Here Willy that time ceas'd; and I a while:
For yonder's Roget coming o'er the ſtile,
'Tis two days ſince I ſaw him (and you wonder,
You'll ſay, that we have been ſo long aſunder)
I think the lovely herdeſs of the dell
That to an oaten quill can ſing ſo well,
Is ſhe that's with him: I muſt needs go meet them,
And if ſome other of you riſe to greet them,
'Twere not amiſs; the day is now ſo long
That I ere night may end another ſong.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

SONG IV.

The Argument.

The Corniſh ſwains and Britiſh bard,
Thetis hath with attention heard.
And after meets an aged man
That tells the hapleſs love of Pan:
And why the flocks do live ſo free
From wolves within rich Britanny.

Look as a lover with a ling'ring kiſs
About to part with the beſt half that's his,
Fain would he ſtay but that he fears to do it,
And curſeth time for ſo faſt haſt'ning to it;
Now takes his leave, and yet begins anew
To make leſs vows than are eſteemed true,
Then ſays, he muſt be gone, and then doth find
Something he ſhould have ſpoke that's out of mind,
And whilſt he ſtands to look for't in her eyes,
Their ſad ſweet glance ſo tie his faculties,
To think from what he parts, that he is now
As far from leaving her, or knowing how,
As when he came; begins his former ſtrain,
To kiſs, to vow, and take his leave again,
Then turns, comes back, ſighs, parts, and yet doth go,
Apt to retire and loth to leave her ſo;
Brave ſtream, ſo part I from thy flow'ry bank,
Where firſt I breath'd, and (though unworthy) drank
Thoſe ſacred waters which the muſes bring
To woo Britannia to their ceaſleſs ſpring.
Now would I on, but that the cryſtal * wells,
The fertile meadows, and their pleaſing ſmells,
The woods delightful, and the ſcatter'd groves,
(Where many nymphs walk with their chaſter loves
Soon make me ſtay: and think that Ordgar's † ſon
(Admoniſh'd by a heavenly viſion)
Not without cauſe did that apt fabric rear,
(Wherein we nothing now but echoes hear,
That wont with heavenly anthems daily ring,
And dueſt praiſes to the greateſt King)
In this choice plot; ſince he could light upon
No place ſo fit for contemplation.
Though I a while muſt leave this happy ſoil,
And follow Thetis in a pleaſing toil;
Yet when I ſhall return, I'll ſtrive to draw
The nymphs by Thamar, Tavy, Ex, and Tau,
By Turridge, Otter, Ock, by Dert and Plym,
With all the Nyiads that fiſh and ſwim
In their clear ſtreams, to theſe our riſing downs,
Where while they make us chaplets, wreaths, and crowns,
I'll tune my reed unto a higher key,
(And have already cond ſome of the lay).
Wherein (as Mantua's by her Virgil's birth,
And Thames by ‡ him that ſung her § nuptial mirth)
You may be known (though not in equal pride)
As far as Tiber throws his ſwelling tide.
And by a ſhepherd (feeding on your plains)
In humble, lowly, plain, and ruder ſtrains,

* *Vide de amœnitate loci Malmeſb. 2 lib. de geſt. Pontif. fol.* 146.

† *Ordulphus. He founded, at Tavyſtock in Devon, St. Mary and St. Burian, A. D.* 961.

‡ *Spenſer.*

§ *Faery Queene, B. IV. ch.* 11.

Hear your worths challenge other floods among,
To have a period equal with their ſong.
Where Plym and Thamar with embraces meet,
Thetis weighs anchor now, and all her fleet;
Leaving that ſpacious * ſound, within whoſe arms
I have thoſe veſſels ſeen, whoſe hot alarms
Have made Iberia tremble, and her tow'rs
Proſtrate themſelves before our iron ſhow'rs.
While their proud builders hearts have been inclin'd
To ſhake (as our brave enſigns) with the wind.
For as an eyerie from their ſedges wood,
Led o'er the plains and taught to get their food:
By ſeeing how their breeder takes his prey
Now from an orchard do they ſcar the jay,
Then o'er the corn fields as they ſwiftly fly,
Where many thouſand hurtful ſparrows lie
Beating the ripe grain from the bearded ear,
At their approach, all (overgone with fear)
Seek for their ſafety; ſome into the dyke,
Some in the hedges drop, and others like
The thick grown corn; as for their hiding beſt,
And under turfs or graſs moſt of the reſt;
That of a flight which cover'd all the grain,
Not one appears, but all or hid or ſlain:
So by Heröes were we led of yore,
And by our drums that thunder'd on each ſhore,
Struck with amazement, countries far and near;
Whilſt their inhabitants like herds of deer,
By kingly lions chas'd, fled from our arms.
If any did oppoſe, inſtructed ſwarms
Of men immayl'd; fate drew them on to be
A greater fame to our got victory.
But now our leaders want, thoſe veſſels lie
Rotting, like houſes through ill huſbandry;
And on their maſts, where oft the ſhip boy ſtood,
Or ſilver trumpets charm'd the brakiſh flood,
Some wearied crow it ſet; and daily ſeen
Their ſides, inſtead of pitch, calk'd ore with green:
Ill hap (alas!) have you that once were known
By reaping what was by Iberia ſown,
By bringing yellow ſheaves from out their plain,
Making our barns the ſtorehouſe for their grain:
When now as if we wanted land to till;
Wherewith we might our uſeleſs ſoldiers fill:
Upon the hatches where half-pikes were borne
In every chink riſe ſtems of bearded corn:
Mocking our idle times that ſo have wrought us,
Or putting us in mind what once they brought us.
Bear with me, ſhepherds, if I do digreſs,
And ſpeak of what ourſelves do not profeſs:
Can I behold a man that in the field,
Or at a breach hath taken on his ſhield
More darts than ever † Roman; that hath ſpent
Many a cold December, in no tent
But ſuch as earth and heaven make; that hath been,
Except in iron plates, not long time ſeen;
Upon whoſe body may be plainly told
More wounds then his lank purſe doth alms-deeds hold;

O! can I ſee this man (advent'ring all)
Be only grac'd with ſome poor hoſpital,
Or may be worſe, entreating at his door
For ſome relief whom he ſecur'd before,
And yet not ſhew my grief? Firſt may I learn
To ſee and yet forget how to diſcern;
My hands neglectful be at any need
Or to defend my body or to feed,
Ere I reſpect thoſe times that rather give him
Hundreds to puniſh, then one to relieve him.
As in an evening when the gentle air
Breathes to the ſullen night a ſoft repair,
I oft have ſat on Thames ſweet bank to hear
My friend with his ſweet touch to charm mine ear,
When he hath play'd (as well he can) ſome ſtrain
That likes me, ſtraight I aſk the ſame again,
And he as gladly granting, ſtrikes it o'er
With ſome ſweet reliſh was forgot before:
I would have been content if he would play,
In that one ſtrain to paſs the night away;
But fearing much to do his patience wrong,
Unwillingly have aſk'd ſome other ſong:
So in this diff'ring key though I could well
A many hours but as few minutes tell,
Yet leaſt mine own delight might injure you
(Though loth ſo ſoon) I take my ſong anew.
Yet as when I with other ſwains have been
Invited by the maidens of our green
To wend to yonder wood, in time of year
When cherry trees enticing burdens bear,
He that with wreathed legs doth upwards go,
Plucks not alone for thoſe which ſtand below;
But now and then is ſeen to pick a few
To pleaſe himſelf as well as all his crew:
Or if from where he is do eſpy
Some apricote upon a bough thereby,
Which overhangs the tree on which he ſtands,
Climbs up and ſtrives to take it with his hands:
So if to pleaſe myſelf I ſomewhat ſing,
Let it not be to you leſs pleaſuring;
No thirſt of glory tempts me: for my ſtrains
Befit poor ſhepherds on the lowly plains;
The hope of riches cannot draw from me
One line that tends to ſervile flattery,
Nor ſhall the moſt in titles on the earth
Blemiſh my muſe with an adulterate birth,
Nor make me lay pure colours on a ground
Where nought ſubſtantial can be ever found.
No; ſuch as ſoothe a baſe and dunghill ſpirit,
With attributes fit for the moſt of merit
Cloud their free muſe; as when the ſun doth ſhine
On ſtraw and dirt mix'd by the ſweating Hyne,
It nothing gets from heaps ſo much impure,
But noiſome ſtreams that do his light obſcure.
My free born muſe will not, like Dane, be
Won with baſe droſs to clip with ſlavery;
Nor lend her choicer balm to worthleſs men,
Whoſe names would die but for ſome hired pen;
No: if I praiſe, virtue ſhall draw me to it,
And not a baſe procurement make me do it.
What now I ſing is but to paſs away
A tedious hour, as ſome muſicians play;
Or make another my own griefs bemoan;
Or to be leaſt alone when moſt alone.

* *Plymouth.*
† *M. Scæva.*

In this can I, as oft as I will chooſe,
Hug ſweet content by my retired muſe,
And in a ſtudy find as much to pleaſe
As others in the greateſt palaces.
Each man that lives (according to his pow'r)
On what he loves beſtows an idle hour;
Inſtead of hounds that make the wooded hills
Talk in a hundred voices to the rills,
I like the pleaſing cadence of a line
Struck by the concert of the ſacred Nine.
In lieu of hawks, the raptures of my ſoul
Tranſcend their pitch and baſer earths controul.
For running horſes, contemplation flies
With quickeſt ſpeed to win the greateſt prize.
For courtly dancing I can take more pleaſure
To hear a verſe keep time and equal meaſure.
For winning riches, ſeek the beſt directions
How I may well ſubdue mine own affections.
For raiſing ſtately piles for heirs to come,
Here in this poem I erect my tomb.
And time may be ſo kind, in theſe weak lines
To keep my name enroll'd, paſt his, that ſhines
In gilded marble, or in brazen leaves:
Since verſe preſerves when ſtone and braſs deceives.
Or if (as worthleſs) time not lets it live
To thoſe full days which others muſes give,
Yet I am ſure I ſhall be heard and ſung
Of moſt ſevereſt eld, and kinder young
Beyond my days, and maugre envy's ſtrife
Add to my name ſome hours beyond my life.
Such of the muſes are the able pow'rs,
And, ſince with them I ſpent my vacant hours,
I find nor hawk, nor hound, nor other thing,
Tourns nor revels, pleaſures for a king.
Yield more delight; for I have oft poſſeſt
As much in this as all in all the reſt,
And that without expence, when others oft
With their undoings have their pleaſures bought.
On now my loved muſe, and let us bring
Thetis to hear the * Corniſh Michael ſing;
An I after him to ſee a † ſwain unfold
The tragedy of Drake in leaves of gold.
Then hear another Grenvile's name relate,
Which times ſucceeding ſhall perpetuate.
And make thoſe two the pillars great of fame,
Beyond whoſe worths ſhall never ſound a name.
Nor honour in her everlaſting ſtory
More deeper grave for all enſuing glory.
Now Thetis ſtays to hear the ſhepherds tell
Where Arthur met his death, and Mordred fell.
Of holy Urſula (that fam'd her age)
With other virgins in her pilgrimage.
And as ſhe forward ſteers is ſhewn the rock
Main Amber, to be ſhook with weakeſt ſhock,
So equal is it poiz'd; but to remove
All ſtrength would fail, and but an infant's prove.
Thus while to pleaſe her ſome new ſongs deviſe,
And others diamonds (ſhaped angel-wiſe,
And ſmooth'd by nature, as ſhe did impart
Some willing time to trim herſelf by art)
Sought to preſent her and her happy crew:
She of the Gulf and Scillies took a view;

And doubling then the point, made on away
Tow'rds goodly Severn and the Iriſh Sea,
There meets a ſhepherd that began ſing o'er
The lay which aged * Robert ſung of yore,
In praiſe of England, and the deeds of ſwains
That whilom ſed and rul'd upon our plains.
The Britiſh bards were not then long time mute,
But to their ſweet harps ſung their famous Brute:
Striving in ſpite of all the miſts of eld
To have his ſtory more authentic held.
Why ſhould we envy them thoſe wreaths of fame?
Being as proper to the Trojan name
As are the dainty flow'rs which Flora ſpreads
Unto the ſpring in the diſcoloured meads.
Rather afford them all the worth we may,
For what to give them adds to our ray.
And Britons, think not that your glories fall,
Derived from a mean original;
Since lights that may have pow'r to check the dark
Can have their luſtre from the ſmalleſt ſpark.
"Not from nobility doth virtue ſpring,
"But virtue makes fit nobles for a king.
"From higheſt neſts are croaking ravens horn,
"When ſweeteſt nightingales ſit in the thorn."
From what low fount ſoe'er your beings are
(In ſofter peace and mighty brunts of war)
Your own worths challenge as triumphant bays
As ever Trojan hand had pow'r to raiſe.
And when I leave my muſic's plainer ground
The world ſhall know it from Bellona's ſound.
Nor ſhall I err from truth; for what I write
She doth peruſe, and helps me to endite.
The ſmall converſe which I have had with ſome
Branches, which from thoſe gallant trees have come,
Doth, what I ſing, in all their acts approve,
And with more days increaſe a further love.
As I have ſeen the Lady of the May
Set in an arbour (on a holyday)
Built by the May pole, where the jocund ſwains
Dance with the maidens to the bagpipes ſtrains,
When envious night commands them to be gone,
Call for the merry youngſters one by one,
And for their well performance ſoon diſpoſes,
To this a garland interwove with roſes;
To that a carved hook, or well wrought ſcrip,
Gracing another with her cherry lip;
To one her garter, to another then
A handkerchief caſt o'er and o'er again;
And none returneth empty that hath ſpent
His pains to fill their rural merriment:
So Nereus' daughter, when the ſwains had done,
With an unſparing liberal hand begun
To give to every one that ſung before,
Rich orient pearls brought from her hidden ſtore,
Red branching coral, and as precious gems
As ever beautify'd the diadems:
That they might live, what chance their ſheep betide,
On her reward, yet leave their heirs beſide. [them,
Since when I think the world doth nothing give
As weening Thetis ever ſhould relieve them.

* *See Camden's Remains, p. 7, and 335.*
† *Charles Fitz-Geffrey.*
* *Robert of Glouceſter.*

And poets freely ſpend a golden ſhow'r,
As they expected her again each hour.
Then with her thanks and praiſes for their ſkill
In tuning numbers of the ſacred hill,
She them diſmiſs'd to their contented cotes:
And every ſwain a ſeveral paſſage floats
Upon his dolphin. Since whoſe ſafe repair,
Thoſe fiſhes like a well compoſed air.
And (as in love to men) are ever ſeen,
Before a tempeſt's rough regardleſs teen,
To ſwim high on the waves, as none ſhould dare,
Excepting fiſhes, to adventure there.
When theſe had left her, ſhe drave on, in pride,
Her prouder courſes through the ſwelling tide,
To view the Cambrian cliffs, and had not gone
An hour's full ſpeed, but near a rock whereon
(Congealed froſt and ſnow in ſummer lay,
Seldom diſſolved by Hyperion's ray)
She ſaw a troop of people take their ſeat,
Whereof ſome wrung their hands, and ſome did beat
Their troubled breaſts, in ſign of meikle woe,
For thoſe are actions grief enforceth to.
Willing to know the cauſe, ſomewhat near hand
She ſpies an aged man ſit by the ſtrand,
Upon a green hill ſide (not meanly crown'd
With golden flow'rs, as chief of all the ground)
By him a little lad, his cunning heir,
Tracing green ruſhes for a winter chair.
The old man, while his ſon full neatly knits them,
Unto his work begun, as trimly fits them.
Both ſo intending what they firſt propounded,
As all their thoughts by what they wrought were bounded.
To them ſhe came, and kindly thus beſpake:
Ye happy creatures, that your pleaſures take
In what your needs enforce, and never aim
A limitleſs deſire to what may maim
The ſettled quiet of a peaceful ſtate,
Patience attend your labours. And when fate
Brings on the reſtful night to your long days,
Wend to the fields of bliſs! Thus Thetis prays.
Fair queen, to whom all duteous praiſe we owe,
Since from thy ſpacious ciſtern daily flow
(Reply'd the ſwain) refreſhing ſtreams that fill
Earth's dugs (the hillocks) ſo preſerving ſtill
The infant graſs, when elſe our lambs might bleat
In vain for ſuck, whoſe dams have nought to eat.
For theſe thy pray'rs we are doubly bound,
And that theſe cleves ſhould know; but (O) to found
My often mended pipe preſumption were,
Since Pan would play if thou would pleaſe to hear.
The louder blaſts which I was wont to blow
Are now but faint, nor do my fingers know
To touch half part thoſe merry tunes I had.
Yet if thou pleaſe to grace my little lad
With thy attention, he may ſomewhat ſtrike
Which thou from one ſo young may'ſt chance to like.
With that the little ſhepherd left his taſk,
And with a bluſh (the roſes only maſk)
Deny'd to ſing. Ah! father (quoth the boy)
How can I tune a ſeeming note of joy?
The work which you command me, I intend
Scarce with a half-bent mind, and therefore ſpend
In doing little, now, an hour or two,
Which I in leſſer time could neater do.
As oft as I with my more nimble joints
Trace the ſharp ruſhes ends, I mind the points
Which Philocel did give; and when I bruſh
The pretty tuft that grows beſide the ruſh,
I never can forget (in yonder lare)
How Philocel was wont to ſtroke my hair.
No more ſhall I be ta'en unto the wake,
Nor wend a fiſhing to the winding lake;
No more ſhall I be taught, on ſilver ſtrings,
To learn the meaſures of our banquetings.
The twiſted collars, and the ringing bells,
The Morrice ſcarfs, and cleaneſt drinking ſhells,
Will never be renew'd by any one;
Nor ſhall I care for more when he is gone.
See, yonder hill where he was wont to ſit,
A cloud doth keep the golden ſun from it,
And for his ſeat (as teaching us) hath made
A mourning covering with a ſcowling ſhade.
The dew on every flow'r, this morn, hath lain
Longer than it was wont, this ſide the plain,
Belike they mean, ſince my beſt friend muſt die,
To ſhed their ſilver drops as he goes by.
Not all this day here, nor in coming hither,
Heard I the ſweet birds tune their ſongs together,
Except one nightingale in yonder dale,
Sigh'd a ſad elegy for Philocel.
Near whom a wood-dove kept no ſmall ado,
To bid me in her language, "Do ſo too;"
The weather's bell, that leads our flock around,
Yields, as me thinks, this day a deader ſound.
The little ſparrows, which in hedges creep,
E'er I was up, did ſeem to bid me weep.
If theſe do ſo, can I have feeling leſs,
That am more apt to take and to expreſs?
No: let my own tunes be the mandrake's groan,
If now they tend to mirth when all have none.
My pretty lad (quoth Thetis) thou doſt well
To fear the loſs of thy dear Philocel.
But tell me, ſire, what may that ſhepherd be,
Or if it lie in us to ſet him free,
Or if with you yon people touch'd with woe,
Under the ſelf ſame load of ſorrow go.
Fair queen (reply'd the ſwain) one is the cauſe
That moves our grief, and thoſe kind ſhepherds draws
To yonder rock. Thy more than mortal ſpirit
May give a good beyond our pow'r to merit.
And therefore pleaſe to hear, while I ſhall tell,
The hapleſs fate of hopeleſs Philocel.
Whilom, great Pan, the father of our flocks,
Lov'd a fair laſs ſo famous for her locks,
That in her time all women firſt begun
To lay their looſer treſſes to the ſun.
And theirs whoſe hue to hers was not agreeing,
Were ſtill roll'd up as hardly worth the ſeeing.
Fondly have ſome been led to think, that man
Muſic's invention firſt of all began
From the dull hammer's ſtroke; ſince well we know,
From ſure tradition that hath taught us ſo.

Pan ſitting once to ſport him with his fair,
Mark'd the intention of the gentle air,
In the ſweet ſound her chaſte words brought along,
Fram'd by the repercuſſion of her tongue:
And from that harmony begun the art,
Which others (though unjuſtly) do impart
To bring Apollo, from a meaner ground,
A ſledge or parched nerves; mean things to found
So rare an art on; when there might be given
All earth for matter with the gyre of heaven.
To keep her ſlender fingers from the ſun,
Pan through the paſtures oftentimes hath run
To pluck the ſpeckled foxgloves from their ſtem,
And on thoſe fingers neatly placed them.
The honeyſuckles would he often ſtrip,
And lay their ſweetneſs on her ſweeter lip:
And then, as in reward of ſuch his pain,
Sip from thoſe cherries ſome of it again.
Some ſay that nature, while this lovely maid
Liv'd on our plains, the teeming earth array'd
With damaſk roſes in each pleaſant place,
That men might liken ſomewhat to her face.
Others report: Venus, afraid her ſon
Might love a mortal, as he once had done,
Preſer'd an earneſt ſuit to higheſt Jove,
That he, which bore the winged ſhafts of love,
Might be debar'd his ſight, which ſuit was ſign'd,
And ever ſince the god of love is blind.
Hence is't he ſhoots his ſhafts ſo clean awry,
Men learn to love when they ſhould learn to die.
And women, which before to love began,
Man without wealth, love wealth without a man.
Great Pan of his kind nymph had the embracing
Long, yet too ſhort a time. For as in tracing
Theſe pithful ruſhes, ſuch as are aloft,
By thoſe that rais'd them preſently are brought
Beneath unſeen: So in the love of Pan
(For gods in love do undergo as man)
She, whoſe affection made him raiſe his ſong,
And (for her ſport) the ſatires rude among
Trade wilder meaſures, then the frolic gueſts,
That liſt their light heels at Lyëus feaſts;
She, by the light of whoſe quick-turning eye,
He never read but of felicity.
She, whoſe aſſurance made him more than Pan,
Now makes him far more wretched than a man.
For mortals in their loſs have death a friend,
When gods have loſſes, but their loſs no end.
It chanc'd one morn (clad in a robe of gray,
And bluſhing oft as riſing to betray)
Entic'd this lovely maiden from her bed
(So when the roſes have diſcovered
Their taintleſs beauties, flies the early bee
About the winding allies merrily)
Into the wood: and 'twas her uſual ſport,
Sitting where moſt harmonious birds reſort,
To imitate their warbling in a quill,
Wrought by the hand of Pan, which ſhe did fill
Half full with water: and with it hath made
The nightingale (beneath a ſullen ſhade)
To chant her utmoſt lay, nay, to invent
New notes to paſs the other's inſtrument,
And (harmleſs ſoul) e'er ſhe would leave that ſtrife,
Sung her laſt ſong, and ended with her life.

So gladly chooſing (as do other ſome)
Rather to die than live and be o'ercome. [notes
But as in autumn (when birds ceaſe their
And ſtately foreſts d'on their yellow coats,
When Ceres' golden locks are nearly ſhorn,
And mellow fruit from trees are roughly torn),
A little lad ſet on a bank to ſhale
The ripened nuts pluck'd in a woody vale,
Is frighted thence (of his dear life afeard)
By ſome wild bull loud bellowing for the herd:
So while the nymph did earneſtly conteſt
Whether the birds or ſhe recorded beſt,
A ravenous wolf, bent eager to his prey,
Ruſh'd from a theeviſh brake, and making way;
The twined thorns did crackle one by one,
As if they gave her warning to be gone.
A rougher gale bent down the laſhing boughs,
To beat the beaſt from what his hunger vows.
When ſhe (amaz'd) roſe from her hapleſs ſeat)
(Small is reſiſtance where the fear is great)
And ſtriving to be gone, with gaping jaws,
The wolf purſues, and as his rending paws
Were like to ſeize, a holly bent between,
For which good deed his leaves are ever green.
Saw you a luſty maſtiff, at the ſtake,
Thrown from a cunning bull, more fiercely make
A quick return; yet to prevent the gore,
Or deadly bruiſe, which he eſcap'd before,
Wind here and there, nay creep, if rightly bred,
And proff'ring otherwhere, fight ſtill at head:
So though the ſtubborn boughs did thruſt him back
(For nature, loth, ſo rare a jewel's wrack,
Seem'd as ſhe here and there had plaſh'd a tree,
If poſſible to hinder deſtiny.)
The ſavage beaſt, foaming with anger, flies
More fiercely than before, and now he tries
By ſleights to take the maid; as I have ſeen
A nimble tumbler on a borrow'd green,
Bend clean awry his courſe, yet give a check;
And throw himſelf upon a rabbet's neck.
For as he hotly chas'd the love of Pan,
A herd of deer out of a thicket ran,
To whom he quickly turn'd, as if he meant
To leave the maid, but when ſhe ſwiftly bent
Her race down to the plain, the ſwifter deer
He ſoon forſook. And now was got ſo near,
That (all in vain) ſhe turned to and fro
(As well ſhe could) but not prevailing ſo,
Breathleſs and weary calling on her love,
With fearful ſhrieks that all the echoes move,
(To call him to) ſhe fell down deadly wan,
And ends her ſweet life with the name of Pan.
A youthful ſhepherd, of the neighbour wold,
Miſſing that morn a ſheep out of the fold,
Carefully ſeeking round to find his ſtray,
Came on the inſtant where this damſel lay.
Anger and pity, in his manly breaſt,
Urge, yet reſtrain his tears. Sweet maid poſſeſt
(Quoth he) with laſting ſleep, accept from me
His end, who ended thy hard deſtiny!
With that his ſtrong dog, of no daſtard kind
(Swift as the foals conceived by the wind)
He ſets upon the wolf, that now with ſpeed
Flies to the neighbour wood; and, leſt a deed

o full of ruth ſhould unrevenged be,
'he ſhepherd follows too, ſo earneſtly
heering his dog that he ne'er turn'd again
'ill the curſt wolf lay ſtrangled on the plain.
The ruin'd temple of her purer ſoul
'he ſhepherd buries. All the nymphs condole
o great a loſs, while on a cypreſs graff,
lear to her grave, they hung this epitaph:

LEST lothed age might ſpoil the work in whom
All earth delighted, nature took it home.
Or angry all hers elſe were careleſs deem'd,
Here hid her beſt to have the reſt eſteem'd.
For fear men might not think the fates ſo croſs,
But by their rigour in as great a loſs.
If to the grave there ever was aſſign'd
One like this nymph in body and in mind,
We wiſh her here in balm not vainly ſpent,
To fit this maiden with a monument.
For braſs and marble, were they ſeated here,
Would fret or melt in tears to lie ſo near.

Now Pan may ſit and tune his pipe alone
Among the wiſhed ſhades, ſince ſhe is gone,
Whoſe willing ear allur'd him more to play,
Than if to hear him ſhould Apollo ſtay.
Yet happy Pan! and in thy love more bleſt,
Whom none but only death hath diſpoſſeſt;
While others love as well, yet live to be
Leſs wrong'd by fate than by inconſtancy.
The ſable mantle of the ſilent night
Shut from the world the ever-joyſome light.
Care fled away, and ſofteſt ſlumbers pleaſe
To leave the court for lowly cottages.
Wild beaſts forſook their dens on woody hills,
And ſlightful otters left the purling rills;
Rooks to their neſts in high woods now were flung,
And with their ſpread wings ſhield their naked young.
When thieves from thickets to the croſs-ways ſtir,
And terror frights the lonely paſſenger.
When nought was heard but now and then the howl
Of ſome vile cur, or whooping of the owl;
Pan, that the day before was far away
At ſhepherds ſports, return'd; and as he lay
Within the bow'r wherein he moſt delighted,
Was by a ghaſtly viſion thus affrighted:
Heart-thrilling groans firſt heard he round his bow'r,
And then the ſcreechowl, with her utmoſt pow'r,
Labour'd her lothed note, the forreſts bending
With winds, as Hecate had been aſcending.
Hereat his curled hairs on end do riſe,
And chilly drops trill o'er his ſtaring eyes:
Fain would he call, but knew not who nor why,
Yet getting heart at laſt would up and try
If any deviliſh hag were come abroad
With ſome kind mother's late deliver'd load,
A ruthleſs bloody ſacrifice to make
To thoſe infernal pow'rs, that by the lake
Of mighty Styx and black Cocytus dwell,
Aiding each witch's charm and myſtic ſpell.
But as he rais'd himſelf within his bed,
A ſudden light about his lodging ſpread,
And therewithal his love, all aſhy pale
As evening miſt from up a watry vale,
Appear'd, and weakly near his bed ſhe preſt,
A ravell'd wound diſtain'd her purer breaſt,
(Breaſt ſofter far than tufts of unwrought ſilk)
Whence ſhe had liv'd to give an infant milk,
The virtue of that liquor (without odds)
Had made her babe immortal as the gods.
Pan would have ſpoke, but him ſhe thus prevents:
Wonder not that the troubled elements
Speak my approach; I draw no longer breath,
But am enforc'd to the ſhades of death.
My exequies are done, and yet before
I take my turn to be tranſported o'er
The nether floods among the ſhades of Dis,
To end my journey in the fields of bliſs:
I come to tell thee, that no human hand
Made me ſeek waftage on the Stygian ſtrand;
It was an hungry wolf that did imbrue
Himſelf in my laſt blood. And now I ſue,
In hate to all that kind, and ſhepherds good,
To be revenged on that curſed brood.
Pan vow'd, and would have clipt her, but ſhe fled,
And, as ſhe came, ſo quickly vaniſhed.
Look as a well-grown ſtately headed buck,
But lately by the woodman's arrow ſtruck,
Runs gadding o'er the lawns, or nimbly ſtrays
Among the combrous brakes a thouſand ways,
Now through the high wood ſcours, then by the brooks,
On every hill ſide, and each vale he looks,
If 'mongſt their ſtores of ſimples may be found
An herb to draw and heal his ſmarting wound;
But when he long hath ſought, and all in vain,
Steals to the covert cloſely back again,
Where round ingirt with fern more highly ſprung,
Strives to appeaſe the raging with his tongue,
And from the ſpeckled herd abſents him till
He be recover'd ſomewhat of his ill:
So wounded Pan turns in his reſtleſs bed;
But finding thence all eaſe abandoned,
He roſe, and through the wood diſtracted runs:
Yet carries with him what in vain he ſhuns.
Now he exclaim'd on fate: and wiſh'd he ne'er
Had mortal lov'd, or that he mortal were.
And ſitting laſtly on an oak's bare trunk
(Where rain in winter ſtood long time unſunk)
His plaints he gan renew, but then the light,
That through the boughs flew from the queen of night,
(As giving him occaſion to repine)
Bewray'd an elm embraced by a vine,
Clipping ſo ſtrictly that they ſeem'd to be
One in their growth, one ſhade, one fruit, one tree.
Her boughs his arms, his leaves ſo mix'd with hers,
That with no wind he mov'd, but ſtraight ſhe ſtirs,
As ſhewing all ſhould be, whom love combin'd,
In motion one, and only two in kind.
This more afflicts him, while he thinketh moſt
Not on his loſs, but on the ſubſtance loſt.
O hapleſs Pan, had there but been one by,
To tell thee (though as poor a ſwain as I)
Though (whether caſual means or death do move)
"We part not without grief things held with love:

" Yet in their loſs ſome comfort may be got
" If we do mind the time we had them not."
This might have leſſen'd ſomewhat of thy pain,
Or made thee love as thou might'ſt looſe again.
If thou, the beſt of women, did'ſt forego,
Weigh if thou found'ſt her, or did'ſt make her ſo;
If ſhe were found ſo, know there's more than one;
If made, the workman lives, though ſhe be gone.
Should from mine eyes the light be ta'en away,
Yet night her pleaſures hath as well as day.
And my deſires to heaven yield leſs offence,
Since blindneſs is a part of innocence.
So though thy love ſleep in eternal night,
Yet there's in loneneſs ſomewhat may delight.
Inſtead of dalliance, partnerſhip in woes.
It wants, the care to keep, and fear to loſe.
For jealouſies and fortune's baſer pelf,
He reſt enjoys that well enjoys himſelf. [thee
Had ſome one told thee thus, or thou bethought
Of inward help, thy ſorrow had not brought thee
To weigh misfortune by another's good:
Nor leave thy ſeat to range about the wood.
Stay where thou art, turn where thou wert before,
Light yields ſmall comfort, nor hath darkneſs more.

A woody hill there ſtood, at whoſe low feet
Two goodly ſtreams in one broad channel meet,
Whoſe fretful waves beating againſt the hill,
Did all the bottom with ſoft murr'rings fill.
Here in a nook made by another mount
(Whoſe ſtately oaks are in no leſs account
For height or ſpreading, then the proudeſt be
That from Oëta look on Theſſaly)
Rudely o'erhung there is a vaulted cave
That in the day as ſullen ſhadows gave,
As evening to the woods. An uncouth place
(Where hags and goblins might retire a ſpace)
And hated now of ſhepherds, ſince there lies
The corpſe of one, (leſs loving deities
Than we affected him) that never lent
His hand to ought but to our detriment.
A man that only liv'd to live no more,
And dy'd ſtill to be dying. Whoſe chief ſtore
Of virtue, was, his hate did not purſue her,
Becauſe he only heard of her, not knew her.
That knew no good, but only that his ſight
Saw every thing had ſtill his oppoſite.
And ever this his apprehenſion caught,
That what he did was beſt, the other naught.
That always lov'd the man that never lov'd,
And hated him whoſe hate no death hath mov'd.
That (politic) at fitting time and ſeaſon,
Could hate the traitor, and yet love the treaſon.
That many a woful heart (ere his deceaſe)
In pieces tore to purchaſe his own peace.
Who never gave his alms but in this faſhion,
To ſalve his credit, more than for ſalvation.
Who on the names of good men ever fed,
And (moſt accurſed) ſold the poor for bread.
Right like the pitch tree, from whoſe any limb
Comes never twig, ſhall be the ſeed of him.
The muſes, ſcorn'd by him, laugh at his fame,
And never will vouchſafe to ſpeak his name.
Let no man for his loſs one tear let fall,
But periſh with him his memorial!

Into this cave the god of ſhepherds went,
The trees in groans, the rocks in tears lament
His fatal chance, the brooks that whilom leapt
To hear him play while his fair miſtreſs ſlept,
Now left their eddies and ſuch wanton moods,
And with loud clamours fill'd the neighb'ring woods.
There ſpent he moſt of night; but when the day
Drew from the earth her pitchy vail away,
When all the flow'ry plains with carols rung
That by the mounting lark were ſhrilly ſung,
When duſky miſts roſe from the cryſtal floods,
And darkneſs no where reign'd but in the woods;
Pan left the cave, and now intends to find
The ſacred place where lay his love enſhrin'd;
A plot of earth, in whoſe chill arms was laid
As much perfection as had ever maid:
If curious nature had but taken care
To make more laſting, what ſhe made ſo fair.
Now wanders Pan the arched groves and hills
Where fairies often danc'd, and ſhepherds quills
In ſweet contentions paſs'd the tedious day:
Yet (being early) in his unknown way
Met not a ſhepherd, nor on all the plain
A flock then feeding ſaw, nor of his train
One jolly ſatyr ſtirring yet abroad,
Of whom he might inquire; this to the load
Of his affliction adds; now he invokes
Thoſe * nymphs in mighty foreſts, that with oaks
Have equal fates, each with her ſeveral tree
Receiving birth, and ending, deſtiny.
Calls on all pow'rs, entreats that he might have,
But for his love, the knowledge of her grave;
That ſince the fates had ta'en the gem away,
He might but ſee the carknet where it lay;
To do fit right to ſuch a part of mold,
Covering ſo rare a piece, that all the gold
Or diamond earth can yield, for value, ne'er
Shall match the treaſure which was hidden there.
A hunting nymph awakened with his moan
(That in a bow'r near hand lay all alone,
Twining her ſmall arms round her ſlender waiſt,
That by no others us'd to be embrac'd),
Got up, and knowing what the day before
Was guilty of, ſhe adds not to his ſtore,
As many ſimply do, whoſe friends ſo croſt,
They more afflict by ſhewing what is loſt:
But bid him follow her. He, as ſhe leads,
Urgeth her haſte. So a kind mother treads
Earneſt, diſtracted, where, with blood defil'd,
She hears lies dead her dear and only child.
Miſtruſt now wing'd his feet, then raging ire,
" For ſpeed comes ever lamely to deſire."
Delays, the ſtones that waiting ſuiters grind,
By whom at court the poor man's cauſe is ſign'd.
Who, to diſpatch a ſuit, will not defer
To take death for a joint commiſſioner.
Delay, the wooer's bane, revenges hate,
The plague to creditor's decay'd eſtate;
The teſt of patience, of our hopes the rack,
That draws them forth ſo long until they crack;

* *Hamadriades.*

Virtue's beſt benefactor in our times,
One that is ſet to puniſh great men's crimes,
She that hath hindered mighty Pan a while,
Now ſteps aſide: and as o'erflowing Nile,
Hid from * Climene's ſon his reeking head,
So from his rage all oppoſition fled;
Giving him way, to reach the timeleſs tomb
Of nature's glory, for whoſe ruthleſs doom
(When all the graces did for mercy plead,
And youth and goodneſs both did intercede),
The ſons of earth (if living) had been driven
To heap on hills, and war anew with heaven.
The ſhepherds which he miſt upon the downs
Here meets he with: for from the neighb'ring towns
Maidens and men reſorted to the grave,
To ſee a wonder more than time e'er gave.
The holy prieſts had told them, long agone,
Amongſt the learned ſhepherds there was one
So given to piety, and did adore
So much the name of Pan, that when no more
He breath'd, thoſe that to ope his heart began,
Found written there with gold the name of Pan.
Which, unbelieving man, that is not mov'd
To credit ought, if not by reaſon prov'd,
And ties the over working power to do
Nought otherwiſe then nature reacheth to,
Held as moſt fabulous: not inly ſeeing,
The hand by whom we live, and all have being,
No work for admirable doth intend,
Which reaſon hath the power to comprehend;
And faith no merit hath from heaven lent
Where human reaſon yields experiment.
Till now they durſt not truſt the legend old,
Eſteeming all not true their elders told;
And had not this laſt accident made good
The former, moſt in unbelief had ſtood.
But fame that ſpread the bruit of ſuch a wonder,
Bringing the ſwains of places far aſunder
To this ſelected plot (now famous more
Than any grove, mount, plain, had been before,
By relic, viſion, burial, or birth
Of anchoreſs, or hermit yet, on earth).
Out of the maiden's bed of endleſs reſt,
Shews them a tree new grown, ſo fairly dreſt
With ſpreading arms and curled top, that Jove
Ne'er braver ſaw in his Dodonian grove.
The hart like leaves oft each with other pile,
As do the hard ſcales of the crocodile;
And none on all the tree was ſeen but bore,
Written thereon in rich and pureſt ore.
The name of Pan; whoſe luſtre far beyond
Sparkl'd, as by a torch the diamond.
Or thoſe bright ſpangles which, fair goddeſs, do
Shine in the hair of theſe which follow you.
The ſhepherds, by direction of great Pan,
Search'd for the root, and finding it began
In her true heart, bids them again encloſe
What now his eyes for ever, ever, loſe.
Now in the ſelf ſame ſphere his thoughts muſt move
With † him that did the ſhady plane tree love.

* *Phaeton.* † *Xerxes.*

Yet though no iſſue from her loins ſhall be
To draw from Pan a noble pedigree,
And Pan ſhall not, as other gods have done,
Glory in deeds of an heroic ſon,
Nor have his name in countries near and far
Proclaim'd; as by his child the thunderer;
If Phœbus on this tree ſpread warming rays,
And northern blaſts kill not her tender ſprays,
His love ſhall make him famous in repute,
And ſtill increaſe his name, yet bear no fruit.
To make this ſure (the god of ſhepherds laſt)
(When other ceremonies were o'erpaſt)
And to perform what he before had vow'd
To dire revenge. Thus ſpake unto the crowd:
What I have loſt, kind ſhepherds, all you know;
And to recount it were to dwell in woe;
To ſhew my paſſion in a funeral ſong,
And with my ſorrow draw your ſighs along,
Words, then, well plac'd, might challenge ſomewhat due,
And not the cauſe alone, win tears from you.
This to prevent, I ſet orations by
"For paſſion ſeldom loves formality,"
What profits it a priſoner at the bar,
To have his judgment ſpoken regular?
Or in the priſon hear it often read,
When he at firſt knew what was forfeited?
Our griefs in others tears, like plate in water,
Seem more in quantity. To be relator
Of my miſhaps, ſpeaks weakneſs, and that I
Have in myſelf no power of remedy.
Once (yet that once too often) heretofore
The ſilver Ladon on his ſandy ſhore [be
Heard my complaints, and thoſe cool groves that
Shading the breaſt of lovely Arcady
Witneſs, the tears which I for Syrinx ſpent.
Syrinx the fair; from whom the inſtrument
That fills your feaſts with joy (which when I blow
Draws to the ſagging dug milk white as ſnow)
Had his beginning. This enough had been
To ſhew the fates (my * deemed ſiſters) teen.
Here had they ſtaid, this adage had been none
"That our diſaſters never come alone."
What boot is it, though I am ſaid to be
The worthy ſon of Mercury?
That I, with gentle nymphs in foreſts high,
Kiſt out the ſweet time of my infancy?
And when more years had made me able grown,
Was through the mountains for their leader known?
That high brow'd Mænalus where I was bred,
And ſtonny hills, not few, have honoured
Me as protector, by the hands of ſwains
Whoſe ſheep retire there from the open plains?
That I in ſhepherds cups († rejecting gold)
Of milk and honey meaſures eight times told
Have off'red to me; and the ruddy wine
Freſh and new preſſed from the bleeding vine?
That gleeſome hunters, pleaſed with their ſport,
With ſacrifices due have thank'd me for't.

* *Pronapis, in ſuo Protocoſmo.*
† *Apollonius Smyrnæus.*

That patient anglers ſtanding all the day
Near to ſome ſhallow ſtickle or deep bay;
And fiſhermen, whoſe nets have drawn to land
A ſhoal ſo great it well nigh hides the ſand,
For ſuch ſucceſs, ſome promontory's head
Thruſt at by waves, hath known me worſhipped?
But to increaſe my grief, what profits this?
"Since ſtill the loſs is as the loſer is."
The many kernel bearing pine of late
From all trees elſe to me was conſecrate;
But now behold a root more worth my love,
Equal to that which in an obſcure grove
Infernal Juno proper takes to her:
* Whoſe golden ſlip the Trojan wanderer
(By ſage Cumœan ſybil taught) did bring
(By fates decreed) to be the warranting
Of his free paſſage, and a ſafe repair
Through dark Avernus to the upper air.
This muſt I ſuccour, this muſt I defend,
And from the wild boar's rooting ever ſhend,
Here ſhall the woodpecker no entrance find,
Nor Tivy's beaver's gnaw the clothing rind;
Lambeder's herds, nor Radnor's goodly dere,
Shall never once be ſeen a browſing here.
And now ye Britiſh ſwains (whoſe harmleſs ſheep
Then all the world's beſide I joy to keep
Which ſpread on every plain, and hilly wold,
Fleeces no leſs eſteem'd then that of gold,
For whoſe exchange one Indy gems of price,
The other gives you of her choiceſt ſpice.
And well ſhe may; but we unwiſe, the while,
Leſſen the glory of our fruitful iſle:
Making thoſe nations think we fooliſh are,
For baſer drugs to vent our richer ware,
Which (ſave the bringer) never profit man,
Except the ſexton and phyſician.
And whether change of climes, or what it be,
That proves our mariners mortality,
Such expert men are ſpent for ſuch bad fares
As might have made us lords of what is theirs.

* *Virgil's Æneis, b. VI.*

Stay, ſtay at home, ye nobler ſpirits, and prize
Your lives more high then ſuch baſe trumperies:
Forbear to fetch; and they'll go ne'er to ſue,
And at your own doors offer them to you;
Or have their woods and plains ſo overgrown
With poiſ'nous weeds, roots, gums, and ſeeds unknown;
That they would hire ſuch weeders as you be
To free their land from ſuch fertility.
Their ſpices hot their nature beſt endures,
But 'twill impair and much diſtemper yours.
What our own ſoil affords befits us beſt.
And long, and long, for ever may we reſt
Needleſs of help! and may this iſle alone
Furniſh all other lands, and this land none!
Excuſe me Thetis, quoth the aged man,
If paſſion drew me from the words of Pan!
Which thus I follow: You whoſe flocks, quoth he,
By my protection, quit your induſtry,
For all the good I have and yet may give
To ſuch as on the plains hereafter live,
I do entreat what is not hard to grant,
That not a hand rent from this holy plant
The ſmalleſt branch; and whoſo cutteth this
Die for th' offence; to me ſo heinous 'tis.
And by the floods infernal here I ſwear
(An oath whoſe breach the greateſt gods forbear) [horns
E'er Phœbe thrice twelve times ſhall fill her
No furzy tuft, thick wood, nor brake of thorns
Shall harbour wolf, nor in this iſle ſhall breed,
Nor live one of that kind; if what's decreed
You keep inviolate. To this they ſwore:
And ſince thoſe beaſts have frighted us no more,
But ſwain (quoth Thetis what is this you tell,
To what you fear ſhall fall on Philocel?
Fair queen attend; but oh! I fear, quoth he,
Ere I have ended my ſad hiſtory,
Unſtaying time may bring on his laſt hour,
And ſo defraud us of thy wiſhed power.
Yond goes a ſhepherd, give me leave to run
And know the time of execution,
Mine aged limbs I can a little ſtrain,
And quickly (come to end the reſt) again.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

SONG V.

The Argument.

Within this ſong my muſe doth tell
The worthy fact of Philocel,
And how his love and he in thrall
To death depriv'd of funeral,
The queen of waves doth gladly ſave;
And frees Marina from the cave.

So ſoon as can a martin from our town
Fly to the river underneath the down,
And back return with mortar in her bill,
Some little cranny in her neſt to fill,
The ſhepherd came. And thus began anew:
Two hours, alas! only two hours are due
From time to him, 'tis ſentenc'd ſo of thoſe
That here on earth as deſtinies diſpoſe
The lives and deaths of men; and that time paſt
He yields his judgment leave and breathes his laſt.
But to the cauſe. Great goddeſs underſtand
In Mona iſle thruſt from the Britiſh land,
As (ſince it needed nought of others ſtore)
It would entire be, and apart no more,
There liv'd a maid ſo fair, that for her ſake
Since ſhe was born the iſle had never ſnake,
Nor were it fit a deadly ſting ſhould be
To hazard ſuch admired ſymmetry,
So many beauties ſo commixt in one,
That all delight were dead if ſhe were gone,
Shepherds that in her clear eyes did delight,
Whilſt they were open never held it night:
And were they ſhut, although the morning gray
Call'd up the ſun, they hardly thought it day.
Or if they call'd it ſo, they did not paſs
Withal to ſay it eclipſed was.
The roſes on her cheeks, ſuch, as each turn
Phœbus might kiſs, but had no power to burn.
From her ſweet lips diſtil ſweets ſweeter do,
Then from a cherry half way cut in two:
Whoſe yielding touch would as Promethean fire
Lumps truly ſenſeleſs with a muſe inſpire,
Who praiſing her would youth's deſire ſo ſtir,
Each man in mind ſhould be a raviſher.
Some ſay the nimble witted Mercury
Went late diſguis'd profeſſing palmiſtry,
And milkmaids fortunes told about the land,
Only to get a touch of her ſoft hand.
And that a ſhepherd walking on the brim
Of a clear ſtream where ſhe did uſe to ſwim,
Saw her by chance, and thinking ſhe had been
Of chaſtity the pure and faireſt queen,
Stole thence diſmayed, leaſt he by her decree
Might undergo * Acteon's deſtiny.
Did youth's kind heat inflame me (but the ſnow
Upon my head, ſhews it cool'd long ago)
I then could give (fitting ſo fair a feature)
Right to her fame, and fame to ſuch a creature.
When now much like a man the palſy ſhakes,
And ſpectacles befriend, yet undertakes
To limb a lady, to whoſe red and white
Apelles curious hand would owe ſome right;
His too unſteady pencil, ſhadows here
Somewhat too much, and gives not over clear;
His eye deceiv'd mingles his colours wrong,
There ſtrikes too little, and here ſtays too long,

* *See Ovid's Metam. b. III. Palæphatus de incredibilibus hiſtoriis, p. 9. Edit. Du Gard.*

Does and undoes, takes off, puts on (in vain)
Now too much white, then too much red again,
And thinking then to give some special grace,
He works it ill, or so mistakes the place,
That she which sits were better pay for nought,
Then have it ended, and so lamely wrought:
So do I in this weak description err;
And striving more to grace more injure her.
For ever where true worth for praise doth call,
He rightly nothing gives that gives not all.
But as a lad who learning to divide,
By one small miss the whole hath falsified,
Cœlia men call'd, and rightly call'd her so:
Whom Philocel (of all the swains I know
Most worthy) lov'd: alas! that love should be
Subject to fortune's mutability!
Whatever learned bards tofore have sung,
Or to the plains shepherds and maidens young,
Of sad mishaps in love are set to tell,
Comes short to match the fate of Philocel.
For as a labourer toiling at a bay
To force some clear stream from his wonted way,
Working on this side sees the water run
Where he wrought last, and thought it firmly done;
And that leak stopt, hears it come breaking out
Another where, in a far greater spout,
Which mended too, and with a turf made trim
The brook is ready to o'reflow the brim,
Or in the bank the water having got
Some mole hole, runs, where he expected not:
And when all's done, still fears, least some great rain
Might bring a flood and throw all down again:
So, in our shepherd's love, one hazard gone
Another still as bad was coming on.
This danger past, another doth begin,
And one mishap thrust out lets twenty in.
For he that loves, and in it hath no stay
Limits his bliss seld' past the marriage day.
But Philocel's, alas! and Cœlia's too
Must ne'er attain so far as others do.
Else fortune in them from her course should swerve,
Who most afflicts those that most goods deserve.
Twice had the glorious sun run through the signs,
And with his kindly heat improv'd the mines.
(As such affirm with certain hopes that try
The vain and fruitless art of alchymy)
Since our swain lov'd: and twice had Phœbus been
In horned Aries taking up his inn,
Ere he of Cœlia's heart possession won,
And since that time all his intentions done
Nothing, to bring her thence. All eyes upon her,
Watchful, as virtues are on truest honour.
Kept on the isle as carefully of some,
As by the Trojans their † Palladium.
But where's the fortress that can love debar?
The forces to oppose when he make war?
The watch which he shall never find asleep?
The spy that shall disclose his counsels deep?
That sort, that force, that watch, that spy would be
A lasting stop to a fifth empery.
But we as well may keep the heat from fire
As fever hearts whom love hath made entire.
In lovely May, when Titan's golden rays
Make odds in hours between the nights and days;
And weigheth almost down th' once even scale
Where night and day, by th' equinoctial
Were laid in balance, as his power he bent
To banish Cynthia from her regiment,
To Latmus stately hill; and with his light
To rule the upper world both day and night,
Making the poor Antipodes to fear
A like conjunction 'twixt great Jupiter
And some Alcmena new, or that the sun
From their horizon did obliquely run:
This time the swains and maidens of the isle
The day with sportive dances do beguile,
And every valley rings with shepherds songs,
And every echo each sweet note prolongs,
And every river, with unusual pride,
And dimpled cheek, rolls sleeping to the tide,
And lesser springs, which airy breeding woods,
Prefer as handmaids to the mighty floods,
Scarce fill up half their channels, making haste
(In fear, as boys) least all the sport be past,
Now was the lord and lady of the May
Meeting the May-pole at the break of day,
And Cœlia as the fairest on the green,
Not without some maids envy, chosen queen.
Now was the time comen when our gentle swain
Must inn his harvest or lose all again;
Now must he pluck the rose, least other hands,
Or tempests, blemish what so fairly stands:
And therefore, as they had before decreed,
Our shepherd gets a boat, and with all speed
In night (that doth on lovers actions smile)
Arrived safe on Mona's fruitful isle.
Between two rocks (immortal, without mother)
That stand as if out facing one another,
There ran a creek up, intricate and blind,
As if the waters hid them from the wind,
Which never wash'd but at a higher tide
The frizled cotes which do the mountains hide,
Where never gale was longer known to stay
Then from the smooth wave it had swept away
The new divorced leaves, that from each side
Left the thick boughs to dance out with the tide.
At further end the creek, a stately wood
Gave a kind shadow (to the brackish flood)
Made up of trees, not less kend by each skiff
Then that sky scaling pike of Teneriffe.
Upon whose tops the hernesnew bred her young,
And hoary moss upon their branches hung;
Whose rugged rinds sufficient were to show,
Without their height, what time they 'gan to grow.
And if dry eld by wrinkled skin appears
None could allot them less then Nestor's years.
As under them command the thronged creek
Ran lessened up. Here did the shepherd seek
Where he his little boat might safely hide,
Till it was fraught with what the world beside
Could not outvalue; nor give equal weight
Though in the time when Greece was at her height.

† *Virgil's Æneis, b. II.*

The ruddy horſes of the roſie morne
Out of the eaſtern gates had newly borne
Their bluſhing miſtreſs in her golden chair,
Spreading new light throughout our hemiſphere.
When faireſt Cœlia with a lovelier crew
Of damſels than brave Latmus ever knew,
Came forth to meet the youngſters; who had here
Cut down an oak that long withouten peer
Bore his round head imperiouſly above
His other mates there, conſecrate to Jove.
The wiſhed time drew on: and Cœlia now
(That had the fame for her white arched brow)
While all her lovely fellows buſied were
In picking off the gems from Tellus hair,
Made tow'rds the creek, where Philocel unſpy'd
(Of maid or ſhepherd that their May games ply'd)
Receiv'd his wiſh'd-for Cœlia; and begun
To ſteer his boat contrary to the ſun,
Who could have wiſh'd another in his place
To guide the car of light, or that his race
Were to have end (ſo he might bleſs his hap)
In Cœlia's boſom, not in Thetis lap.
The boat oft danc'd for joy of what it held,
The hoiſt-up ſail, not quick but gently ſwell'd,
And often ſhook, as fearing what might fall,
Ere ſhe deliver'd what ſhe went withall.
Winged * Argeſtes, fair Aurora's ſon,
Licenc'd that day to leave his dungeon,
Meekly attended; and did never err
Till Cœlia grac'd our land, and our land her.
As through the waves their love-fraught wherry ran.
A many Cupids, each ſet on his ſwan,
Guided with reins of gold and ſilver twiſt
The ſpotleſs birds, about them, as they liſt,
Which would have ſung a ſong (ere they were gone)
Had unkind nature given them more than one;
Or in beſtowing that, had not done wrong,
And made their ſweet lives forfeit, one ſad ſong.
Yet that their happy voyage might not be
Without time's ſhort'ner, heav'n-taught melody
(Muſic that lent feet to the ſtable woods,
And in their currents turn'd the mighty floods,
Sorrow's ſweet nurſe, yet keeping joy alive,
Sad diſcontent's moſt welcome corroſive,
The ſoul of art, beſt lov'd when love is by,
The kind inſpirer of ſweet poeſy,
Leaſt thou ſhouldſt wanting be, when ſwans would fain
Have ſung one ſong, and never ſung again)
The gentle ſhepherd, haſting to the ſhore,
Began this lay, and tim'd it with his oar.

NEVERMORE let holy Dee
O'er other rivers brave,
Or boaſt how (in his jollity)
Kings row'd upon his wave.
But ſilent be, and ever know
That Neptune for my fare would row.

Thoſe were captives. If he ſay
That now I am no other,
Yet ſhe that bears my priſon's key
Is fairer than love's mother;
A God took me, thoſe one leſs high,
They wore their bonds, ſo do not I.

Swell then, gently ſwell, ye floods,
As proud of what ye bear,
And nymphs that in low coral woods
String pearls upon your hair,
Aſcend; and tell if ere this day
A fairer prize was ſeen at ſea.

See the ſalmons leap and bound
To pleaſe us as we paſs,
Each mermaid on the rocks around,
Lets fall her brittle glaſs.
As they their beauties did deſpiſe,
And lov'd no mirror but your eyes.

Blow, but gently blow, fair wind,
From the forſaken ſhore,
And be as to the Halcyon kind,
Till we have ferry'd o'er:
So may'ſt thou ſtill have leave to blow,
And fan the way where ſhe ſhall go.

Floods, and nymphs, and winds, and all
That ſee us both together,
Into a diſputation fall:
And then reſolve me, whether
The greateſt kindneſs each can ſhew,
Will quit our truſt of you or no?

Thus as a merry milk-maid, neat and fine,
Returning late from milking of her kine,
Shortens the dew'd way which ſhe treads along
With ſome ſelf-pleaſing ſince new-gotten ſong,
The ſhepherd did their paſſage well beguile.
And now the horned flood bore to our iſle
His head more high than he had us'd to do,
Except by Cynthia's newneſs forced to.
Not January's ſnow, diſſolv'd in floods,
Makes Thamar more intrude on Blanchdenwoods,
Nor the concourſe of waters when they fleet
After a long rain, and in Severn meet,
Rais'th her enraged head to root fair plants,
Or more affright her nigh inhabitants
(When they behold the waters ruefully
And ſave the waters nothing elſe can ſee)
Then Neptune's ſubject now, more than of yore:
As loth to ſet his burden ſoon on ſhore.
O Neptune! hadſt thou kept them ſtill with thee,
Though both were loſt to us, and ſuch as we,
And with thoſe beauteous birds which on thy breſt
Get and bring up; afforded them a reſt;
Delos, that long time wand'ring piece of earth
Had not been fam'd more for Diana's birth;
Than thoſe few planks that bore them on the ſeas
By the bleſt iſſue of two ſuch as theſe.
But they were landed: ſo are not our woes,
Nor ever ſhall, whilſt from an eye there flows

* *The Weſtern Wind. And ſuppoſed (with the ſtars) the birth of Auror by Aſtræus, as Apollodorus:* Ἠοῦς δὲ καὶ Ἀστραίου ἄνεμοι καὶ ἄστρα. . . .

One drop of moiſture; to theſe preſent times
We will relate, and ſome ſad ſhepherd's rhymes
To after ages may their fates make known.
And in their depth of ſorrow drown his own.
So our relation, and his mournful verſe,
Of tears ſhall force ſuch tribute to their hearſe,
That not a private grief ſhall ever thrive
But in that deluge fall, yet this ſurvive.
Two furlongs from the ſhore they had not gone,
When from a low-caſt valley (having on
Each hand a woody hill, whoſe boughs unlopt
Have not alone at all times ſadly dropt,
And turn'd their ſtorms on her dejected breſt,
But when the fire of heaven is ready preſt
To warm and further what it ſhould bring forth,
For lowly dales mate mountains in their worth)
The trees (as ſcreenlike greatneſs) ſhade his ray,
(As it ſhould ſhine on none but ſuch as they)
Came (and full ſadly came) a hapleſs wretch,
Whoſe walks and paſtures once were known to ſtretch
From caſt to weſt, ſo far that no dyke ran
For noted bounds, but where the ocean
His wrathful billows thruſt, and grew as great
In ſhoals of fiſh as were the others neat.
Who now, dejected and depriv'd of all,
Longs (and hath done ſo long) for funeral.
For as with hanging head I have beheld
A widow vine, ſtand, in a naked field,
Unhuſbanded, neglected, all forlorn,
Brous'd on by deer, by cattle cropt and torn,
Unpropt, unſuccoured by ſtake or tree,
From wreakful ſtorms impetuous tyranny,
When had a willing hand lent kind redreſs,
Her pregnant bunches might from out the preſs
Have ſent a liquor, both for taſte and ſhew,
No leſs divine than thoſe of Malligo:
Such was this wight, and ſuch ſhe might have been.
She both th' extremes hath felt of fortune's teen,
For never have we heard, from times of yore,
One ſometime envy'd and now pity'd more.
Her object, as her ſtate, is low as earth;
Privation her companion; thoughts of mirth
Irkſome; and in one ſelf-ſame circle turning,
With ſudden ſports brought to a houſe of mourning.
Of others good her beſt belief is ſtill
And conſtant to her own in nought but ill.
The only enemy and friend ſhe knows
Is death, who though defers muſt end her woes.
Her contemplation frightful as the night:
She never looks on any living wight
Without compariſon; and as the day
Give us, but takes the glow worm's light away,
So the leaſt ray of bliſs on others thrown
Deprives and blinds all knowledge of her own.
Her comfort is (if for her any be)
That none can ſhew more cauſe of grief than ſhe.
Yet ſomewhat ſhe of adverſe fate hath won,
Who had undone her were ſhe not undone.
For thoſe that on the ſea of greatneſs ride
Far from the quiet ſhore, and where the tide
In ebbs and floods is gueſs'd, not truly known,
Expert of all eſtates except their own,
Keeping their ſtation at the helm of ſtate,
Not by their virtues but auſpicious fate,
Subject to calms of favour, ſtorms of rage,
Their actions noted as the common ſtage,
Who, like a man born blind that cannot be
By demonſtration ſhewn what 'tis to ſee,
Live ſtill in ignorance of what they want,
Till miſery become the adamant,
And touch them for that point, to which, with ſpeed,
None comes ſo ſure as by the hand of need.
A mirror ſtrange ſhe in her right hand bore,
By which her friends from flatterers heretofore
She could diſtinguiſh well; and by her ſide,
(As in her full of happineſs) unty'd,
Unforc'd, and uncompell'd, did ſadly go
(As if partaker of his miſtreſs' wo)
A loving ſpaniel, from whoſe rugged back
(The only thing (but death) ſhe moans to lack)
She plucks the hair, and working them in plate
Furthers the ſuit which modeſty entreats.
Men call her Athliot: who cannot be
More wretched made by infelicity,
Unleſs ſhe here had an immortal breath,
Or living thus, liv'd timerous of death.
Out of her lowly and forſaken dell
She running came, and cry'd to Philocel,
Help! help! kind ſhepherd, help! ſee yonder where
A lovely lady hung up by the hair,
Struggles, but mildly ſtruggles with the fates,
Whoſe thread of life ſpun to a thread that mates
Dame nature's in her hair, ſtays them to wonder
While too fine twiſting makes it break in ſunder.
So ſhrinks the roſe that with the flames doth meet,
So gently bows the virgin parchment ſheet,
So rowl the waves up and fall out again,
As all her beauteous parts, and all in vain.
Far, far above my help or hope in trying,
Unknown, and ſo more miſerably dying,
Smoth'ring her torments, in her panting breaſt
She meekly waits the time of her long reſt.
Haſten! O haſten then! kind ſhepherd haſte.
He went with her: and Cœlia (that had grac'd
Him paſt the world beſides) ſeeing the way
He had to go not far, reſts on the lay.
'Twas near the place where Pan's transformed love
Her gilded leaves diſplay'd, and bodly ſtrove
For luſtre with the ſun: a ſacred tree
Pall'd round and kept from violation free:
Whoſe ſmalleſt ſpray rent off, we never prize
At leſs than life. Here, though her heavenly eyes
From him ſhe lov'd could ſcarce afford a ſight
(As if for him they only had their light)
Thoſe kind and brighter ſtars were known to err
And to all miſery betray'd her.
For turning them aſide, ſhe (hapleſs) ſpies
The holy tree, and (as all novelties
In tempting women have ſmall labour loſt
Whether for value nought, or of more coſt)
Led by the hand of uncontroull'd deſire
She roſe, and thither went. A wreſted brier
Only kept cloſe the gate which led into it
(Eaſy for any all times to undo it,

That with a pious hand hung on the tree
Garlands or raptures of ſweet poeſy)
Which by her opened, with unweeting hand,
A little ſpray ſhe pluck'd, whoſe rich leaves fann'd
And chatter'd with the air, as who ſhould ſay
Do not for once, O do not this bewray!
Nor give ſound to a tongue for that intent!
" Who ignorantly ſins dies innocent."
By this was Philocel returning back,
And in his hand the lady, for whoſe wrack
Nature had clean forſworn to frame a wight
So wholly pure, ſo truly exquiſite:
But more deform'd, and from a rough-hewn mold,
Since what is beſt lives ſeldom to be old.
Within their ſight was fairеſt Cœlia now;
Who drawing near, the life-priz'd golden bough
Her love beheld. And as a mother kind
What time the new-cloth'd trees by guſts of wind
Unmov'd, ſtand wiſtly liſt'ning to thoſe lays
The feather'd choriſters upon their ſprays
Chaunt to the merry ſpring, and in the even
She with her little ſon for pleaſure given,
To tread the fring'd banks of an amorous flood,
That with her muſic courts a ſullen wood,
Where ever talking with her only bliſs
That now before and then behind her is,
She ſtoops for flow'rs the choiceſt may be had,
And, bringing them to pleaſe her pretty lad,
Spies in his hand ſome baneful flow'r or weed,
Whereon he 'gins to ſmell, perhaps to feed,
With a more earneſt haſte ſhe runs unto him;
And pulls that from him which might elſe undo him:
So to his Cœlia haſted Philocel,
And raught the bough away. Hid it: and fell
To queſtion if ſhe broke it, or if then
An eye beheld her? Of the race of men
(Replied ſhe) when I took it from the tree
Aſſure yourſelf was none to teſtify,
But what hath paſt ſince in your hand, behold
A fellow running yonder over the wold
Is well inform'd of. Can there (love) infue
Tell me! oh tell me! any wrong to you
By what my hand hath ignorantly done?
(Quoth fearful Cœlia) Philocel! be won
By theſe unfeigned tears, as I by thine,
To make thy greateſt ſorrows partly mine!
Clear up theſe ſhowers (my ſun) quoth Philocel,
The ground it needs not. Nought is ſo from well
But that reward and kind entreaties may
Make ſmooth the front of wrath, and this allay.
Thus wiſely he ſuppreſt his height of woe,
And did reſolve ſince none but they did know
Truly who rent it: and the hateful ſwain
That lately paſt by them upon the plain
(Whom well he knew did bear to him a hate,
Though undeſerved) ſo inveterate
That to his utmoſt power he would aſſay
To make his life have ended with that day.
Except in his, had ſeen it in no hand,
That he againſt all throes of fate would ſtand,
Acknowledge it his deed, and ſo afford
A paſſage to his heart for juſtice ſword,
Rather than by her loſs the world ſhould be
Deſpis'd and ſcorn'd for loſing ſuch as ſhe.
Now (with a vow of ſecrecy from both)
Enforcing mirth, he with them homewards go'eth;
And by the time the ſhades of mighty woods
Began to turn them to the eaſtern floods,
They thither got: where with undaunted heart
He welcomes both; and freely doth impart
Such dainties as a ſhepherd's cottage yields,
Ta'en from the fruitful woods and fertile fields;
No way diſtracted nor diſturb'd at all.
And to prevent what likely might befal
His trueſt Cœlia, in his apprehending
Thus to all future care gave final ending:
Into their cup (wherein for ſuch ſweet girls
Nature would myriads of richeſt pearls
Diſſolve, and by her powerful ſimples ſtrive
To keep them ſtill on earth, and ſtill alive)
Our ſwain infus'd a powder which they drank:
And to a pleaſant room (ſet on a bank
Near to his cote, where he did often uſe
At vacant hours to entertain his muſe)
Brought them, and ſeated on a curious bed
Till what he gave in operation ſped,
And robb'd them of his ſight, and him of theirs,
Whoſe new enlightning will be quench'd with tears.
The glaſs of time had well nigh ſpent the ſand
It had to run, ere with impartial hand
Juſtice muſt to her upright balance take him.
Which he (afraid it might too ſoon forſake him)
Began to uſe as quickly as perceive,
And of his love thus took his lateſt leave.
Cœlia! thou faireſt creature ever eye
Beheld, or yet put on mortality!
Cœlia that haſt but juſt ſo much of earth,
As makes thee capable of death! Thou birth
Of every virtue, life of every good!
Whoſe chaſteſt ſports, and daily taking food
Is imitation of the higheſt pow'rs,
Who to the earth lend ſeaſonable ſhow'rs,
That it may bear, we to their altars bring
Things worthy their accept, our offering.
I the moſt wretched creature ever eye
Beheld, or yet put on mortality,
Unhappy Philocel, that have of earth
Too much to give my ſorrows endleſs birth,
The ſpring of ſad misfortunes: in whom lies
No bliſs that with thy worth can ſympathiſe,
Clouded with wo that hence will never flit,
Till death's eternal night grow one with it,
I as a dying ſwan that ſadly ſings
Her moaneful dirge unto the ſilver ſprings,
Which, careleſs of her ſong, glide ſleeping by
Without one murmur of kind elegy,
Now ſtand by thee; and as a turtle's mate
With lamentations inarticulate,
The near departure from her love bemoans,
Spend theſe my bootleſs ſighs and killing groans.
Here as a man (by Juſtice' doom) exil'd
To coaſts unknown, to deſarts rough and wild
Stand I to take my lateſt leave of thee:
Whoſe happy and heaven-making company
Might I enjoy to Libia's continent,
Were bleſt fruition and not baniſhment.

Firſt of thoſe eyes that have already ta'en
Their leave of me: lamps ſitting for the phane
Of heavens moſt pow'r, and which might ne'er expire
But be as ſacred as the veſtal fire.
Then of thoſe plots, where half-ros'd lilies be
Not one by art, but nature's induſtry,
From which I go, as one excluded from
The taintleſs flow'rs of bleſt Elyſium.
Next from thoſe lips I part, and may there be
No one that ſhall hereafter ſecond me!
Guiltleſs of any kiſſes but their own,
Their ſweets but to themſelves to all unknown:
For ſhould our ſwains divulge what ſweets there be
Within the ſea-clipt bounds of Brittany,
We ſhould not from invaſions be exempted;
But with that prize would all the world be tempted.
Then from her heart: O no! let that be never,
For if I part from thence, I die for ever.
Be that the record of my love and name!
Be that to me as is the phœnix' flame!
Creating ſtill anew what juſtice' doom
Muſt yield to duſt and a forgotten tomb.
Let thy chaſte love to me (as ſhadows run
In full extent unto the ſetting ſun)
Meet with my fall; and when that I am gone
Back to thyſelf retire, and there grow one;
If to a ſecond light thy ſhadow be
Let him ſtill have his ray of love from me;
And if as I, that likewiſe do decline,
Be mine or his, or elſe be his and mine.
But know no other, nor again be ſped,
" She dies a virgin that but knows one bed."
And now from all at once my leave I take,
With this petition, That when thou ſhalt wake,
My tears already ſpent may ſerve for thine!
And all thy ſorrows be excus'd by mine!
Yea, rather than my loſs ſhould draw on hers
(Hear Heaven the ſuit which my ſad ſoul prefers!)
Let this her ſlumber like oblivion's ſtream,
Make her believe our love was but a dream!
Let me be dead in her as to the earth,
Ere nature loſe the grace of ſuch a birth.
Sleep thou ſweet ſoul from all diſquiet free,
And ſince I now beguile thy deſtiny,
Let after patience in thy breaſt ariſe,
To give his name a life who for thee dies.
He dies for thee that worthy is to die,
Since now in leaving that ſweet harmony
Which nature wrought in thee, he draws not to him
Enough of ſorrow that might ſtreight undo him.
And have for means of death his parting hence,
So keeping juſtice ſtill in innocence.
Here ſtay'd his tongue, and tears anew began.
" Parting knows more of grief than abſence can."
And with a backward pace, and ling'ring eye,
Left and for ever left their company.
By this the curs'd informer of the deed,
With wings of miſchief (and thoſe have moſt ſpeed),
Unto the prieſts of Pan had made it known.
And (though with grief enough) where thither flown
With ſtrict command the officers that be
As hands of juſtice in her each decree.
Thoſe unto judgment brought him: where accus'd
That with unhappy hand he had abus'd
The holy tree; and by the oath of him
Whoſe eye beheld the ſeparated limb,
All doubts diſſolv'd; quick judgment was awarded,
(And but laſt night) that hither ſtrongly guarded
This morn he ſhould be brought; and from yond rock,
(Where every hour new-ſtore of mourners flock)
He ſhould be headlong thrown (too hard a doom)
To be depriv'd of life; and dead, of tomb.
This is the cauſe, fair goddeſs, that appears
Before you now clad in an old man's tears,
Which willingly flow out, and ſhall do more
Than many winters have ſeen heretofore.
But father (quoth ſhe) let me underſtand
How you are ſure that it was Cœlia's hand
Which rent the branch; and then (if you can) tell
What nymph it was which near the lonely dell
Your ſhepherd ſuccour'd. Quoth the good old man,
The laſt time in her orb pale Cynthia ran,
I to the priſon went, and from him knew
(Upon my vow) what now is known to you.
And that the lady which he found diſtreſt
Is Fida call'd; a maid not meanly bleſt
By heaven's endowments, and—Alas! but ſee
Kind Philocel ingirt with miſery,
More ſtrong than by his bonds, is drawing nigh
The place appointed for his tragedy;
You may walk thither and behold his fall;
While I come near enough, yet not at all.
Nor ſhall it need I to my ſorrow knit
The grief of knowing with beholding it.
The goddeſs went: but ere ſhe came did ſhroud
Herſelf from every eye within a cloud,
Where ſhe beheld the ſhepherd on his way,
Much like a bridegroom on his marriage day;
Increaſing not his miſery with fear.
Others for him, but he ſhed not a tear.
His knitting ſinews did not tremble ought,
Nor to unuſual palpitation brought
Was or his heart or liver, nor his eye,
Nor tongue, nor colour ſhew'd a dread to die.
His reſolution keeping with his ſpirit,
(Both worthy him that did them both inherit)
Held in ſubjection every thought of fear,
Scorning ſo baſe an executioner.
Some time he ſpent in ſpeech; and then begun
Submiſsly prayer to the name of Pan,
When ſuddenly this cry came from the plains:
From guiltleſs blood be free, ye Britiſh ſwains!
Mine be thoſe bonds, and mine the death appointed! [jointed
Let me be headlong thrown, theſe limbs diſ-
Or if you needs muſt hurl him from that brim,
Except I die there dies but part of him.
Do then right juſtice and perform your oath!
Which cannot be without the death of both.
Wonder, drew thitherward their drowned eyes,
And ſorrow Philocel's. Where he eſpies

What he did only fear, the beauteous maid,
His woful Cœlia, whom (ere night-array'd
Laſt time the world in ſuit of mournful black,
More dark than uſe, as to bemoan their wrack)
He at his cottage left in ſleep's ſoft arms,
By pow'r of ſimples, and the force of charms,
Which time had now diſſolv'd, and made her know
For what intent her love had left her ſo.
She ſtaid not to awake her mate in ſleep,
Nor to bemoan her fate. She ſcorn'd to weep,
Or have the paſſion that within her lies
So diſtant from heart as in her eyes.
But rending of her hair, her throbbing breaſt
Beating with ruthleſs ſtrokes, ſhe onwards preſt
As an inraged furious lionneſs,
Through uncouth treadings of the wilderneſs,
In hot purſuit of her late miſſed brood.
The name of Philocel ſpeaks every wood,
And ſhe begins it ſtill, and ſtill her pace;
Her face deck'd anger, anger deck'd her face.
So ran diſtracted Hecuba along
The ſtreets of Troy. So did the people throng
With helpleſs hands and heavy hearts to ſee
Their woful ruin in her progeny.
As harmleſs flocks of ſheep that nearly fed,
Upon the open plains wide ſcattered,
Ran all afront, and gaz'd with earneſt eye
(Not without tears) while thus ſhe paſſed by.
Springs that long time before had held no drop,
Now ſwelled forth and over went the top,
Birds left to pay the ſpring their wonted vows,
And all forlorn ſat drooping on the boughs.
Sheep, ſprings, and birds, nay trees unwonted grones
Bewail'd her chance, and forc'd it from the ſtones,
Thus came ſhe to the place (where aged men
Maidens, and wives, and youth, and children,
That had but newly learnt their mother's name,
Had almoſt ſpent their tears before ſhe came.)
And thoſe her earneſt and related words
Threw from her breaſt; and unto them affords
Theſe as the means to further her pretence:
Receive not on your ſouls, by innocence
Wrong'd, laſting ſtains; which from a ſluice the ſea
May ſtill waſh o'er but never waſh away.
Turn all your wraths on me; for here behold
The hand that tore your ſacred tree of gold;
Theſe are the feet that led to that intent,
Mine was th' offence, be mine the puniſhment.
Long hath he liv'd among you, and he knew
The danger imminent that would enſue;
His virtuous life ſpeaks for him, hear it then!
And caſt not hence the miracle of men!
What now he doth is through ſome diſcontent,
Mine was the fact, be mine the puniſhment?
What certain death could never make him do
(With Cœlia's loſs) her preſence forc'd him to.
She that could clear his greateſt clouds of woes,
Some part of woman made him now diſcloſe,
And ſnew'd him all in tears: and for a while
Out of his heart unable to exile
His troubling thoughts in words to be conceiv'd;
But weighing what the world ſhould be bereav'd,
He of his ſighs and throbs ſome licence wan,
And to the ſad ſpectators thus began;

Haſten! O haſte! the hour's already gone,
Do not defer the execution!
Nor make my patience ſuffer ought of wrong!
'Tis nought to die, but to be dying long!
Some fit of frenzy hath poſſeſs'd the maid,
She could not do it, though ſhe had aſſay'd.
No bough grows in her reach; nor hath the tree
A ſpray ſo weak to yield to ſuch as ſhe.
To win her love I broke it, but unknown
And undeſir'd of her; then let her own
No touch of prejudice without conſent;
Mine was the fact, be mine the puniſhment!
O! who did ever ſuch contention ſee,
Where death ſtood for the prize of victory?
Where love and ſtrife were firm and truly known,
And where the victor muſt be overthrown?
Where both purſu'd, and both held equal ſtrife
That life ſhould further death, death further life.
Amazement ſtruck the multitude. And now
They knew not which way to perform their vow.
If only one ſhould be depriv'd of breath,
They were not certain of the offender's death;
If both of them ſhould die for that offence,
They certainly ſhould murder innocence;
If none did ſuffer for it, then there ran,
Upon their heads the wrath and curſe of Pan.
This much perplex'd and made them to defer
The deadly hand of th' executioner,
Till they had ſent an officer to know
The judges wills: (and thoſe with fates do go)
Who back return'd, and thus with tears began:
The ſubſtitutes on earth of mighty Pan,
Have thus decreed; (although the one be free).
To clear themſelves from all impunity,
If, who the offender is, no means procure,
Th' offence is certain, be their deaths as ſure.
This is their doom (which may all plagues prevent)
To have the guilty kill the innocent.
Look as two little lads (their parents treaſure)
Under a tutor ſtrictly kept from pleaſure,
While they their new-given leſſon cloſely ſcan
Here of a meſſage by their father's man,
That one of them, but which he hath forgot,
Muſt come along an; walk to ſome fair plot;
Both have a hope: their careful tutor loth
To hinder either, or to licenſe both;
Sends back the meſſenger that he may know
His maſter's pleaſure which of them muſt go:
While both his ſcholars ſtand alike in fear
Both of their freedom and abiding there,
The ſervant comes and ſays that for that day
Their father wills to have them both away:
Such was the fear theſe loving ſouls were in,
That time the meſſenger had abſent been.
But far more was their joy 'twixt one another,
In hearing neither ſhould ourlive the other.
Now both entwin'd, becauſe no conqueſt won,
Yet either ruin'd; Philocel begun
To arm his love for death: a robe unfit
Till Hymen's ſaffron'd weed had uſher'd it.
My faireſt Cœlia: come; let thou and I,
That long have learn'd to love, now learn to die;
It is a leſſon hard if we diſcern it,
Yet none is born ſo ſoon as bound to learn it.

Impartial Fate lays ope the book to us,
And let us con it ſtill embracing thus;
We may it perfect have, and go before
Thoſe that have longer time to read it o'er:
And we had need begin and not delay,
For 'tis our turn to read it firſt to day.
Help when I miſs, and when thou art in doubt
I'll be thy prompter, and will help thee out.
But ſee how much I err: vain metaphor
And elocution deſtinies abhor.
Could death be ſtay'd with words, or won with tears,
Or mov'd with beauty, or with unripe years:
Sure thou could'ſt do't; this roſe, this ſun-like eye
Should not ſo ſoon be quell'd, ſo quickly die.
But we muſt die my love; not thou alone,
Nor only I, but both; and yet but one.
Nor let us grieve; for we are married thus,
And have by death what life denied us.
It is a comfort from him more than due;
"Death ſevers many, but he couples few."
Life is a flood that keeps us from our bliſs,
The ferryman to waft us thither, is
Death, and none elſe; the ſooner we get o'er
Should we not thank the ferryman the more?
Others entreat him for a paſſage hence,
And groan beneath their griefs and impotence,
Yet (mercileſs) he lets thoſe longer ſtay,
And ſooner takes the happy man away.
Some little happineſs have thou and I,
Since we ſhall die before we wiſh to die.
Should we here longer live, and have our days
As full in number as the moſt of theſe,
And in them meet all pleaſures may betide,
We gladly might have liv'd and patient dy'd:
When now our fewer years made long by cares
(That without age can ſnow down ſilver hairs)
Make all affirm (which do our griefs deſcry)
We patiently did live, and gladly die.
The difference (my love) that doth appear
Betwixt our fates and theirs that ſee us here,
Is only this: the high all-knowing pow'r
Conceals from them, but tells us our laſt how'r.
For which to heaven we far far more are bound,
Since in the hour of death we may be found
(By its preſcience) ready for the hand
That ſhall conduct us to the holy land.
When thoſe, from whom that hour conceal'd is,
Even in their height of ſin be ta'en away.
Beſides t' us juſtice a friend is known,
Which neither lets us die nor live alone.
That we are forc'd to it cannot be held;
"Who fears not death, denies to be compell'd."
O that thou wert no actor in this play,
My ſweeteſt Cœlia! or divorc'd away
From me in this! O nature! I confeſs
I cannot look upon her heavineſs
Without betraying that infirmity
Which at my birth thy hand beſtow'd on me.
Would I had dy'd when I receiv'd my birth!
Or known the grave before I knew the earth!
Heavens! I but one life did receive from you,
And muſt ſo ſhort a loan be paid with two?
Cannot I die but like that bruiſh ſtem
Which have their beſt belov'd to die with them?
O let her live! ſome bleſt pow'r hear my cry!
Let Cœlia live, and I contented die.
My Philocel (quoth ſhe) neglect theſe throes!
Aſk not for me, nor add not to my woes!
Can there be any life when thou art gone?
Nay, can there be but deſolation?
Art thou ſo cruel as to wiſh my ſtay,
To wait a paſſage at an unknown day?
Or have me dwell within this vale of woe,
Excluded from thoſe joys which thou ſhalt know?
Envy not me that bliſs! I will aſſay it,
My love deſerves it, and thou canſt not ſtay it.
Juſtice! then take thy doom; for we intend
Except both live, no life; one love, one end.
Thus with embraces, and exhorting other,
With tear-dew'd kiſſes that had pow'r to ſmother;
Their ſoft and ruddy lips cloſe join'd with either,
That in their deaths their ſouls might meet together.
With prayers as hopeful as ſincerely good,
Expecting death, they on the cliff's edge ſtood;
And laſtly were (by one oft forcing breath)
Thrown from the rock into the arms of death.
Fair Thetis, whoſe command the waves obey,
Lothing the loſs of ſo much worth as they,
Was gone before their fall; and by her pow'r
The billows (mercileſs, uſe to devour,
And not to ſave) ſhe made to ſwell up high,
Even at the inſtant when the tragedy
Of thoſe kind ſouls ſhould end: ſo to receive them,
And keep what cruelty would fain bereave them.
Her heſt was ſoon perform'd: and now they lay
Embracing on the ſurface of the ſea,
Void of all ſenſe; a ſpectacle ſo ſad
That Thetis, nor no nymph which there ſhe had,
Touch'd with their woes, could for a while refrain
But from their heavenly eyes did ſadly rain
Such ſhowers of tears (ſo powerful ſince divine)
That ever ſince the ſea doth taſte of brine.
With tears, thus, to make good her firſt intent
She both the lovers to her chariot hent:
Recalling life that had not clearly tane
Full leave of his or her more curious fane,
And with her praiſe ſung by theſe thankful pair,
Steer'd on her courſes (ſwift as fleeting air)
Towards her palace built beneath the ſeas:
Proud of her journey, but more proud of theſe.
By that time night had newly ſpread her robe
Over our half part of this maſſy globe,
She won that famous iſle which Jove did pleaſe
To honour with the holy Druides.
And as the weſtern ſide ſhe ſtript along,
Heard (and ſo ſtay'd to hear) this heavy ſong.

O HEAVEN! what may I hope for in this cave?
A grave.
But who to me this laſt of helps ſhall reach?
A wretch.
Shall none be by pitying ſo ſad a wight?
Yes: Night.
Small comfort can befal in heavy plight
To me poor maid, in whoſe diſtreſſes be
Nor hope, nor help, nor one to pity me,
But a cold grave, a wretch, and darkſome night.

To dig that grave what fatal thing appears?
Thy tears.
What bell ſhall ring me to that bed of eaſe?
Rough ſeas.
And who for mourners hath my fate aſſign'd?
Each wind.
Can any be debarr'd from ſuch I find?
When to my laſt rites Gods no other ſend
To make my grave, for knell, or mourning, friend,
Then mine own tears, rough ſeas, and guſts of wind.

Tears muſt my grave dig: but who bringeth thoſe? Thy woes
What monument will heaven my body ſpare?
The air.
And what the epitaph when I am gone?
Oblivion.
Moſt miſerable I, and like me none
Both dying, and in death, to whom is lent
Nor ſpade, nor epitaph, nor monument,
Excepting woes, air, and oblivion.

The end of this gave life unto a groan
As if her life and it had been but one;
Yet ſhe as careleſs of reſerving either,
If poſſible would leave them both together.
It was the fair Marina, almoſt ſpent
With grief and fear of future famiſhment.
For (naples chance) but the laſt roſy morn
The willing redbreaſt flying through a thorn,
Againſt a prickle gor'd his tender ſide,
And in an inſtant, ſo, poor creature dy'd.
Thetis much mov'd with thoſe ſad notes ſhe heard,
Her freeing thence to Triton ſoon referr'd;
Who found the cave as ſoon as ſet on ſhore,
And by his ſtrength removing from the door
A weighty ſtone, brought forth the fearful maid,
Which kindly led where his fair miſtreſs ſtay'd;
Was entertain'd as well became her ſort,
And with the reſt ſteer'd on to Thetis' court.
For whoſe releaſe from imminent decay,
My muſe a while will here keep holiday.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

TO THE TRULY VIRTUOUS, AND WORTHY OF ALL HONOUR,

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

EDWARD, LORD ZOUCH, SAINT MAURE AND CANTELUPE,

And one of his Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy Council.

BE pleas'd (great lord) when underneath the ſhades
Of your delightful Bramſhill (where the ſpring
Her flowers for gentle blaſts with zephyr trades)
Once more to hear a ſilly ſhepherd ſing.
Your's be the pleaſure, mine the ſonnetting;
Ev'n that hath his delight; nor ſhall I need
To ſeek applauſe amongſt the common ſtore,
It is enough if this mine oaten reed
Pleaſe but the ear it ſhould; I aſk no more.
Nor ſhall thoſe rural notes which heretofore
Your true attention grac'd and wing'd for fame
Imperfectly: Oblivion ſhall not gain
Ought on your worth, but ſung ſhall be your name
So long as England yields or ſong, or ſwain.
Free are my lines, though dreſt in lowly ſtate,
And ſcorn to flatter, but the men I hate,

Your Honour's,

WILLIAM BROWNE.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

ECLOGUE I.

The Argument.

Roget and Willy both ymet,
Upon a greeny Ley;
With roundelays and tales are ſet,
To ſpend the length of day.

WILLIE AND ROGET.

WILLIE.

Roget, droop not, ſee the ſpring
Is the earth enamelling,
And the birds on every tree
Greet this morn with melody:
Hark, how yonder thruſtle chants it,
And her mate as proudly vaunts it;
See how every ſtream is dreſt
By her margin, with the beſt
Of Flora's gifts, ſhe ſeems glad
For ſuch brooks ſuch flowers ſhe had:
All the trees are quaintly tired
With green buds, of all deſired;
And the hawthorn every day,
Spreads ſome little ſhew of May:
See the primroſe ſweetly ſet
By the much-lov'd violet,
All the banks do ſweetly cover,
As they would invite a lover
With his laſs, to ſee their dreſſing,
And to grace them by their preſſing.
Yet in all this merry tide
When all cares are laid aſide,
Roget ſits as if his blood
Had not felt the quick'ning good
Of the ſun, nor cares to play,
Or with ſongs to paſs the day
As he wont. Fie, Roget, fie,
Raiſe thy head, and merrily
Tune us ſomewhat to thy reed;
See our flocks do freely feed:
Here we may together ſit,
And for muſick very fit
Is this place; from yonder wood
Comes an echo ſhrill and good;
Twice full perfectly it will
Anſwer to thine oaten quill.
Roget, drop not then, but ſing
Some kind welcome to the ſpring.

ROGET.

Ah Willie, Willie, why ſhould I,
Sound my notes of jollity?
Since no ſooner can I play
Any pleaſing roundelay,
But ſome one or other ſtill
'Gins to deſcant on my quill;
And will ſay, by this, he me
Meaneth in his minſtralſy.
If I chance to name an aſs
In my ſong, it comes to paſs,
One or other ſure will take it
As his proper name, and make it
Fit to tell his nature too.
Thus whate'er I chance to do
Happens to my loſs, and brings
To my name the venom'd ſtings
Of ill report: How ſhould I
Sound then notes of jollity?

WILLIE.

'Tis true, indeed, we say all
Rub a gall'd horse on the gall,
Kick he will, storm, and bite:
But the horse of sounder plight
Gently feels his master's hand.
In the water thrust a brand
Kindled in the fire, 'twill hiss;
When a stick that taken is
From the hedge, in water thrust,
Never rokes as would the first,
But endures the water's touch.
Roget, so it fares with such
Whose owne guilt hath them enflam'd,
Rage whene'er their vice is blam'd.
But who in himself is free
From all spots, as lilies be,
Never stirs, do what thou can.
If thou slander such a man
Yet he's quiet, for he knows
With him no such vices close.
Only he that is indeed
Spotted with the leprous seed
Of corrupted thoughts, and hath
An ulcerous foul in the path
Of reproof, he straight will brawl,
If you rub him on the gall.
But in vain then shall I keep
These my harmless flock of sheep.
And though all the day I tend them,
And from wolves and foxes shend them.
Wicked swains that bear me spite,
In the gloomy vail of night,
Of my fold will draw the pegs,
Or else break my lambkins legs:
Or unhang my weather's bell,
Or bring briars from the dell,
And them in my fold by pieces
Cast, to tangle all their fleeces.
Well-a-day! such churlish swains
Now and then lurk on our plains;
That I fear, a time, ere long,
Shall not hear a shepherd's song.
Nor a swain shall take in task
Any wrong, nor once unmask
Such as do with vices rise
Soil the shepherd's happy life:
Except he means his sheep shall be
A prey to all their injury.
This causeth me I do no more
Chant so as I wont of yore?
Since in vain then should I keep
These my harmless flock of sheep.

WILLIE.

Yet if such thou wilt not sing,
Make the woods and vallies ring
With some other kind of lore,
Roget hath enough in store,
Sing of love, or tell some tale,
Praise the flowers, the hills, the vale;
Let us not here idle be,
Next day I will sing to thee.
Hark on knap of yonder hill
Some sweet shepherd tunes his quill,
And the maidens in a round
Sit (to hear him) on the ground.
And if thou begin, shall we
Grac'd be with like company.
And to gird thy temples bring
Garlands for such fingering.
Then raise thee Roget.

ROGET.

Gentle swain,
Whom I honour for thy strain,
Though it would beseem me more
To attend thee and thy lore:
Yet lest thou might'st find in me
A neglect of courtesy,
I will sing what I did leer
Long ago in Janiveer
Of a skilful aged sire,
As we tosted by the fire.

WILLIE.

Sing it out, it needs must be
Very good what comes from thee.

ROGET.

Whilome, an emperor, prudent and wise,
Reigned in Rome, and had sons three,
Which he had in great cheertee and great prize,
And when it shop so, that th' infirmity
Of death, which no wight may eschew or flee,
Him threw down in his bed, he let to call
His sons, and before him they came all.

And to the first he said in this maneere,
All th' heritage which at the dying
Of my father, he me left, all in feere
Leave I thee: And all that of my buying
Was with my penny, all my purchasing,
My second son bequeath I to thee:
And to the third son thus said he:

Unmoveable good, right none withouten oath
Thee give I may; but I to thee devise
Jewels three, a ring, broach, and a cloth:
With which, and thou be guided as the wise,
Thou may'st get all that ought thee suffice;
Who so that the ring used still to wear
Of all folks the love he shall conquer.

And who so the broach beareth on his breast,
It is eke of such virtue and such kind,
That think upon what thing him liketh best,
And he as b'live shall it have and find.
My words son imprint well in mind:
The cloth eke hath a marvellous nature,
Which that shall be committed to thy cure.

Who so sit on it, if he wish where
In all the world to been, he suddenly
Without more labour shall be there.
Son, those three jewels bequeath I
To thee, unto this effect certainly,
That to study of the university
Thou go, and that I bid and charge thee.

When he had thus said, the vexation
Of death so hasted him, that his spirit
Anon forsook his habitation
In his body, death would no respite
Him yeve at all, he was of his life quit.

And buried was with ſuch ſolemnity,
As fell to his imperial dignity.

Of the youngeſt ſon I tell ſhall,
And ſpeak no more of his brethren two,
For with them have I not to do at all.
Thus ſpake the mother Jonathas unto:
Sin God hath his will of thy father do;
To thy father's will, would I ne conform,
And truly all his teſtament perform.

He three jewels, as thou knoweſt well,
A ring, a broach, and a cloth, thee bequeath,
Whoſe virtues he thee told every deal,
Or that he paſt hence and yield up the breath:
O good God, his departing, his death
Full grievouſly ſticketh unto mine heart,
But ſuffered mot been all how ſore it ſmart.

In that caſe women have ſuch heavineſs,
That it not lieth in my cunning aright;
You tell of ſo great ſorrow the exceſs:
But wiſe women can take it light,
And in ſhort while put unto the flight
All ſorrow and woe, and catch again comfort,
Now to my tale make I my reſort.

Thy father's will, my ſon, as I ſaid ere,
Will I perform; have here the ring, and go
To ſtudy anon, and when that thou art there,
As thy father thee bade, do even ſo,
And as thou wilt, my bleſſing have alſo:
She unto him, as ſwith, took the ring,
And bad him keep it well for any thing.

He went unto the ſtudy general
Where he gat love enough, and acquaintance
Right good and friendly; the ring cauſing all.
And on a day to him befell this chance,
With a woman, a morſel of pleaſance,
By the ſtreets of the univerſity,
As he was in his walking, met he.

And right as b'live he had with her a tale,
And there withal ſore in her love he brent;
Gay, freſh, and piked, was ſhe to the ſale,
For to that end, and to that intent
She thither came, and both forth they went:
And he a piſtol rowned in her ear,
Nat wot I what, for I ne came nat there.

She was his paramour ſhortly to ſee,
This man to folks all was ſo leef,
That they him gave abundance of money,
He feaſted folk, and ſtood at high boucheeſe:
Of the lack of good, he felt no grief,
All whilſt the ring he with him had,
But failing it, his friendſhip 'gan ſad.

His paramour which that ycalled was
Fellicula, marvelled right greatly
Of the diſpenſes of this Jonathas,
Sin ſhe no penny at all with him ſigh,
And on a night as there ſhe lay him by
In the bed, thus ſhe to him ſpake, and ſaid,
And this petition aſſoil him pray'd.

O, reverend ſir, unto whom quoth ſhe,
Obey I would ay with heart's humbleneſs,
Since that ye han had my virginity,
You I beſeech of your high gentleneſs,
Telleth me whence com'th the good and richeſs
That ye with feaſting folk, and han no ſtore,
By ought I ſee can, ne gold, ne treaſure.

If I tell it, quoth he, peradventure
Thou wilt diſcover it, and out it publiſh,
Such is woman's inconſtant nature,
They cannot keep counſel worth a riſh!
Better is my tongue keep, than to wiſh
That I had kept cloſe that is gone at large,
And repentence is a thing that I mote charge.

Nay, good ſir, quoth ſhe, holdeth me not ſuſpect
Doubteth nothing, I can be right ſecree,
Well worthy were it me to been abject
From all good company, if I quoth ſhe,
Unto you ſhould ſo miſtake me.
Be not adread your counſel me to ſhew.
Weil, ſaid he, thus it is at words few.

My father the ring which that thou may'ſt ſe
On my finger me at his dying day
Bequeath'd, which this virtue and property
Hath, that the love of men he ſhall have ay
That weareth it, and there ſhall be no nay
Of what thing that him liketh, aſk, and crave
But with good will, he ſhall as b'live it have.

Through the ring's virtuous excellence
Thus am I rich, and have ever ynow.
Now ſir, yet a word by your licence
Suff'reth me to ſay, and to ſpeak now:
Is it wiſdom, as that it ſeemeth you,
Wear it on your finger continually?
What would'ſt thou mean, quoth he, thereby?

What peril thereof might there befall?
Right great, quoth ſhe as ye in company
Walk often, fro' your finger might it fall,
Or plucked off been in a ragery,
And ſo be loſt, and that were folly:
Take it me, let me been of it warden,
For as my life keep it would I certain.

This Jonathas, this innocent young man,
Giving unto her words full credence,
As youth not aviſed beſt be can:
The ring her took of his inſipience.
When this was done, the heat and the fervence
Of love, which he beforn had purchaſed,
Was quench'd, and love's knot was unlaced.

Men of their gifts to ſtint began.
Ah! thought he, for the ring I not ne bear,
Faileth my love: fetch me woman
(Said he) my ring, anon I will it wear.
She roſe, and into chamber dreſſeth her;
And when ſhe therein had been a while,
Alas! (quoth ſhe) out on falſehood and guile.

The cheſt is broken, and the ring took out:
And when he heard her complaint and cry,

He was aſtoniſhed ſore, and made a ſhout,
And ſaid, ‘ curſed be the day that I
Thee met firſt, or with mine een ſee.’
She wept, and ſhewed outward cheer of wo,
But in her heart was it nothing ſo.

The ring was ſafe enough, and in her cheſt
It was, all that ſhe ſaid was leaſing,
As ſome woman other while at beſt,
Can lie and weep when is her liking.
This man ſaw her woe, and ſaid, dearling
Weep no more, God's help is nigh.
To him unwiſt how falſe ſhe was and ſly.

He twined thence, and home to his country
Unto his mother the ſtraight way he went,
And when ſhe ſaw thither coming was he;
My ſon, quoth ſhe, what was thine intent,
Thee from the ſchool now to abſent?
What cauſed thee from ſchool hither to hie?
Mother, right this, ſaid he, nat would I lie.

Forſooth mother, my ring is a go,
My paramour to keep I betook it,
And it is loſt, for which I am full woe,
Sorrow fully unto mine heart it ſit.
Son, often have I warned thee, and yet
For thy profit I warn thee my ſon,
Unhoneſt women thou hereafter ſhun.

Thy broach anon right well I to thee ſet:
She brought it him, and charged him full deep
When he it took, and on his breaſt it ſet,
But than his ring he ſhould it keep,
Leſt he the loſs bewail ſhould and weep.
To the univerſity ſhortly to ſeyne
In what he could, he haſted him again.

And when he coming was, his paramour,
Him met anon, and unto her him took
As that he did erſt, this young revelour,
Her company he nat a deal forſook,
Though he cauſe had, but as with the hook
Of her flight, he beforn was caught and hent,
Right ſo he was deceived oft and blent.

And as through virtue of the ring before
Of good he had abundance and plenty
While it was with him, or he had it lore:
Right ſo through virtue of the broach had he
What good him lift; ſhe thought, how may this be,
Some privy thing now cauſeth this richeſs,
As did the ring here before I gueſs.

Wondering hereon, ſhe prayed him, and beſought
Buſily night and day, that tell he would
The cauſe of this; but he another thought,
He meant it cloſe for him it kept he ſhould,
And a long time it was or he it told.
She wept aye too and too, and ſaid, alas!
The time and hour that ever I born was!

Truſt ye not on me, ſir? ſhe ſaid,
Lever me were be ſlain in this place,
By that good Lord that for us all died,
Then purpoſe again you any fallace;
Unto you would I be my live's ſpace
As true, as any woman on earth is
Unto a man, doubteth nothing of this.

Small may ſhe do, that cannot well by heat,
Though not performed be ſuch a promiſe.
This Jonathas thought her words ſo ſweet,
That he was drunk of the pleaſant ſweetneſs
Of them, and of his fooliſh tenderneſs.
Thus unto her he ſpake, and ſaid tho'
Be of good comfort, why weepeſt thou ſo?

And ſhe thereto anſwered thus, ſobbing;
Sir, quoth ſhe, my heavineſs and dread
Is this: I am a dread of the leeſing
Of your broach, as Almighty God forbid
It happen ſo: Now what, ſo God thee ſpeed,
Said he, wouldſt thou in this caſe counſel?
Quoth ſhe, that I keep it might ſans fail.

He ſaid, I have a fear and dread algate,
If I ſo did thou wouldſt it leaſe,
As thou loſteſt my ring, now gone but late:
Firſt God pray I, quoth ſhe, that I not cheeſe,
But that my heart as the cold froſt may freeze,
Or elſe be it brent with wild fire:
Nay, ſurely it to keep is my deſire.

To her words credence he gave pleneere,
And the broach took her, and after anon
Whereas he was beforn full leeſe and chear
To folke, and had good, all was gone;
Good and friendſhip him lacked, there was none.
Woman, me fetch the brooch, quoth he, ſwythe
Into thy chamber for it go: hye thee.

She into chamber went, as then he bad,
But ſhe not brought that he ſent her fore,
She meant it not, but as ſhe had been mad
Her clothes hath ſhe all to rent and tore,
And cry'd alas! the brooch away is bore.
For which I wole anon right with my knife
My ſelfe ſlay, I am weary of my life.

This noiſe he heard, and b'live he to her ran,
Weening ſhe would han done as ſhe ſpake,
And the knife in all haſte that he can
From her took, and threw it behind his back,
And ſaid, ne for the loſs, ne for the lack
Of the broach, ſorrow not, I forgive all,
I truſt in God, that yet us help ne ſhall.

To th' empreſs his mother this young man
Again him dreſſeth, he went her unto;
And when ſhe ſaw him, ſhe to wonder gan,
She thought now ſomewhat there is miſdo,
And ſaid, I dread thy jewels two
Been loſt now, percaſe the brooch with the ring.
Mother, he ſaid, yea, by heaven king.

Sonne, thou worſt well no jewel is left
Unto thee now, but the cloth precious
Which I thee take ſhall, thee charging eft

The company of women riotous
Thou flee, leſt it be to thee ſo grievous
That thou it nat ſuſtain ſhalt ne bear,
Such company on my bleſſing forbear.

The cloth ſhe felt, and it hath him take,
And of his lady his mother, his leave
He took, but firſt this forward gan he make:
Mother, ſaid he, truſteth this weal and leeve
That I ſhall feyn, forſooth ye ſhall it preeve,
If I leeſe this cloth, never I your face
Henceforth ſee wole, ne you pray of grace.

With God's help I ſhall do well ynow,
Her bleſſing he took, and to ſtudy is go,
And as beforne told have I unto you,
His paramour his privy mortal foe
Was wont to meet him, right even ſo
She did then, and made him pleaſant cheer:
They clip and kiſs and walk homeward in feere.

When they were entred in the houſe, he ſprad
This cloth upon the ground, and thereon ſit
And bade his paramour, this woman bad,
To ſit alſo by him adown on it.
She doth as he commandeth and bit,
Had ſhe this thought and virtue of the cloth
Wiſt, to han ſet on it, had ſhe been loth.

She for ahwile was full fore affeſed.
This Jonathas wiſh in his heart gan:
Would God that I might thus been eaſed.
That as on this cloth I and this woman
Sit here, as farre were, as that never man.
Or this came, and unneth had he ſo thought,
But they with the cloth thither weren brought.

Right to the world's end, as that it were,
When apparceived had ſhe this, ſhe cry'd
A though ſhe through girt had be with a ſpear.
Harro! alas! that ever ſhope this tide!
How came we hither? Nay, he ſaid, abide,
Worſe is coming; here ſole wole I thee leave
Wild beaſts ſhallen thee devoure or eave.

For thou my ring and broach haſt fro' me holden.
O reverend ſir! have upon me pity.
Quoth ſhe, if ye this grace do me wolden,
As bring me home again to the city
Where as I this day was, but if that ye
Them have again, of foul death do me dye:
Your bounty on me kythe, I mercy cry.

This Jonathas could nothing beware,
Ne take enſample of the deceites tweine
That ſhe did him beforne, but feith him bare,
And her he commanded on death's pain
From ſuch offences thenceforth her reſtrain:
She ſwore, and made thereto foreward,
But hearkneth how ſhe bore her afterward.

When ſhe ſaw and knew that the wrath and ire
That he to her had borne, was gone and paſt,
And all was well; ſhe thought him eft to fire,

In her malice aye ſtood ſhe ſtedfaſt,
And to enquire of him was not aghaſt,
In ſo ſhort time how that it might be
That they came thither out of her country.

Such virtue hath this cloth on which we ſit,
Said he, that where in this world us be liſt,
Suddenly with the thought ſhallen thither flit,
And how thither come unto us unwiſt:
As thing from far, unknown in the miſt.
And therewith, to this woman fraudulent,
To ſleep, he ſaid, have I good talent.

Let ſee, quoth he, ſtretch out anon thy lap,
In which wole I my head lay down and reſt.
So was it done, and ne anon gan nap:
Nay? nay, he ſlept right well, at beſt:
What doth this woman, one the fickleſt
Of women all, but that cloth that lay
Under him, ſhe drew lyte and lyte away.

Whan ſhe it had all: would God, quoth ſhe,
I were as I was this day morning!
And therewith this root of iniquity
Had her wiſh, and ſole left him there ſleeping.
O Jonathas! like to thy periſhing
Art thou, thy paramour made hath thy berd,
Whan thou wakeſt, cauſe haſt thou to be ferd.

But thou ſhalt do full well, thou ſhalt obtain
Victory on her, thou has done ſome deed
Pleaſant to thy mother, well can I weene,
For which our Lord quite ſhall thy meed,
And thee deliver out of thy woful dread.
The child whom that the mother uſeth bliſs,
Full often ſythe is eaſed in diſtreſs.

Whan he awoke, and neither he ne fond
Woman, ne cloth, he wept bitterly,
And ſaid, alas! now is there in no lond
Man worſe I know begon then am I;
On every ſide his look he caſt, and ſy
Nothing but birds in the air flying,
And wild beaſts about him running.

Of whoſe ſight he full fore was agryſed,
He thought all this well deſerved I have,
What ailed me to be ſo evil aviſed,
That my counſel could I not keep and ſave?
Who can fool play? who can mad and rave?
But he that to a woman his ſecree
Diſcovereth, the ſmart cleaveth now on me.

He thus departeth as God would harmleſs,
And forth of a venture his way he is went,
But witherward he draw, he conceitleſs
Was, he not knew to what place he was bent.
He paſt a water which was ſo fervent
That fleſh upon his feet left it him none,
All clean was departed from the bone.

It ſhope ſo that he had a little glaſs
Which with that water anon filled he:
And when he further in his way gone was,

Before him he beheld and saw a tree
That fair fruit bore, and in great plenty:
He eat thereof, the taste him liked well,
But he there-through become a foul mesel.

For which unto the ground for sorrow and wo
He fell, and said, cursed be that day
That I was born, and time and hour also
That my mother conceived me, for ay
Now am I lost; alas, and well away!
And when some deel slaked his heaviness,
He rose, and on his way he gan him dress.

Another water before him he sye,
Which (sore) to comen in he was adrad:
But natheless, since thereby, other way
Ne about it there could none be had,
He thought so straitly am I bestad,
That though it sore me affese or gast,
Assoile it wole I, and through it he past.

And right as the first water his flesh
Departed from his feet, so the second
Restored it, and made all whole and fresh:
And glad was he, and joyful that stownd,
When he felt his feet whole were and found:
A viol of the water of that brook
He fill'd, and fruit of the tree with him took.

Forth his journey this Jonathas held,
And as he his look about him cast,
Another tree from afar he beheld,
To which he hasted, and him hied fast;
Hungry he was, and of the fruit he thrust
Into his mouth, and eat of it sadly,
And of the lepry he purged was thereby.

Of that fruit more he raught, and thence is gone,
And a fair castle from afar saw he,
In compass of which, heads many one
Of men there hung, as he might well see,
But not for that he shun would, or flee,
He thither him dresseth the streight way
In that ever that he can or may.

Walking so, two men came him againe,
And saiden thus: dear friend, we you pray
What man be ye? sirs, quoth he, certain
A leech I am; and though myself it say,
Can for the health of sick folkes well purvey.
They said to him, of yonder castle the king
A leper is, and can whole be for nothing.

With him there hath been many a sundry leech,
That undertook him well to cure and heal
On pain of their heads, but all to seech
Their art was, ware that thou not with him deal,
But if thou canst the charter of health enseal:
Lest that thou lese thy head, as didden they,
But thou be wise thou find it shall no play.

Sirs, said he, you thank I of your reed,
For gently ye han you to me quit:
But I not dread to loose mine head,
By God's help full safe keep I will it,
God of his grace such cunning and wit
Hath leot me, that I hope I shall him cure,
Full well dare I me put in aventure.

They to the king's presence han him lad,
And him of the fruit of the second tree
He gave to eat, and bad him to be glad,
And said, anon your health han shall ye:
Eke of the second water him gave he
To drink, and when he those two had received
His lepry from him voided was and weived.

The king (as unto his high dignity
Convenient was) gave him largely,
And to him said, If that it like thee
Abiden here, I more abundantly
Thee give wole. My lord sickerly,
Quoth he, fain would I your pleasure fulfil,
And in your high presence abide still.

But I no while may with you abide,
So mochil have I to done elsewhere.
Jonathas every day to the sea side
Which was nigh, went to look and inquire
If any ship drawing thither were,
Which him home to his country lead might,
And on a day of ships had he sight.

Well a thirty toward the castle draw,
And at a time of evensong, they all
Arriveden, of which he was full saw,
And to the shipmen cry he gan and call;
And said, if it so hap might and fall,
That some of you me home to my country
Me bring would, well quit should he be.

And told them whither that they shoulden go.
One of the shipmen forth start at last,
And to him said, my ship and no moe
Of them that here been, doth shope and cast
Thither to wend; let see, tell on fast,
Quoth the shipman, that thou for my travel
Me give wilt, if that I thither sail.

They were accorded, Jonathas forth goeth
Unto the king to ask him licence
To twine thence, to which the king was loth,
And nathless with his benevolence,
This Jonathas from his magnificence
Departed is, and forth to the shipman
His way he taketh, as swyth as he can.

Into the ship he entreth, and as b'live
As wind and wether good hope to be,
Thither as he purposed him arrive
They sailed forth, and came to the city
In which this serpentine woman was, she
That had him terned with false deceites,
But where no remedy followeth, streit is.

Turnes been quit, all be they good or bad
Sometime, though they put been in delay.
But to my purpose, she deemed he had

Been devoured with beasts many a day
Gone, she thought he delivered was for ay.
Folk of the city knew not Jonathas,
So many a year was past, that he there was:

Misliking and thought changed eke in his face,
Abouten he go'th, and for his dwelling
In the city, he hired him a place,
And therein exercised his cunning
Of physic, to whom weren repairing
Many a sick wight, and all were healed:
Well was the sick man that with him dealed.

Now shop it thus that this Fellicula,
(The well of deceivable doublenes,
Follower of the steps of Dallida)
Was then exalted unto high riches,
But she was fallen into great sickness
And heard seine, for not might it been hid
How masterful a leech he had him kid.

Messages solemn to him she sent,
Praying him to do so mochil labour
As come and see her; and he thither went:
When he her saw, that she his paramour
Had been, he well knew, and for that debtor
To her he was, her he thought to quit
Or he went, and no longer it respite.

But what that he was, she ne wist nat,
He saw her urine, and exe fell her pous,
And said, the sooth is this plain and flat,
A sickness han ye strange and marvellous,
Which to avoid is wonder dangerous:
To heal you there is no way but one,
Leech in this world other can find none.

Aviseth you whether you list it take
Or not, for I told have you my wit.
Ah! sir, said she, for God's sake,
That way me shew, and I shall follow it
Whatever it be; for this sickness sit
So nigh mine heart, that I wot not how,
Me to demean: tell on I pray you.

Lady ye must openly you confess,
And if against good conscience and right,
Any good han ye take more or less,
Beforn this hour, of any manner wight,
Yield it anon; else not in the might
Of man is it, to give a medicine
That you may heal of your sickness and pine.

If any such thing be, tell it out reed,
And ye shall been all whole I you beheet;
Else mine art is nought withouten dread.
O Lord she thought health is a thing full sweet,
Therewith desire I sovereignly to meet:
Since I it by confession may recover,
A fool am I but I my guilt discover.

How falsely to the son of th' emperor
Jonathas, had she done, before them all
As ye han heard above, all that error
By knew she, O Fellicula thee call,

Well may I so, for of the bitter gall
Thou takest the beginning of thy name,
Thou root of malice and mirrour of shame.

Then said Jonathas, where are those three
Jewels, that thee fro' the clerk withdrew?
Sir in a coffer, at my bed's feet, ye
Shall find them; open it, and so pray I you.
He thought not to make it queint and tow
And said nay, and strain courtesy,
But with right good will thither he gan hie.

The coffer he opened, and them there fond,
Who was a glad man but Jonathas? who
The ring upon a finger of his hand
He put, and the broach on his breast also,
The cloth eke under his arm held he tho';
And to her him dresseth to done his cure.
Cure mortal, way to her sepulture.

He thought rue she should, and forethink
That she her had unto him misbore:
And of that water her he gave to drink,
Which that his flesh from his bones before
Had twined, where through he was almost lore
Nad he relieved been, as ye above
Han heard, and this he did eke for her love,

Of the fruit of the tree he gave her ete,
Which that him made into the leper stert,
And as b'live in her womb gan they fret
And gnaw so, that change gan her heart,
Now hearkneth how it her made smart:
Her womb opened, and out fell each entrail
That in her was, thus it is said sans fail.

Thus wretchedly (lo!) this guileman dy'd,
And Jonathas with jewels three
No longer there thought to abide,
But home to the empress his mother hasteth he,
Whereas in joy, and in prosperity
His life led he to his dying day,
And so God us grant that we do may.

WILLIE.

By my hook this is a tale
Would befit our Whitson-ale:
Better cannot be I wist,
Descant on it he that list.
And full gladly give I wold
The best cosset in my fold,
And a mazor for a fee,
If this song thou'lt teachen me.
'Tis so quaint and fine a lay,
That upon our revel day
If I sung it, I might chance
(For my pains) be took to dance
With our lady of the May.

ROGET.

Roget will not say thee nay,
If thou deem'st it worth thy pains.
'Tis a song not many swains
Singen can, and though it be
Not so deckt with nicety
Of sweet words full neatly choosed,
As are now by shepherds used:

Yet if well you ſound the ſenſe,
And the moral's excellence,
You ſhall find it quit the while,
And excuſe the homely ſtile.
Well I wot, the man that firſt
Sung this lay, did quench his thirſt,
Deeply as did ever one
In the muſes Helicon.
Many times he hath been ſeen
With the fairies on the green,
And to them his pipe did ſound,
Whilſt they danced in a round.
Meikle ſolace would they make him,
And at midnight often wake him,
And convey him from his room
To a field of yellow broom;
Or into the meadows, where
Mints perfume the gentle air,
And where Flora ſpends her treaſure,
There they would begin their meaſure.
If it chanc'd night's ſable ſhrouds
Muffled Cynthia up in clouds;
Safely home, they then would ſee him,
And from brakes aud quagmires free him.
There are few ſuch ſwains as he
Now a-days for harmony,

WILLIE.

What was he thou praiſeſt thus?

ROGET.

Scholar unto Tityrus,
Tityrus the braveſt ſwain
Ever lived on the plain,
Taught him how to feed his lambs,
How to cure them, and their dams:
How to pitch the fold, and then,
How he ſhould remove again:
Taught him when the corn was ripe,
How to make an oaten pipe,
How to join them, how to cut them,
When to open, when to ſhut them,
And with all the ſkill he had
Did inſtruct this willing lad.

WILLIE.

Happy ſurely was that ſwain,
And he was not taught in vain:
Many a one that prouder is,
Han not ſuch a ſong as this:
And have garlands for their meed
That but jar as Skelton's reed.

ROGET.

'Tis too true: but ſee the ſun
Hath his journey fully run;
And his horſes all in ſweat,
In the ocean cool their heat:
Sever we our ſheep and fold them,
'Twill be night ere we have told them.

Thomas Occleeve, one of the Privy Seal, compoſed this firſt tale, and was never till now imprinted. As this ſhall pleaſe, I may be drawn to publiſh the reſt of his works, being all perfect in my hands. He wrote in Chaucer's time.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

ECLOGUE II.

The Argument.

Two Shepherds here complain the wrong
Done by a ſwiniſh lout,
That brings his hogs their ſheep among,
And ſpoil the plain throughout.

WILLIE. JOCKIE.

WILLIE.

Jockie, ſay: What might he be
That ſits on yonder hill:
And tooteth out his notes of glee
So uncouth and ſo ſhrill?

JOCKIE.

Notes of glee? bad ones I trow,
I have not heard beforne
One ſo miſtook as Willie now,
'Tis ſome ſow-gelders horne.
And well thou aſken might'ſt if I
Do know him, or from whence
He comes, that to his minſtralſie
Requires ſuch patience.
He is a ſwinward, but I think
No ſwinward of the beſt:
For much he reketh of his ſwink.
And carketh for his reſt.

WILLIE.

Harm take the ſwine? what makes he here?
What luckleſs planet frowns
Have drawn him and his hogs in feere
To root out daiſied downs.
Ill mote he thrive! and may his hogs,
And all that e'er they breed,
Be ever worried by our dogs,
For ſo preſumptuous deed.
Why kept he not amongſt the fens?
Or in the copſes by,
Or in the woods, and braky glens,
Where haws and acorns lie?
About the ditches of the town,
Or hedge rows he might bring them.

JOCKEY.

But then ſome pence 'twould coſt the clown
To yoke and eke to ring them

And well I weene he loves no coſt
But what is for his back:
To go full gay him pleaſeth moſt,
And lets his belly lack.
Two ſuits he hath, the one of blue,
The other home-ſpun gray:
And yet he means to make a new
Againſt next revel day;
And though our May lord at the feaſt
Seem'd very trimly clad,
In cloth by his own mother dreſt,
Yet comes not near this lad.
His bonnet neatly on his head,
With button on the top,
His ſhoes with ſtrings of leather red,
And ſtocking to his ſlop.
And yet for all it comes to paſs,
He not our gibing ſcapes:
Some like him to a trimmed aſs,
And ſome to Jackanapes.

WILLIE.

It ſeemeth then by what is ſaid,
That Jockey knows the boor;
I would my ſcrip and hook have laid
Thou knew'ſt him not before.

JOCKIE.

Sike lothed chance by fortune fell,
(If fortune ought can do)
Not kend him? Yes: I ken him well
And ſometime paid for't too.

WILLIE.

Would Jockie ever ſtoop ſo low,
As coniſſance to take
Of ſic a churl? Full well I know
No nymph of ſpring or lake,

No herdeſs, nor no ſhepherd's girl
But fain would ſit by thee,
And ſea-nymphs offer ſhells of pearl
For thy ſweet melody.
The ſatyrs bring thee from the woods
The ſtrawberry for hire,
And all the firſt fruits of the buds
To woo thee to their quire.
Silvanus ſongſters learn thy ſtrain,
For by a neighbour ſpring
The nightingale recor is again
What thou doſt primely ſing.
Nor canſt thou tune a madrigall,
Or any dreary moan,
But nymphs, or ſwains, or birds, or all
Permit thee not alone.
And yet (as though devoid of theſe)
Canſt thou ſo low decline,
As leave the lovely Naides
For one that keepeth ſwine?
But how befell it?

JOCKIE.

T'other day
As to the field I ſet me,
Near to the May-pole on the way
This ſluggiſh ſwinward met me:
And ſeeing Weptol with him there,
Our fellow-ſwain and friend,
I bad, good day, ſo on did fare
To my propoſed end.
But as back from my wintring ground
I came the way before,
This rude groom all alone I found
Stand by the alehouſe door.
There was no nay, but I muſt in
And taſte a cup of ale;
Where on his pot he did begin
To ſtammer out a tale.
He told me how he much deſir'd
Th' acquaintance of us ſwains,
And from the foreſt was retir'd
To graze upon our plains:
But for what cauſe I cannot tell,
He cannot pipe nor ſing,
Nor knows he how to dig a well,
Nor neatly dreſs a ſpring:
Nor knows a trap nor ſnare to till,
He ſits as in a dream;
Nor ſcarce hath ſo much whiſtling ſkill
Will hearten on a team.
Well, we ſo long together were,
I gan to haſte away,
He licenc'd me to leave him there,
And gave me leave to pay.

WILLIE.

Done like a ſwinward; may you all
That cloſe with ſuch as he,
Be uſed ſo! that gladly fall
Into like company.
But if I fail not in mine art
I'll ſend him to his yard,
And make him from our plains depart
With all his durty herd,
I wonder he hath ſuff'red been
Upon our common here,
His hogs do root our yonger treen
And ſpoil the ſmelling brier.
Our pureſt wells they wallow in,
All overſpread with durt,
Nor will they from our arbours lin,
But all our pleaſures hurt.
Our curious benches that we build
Beneath a ſhady tree,
Shall be o'erthrown, or ſo defil'd
As we would lothe to ſee.
Then join we Jockie; for the reſt
Of all our fellow ſwains,
I am aſſur'd will do their beſt
To rid him fro' our plains.

JOCKIE.

What is in me ſhall never fail
To forward ſuch a deed;
And ſure I thinke we might prevail
By ſome ſatyric reed.

WILLIE.

If that will do, I know a lad
Can hit the maſter vein.
But let us home, the ſkies are ſad,
And clouds diſtill in rain.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

ECLOGUE III.

The Argument.

Old Neddy's poverty they moan,
Who whilome was a ſwain
That had more ſheep himſelf alone,
Than ten upon the plain.

PIERS. THOMALIN.

THOMALIN.

WHERE is every piping lad
That the fields are not yclad
With their milk-white ſheep?
Tell me: Is it holiday,
Or if in the month of May
Uſe they long to ſleep?

PIERS.

Thomalin, 'tis not too late
For the turtle and her mate
Sitten yet in neſt;
And the thruſtle hath not been
Gath'ring worms yet on the green,
But attends her reſt.
Not a bird hath taught her young,
Nor her morning's leſſon ſung
In the ſhady grove:
But the nightingale in dark
Singing, woke the mounting lark
She records her love.
Not the ſun hath with his beams
Gilded yet our cryſtal ſtreams
Riſing from the ſea.
Miſts do crown the mountains tops,
And each pretty myrtle drops,
'Tis but newly day.
Yet ſee yonder (though unwiſt)
Some man cometh in the miſt;
Haſt thou him beheld?
See, he croſſeth o'er the land
With a dog and ſtaff in hand,
Limping for his eld.

THOMALIN.

Yes, I ſee him, and do know him,
And we all do rev'rence owe him,
'Tis the aged ſire
Neddy, that was wont to make
Such great feaſting at the wake,
And the * bleſſing-fire.
Good old man! ſee how he walks
Painful and among the balks
Picking locks of wool:
I have known the day when he
Had as much as any three,
When their lofts were full.
Underneath yond hanging rocks,
All the valley with his flocks
Was whilome overſpread:
He had milch-goats without peers,
Well-hung kine, and fatt'ned ſteers
Many hundred head.
Wilkin's cote his dairy was,
For a dwelling it may paſs
With the beſt in town.
Curds and cream with other cheer,
Have I had there in the year
For a greeny gown.
Laſſes kept it, as again
Were not fitted on the plain
For a luſty dance:
And at parting, home would take us,
Flawns or ſyllabubs to make us
For our jouiſance.
And though ſome in ſpite would tell,
Yet old Neddy took it well;
Bidding us again
Never at his cote be ſtrange:
Unto him that wrought this change
Mickle be the pain!

* *The midſummer fires are termed ſo in the Weſt parts of England.*

PIERS.

What diſaſter, Thomalin,
This miſchance hath cloth'd him in,
Quickly tellen me:
Rue I do his ſtate the more,
That he clipped heretofore
Some felicity.
Han by night accurſed thieves
Slain his lambs, or ſtol'n his beeves?
Or conſuming fire
Brent his ſhearing-houſe, or ſtall,
Or a deluge drowned all?
Tell me it entire.
Have the winters been ſo ſet
To rain, and ſnow, they have wet
All his drieſt laire:
By which means his ſheep have got
Such a deadly cureleſs rot,
That none living are?

THOMALIN.

Neither waves, nor thieves, nor fire,
Nor have rots impoor'd this ſire,
Suretyſhip, nor yet
Was the uſurer helping on
With his damn'd extortion,
Nor the chains of debt.
But deceit that ever lies
Strongeſt arm'd for treacheries
In a boſom'd friend:
That (and only that) hath brought it,
Curſed be the head that wrought it!
And the baſeſt end.
Grooms he had, and he did ſend them
With his herds a-field to tend them,
Had they further been:
Sluggiſh, lazy, thriftleſs elves,
Sheep had better kept themſelves
From the foxes teen.
Some would kill their ſheep, and then
Bring their maſter home again
Nothing but the ſkin;
Telling him, how in the morn
In the fold they found them torn,
And near lying lin.
If they went unto the fair
With a ſcore of fatt'ned ware,
And did chance to ſell,
If old Neddy had again
Half his own; I dare well ſain,
That but ſeldom fell.
They at their return would ſay,
Such a man, or ſuch would pay,
Well known of your hyne.
Alas, poor man! that ſubtil knave
Undid him, and vaunts it brave,
Though his maſter pine.
Of his maſter he would beg
Such a lamb that broke his leg:
And if there were none,
To the fold by night he'd hie,
And them hurt full rufully,
Or with the ſtaff or ſtone.
He would have petitions new,
And for deſp'rate debts would ſue
Neddy had forgot:
He would grant the other then
Tares from poor and aged men:
Or in jails they rot.
Neddy lately rich in ſtore,
Giving much, deceived more,
On a ſudden fell.
Then the ſteward lent him gold
Yet no more than might be told
Worth his maſter's cell.
That is gone, and all beſide,
(Well-a-day, alack the tide)
In a hollow den,
Underneath yond gloomy wood
Wons he now, and wails the brood
Of ungrateful men.

PIERS.

But alas! now he is old,
Bit with hunger, nipt with cold,
Wat is left him?
Or to ſuccour, or relieve him,
Or from wants of to reprieve him,

THOMALIN.

All's bereft him,
Save he hath a little crowd,
(He in youth was of it proud)
And a dog to dance;
With them, he on holidays
In the farmer's houſes plays
For his ſuſtenance.

PIERS.

See; he's near, let's riſe and meet him,
And with dues to old age greet him,
It is fitting ſo.

THOMALIN.

'Tis a motion good and ſage,
Honour ſtill is due to age;
Up, and let us go.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

ECLOGUE IV.

The Argument.

In this the author bewails the death of one whom he ſhadoweth under the name of Philarete, compounded of the Greek words φίλος and ἀρετὴ, a lover of virtue; a name well befitting him to whoſe memory theſe lines are conſecrated, being ſometime his truly loved (and now as much lamented) friend, Mr. Thomas Manwood, ſon to the worthy Sir Peter Manhood, Knight.

UNDER an aged oak was Willy laid,
Willy, the lad who whilome made the rocks
To ring with joy, whilſt on his pipe he play'd,
And from their maſter's woo'd the neighb'ring flocks:
But now o'ercome with dolors deep
That nigh his heart-ſtrings rent:
Ne car'd he for his ſilly ſheep,
Ne car'd for merriment
But chang'd his wonted walks
For uncouth paths unknown,
Where none but trees might hear his plaints,
And echo rue his moan.
Autumn it was, when dropt the ſweeteſt flow'rs,
And rivers (ſwoln with pride) o'erlook'd the banks,
Poor grew the day of ſummer's golden hours,
And void of ſap ſtood Ida's cedar ranks,
The pleaſant meadows ſadly lay
In chill and cooling ſweets
By riſing fountains, or as they
Fear'd winter's waiteful threats.
Againſt the broad-ſpread oak,
Each wind in fury bears:
Yet fell their leaves not half ſo faſt
As did the ſhepherd's tears.

As was his ſeat ſo was his gentle heart,
Meek, and dejected, but his thoughts as high
As thoſe aye wand'ring lights, who both impart
Their beams on us, and heaven ſtill beautify.
Sad was his look (O heavy fate!
That ſwain ſhould be ſo ſad,
Whoſe merry notes the forlorn mate
With greateſt pleaſure clad.)
Broke was his tuneful pipe
That charm'd the cryſtal floods,
And thus his grief took airy wings
And flew about the woods.
Day, thou art too officious in thy place,
And night too ſparing of a wiſhed ſtay,
Ye wand'ring lamps: O be ye fix a ſpace!
Some other hemiſphere grace with your ray.
Great Phœbus! Daphne is not here,
Nor Hyacinthus fair;
Phœbe! Endymion and thy dear
Hath long ſince cleft the air,
But ye have ſurely ſeen
(Whom we in ſorrow miſs)
A ſwain whom Phœbe thought her love,
And Titan deemed his.

But he is gone; then inwards turn your light,
Behold him there; here never ſhall you more
O'erhang this ſad plain with eternal night!
Or change the gaudy green ſhe whilom wore
To ſenny black. Hyperion great
To aſhy paleneſs turn her!
Green well-befits a lover's heat,
But black beſeems a mourner.
Yet neither this thou canſt,
Nor ſee his ſecond birth,
His brightneſs blinds thine eye more now,
Than thine did his on earth.
Let not a ſhepherd on our hapleſs plains,
Tune notes of glee, as uſed were of yore:
For Philarete is dead, let mirthful ſtrains
With Philarete ceaſe for evermore!
And if a fellow ſwain do live
A niggard of his tears;
The ſhepherdeſſes all will give
To ſtore him part of theirs.
Or I would lend him ſome,
But that the ſtore I have
Will all be ſpent before I pay
The debt I owe his grave.

O what is left can make me leave to moan!
Or what remains but doth increaſe it more?
Look on his ſheep: Alas! their maſter's gone.
Look on the place where we two heretofore
With locked arms have vow'd our love
(Our love which time ſhall ſee
In ſhepherd's ſongs for ever move,
And grace their harmony),

In ſolitary ſeems.
Behold our flow'ry beds;
Their beauties fade, and violets
For ſorrow hang their heads.
'Tis not a cypreſs bough, a count'nance ſad,
A mourning garment, wailing elegy,
A ſtanding herſe in ſable veſture clad,
A tomb built to his name's eternity,
Although the ſhepherds all ſhould ſtrive
By yearly obſequies,
And vow to keep thy fame alive
In ſpite of deſtinies
That can ſuppreſs my grief:
All theſe and more may be,
Yet all in vain to recompence
My greateſt loſs of thee.

Cypreſs may fade, the countenance be changed,
A garment rot, an elegy forgotten,
A herſe 'mongſt irreligious rites be ranged,
A tomb pluck'd down, or elſe through age be rotten:
All things th' unpartial hand of fate
Can raze out with a thought:
Theſe have a ſev'ral fixed date,
Which ended, turn to nought.
Yet ſhall my trueſt cauſe
Of ſorrow firmly ſtay,
When theſe effects the wings of time
Shall fan and ſweep away.
Look as a ſweet roſe fairly budding forth
Bewrays her beauties to th' enamour'd morn,
Until ſome keen blaſt from the envious north,
Kills the ſweet bud that was but newly born,
Or elſe her rareſt ſmells delighting
Make her, herſelf betray,
Some white and curious hand inviting
To pluck her thence away.
So ſtands my mournful caſe;
For had he been leſs good,
He yet (uncorrupt) had kept the ſtock
Whereon he fairly ſtood.

Yet though ſo long he liv'd, not as he might,
He had the time appointed to him given.
Who liveth but the ſpace of one poor night,
His birth, his youth, his age, is in that even.
Whoever doth the period ſee
Of days by heav'n forth plotted,
Dies full of age, as well as he
That had more years alloted.
In ſad tones then my verſe
Shall with inceſſant tears
Bemoan my hapleſs loſs of him
And not his want of years.
In deepeſt paſſions of my grief-ſwoln breaſt
(Sweet ſoul!) this only comfort ſeizeth me,
That ſo few years ſhould make thee ſo much bleſt,
And gave ſuch wings to reach eternity.
Is this to die? no; as a ſhip
Well built, with eaſy wind
A lazy hulk doth far outſtrip,
And ſooneſt harbour find:
So Philarete fled,
Quick was his paſſage given,
When others muſt have longer time
To make them fit for heaven.

Then not for thee theſe briny tears are ſpent,
But as the nightingale againſt the brier,
'Tis for myſelf I moan, and do lament,
Not that thou left'ſt the world, but left'ſt me here;
Here, where without thee all delights
Fail of their pleaſing pow'r;
All glorious days ſeem ugly nights;
Methinks no April ſhow'r
Embroider ſhould the earth,
But briny tears diſtill,
Since Flora's beauties ſhall no more
Be honour'd by thy quill.
And ye his ſheep (in token of his lack)
Whilome the faireſt flock on all the plain:
Yeane never lamb, but be it cloth'd in black.
Ye ſhady ſycamore! when any ſwain,
To carve his name upon your rind
Doth come, where his doth ſtand,
Shed drops, if he be ſo unkind
To raze it with his hand.
And thou my loved muſe,
No more ſhould'ſt numbers move,
But that his name ſhould ever live,
And after death my love.

This ſaid, he ſigh'd, and with o'erdrowned eyes
Gaz'd on the heavens for what he miſs'd on earth;
Then from the earth, full ſadly 'gan ariſe
As far from future hope, as preſent mirth,
Unto his cot with heavy pace
As ever ſorrow trod,
He went, with mind no more to trace
Where mirthful ſwains abode;
And as he ſpent the day,
The night he paſt alone;
Was never ſhepherd lov'd more dear,
Nor made a truer moan.

To the Virtuous and much lamenting Siſters of my ever-admired Friend,

MASTER THOMAS MANWOOD.

To me more known than you, is your ſad chance,
Oh! had I ſtill enjoy'd ſuch ignorance;
Then, I by theſe ſpent tears had not been known,
Nor left another's grief to ſing mine own.
Yet ſince his fate hath wrought theſe throes,
Permit a partner in your woes:
The cauſe doth yield, and ſtill may do,
Enough for you, and others too:
But if ſuch plaints for you are kept,
Yet may I grieve ſince you have wept.
For he more perfect grows to be
That feels another's miſery:
And though theſe drops which mourning run
From ſeveral fountains firſt begun,
And ſome far off, ſome nearer fleet;
They will (at laſt) in one ſtream meet.
Mine ſhall with yours, yours mix with mine,
And make one off'ring at his ſhrine:
For whoſe eternity on earth, my muſe
To build this altar, did her beſt ſkill uſe;
And that you, I, and all that held him dear,
Our tears and ſighs might freely offer here.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

ECLOGUE V.

To his ingenious Friend,

MR. CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.

The Argument.

Willie incites his friend to write
Things of a higher fame
Than ſilly ſhepherd's uſe endite
Veil'd in a ſhepherd's name.

WILLIE. CUTTY.

MORN had got the ſtart of night,
Lab'ring men were ready dight
With their ſhovels and their ſpades
For the field, and (as their trades)
Or at hedging wrought, or ditching,
For their food more than enriching.
When the ſhepherds from their fold
All their bleating charges told,
And (full careful) ſearch'd if one
Of all their flock were hurt or gone,
Or (if in the night-time cull'd)
Any had their fleeces pull'd:
'Mongſt the reſt (not leaſt in care)
Cutty to his fold 'gan fare;
And young Willie (that had given
To his flock the lateſt even
Neighbourhood with Cutty's ſheep)
Shaking off refreſhing ſleep,
Hy'd him to his charge that blet,
Where he (buſied) Cutty met:
Both their ſheep told, and none miſs'd
Of their number; then they bleſt
Pan, and all the gods of plains
For reſpecting of their trains
Of ſilly ſheep; and in a ſong
Praiſe gave to that holy throng.
Thus they drave their flocks to graze,
Whoſe white fleeces did amaze
All the lilies as they paſs
Where their uſual feeding was.
Lilies angry that a creature
Of no more eye-pleaſing feature
Then a ſheep, by nature's duty
Should be crown'd with far more beauty
Then a lily; and the pow'r
Of white in ſheep, outgo a flow'r:
From the middle of their ſprout
(Like a fury's ſting) thruſt out
Dart-like forts in death to ſteep them:
But great Pan did ſafely keep them;
And afforded kind repair
To their dry and wonted lare,
Where their maſters (that did eye them)
Underneath a hawthorn by them,
On their pipes thus 'gan to play,
And with rhymes wear out the day.

WILLIE.

Ceaſe, Cutty! ceaſe to feed theſe ſimple flocks,
And for a trumpet change thine oaten reeds;
O'erlook the vallies as aſpiring rocks,
And rather march in ſteel, than ſhepherd's weeds.
Believe me, Cutty! for heroic deeds
Thy verſe is fit; not for the lives of ſwains,
(Though both thou canſt do well) and none proceeds
To leave high pitches for the lowly plains:
Take thou a harp in hand, ſtrive with Apollo:
Thy muſe was made to lead, then ſcorn to follow.

CUTTY.

Willie, to follow ſheep I ne'er ſhall ſcorn;
Much leſs to follow any deity:
Who 'gainſt the ſun (though weaken'd by the morn)
Would vie with looks, needeth an eagle's eye,

I dare not ſearch the hidden myſtery
Of tragic ſcenes; nor in a huſkin'd ſtyle
Through death and horror march, nor their height fly,
Whoſe pens were fed with blood of this fair iſle.
It ſhall content me, on theſe happy downs
To ſing the ſtriſe for garlands, not for crowns.

WILLIE.

O who would not aſpire, and by his wing
Keep ſtroke with fame, and of an earthly jar
Another leſſon teach the ſpheres to ſing?
Who would a ſhepherd that might be a ſtar?
See, learned Cutty, on yond mountains are
Clear ſprings ariſing, and the climbing goat
That can get up, hath water clearer far
Than when the ſtreams do in the vallies float.
What madman would a race by torch-light run
That might his ſteps have uſher'd by the ſun?

We ſhepherds tune our lays of ſhepherds loves,
Or in the praiſe of ſhady groves, or ſprings;
We ſeldom hear of Cytherea's doves,
Except when ſome more learned ſhepherd ſings;
An equal meed have to our ſonnettings:
A belt, a ſheep hook, or a wreath of flow'rs,
Is all we ſeek, and all our verſing brings;
And more deſerts than theſe are ſeldom ours.
But thou whoſe muſe a falcon's pitch can ſore
May'ſt ſhare the bays even with a conqueror.

CUTTY.

Why doth not Willie then produce ſuch lines
Of men and arms as might accord with theſe?

WILLIE.

'Cauſe Cutty's ſpirit not in Willie ſhines,
Pan cannot wield the club of Hercules,
Nor dare a Merlin on a heron ſeize.
Scarce know I how to fit a ſhepherd's ear;
Far more unable ſhall I be to pleaſe
In ought, which none but ſemi-gods muſt hear;
When by thy verſe (more able) time ſhall ſee
Thou canſt give more to kings, than kings to thee.

CUTTY.

But (well-a-day) who loves the muſes now?
Or helps the climber of the ſacred hill?
None lean to them; but ſtrive to diſallow
All heavenly dews the goddeſſes diſtill.

WILLIE.

Let earthly minds baſe muck for ever fill,
Whoſe muſic only is the chime of gold,
Deaf be their ears to each harmonious quill!
As they of learning think, ſo of them hold.
And if there's none deſerves what thou canſt do,
Be then the poet and the patron too.

I tell thee, Cutty, had I all the ſheep
With thrice as many moe, as on theſe plains,
Or ſhepherd, or fair maiden fits to keep,
I would them all forego, ſo I thy ſtrains
Could equalize. O how our neateſt ſwains
Do trim themſelves, when on a holiday
They haſte to hear thee ſing, knowing the trains
Of faireſt nymphs will come to learn thy lay.
Well may they run and wiſh a parting never,
So thy ſweet tongue might charm their ears for ever.

CUTTY.

Theſe attributes (my lad) are not for me,
Beſtow them where true merit hath aſſign'd;

WILLIE.

And do I not? beſtowing them on thee:
Believe me, Cutty, I do bear this mind,
That whereſoe'er we true deſerving find,
To give a ſilent praiſe is to detract;
Obſcure thy verſes (more than moſt refin'd)
From any one, of dulneſs ſo compact.
And rather ſing to trees, than to ſuch men,
Who know not how to crown a poet's pen.

CUTTY.

Willie, by thy incitement I'll eſſay
To raiſe my ſubject higher than tofore,
And ſing it to our ſwains next holiday,
Which (as approv'd) ſhall fill them with the ſtore
Of ſuch rare accents: if diſlik'd, no more
Will I a higher ſtrain than ſhepherd's uſe,
But ſing of woods and rivers as before.

WILLIE.

Thou wilt be ever happy in thy muſe.
But ſee, the radiant ſun is gotten high,
Let's ſeek for ſhadow in the grove hereby.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

ECLOGUE VI.

The Argument.

Philos of his dog doth brag
For having many feats:
The while the cur undoes his bag,
And all his dinner eats.

WILLIE. JOCKIE. PHILOS.

WILLIE.

Stay, Jockie, let us reſt here by this ſpring,
And Philos too, ſince we ſo well are met;
This ſpreading oak will yield us ſhadowing
Till Phœbus' ſteeds be in the ocean wet.

JOCKIE.

Gladly (kind ſwain) I yield, ſo thou wilt play
And make us merry with a roundelay.

PHILOS.

No, Jockie, rather wend we to the wood,
The time is fit, and filberd's waxen ripe;
Let's go and fray the ſquirrel from his food;
We will another time hear Willie pipe.

WILLIE.

But who ſhall keep our flocks when we are gone?
I dare not go and let them feed alone.

JOCKIE.

Nor I: ſince but the other day it fell,
Leaving my ſheep to graze on yonder plain,
I went to fill my bottle at the well,
And e'er I could return, two lambs were ſlain.

PHILOS.

Then was thy dog ill taught, or elſe aſleep;
Such curs as thoſe ſhall never watch my ſheep.

WILLIE.

Yet Philos hath a dog not of the beſt;
He ſeems too lazy, and will take no pains;
More fit to lie at home and take his reſt,
Than catch a wand'ring ſheep upon the plains.

JOCKIE.

'Tis true, indeed; and Philos wot ye what?
I think he plays the fox, he grows ſo fat.

PHILOS.

Yet hath not Jockie nor yet Willie ſeen
A dog more nimble than is this of mine,
Nor any of the fox more heedful been
When in the ſhade I ſlept, or lift to dine.
And though I ſay't, hath better tricks in ſtore
Than both of yours, or twenty couple more.

How often have the maidens ſtrove to take him,
When he hath croſs'd the plain to bark at crows?
How many laſſes have I known to make him
Garlands to gird his neck, with which he goes
Vaunting along the lands ſo wond'rous trim,
That not a dog of yours durſt bark at him.
And when I lift (as often times I uſe)
To tune a horn-pipe, or a morris-dance,
The dog (as he by nature could not chooſe)
Seeming aſleep before, will leap and dance.

WILLIE.

Belike your dog came of a pedler's brood,
Or Philos' muſic is exceeding good.

PHILOS.

I boaſt not of his kin, nor of my reed,
(Though of my reed, and him I well may boaſt)
Yet if you will adventure that ſome meed
Shall be to him that is in action moſt,
As for a collar of ſhrill ſounding bells,
My dog ſhall ſtrive with yours, or any's elſe.

JOCKIE.

Philos, in truth, I muſt confeſs your Wag
(For ſo you call him) hath of tricks good ſtore,

To steal the victuals from his master's bag
More cunningly, I ne'er saw dog before.
See, Willy, see! I prithee, Philos, note
How fast thy bread and cheese goes down his throat.

WILLIE.

Now, Philos, see how mannerly your cur,
Your well-taught dog, that hath so many tricks,
Devours your dinner.

PHILOS.

I wish 'twere a bur
To choke the mungrel!

JOCKIE.

See how he licks
Your butter box; by Pan, I do not meanly
Love Philos' dog, that loves to be so cleanly.

PHILOS.

Well flouted Jockie.

WILLIE.

Philos, run amain,
For in your scrip he now hath thrust his head
So far, he cannot get it forth again;
See how he blindfold strags along the mead;
And at your scrip your bottle hangs, I think:
He loves your meat, but cares not for your drink.

JOCKIE.

I, so it seems: and Philos now may go
Unto the wood, or home for other cheer.

PHILOS.

'Twere better he had never serv'd me so,
Sweet meat, sow'r sauce, he shall abye it dear.
What, must he be aforehand with his master?

WILLIE.

Only in kindness he would be your taster:

PHILOS.

Well, Willie, you may laugh, and urge my spleen:
But by my hook I swear he shall it rue,
And had far'd better had he fasting been.
But I must home for my allowance new.
So farewell lads. Look to my fleeced train
Till my return.

JOCKIE.

We will.

WILLIE.

Make haste again.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

ECLOGUE VII.

The Argument.

Palinode intreats his friend
To leave a wanton laſs;
Yet he purſues her to his end
And lets all counſel paſs.

PALINODE. HOBBINOL.

WHITHER wends Hobbinol ſo early day?
What be thy lambkins broken fro' the fold
And on the plains all night have run aſtray?
Or are thy ſheep and ſheep-walks both yſold?
What miſter-chance hath brought thee to the field
Without thy ſheep? thou wert not wont to yield
To idle ſport,
But did reſort
As early to thy charge from drowſy bed,
As any ſhepherd that his flock hath fed
Upon theſe downs.

HOBBINOL.

Such heavy frowns
Fortune for others keeps; but bends on me
Smiles would befit the ſeat of majeſty.
Hath Palinode
Made his abode
Upon our plains, or in ſome uncouth cell?
That hears not what to Hobbinol befel;
Phillis the fair, and fairer is there none,
To-morrow muſt be link'd in marriage bands,
'Tis I that muſt undo her virgin zone.
Behold the man, behold the happy hands.

PALINODE.

Behold the man! nay, then the woman too,
Though both of them are very ſmall beholding
To any pow'r that ſet them on to woo;
Ah, Hobbinol! it is not worth unfolding
What ſhepherds ſay of her; thou canſt not chooſe
But hear what language all of Phyllis uſe;
Yet, than ſuch tongues,
To her belongs
More than to ſate her luſt; unhappy elf;
That wilt be bound to her to loſe thyſelf.
Forſake her firſt.

HOBBINOL.

Thou moſt accurs'd!
Durſt thou to ſlander thus the innocent,
The graces' pattern, virtue's preſident?
She, in whoſe eye
Shines modeſty:
Upon whoſe brow luſt never looks with hope,
Venus rul'd not in Phyllis' horoſcope:
'Tis not the vapour of a hemlock ſtem
Can ſpoil the perfume of ſweet cinnamon;
Nor vile aſperſions, or by thee or them
Caſt on her name, can ſtay my going on.

PALINODE.

On may'ſt thou go, but not with ſuch a one,
Whom (I dare ſwear) thou know'ſt is not a maid:
Remember when I met her laſt alone
As we to yonder grove for filberts ſtray'd,
Like to a new-ſtruck doe from out the buſhes,
Lacing herſelf, and red with gameſome bluſhes,
Made towards the green,
Loth to be ſeen:
And after in the grove the goat-herd met:
What ſaidſt thou then? if this prevail not, yet
I'll tell thee moe.
Not long ago
Too long I lov'd her, and as thou doſt now
Would ſwear Diana was leſs chaſte than ſhe,
That Jupiter would court her, knew he how
To find a ſhape might tempt ſuch chaſtity;

And that her thoughts were pure as new-fall'n
snow,
Or ſilver ſwans that trace the banks of Po,
And free within
From ſpot of ſin:
Yet like the flint her luſt-ſwoln breaſt conceal'd
A hidden fire; and thus it was reveal'd:
Cladon, the lad
Who whilome had
The garland given for throwing beſt the bar,
I know not by what chance or lucky ſtar,
Was choſen late
To be the mate
Unto our lady of our gleeſome May,
And was the firſt that danc'd each holiday;
None would he take but Phillis forth to dance;
Nor any could with Phyllis dance but he,
On Palinode ſhe thenceforth not a glance
Beſtows, but hates him and his poverty,
Cladon had ſheep and limbs for ſtronger load
Then ere ſhe ſaw in ſimple Palinode:
He was the man
Muſt clip her than;
For him ſhe wreathes of flowers and chaplets
made;
To ſtrawberrries invites him in the ſhade,
In ſhearing time,
And in the prime
Would help to clip his ſheep, and guard his
lambs;
And at a need lend him her choiceſt rams,
And on each ſtock
Work ſuch a cloke
With twiſted coloured thread; as not a ſwain
On all theſe downs could ſhew the like again.
But as it ſeems, the well grew dry at laſt,
Her fire unquench'd, and ſhe hath Cladon loſt;
Nor was I ſorry; nor do wiſh to taſte
The fleſh whereto ſo many flies have cleft.
Oh Hobbinol! Canſt thou imagine ſhe
That hath ſo oft been try'd, ſo oft miſdone,
Can from all other men be true to thee?
Thou know'ſt with me, with Cladon, ſhe hath
gone
Beyond the limits that a maiden may,
And can the name of wife thoſe rovings ſtay?
She hath not ought
That's hid, unſought;
Theſe eyes, theſe hands, ſo much know of that
woman,
As more thou canſt not; Can that pleaſe that's
common?
No: Should I wed,
My marriage bed,
And all that it contains, ſhould as my heart
Be known but to myſelf; if we impart
What golden rings
The fairy brings,
We loſe the gem, nor will they give us more:
Wives loſe their value, if once known before:
Behold this violet that cropped lies,
I know not by what hand firſt from the ſtem,
With what I pluck myſelf ſhall I it prize?
I ſcorn the offals of a diadem.
A virgin's bed hath millions of delights
If then goods parents pleaſe ſhe know no more:
Nor hath her ſervants nor her favourites
That wait her huſband's iſſuing at door:
She that is free both from the act and eye
Only deſerves the due of chaſtity.
But Phyllis is
As far from this,
As are the poles in diſtance from each other,
She well beſeems the daughter of her mother.
Is there a brake
By hill or lake
In all our plains that hath not guilty been,
In keeping cloſe her ſtealths; the Paphian queen
Ne'er us'd her ſkill
To win her will
Of young Adonis, with more heart than ſhe
Hath her allurements ſpent to work on me.
Leave, leave her, Hobbinol; ſhe is ſo ill
That any one is good that's nought of her, [till
Though ſhe be fair, the ground which oft we
Grows with his burden old and barrener.

HOBBINOL.

With much ado, and with no little pain
Have I out-heard thy railing 'gainſt my love:
But it is common, what we cannot gain
We oft diſvalue; ſooner ſhalt thou move
Yon lofty mountain from the place it ſtands,
Or count the meadow's flowers, or Iſis' ſands,
Then ſtir one thought
In me, that ought
Can be in Phillis, which Diana fair,
And all the goddeſſes would not wiſh their.
Fond man then ceaſe
To croſs that peace
Which Phillis's virtue and this heart of mine
Have well begun; and for thoſe words of thine
I do forgive
If thou wilt live
Hereafter free from ſuch reproaches mo,
Since goodneſs never was without her foe.

PALINODE.

Believe me, Hobbinol, what I have ſaid
Was more in love to thee than hate to her:
Think on thy liberty; let that be weigh'd;
Great good may oft betide if we defer
And uſe ſome ſhort delays e'er marriage rites;
Wedlock hath days of toil as joyſome nights.
Canſt thou be free
From jealouſy?
Oh no: That plague will ſo infect thy brain,
That only death muſt work thy peace again.
Thou canſt not dwell
One minute well [gate,
From whence thou leav'ſt her; lock on her thy
Yet will her mind be ſtill adulterate.
Not Argos' eyes
Nor ten ſuch ſpies
Can make her only thine; for ſhe will do
With thoſe, that ſhall make thee miſtruſt them
too.

HOBBINOL.

Wilt thou not leave to taint a virgin's name?

PALINODE.

A virgin! yes: as ſure as is her mother.
Doſt thou not hear her good report by fame?

HOBBINOL.

Fame is a liar, and was never other.

PALINODE.

Nay, if she ever spoke true, now she did;
And thou wilt once confess what I foretold,
The fire will be disclos'd that now lies hid,
Nor will thy thought of her thus long time hold.
Yet may she (if that possible can fall)
Be true to thee, that hath been false to all.

HOBBINOL.

So pierce the rocks
A red-breasts knocks
As the belief of ought thou tell'st me now.
Yet be my guest to-morrow.

PALINODE.

Speed your plough,
I fear e'er long
You'll sing a song
Like that was sung hereby not long ago;
Where there is carrion, never wants a crow.

HOBBINOL.

Ill-tutor'd swain,
If on the plain
Thy sheep henceforward come where mine do feed,
They shall be sure to smart for thy misdeed.

PALINODE.

Such are the thanks a friend's forewarning brings.
Now by the love I ever bore thee, stay!
Meet not mishaps! themselves have speedy wings.

HOBBINOL.

It is in vain. Farewell. I must away.

THE INNER TEMPLE MASQUE.

TO THE HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF THE

INNER TEMPLE.

GENTLEMEN,

I GIVE you but your own: If you refuſe to foſter it, I know not who will: By your means it may live. If it degenerate in kind from thoſe other the ſociety hath produced, blame yourſelves for not ſeeking a happier muſe. I know it is not without faults; yet ſuch as your loves, or at leaſt *Poetica Licentia* (the common ſalve) will make tolerable. What is good in it, that is yours; what bad, mine; what indifferent, both; and that will ſuffice, ſince it was done to pleaſe ourſelves in private, by him that is

All yours,

W. BROWNE.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE FIRST SCENE.

On one ſide the hall, towards the lower end, was diſcovered a cliff of the ſea, done over in part white, according to that of Virgil, lib. v.

Jamque adeo ſcopulos Syrenum advecta ſubibat
Difficiles quondam multorumque oſſibus albos.

Upon it were ſeated two Syrens, as they are deſcribed by Hyginus *and* Servius, *with their upper parts like women, to the navel, and the reſt like a hen. One of theſe, at the firſt diſcovery of the ſcene (a ſea being done in perſpective on one ſide the cliff) began to ſing this ſong, being as laſcivious and proper to them, and beginning as that of theirs in* Hom. *lib.* μ. Οὐ· Δευρ' ἄγ' ἴων πάλυσαι Ὀδυσεῦ μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν.

STEER hither, ſteer, your winged pines,
All beaten mariners,
Here lie love's undiſcov'red mines,
A prey to paſſengers;
Perfumes far ſweeter than the beſt
Which make the phœnix' urn and neſt.
Fear not your ſhips,
Nor any to oppoſe you, ſave our lips,
But come on ſhore,
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

The laſt two lines were repeated as from a grove near, by a full chorus, and the Syren about to ſing again, Triton (in all parts as Apollonius, lib. 4. *Argonaut. ſhews him) was ſeen interrupting her thus;*

TRITON.

Leave, leave, alluring Syren, with thy ſong
To haſten what the fates would fain prolong:
Your ſweeteſt tunes but groans of mandrakes be;
He his own traitor is that heareth thee.
Tethis commands, nor is it fit that you
Should ever glory you did him ſubdue
By wiles, whoſe policies were never ſpread
Till flaming Troy gave light to have them read.
Ulyſſes now furrows the liquid plain,
Doubtful of ſeeing Ithaca again;
For in his way more ſtops are thruſt by time,
Than in the path where virtue comes to climb:
She that with ſilver ſprings for ever fills
The ſhady groves, ſweet meadows, and the hills,
From whoſe continual ſtore ſuch pools are fed,
As in the land for ſeas are famouſed.
'Tis ſhe whoſe favour to this Grecian tends,
And to remove his ruin Triton ſends.

SYREN.

But 'tis not Tethis, nor a greater pow'r,
Cynthia, that rules the waves; ſcarce he (each hour)
That wields the thunderbolts, can things begun
By mighty Circe (daughter to the ſun)
Check or controul; ſhe that by charms can make
The ſcaled fiſh to leave the briny lake,
And on the ſeas walk as on land ſhe were;
She that can pull the pale moon from her ſphere,
And at mid-day the world's all-glorious eye
Muffle with clouds in long obſcurity;
She that can cold December ſet on fire,
And from the grave bodies with life inſpire;
She that cleave the centre, and with eaſe
A proſpect make to our Antipodes;
Whoſe myſtic ſpells have fearful thunders made,
And forc'd brave rivers to run retrograde;
She, without ſtorms, that ſturdy oaks can tear,
And turn their roots where late their curl'd topes were;
She that can with the winter ſolſtice bring
All Flora's dainties. Circe bids me ſing;
And till ſome greater hand her pow'r can ſtay
Whoe'er command, I none but her obey.

TRITON.

Then * Nereus' daughter thus you'll have me tell.

SYREN.

You may.

TRITON.

Think on her wrath.

SYREN.

I ſhall. Triton! farewell.
Vain was thy meſſage, vain her haſte, for I
Muſt tune again my wanton melody.

Here ſhe went on with her Song thus:

For ſwelling waves, our panting breaſts,
Where never ſtorms ariſe,
Exchange; and be a while our gueſts:
For ſtars gaze on our eyes.
The compaſs, love ſhall hourly ſing,
And as he goes about the ring,
We will not miſs
To tell each point he nameth with a kiſs.

CHORUS.

Then come on ſhore,
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

At the end of this ſong Circe was ſeen upon the rock, quaintly attired, her hair looſe about her ſhoulders, an anadem of flowers on her head, with a wand in her hand, and then making towards the Syrens, called them thence with this ſpeech:

Syrens, ynouk; ceaſe; Circe hath prevail'd,
The Greeks which on the dancing billows ſail'd,
About whoſe ſhips a hundred dolphins clung,
Wrapt with the muſic of Ulyſſes' tongue,
Have, with their guide, by pow'rful Circe's hand,
Caſt their hook'd anchors on Æœ's ſtrand.
Yonde ſtands a hill, crown'd with high waving trees,
Whoſe gallant tops each neighb'ring country ſees,
Under whoſe ſhade an hundred ſylvans play,
With gaudy nymphs far fairer than the day;
Where everlaſting ſpring with ſilver ſhow'rs,
Sweet roſes doth increaſe to grace our bow'rs;
Where laviſh Flora, prodigal in pride,
Spends what might well enrich all earth beſide,
And to adorn this place ſhe loves ſo dear,
Stays in ſome climates ſcarcely half the year.
When, would ſhe to the world indifferent be,
They ſhould continual April have as we.

Midway the wood, and from the levell'd lands,
A ſpacious, yet a curious arbour ſtands,
Wherein ſhould Phœbus once to pry begin,
I would benight him e'er he get his inn,
Or turn his ſteeds awry, ſo draw him on
To burn all lands but this, like Phaëton.

Ulyſſes near his mates, by my ſtrange charms,
Lies there till my return in ſleep's ſoft arms:
Then Syrens quickly wend me to the bow'r,
To fit their welcome, and ſhew Circe's pow'r.

SYREN.

What all the elements do owe to thee,
In their obedience is perform'd in me.

CIRCE.

Circe drinks not of Lethe, then away
To help the nymphs who now begin their lay.

SCENE II.

While Circe was ſpeaking her firſt ſpeech, and at theſe words, "Yonde ſtands a hill, &c." *a traverſe was drawn at the lower end of the hall, and gave way for the diſcovery of an artificial wood, ſo near imitating nature, that, I think, had there been a grove like that in the open plain, birds would have been ſaſter drawn to that than to Zeuxis' grapes. The trees ſtood at the climbing of an hill, and left at their feet a little plain, which they circled like a creſcent. In this ſpace, upon hillocks, were ſeen eight muſicians in crimſon taffety robes, with chaplets of laurel on*

* *Hom.* Αλλεί ἐ Νηρηος θυγατης, &c.

their heads, their lutes by them, which being by them touched as a warning to the nymphs of the wood, from among the trees way heard this song:

The Song in the Wood.

WHAT ſing the ſweet birds in each grove?
Nought but love.
What ſound our echo, day and night?
All delight.
What doth each wind breathe us that fleets?
Endleſs ſweets.

CHORUS.

Is there a place on earth this iſle excels,
Or any nymphs more happy live than we,
When all our ſongs, our ſounds, and breathings be,
That here all love, delight, and ſweetneſs dwells.

By this time Circe and the Syrens being come into the wood, Ulyſſes was ſeen lying as aſleep, under the covert of a fair tree, towards whom Circe coming, beſpake thus:

CIRCE.

Yet holds ſoft ſleep his courſe. Now Ithacus,
Ajax would offer hecatombs to us,
And Ilium's raviſh'd wives, and childleſs fires,
With incenſe dim the bright æthereal fires,
To have thee bound in chains of ſleep as here;
But that thou may'ſt behold, and know how dear
Thou art to Circe, with my magic deep,
And powerful verſes, thus I baniſh ſleep;

The Charm.

Son of Erebus and Night,
Hie away; and aim thy flight
Where conſort none other fowl,
Than the bat, and ſullen owl;
Where upon the limber graſs,
Poppy and mandragoras,
With like ſimples not a few,
Hang for ever drops of dew;
Where flows Lethe, without coil,
Softly like a ſtream of oil.
Hie thee thither, gentle ſleep,
With this Greek no longer keep:
Thrice I charge thee by my wand,
Thrice with Mocy from my hand,
Do I to touch Ulyſſes' eyes,
And with the Jaſpis: Then ariſe,
Sageſt Greek.

Ulyſſes (as by the power of Circe) awaking, thus began:

ULYSSES.

Thou more than mortal maid,
Who, when thou liſts, canſt make (as if afraid)
The mountains tremble, and with terror ſhake
The ſeat of Dis; and from Avernus' lake
Grim Hecate with all the furies bring,
To work revenge; or to thy queſtioning
Diſcloſe the ſecrets of the infernal ſhades,
Or raiſe the ghoſts that walk the under-glades,
To thee, whom all obey, Ulyſſes bends,
But may I aſk (great Circe) whereto tends
Thy never-failing hands? Shall we be free?
Or muſt thine anger cruſh my mates and me?

CIRCE.

Neither, Laertes' ſon, with wings of love,
To thee, and none but thee, my actions move.
My art went with thee, and thou me may'ſt thank,
In winning Rheſeus' horſes, ere they drank
Of Xanthus' ſtream; and when with human gore,
Clear Hebrus' channel was all ſtain'd o'er;
When ſome brave Greeks, companions then with thee,
Forgot their country through the Lotos tree;
I tyn'd the firebrand that (beſide thy flight)
Left Polyphemus in eternal night;
And, laſtly, to Æœa brought thee on,
Saſe from the man-devouring Læſtrygon.
This for Ulyſſes' love hath Circe done,
And if to live with me thou ſhalt be won;
Aurora's hand ſhall never draw away
The ſable vail that hides the gladſome day
But we new pleaſures will begin to taſte,
And better ſtill, thoſe we enjoyed laſt,
To inſtance what I can: Muſic, thy voice,
And of all thoſe have felt our wrath, the choice
Appear: and in a dance 'gin that delight
Which with the minutes ſhall grow infinite.

Here one attir'd like a woodman, in all points, came forth of the wood, and, going towards the ſtage, ſung this ſong to call away the antimaſque:

SONG. *

COME ye whoſe horns the cuckold wears,
The whittol too, with aſs's ears;
Let the wolf leave howling,
The baboon his ſcowling,
And grillus hie
Out of his ſtye.
Though grunting, though barking, though braying ye come,
We'll make ye dance quiet, and ſo ſend ye home.
Nor gin ſhall ſnare you,
Nor maſtiff ſcare you,
Nor learn the baboon's tricks,
Nor grillus' ſcoff,
From the hog trough,
But turn again unto the thicks.
Here's none ('tis hop'd) ſo fooliſh, ſcorns
That any elſe ſhould wear the horns.
Here's no cur with howling,
Nor an ape with ſcowling,
Shall mock or moe,
At what you ſhow.
In jumping, in ſkipping, in turning, or ought,
You ſhall do to pleaſe us how well or how nought
If there be any
Among this many,

* *The muſic was compoſed of treble violins, with all the inward parts, a baſs viol, baſs lute, ſagbute cornamute, and a tabor and pipe.*

Whom such an humour steers,
May he still lie,
In Grillus' stye,
Or wear for ever the ass's ears.

While the staff of this song was singing, out of the thickets on either side of the passage came rushing the antimasque, being such as by Circe, were supposed to have been transformed (having the minds of men still) into these shapes following:

Two with hearts, heads, and bodies, as Actæon is pictur'd.
Two like Midas, with asses ears.
Two like wolves, as Lycaon is drawn.
Two like baboons.
Grillus (of whom Plutarch writes in his morals) in the shape of a hog.

These together dancing an antique measure, towards the latter end of it missed Grillus, who was newly slipt away, and whilst they were at a stand, wond'ring what was become of him, the woodman left forth and sung this

SONG.

Grillus is gone, belike he hath heard
The dairy-maid knock at the trough in the yard:
Through thick and thin he wallows,
And weighs not depths nor shallows.
Hark! how he whines,
Run all ere he dines,
Then serve him a trick
For being so quick,
And let him for all his pains
Behold you turn clean of
His trough,
And spill all his * wash and his grains.

With this the triplex of their tune was plaid twice or thrice over, and by turns brought them from the stage; when the woodman sung this other staff of the last song, and then ran after them.

And now 'tis wish'd that all such as he,
Were rutting with him at the trough or the tree,
Fly, fly, from our pure fountains,
To the dark vales or the mountains,
List some one whines
With voice like a swine's,
As angry that none
With Grillus is gone,
Or that he is left behind.
O let there be no stay
In his way.
To hinder the boar from his kind.

CIRCE.

How likes Ulysses this!

ULYSSES.

Much like to one
Who in a shepwreck being cast upon
The frothy shores, and safe beholds his mates
Equally cross'd by Neptune and the fates.

* *Ovid. Metam. lib.* 14.

You might as well have ask'd how I would like
A strain whose equal Orpheus could not strike,
Upon a harp whose strings none other be,
Than of the heart of chaste Penelope.
O let it be enough that thou in these,
Hast made most wretched Lærtiades:
Let yet the sad chance of distressed Greeks,
With other tears than sorrow's dew your cheeks!
Most abject baseness hath enthrall'd that breast
Which laughs at men by misery oppress'd.

CIRCE.

In this, as lilies, or the new-fall'n snow,
Is Circe spotless yet, what though the bow
Which Iris bends, appeareth to each sight
In various hews and colours infinite:
The learned know that in itself is free,
And light and shade make that variety.
Things far off seen seem not the same they are,
Fame is not ever truth's discoverer;
For still where envy meeteth a report,
Ill she makes worse, and what is good come short.
In whatsoe'er this land hath passing been,
Or she that here o'er other reigneth queen,
Let wise Ulysses judge. Some I confess,
That tow'rds this isle not long since did address
Their stretched oars, no sooner landed were,
But (careless of themselves) they here and there
Fed on strange fruits, invenoming their bloods
And now like monsters range about the woods.
If those thy mates were, yet is Circe free,
For their misfortunes have not birth from me.
Who in the apothecary's shop hath ta'en
(Whilst he is wanting) that which breeds his bane,
Should never blame the man who there had plac'd it,
But his own folly urging him to taste it.

ULYSSES.

Æœa's queen, and great Hyperion's pride,
Pardon misdoubts, and we are satisfy'd.

CIRCE.

Swifter the lightning comes not from above,
Than do our grants born on the wings of love;
And since what's past doth not Ulysses please,
Call to a dance the fair Neriades,
With other nymphs, which do in every creek,
In woods, on plains, on mountains simples seek
For powerful Circe, and let in a song
Echoes be aiding, that they may prolong
My now command to each place where they be,
To bring them hither all more speedily.

Presently in the wood was heard a full music of lutes, which descending to the stage, had to them sung this following song, the echoes being placed in several parts of the passage.

SONG

Circe bids you come away,
Echo. Come away, come away.
From the rivers, from the sea.
Echo. From the sea, from the sea.
From the green woods every one.
Echo Every one, every one.
Of her maids be missing none.
Echo. Missing none, missing none.
No longer stay, except it be to bring
A med'cine for love's sting.

That would excuſe you, and be held more dear,
Than wit or magic, for both they are here.

Echo. They are here, they are here.

The echo had no ſooner anſwered to the loſt line of the ſong, They are here, *but the ſecond antimaſque came in, being ſeven nymphs, and were thus attired:*

Four in white taffeta robes, long treſſes, and chaplets of flowers, herbs, and weeds, on their heads, with little wicker baſkets in their hands, neatly painted. Theſe were ſuppoſed to be maids attending upon Circe, and uſed in gathering ſimples for their miſtreſs's inchantments.—(Pauſanius in prioribus Eliacis.)

*Three in ſea-green robes, * greeniſh hair hanging looſe, with leaves of coral and ſhells intermixed upon it. Theſe are, by Ovid, affirmed to help the nymphs of Circe in their collections †.*

Theſe having danced a moſt curious meaſure to a ſofter tune than the firſt antimaſque, as moſt fitting, returned as they came; the Nereides towards the cliffs, and the other maids of Circe to the woods and plains. After which Ulyſſes, thus:

ULYSSES.

Fame adds not to thy joys, I ſee in this,
But like a high and ſtately pyramis
Grows leaſt at fartheſt: now, fair Circe, grant,
Although the fair-hair'd Greeks do never vaunt,
That they in meaſur'd paces ought have done,
But where the god of battles led them on;
Give leave (that freed from ſleep) the ſmall remain
Of my companions, on the under plain,
May in a dance ſtrive how to pleaſure thee,
Either with ſkill or with variety.

CIRCE.

Circe is pleas'd: Ulyſſes, take my wand,
And from their eyes each child of ſleep command,
Whilſt my choice maids, with their harmonious voices
(Whereat each bird and dancing ſpring rejoices)
Harming the winds when they contrary meet,
Shall make their ſpirits as nimble as their feet.

SCENE III.

DESCRIPTION.

Circe, with this ſpeech, delivering her wand to Ulyſſes, reſts on the lower part of the hill, while he going up the hill, and ſtriking the trees with his wand, ſuddenly two great gates flew open, making, as it were, a large glade through the wood, and along the glade a fair walk; two ſeeming brick walls on either ſide, over which the trees wantonly hung; a great light (as the ſun's ſudden unmaſking) being ſeen upon this diſcovery. At the further end was deſcribed an arbour, very curiouſly done, having one entrance under an architrave, borne up by two pillars, with their chapters and baſes gilt; the top of the entrance beautified with poſtures of Satyrs, Wood-nymphs, and other antique work; as alſo the ſides and corners of the covering archwiſe, interwove with boughs, the back of it girt round with a vine, and artificially done up in knots towards the top: beyond it was a wood-ſcene in perſpective, the fore-part of it opening at Ulyſſes's approach, the maſkers were diſcovered in ſeveral ſeats, leaning as aſleep.

THEIR ATTIRE.

Doublets of green taffeta, cut like oaken leaves, as upon cloth of ſilver; their ſkirts and wings cut into leaves, deep round boſe of the ſame, both lined with ſprig lace ſpangled; long white ſilk ſtockings; green pumps, and roſes done over with ſilver leaves; hats of the ſame ſtuff, and cut narrow-brimmed, and riſing ſmaller compaſs at the crown; white wreath hatbands; white plumes; egrets with a green fall; ruff bands and cuffs.

Ulyſſes ſeverally came and touched every one of them with the wand, while this was ſung.

SONG.

Shake off ſleep ye worthy knights,
Though ye dream of all delights;
Shew that Venus doth reſort
To the camp as well as court.
By ſome well-timed meaſure,
And on your geſtures and your paces,
Let the well-compoſed graces,
Looking like, and part with pleaſure.

By this the knights being all riſen from their ſeats, were, by Ulyſſes (the loud muſic ſounding) brought to the ſtage; and then to the violins danced their firſt meaſure; after which this ſong brought them to the ſecond.

SONG.

On and imitate the ſun,
Stay not to breath till you have done:
Earth doth think as other where
Do ſome women ſhe doth bear.
Thoſe wives whoſe huſbands only threaten,
Are not lov'd like thoſe are beaten:
Then with your feet to ſuff'ring move her,
For whilſt you beat earth thus, you love her.

Here they danc'd their ſecond meaſure, and then this ſong was ſung, during which time they take out the ladies.

SONG.

Choose now among this faireſt number,
Upon whoſe breaſts love would for ever ſlumber:
Chooſe not amiſs, ſince you may where you will,
Or blame yourſelves for chooſing ill.

* *Hor. lib. 3. carmin.*

† *Nereides nymphæque ſimul quis vellera mollis*
Nulla trahunt digitis, nec fila ſequentia ducunt,
Gramina diſponunt; ſparſoſque ſine ordine flores
Secernunt Calathis, variiſque coloribus herbas.
Ipſa quod hæ faciunt opus exigit, &c.
Ovid, lib. 14. Metam.

Then do not leave, though oft the music closes,
Till lilies in their cheeks be turned to roses.

CHORUS.

And if it lay in Circe's power,
Your bliss might so persevere,
That those you choose but for an hour,
You should enjoy for ever.

The knights, with their ladies, dance here the old measures, galliards, corantoes, the branles, &c. and then (having led them again to their places) danced their last measure; after which this song called them away.

SONG.

Who but time so hasty were,
To fly away and leave you here.
Here where delight
Might well allure
A very stoic, from this night
To turn an epicure.

But since he calls away; and time will soon repent,
He stay'd not longer here, but ran to be more idly spent.

POEMS.

THIRSIS'S PRAISE TO HIS MISTRESS.

From a Collection of Poems, called

ENGLAND'S HELICON;

OR,

THE MUSE'S HARMONY.

On a hill that grac'd the plain
Thirſis ſat, a comely ſwain,
Comelier ſwain ne'er grac'd a hill:
Whilſt his flock, that wand'red nigh,
Cropt the green graſs buſily;
Thus he tun'd his oaten quill:

Ver hath made the pleaſant field
Many ſeveral odours yield,
Odours aromatical:
From fair Aſtra's cherry lip,
Sweeter ſmells for ever ſkip,
They in pleaſing paſſing all.

Leavy groves now mainly ring,
With each ſweet bird's ſonneting,
Notes that make the echoes long:
But when Aſtra tunes her voice,
All the mirthful birds rejoice,
And are liſt'ning to her ſong.

Fairly ſpreads the damaſk roſe,
Whoſe rare mixture doth diſcloſe
Beauties, penrills cannot fain.
Yet if Aſtra paſs the buſh,
Roſes have been ſeen to bluſh.
She doth all their beauties ſtain.

Phœbus ſhining bright in ſky,
Gilds the floods, heats mountains high
With his beams all-quick'ning fire:
Aſtra's eyes (moſt ſparkling ones)
Strikes a heat in hearts of ſtones,
And inflames them them with deſire.

Fields are bleſt with flow'ry wreath,
Air is bleſt when ſhe doth breath,
Birds make happy ev'ry grove,
She each bird when ſhe doth ſing,
Phœbus' heat to earth doth bring,
She makes marble fall in love.

Thoſe bleſſings of the earth we ſwains do call,
Aſtra can bleſs thoſe bleſſings, earth and all.

A POEM,

Attributed by PRINCE, in his Worthies of Devon,

TO WILLIAM BROWNE.

I.

I oft have heard of Lydford law,
How, in the morn, they hang and draw,
And ſit in judgment after.
At firſt I wonder'd at it much,
But ſince I find the reaſon ſuch,
As it deſerves no laughter.

II.

They have a caſtle on a hill,
I took it for an old wind-mill,
The vanes blown off by weather;
To lie therein one night, 'tis gueſs'd,
'Twere better to be ſton'd and preſs'd,
Or hang'd, now chooſe you whether.

III.

Ten men leſs room within this cave,
Than five mice in a lanthorn have,
The keepers they are fly ones;
If any could deviſe by art,
To get it up into a cart,
'Twere fit to carry lions.

IV.

When I beheld it, Lord! thought I,
What juſtice and what clemency
Hath Lydford! When I ſaw all,
I know none gladly there would ſtay,
But rather hang out of the way,
Then tarry for a trial.

V.

The prince an hundred pounds hath ſent
To mend the leads, and planchens wrent,
Within this living tomb,
Some forty-five pounds more hath paid
The debts of all that ſhall be laid
There till the day of doom.

VI.

One lies there for a ſeam of malt,
Another for a peck of ſalt,
Two ſureties for a noble.
If this be true, or elſe falſe news,
You may go aſk of Maſter Crews*,
John Vaughan, or John Doble†.

* *Steward.*

† *Attorney of the court.*

VII.

Tore, to theſe men that lie in lurch,
Here is a bridge, there is a church;
Seven aſhes, and one oak;
Three houſes ſtanding, and ten down;
They ſay the parſon hath a gown.
But I ſaw ne'er a cloak.

VIII.

Whereby you may conſider well,
That plain ſimplicity doth dwell
At Lydford, without bravery.
And in the town both young and grave,
Do love the naked truth to have,
No cloak to hide their knavery.

XI.

The people all within this clime,
Are frozen in the winter time,
For ſure I do not fain;
And when the ſummer is begun,
They lie like ſilk-worms in the ſun,
And come to life again.

X.

One told me in King Cæſar's time,
The town was built with ſtone and lime;
But ſure the walls were clay,
And they are fall'n, for ought I ſee,
And ſince the houſes are got free,
The town is run away.

XI.

Oh! Cæſar, if thou there didſt reign,
While one houſe ſtands come there again;
Come quickly while there is one.
If ou ſtay but a little fit,
But five years more, they will commit
The whole town to a priſon.

XII.

To ſee it thus much griev'd was I,
The proverb ſaith, "Sorrows be dry,"
So was I at the matter.
Now by good luck, I know not how,
There thither came a ſtrange ſtray-cow,
And we had milk and water.

XIII.

To nine good ſtomachs, with our wig,
At laſt we got a roaſting pig;
This diet was our bounds,
And this was juſt as if 'twere known,
A pound of butter had been thrown
Among a pack of hounds.

XIV.

One glaſs of drink I got by chance,
'Twas claret when it was in France,
But now from it much wider;
I think a man might make as good
With green crabs boil'd, and Brazil wood,
And half a pint of cyder.

XV.

I kiſs'd the Mayor's hand of the town,
Who, though he wears no ſcarlet gown,
Honours the roſe and thiſtle.
A piece of corel to the mace,
Which there I ſaw to ſerve in place,
Would make a good child's whiſtle.

XVI.

At ſix o'cloek I came away,
And pray'd for thoſe that were to ſtay
Within a place ſo arrant.
Wide and ope the winds ſo roar,
By God's grace I'll come there no more,
Unleſs by ſome tin warrant.

Prefixed to "RICHARD THE THIRD, *his Character, Legend, and Tragedy*," *a Poem*, 4*to*, 1614. *To his worthy and ingenious friend the Author.*

So far as can a ſwain (who than a round
On oaten pipe no further boaſts his ſkill)
I dare to cenſure the ſhrill trumpet's ſound,
Or other muſic of the ſacred hill:
The popular applauſe hath not ſo fell
(Like Nile's loud cataract), poſſeſs'd mine ears,
But others ſongs I can diſtinguiſh well,
And chant their praiſe, deſpiſed virtue rears:
Nor ſhall thy buſkin'd muſe be heard alone
In ſtately palaces; the ſhady woods
By me ſhall learn'd, and echoes one by one
Teach it the hills, and they the ſilver floods.
Our learned ſhepherds that have us'd 'toforc
Their haſty gifts in notes that woo the plains,
By rural ditties will be known no more,
But reach at fame by ſuch as are thy ſtrains.
And I would gladly (if the ſiſters ſpring
Had me enabled) bear a part with thee,
And for ſweet groves of brave * heroes ſing,
But ſince it fits not my weak melody,
It ſhall ſuffice that thou ſuch means doſt give,
That my harſh lines among the beſt may live.

* *Quere? braver.*

A GLOSSARY OF OBSOLETE WORDS.

A.

Adrad, } afraid.
Adread }
Affese, to affright.
Agryze, horror, fear.
Algate, every way, wholly.
Apparceived, perceived, beheld.
Assoile, free.
Astoined, astonished.
Ay, always.

B.

Balke, a ridge of land between two furrows.
Beheet, to promise.
Bet, better.
Bewraye, to discover, to betray.
Blent, blind, blinded.
Blet, bleated, like a lamb.
Blist, blessed.
Blive, ready, readily.
Breere, a brier.
Brent, burnt.
Brooch, a jewel.

C.

Carke, care.
Cheese, to choose.
Chiertee, joy.
Clipped, possessed, enjoyed, embraced.
Coffet, a lamb brought up by hand.
Crowd, a fiddle.
Cure, care.

D.

Deal, as *every deal*, entirely, every bit.
Dell, a valley.
Dight, dressed, decked, adorned, prepared.

E.

Eft, again.
Eftsoons, soon afterwards.
Eke, also, likewise.
Eld, old, old age.
Eritage, inheritance.

F.

Fallace, deceit, disappointment.
Feere, company, a companion.
Ferd, afraid.
Fet, fetched, to fetch.
Fier, fire.
Flawne, a custard.

G.

Gybe, to sneer.
Gybing, sneering.

I.

Janiveere, January.
Jouisance, playfulness, merriment, festivity.

K.

Kid, to acquire, to engross.
Knap, a hillock.
Kythe, to cast, to bestow.

L.

Laire, a barn, a stall for cattle.
Leech, a physician, a surgeon

Leefe, dear, beloved.
Leere, to learn.
Leese, to lose.
Lepry, a leprosy.
Lever, rather.
Lin, to stop, to give over, to leave off.

M.

Mesel, a leper.
Mickle, }
Mockhill, } much.
Muckle, }
Minstralsie, instrumental harmony.
Mot, must.
Mozor, a maple cup.
Mucke, dirt.

N.

Nathless, nevertheless.

P.

Percase, perhaps, because.
Piked, pricked up, dressed out.
Pine, pain; so spelt for the sake of the rhime.
Pistle, an epistle.
Pleneere, full, fullness.
Purvay, to provide.

R.

Raught, reached.
Reed, warning, advice.
Risb, a rush.
Rokes, reeks or smokes.
Rowned, whispered.

S.

Seech, to seek.
Shope, shaped, happened, befell.
Sickerly, surely, certainly.
Sike, such.
Sin, since.
Stownd, a while, a season, a time.
Swinke, sweat.
Swythe, soon.
Sythes, times; *oft sythes*, oftentimes.

T.

Teen, sorrow, grief.
Thrustle, a thrush.
Tyred, attired.

U.

Unneth, scarcely.
Unwiste, unknown.

W.

Ware, beware.
Ween, to think, to imagine, to suppose.
Weeing, imagining.
Whilome, formerly.
Wight, a person.
Won, to dwell.
Wull, wool.

Y.

Yalde, yielded.
Yeve, give.
Ynow, enough.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

Containing

THE PURPLE ISLAND, ‖ PISCATORY ECLOGUES,
EPISTLES, ‖ ELEGIES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

For thou art poet born; who know thee know it;
Thy brother, sire, thy very name's a poet;
Thy very name will make these poems take,
These very poems else thy name will make.

BENLOWES'S VERSES TO P. FLETCHER.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF P. FLETCHER.

Of the perſonal hiſtory of Phineas Fletcher, who was called "the Spenſer of the age," few particulars have deſcended to poſterity.

He belonged to a family poetical in many of its branches. His father, Dr. Giles Fletcher, was born in Kent, bred at Eton, and elected ſcholar of King's College, Cambridge, in 1565, where he took the degree of Doctor of Laws, in 1581. Wood ſays "he was a learned man and an excellent poet." His abilities recommending him to Queen Elizabeth, he was employed by her as a commiſſioner into Scotland, Germany, and the Low Countries. In 1588 he was ſent ambaſſador to Muſcovy, and publiſhed a curious account "of the Ruſſe Commonwealth, &c." in 1591, which was ſuppreſſed, leſt it ſhould give offence; but afterwards reprinted in 1643. Camden ſtyles it "*libellum in quo plurima obſervanda.*" He was afterwards made Maſter of the Requeſts, and Secretary to the City of London. He died in 1610. Giles Fletcher, author of "Chriſt's Victory and Triumph," was his brother, and "equally beloved of the Muſes and Graces."

John Fletcher, the celebrated dramatic poet, was his couſin, the ſon of Dr. Richard Fletcher, ſucceſſively Biſhop of Briſtol, Worceſter, and London; whoſe memory will be execrated as long as the manly and pathetic pages of Dr. Stuart ſhall endure, for embittering, with officious zeal, the laſt moments of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. "At which time," ſays Wood, "he being the perſon appointed to pray with and for her, did perſuade her to renounce her religion, contrary to all Chriſtianity (as it was by many then preſent ſo taken), to her great diſturbance."

He was educated at Eton, and, in 1600, was elected to King's College, Cambridge, where he took the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, in 1604, and of Maſter of Arts, in 1608.

He afterwards entered into holy orders, and was beneficed at Hilgay, in Norfolk, on the preſentation of Sir Henry Willoughby, Bart. in 1621. It appears from Blomefield's "Norfolk," that he held the living of Hilgay twenty-nine years, where it ſeems probable that he died.

This is all that is known of Phineas Fletcher; a man whoſe fame is not equal to his merit, and whoſe works deſerve to be better known than they are at preſent.

He has left behind him *Sicelides*, a piſcatory drama, acted at King's College, Cambridge, and printed in 1631, without any author's name. It was originally intended to be performed before King James, on the 13th March 1614; but his Majeſty leaving the univerſity ſooner, it was not then repreſented. The ſerious parts of it are moſtly written in rhyme, with choruſſes between the acts; the ſcene lies in Sicily.

Like his contemporary, Browne, he cultivated literary biography as well as poetry; and printed at Cambridge, in 1632, his book *De Literatis antiquæ Britanniæ, præſertim qui doctrina claruerunt, quique collegia Cantabrigiæ fundarunt*, 12mo.

In 1633, his *Purple Iſland*, *Piſcatory Eclogues*, and *Miſcellanies*, were printed at Cambridge, in one volume, 4to, with recommendatory verſes by Quarles, and other contemporary poets. From the dedication to his friend Edward Benlowes, Eſq. it ſeems that they were written very early, as he calls them "raw eſſays of my very unripe years, and almoſt childhood."

In 1772, his *Piſcatory Eclogues* were reprinted at Edinburgh in an elegant edition, 12mo, with an introduction, arguments to each Eclogue, and notes, by an anonymous Editor; who merits the thanks of every poetical reader, for his efforts to revive the beauties of thoſe neglected compoſitions.

In 1783, the *Purple Iſland* was reprinted at London, in 8vo. In this edition many unwarrantable liberties are taken with the text; nor is the leaſt apology for the proceeding offered, or even the circumſtance itſelf mentioned. In almoſt every page injuries are done to the ſenſe, where improvements were intended. The republication ſeems to have originated in a letter of Hervey's (Let. II. 2d vol.) and to have been executed upon the ridiculous plan he there propoſes. Such a republication of an ancient poet is not merely defective, but dangerous, as it leads to an infinity of miſtakes, and can anſwer no poſſible end, but that of multiplying the number of books, without adding to the ſources of information. Whoever, therefore, takes up this edition for the purpoſe of enjoying the poetry, making an extract, or a reference, can never be ſafe as to the authenticity of a ſingle ſtanza.

His *Miſcellanies* have been but once printed in a hundred and fifty years, and are almoſt unknown. They are now admitted, with his other poems, for the firſt time, into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

The character of Phineas Fletcher appears to have been amiable and reſpectable. His contemporaries beſtow very liberal encomiums on his learning and piety. His poetry alſo received from them a fuller compliment of praiſe, than it has gained from their ſucceſſors. He is complimented with the title of "the Spenſer of this age" by Quarles, the moſt popular poet of his time, and a man of true poetical genius; whoſe memory has been branded with more than common abuſe, and whoſe writings have been cenſured merely from the want of being read. Pope mentions him with Blackmore, as a miſerable rhymer; and, at the ſame time, in a note, abuſes Benlowes for being his patron. Quarles too often, no doubt, miſtook the enthuſiaſm of devotion, for the inſpiration of fancy; but notwithſtanding ſome groſs deficiencies of judgment, and the infelicity of his ſubjects, he has a great deal of genuine fire, is frequently happy in ſimiles, admirable in epithets and compound words, and ſuperior to almoſt all his contemporaries in the unſtudied flow of his verſification.

The beſt pieces of Quarles would bear republication, and were ſelected for that purpoſe; but could not be received into this collection, without enlarging the proportion originally aſſigned by the proprietors, to the works of our older poets.

The critic muſt be more faſtidious than clear-ſighted, who can be diſpleaſed with the following deſcription of the "Goddeſſe of Night," in his "Argalus and Parthenia," which rivals the fanciful and ſublime manner of Milton.

——————her body was confinde
Within a coale-black mantle, thorowe linde
With ſable furrs; her treſſes were of hew
Like ebony, on which a perly dewe
Hung, like a ſpider's web; her face did ſhroud
A ſwarth complexion, underneath a cloud
Of blacke curld cypreſſe; on her head ſhe wore
A crown of burniſht gold, beſhaded o'er
With foggs and rory miſt; her hand did bear
A ſcepter and a ſable hemiſphere;
She ſternly ſhooke her dewy locks, and brake
A melancholy ſmile——————

The modern teſtimonies to the merits of P. Fletcher are few, when compared with his deſerts. It is to his honour, that Milton read and imitated him, as every attentive reader of both poets muſt ſoon diſcover.

Thompſon, of Queen's College, Oxford, was one of the earlieſt admirers of his poetry in the preſent century. In the preface to his beautiful "Hymn to May," printed among his poems, 1757, he declares he intended that compoſition as an imitation of P. Fletcher and Spenſer.

He afterwards found a friend in the Edinburgh Editor; not equal, indeed, to the taſk of turning a tide that has been flowing for a hundred years againſt him; not equal to his wiſhes for giving him his due ſhare of reputation; but capable of laying the firſt ſtone of his Temple of Fame. The ſuperſtructure has been conſiderably advanced by the late amiable and ingenious Mr. Headly; whoſe laudable endeavours to do juſtice to neglected genius, the writer of theſe ſlight narratives profeſſes more willingneſs to imitate than ability to ſurpaſs.

The popularity of Spenſer's works may be ſuppoſed to have biaſſed the mind of P. Fletcher to the purſuit of poetry. From the peruſal of the "Faery Queen," he derived his general taſte for allegory and perſonification; nor has he himſelf been backward in due acknowledgment.

Two ſhepherds moſt I love with juſt adoring,
That Mantuan ſwain, who chang'd his ſlender reed
To trumpets martial voice, and warre's loud roaring,
From Corydon to Turnus, derring deed;
And next our home-bred Colin's ſweeteſt ſpring,
Their ſteps not following cloſe, but farre admiring;
To lackey one of theſe is all my pride's aſpiring.

The *Purple Iſland* is the nobleſt production of his genius. The firſt five cantos are almoſt entirely taken up with an explanation of the title; in the courſe of which the reader forgets the poet, and

is ſickened with the anatomiſt. Such minute attention to this part of his ſubject, was a material error in judgment; for which, however, ample amends is made in what follows. Nor is he wholly undeſerving of praiſe, for the intelligibility with which he has ſtruggled through his difficulties, for his uncommon command of words, and facility of verſification. After deſcribing the body, he proceeds to perſonify the paſſions and intellectual faculties. Here fatigued attention is not merely relieved, but faſcinated and enraptured; and notwithſtanding his figures, in many inſtances, are too arbitrary and fantaſtic in their habiliments, often diſproportioned and overdone, ſometimes loſt in a ſuperfluity of glaring colours, and the ſeveral characters by no means ſufficiently kept apart; yet, amidſt ſuch a profuſion of images, many are diſtinguiſhed by a boldneſs of outline, a majeſty of manner, a brilliancy of colouring, a diſtinctneſs and propriety of attribute, and an air of life, that rarely mark our modern productions, and that rival, if not ſurpaſs, every thing of the kind, even in Spenſer, from whom he caught his inſpiration.

After exerting his creative powers on this department of his ſubject, the virtues, and better qualities of the heart, under their leader ECLECTA, or Intellect, are attacked by the vices; a battle enſues, and the latter are vanquiſhed, after a vigorous oppoſition, through the interpoſition of an angel, who appears at the prayers of ECLECTA. He here abruptly takes an opportunity of paying a fulſome and unpardonable compliment to James the Firſt (Cant. 12. St. 55.), on that account, perhaps, the moſt unpalatable paſſage in the poem.

The whole deſcription is animated, diſcriminative, and forcible; yet it muſt be acknowledged, that ſome of the circumſtances are heightened too much; for it is his fault to indulge himſelf in every aggravation that poetry allows, and to ſtretch his prerogative of *quidlibet audendi* to the utmoſt.

Though it may ſomewhat detract from his invention, it muſt alſo be owned, that in ſome inſtances he has adopted imagery, and particular figures, from Spenſer. The eulogium to Spenſer's memory, Canto I. Stanza 19. does equal credit to his heart and abilities. He again touches on the misfortunes of Spenſer, Canto VI. Stanza 52. But to come more immediately to the parallel paſſages, let the reader compare Fletcher's *Gluttony*, Canto VII. Stanza 80. with Spenſer's, Book I. Canto IV. Stanza 21. and 22, Faery Queen; compare Fletcher's *Atimus*, Canto VIII. Stanza 42. with Spenſer's *Idleneſs*, Book I. Canto IV. Stanza 18; compare Fletcher's *Thumos*, Canto VII. Stanza 55. with Spenſer's *Wrath*, Book I. Canto IV. Stanza 33; compare Fletcher's *Aſelges*, Canto VII. Stanza 23. with Spenſer's *Lechery*, Book I. Canto IV. Stanza 24; compare Fletcher's *Pleconectes*, Canto VIII. Stanza 24. with Spenſer's *Avarice*, Book I. Canto IV. Stanza 27; compare Fletcher's *Envy*, Canto VII. Stanza 66. with Spenſer's *Envie*, Book I. Canto IV. Stanza 30; likewiſe with another deſcription, Book V. Canto XII. Stanza 31. Some of Fletcher's lines well expreſs what Pope, with great felicity, ſtyles, "damning with faint praiſe."

> When needs he muſt, yet faintly, then he praiſes
> Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raiſes;
> So marreth what he makes, and, praiſing moſt, diſpraiſes.

Compare Fletcher's *Deilos*, Canto VIII. Stanza 10. with Spenſer's *Fear*, Book III. Canto XII. Stanza 12. There ſeems to be more nature, and real poetry, in Fletcher's deſcribing him as but *ſtarting* at the ſight of his arms, than in Spenſer, who repreſents him as *flying faſt away*; but perhaps Spenſer has heightened the image, by making him equally terrified with the *ſound* of them as the *fight*. This is omitted in Fletcher. No one of Fletcher's figures is more conſiſtently habited than his *Death*:

> A dead man's ſkull ſupplied his helmet's place,
> A bone his club, his armour ſheets of lead;
> Some more, ſome leſs fear his *all-frighting* face;
> But moſt, who ſleep in downie pleaſure's bed. Canto XII. Stanza 38.

Yet the firſt of theſe terrific attributes is ſuggeſted by Spenſer, who has given it to Meleager:

> Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
> Made of a dead man's ſkull, that ſeem'd a ghaſtly ſight. B. II. Can. XI. St. 28.

In the preceding part of this canto of Spenſer, in which the foes of Temperance beſiege her dwelling-place, we find Sight, Hearing, Smell, and Taſte perſonified, which remind us of Fletcher,

but diſgrace Spenſer. A painter of taſte might extract from the *Purple Iſland* a ſeries of allegorical figures, which, if well executed, might do honour to his pencil; though in ſome inſtances he would find Fletcher *nimis poeta*, in others he would have little to do but to ſupply the colours. The mottos and impreſſes, which, in general, are very happily adapted, give his figures an air of life, which, in that particular, renders them ſuperior to thoſe of Sackville and Spenſer. The following rich figure of *Hope* (which is repreſented as maſculine) is among Fletcher's beſt pieces; the attitude of his leaning on his attendant *Pollicita*, to whom every female grace might be given, ſeems worthy the notice of a painter.

Next went *Elpinus*, clad in ſky-like blue,
And through his arms few ſtars did ſeem to peep,
Which there the workman's hand ſo finely drew,
That, rock'd in clouds, they ſoftly ſeem'd to ſleep.
This rugged ſhield was like a rocky mold,
On which an anchor bit with ſureſt hold;
I hold with being held was written round in gold.
Nothing ſo cheerful was his thoughtful face
As was his brother *Fido's:* fear ſeem'd dwell
Cloſe by his heart; his colour chang'd apace
And went and came, that ſure all was not well;
Therefore a comely maid did oft ſuſtain
His fainting ſteps, and fleeting life maintain;
Pollicita ſhe hight, which ne'er could lie or feign. Can. IX. Stan. 36.

The ſame figure is thus delineated by Spenſer, with greater chaſtity than uſual.

With him went Hope in rank, a handſome maid,
Of cheerful look, and lovely to behold;
In ſilken ſamite ſhe was light array'd,
And her fair locks were woven up in gold.
She always ſmil'd, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water ſprinkle, dipt in dew;
With which ſhe ſprinkl'd favours manifold
On whom ſhe liſt, and did great liking ſhew;
Great liking unto many, but true love to few. B. III. Can. XII. St. 13.

Though many of his allegorical perſonifications are inconſiſtent, complicated and overdone, this figure is ſimple, and the attributes new. Hope is here diveſted of her uſual emblem, the anchor, (which Fletcher has preſerved), and the water-ſprinkle ſubſtituted in its room, which gives a religious air to the image.

The *Piſcatory Eclogues*, his next great work, do equal credit to his abilities, and equally deſerve being brought forward to notice. However unfavourably the name of Piſcatory Eclogue may be regarded, after the cenſure of Addiſon, it cannot be denied that he has imitated the eclogues of Sannazarius, who firſt attempted this ſpecies of compoſition, with admirable ſucceſs.

"Were it neceſſary," ſays the Edinburgh Editor, "to ſay any thing in commendation of piſcatory eclogue, we might aſſert, perhaps, its advantages over paſtoral. The life of a fiſherman admits often of ſcenes as delightful as thoſe which the ſhepherd enjoys; and thoſe ſcenes are much more varied. The nature of the occupation of the former gives riſe to a greater variety of accidents, and thoſe likewiſe more intereſting than that of the latter can furniſh. A ſubject often handled muſt become trite; and piſcatory eclogue has the advantage over paſtoral, in diſplaying a field leſs beaten and frequented. But Fletcher's eclogues will ſpeak for themſelves, and ſufficiently vindicate both the nature of the compoſition, and their own peculiar merit."

A modern poet, Moſes Browne, author of "Sunday Thoughts," &c. has recommended this ſpecies of compoſition by his "Piſcatory Eclogues," which have conſiderable merit.

His *Miſcellanics* conſiſt chiefly of familiar *Epiſtles* and paſtoral *Elegies*, all of which have their brighter paſſages, but little that can employ or require particular criticiſm.

It is but doing juſtice to the effuſions of a real poetical mind, to acknowledge, that, however thwarted by untowardneſs of ſubject, or corrupted by falſe taſte, the compoſitions of P. Fletcher entitle him to a high rank among our old Engliſh claſſics.

DEDICATIONS.

To my moſt Worthy and Learned Friend,

EDWARD BENLOWES, Esq.

Sir,

As ſome optic glaſſes, if we look one way, increaſe the object; if the other, leſſen the quantity: Such is an eye that looks through affection; it doubles any good, and extenuates what is amiſs. Pardon me, Sir, for ſpeaking plain truth; ſuch is that eye whereby you have viewed theſe raw eſſays of my very unripe years, and almoſt childhood. How unſeaſonable are bloſſoms in autumn! (unleſs perhaps in this age, where are more flowers than fruit). I am entering upon my winter, and yet theſe blooms of my firſt ſpring, muſt now ſhew themſelves to our ripe wits, which certainly will give them no other entertainment, but deriſion. For myſelf, I cannot account that worthy of your patronage, which comes forth ſo ſhort of my deſires, thereby meriting no other light than the fire. But ſince you pleaſe to have them ſee more day, than their credit can well endure, marvel not if they fly under your ſhadow, to cover them from the piercing eye of this very curious (yet more cenſorious) age. In letting them abroad, I deſire only to teſtify how much I prefer your deſires before mine own, and how much I owe to you more than any other. This if they witneſs for me, it is all the ſervice I require. Sir, I leave them to your tuition, and entreat you to love him, who will contend with you in nothing but to outlove you, and would be known to the world by no other name, than

Your True Friend,

Hilgay, May 1. 1633. } Phineas Fletcher.

TO THE

LEARNED AUTHOR,

SON *and* BROTHER *to two judicious Poets, himself the third, not second to either.*

GRAVE father of this muſe, thou deem'ſt too light
To wear thy name, 'cauſe of thy youthful brain
It ſeems a ſportful child; reſembling right,
Thy witty childhood, not thy graver ſtrain,
Which now eſteems theſe works of fancy vain:
Let not thy child, thee living, orphan be;
Who, when thou'rt dead, will give a life to thee.

How many barren wits would gladly own,
'How few o' th' pregnanteſt own ſuch another!
Thou father art, yet bluſheſt to be known;
And though 't may call the beſt of Muſes mother,
Yet thy ſeverer judgment would it ſmother.
O judge not *thou*, let *readers* judge thy book:
Such Cates ſhould rather pleaſe the *gueſt*, than *cook*.

O! but thou fear'ſt 'twill ſtain the reverend gown
Thou weareſt now; nay then fear not to ſhew it;
For were't a ſtain, 'twere nature's, not thine own:
For thou art poet-born; who know thee, know it:
Thy brother, ſire, thy very name's a poet.
Thy very name will make theſe poems take,
Theſe very poems elſe thy name will make.

W. BENLOWES

To the Ingenious Compoſer of this Paſtoral,

THE SPENSER OF THIS AGE.

I vow (ſweet ſtranger) if my lazy quill
Had not been diſobedient to fulfil
My quick deſires, this glory which is thine
Had but the muſes pleaſed, had been mine.
My *genius* jumpt with thine; the very ſame
Was our *foundation*: in the very *frame*
Thy genius jumpt with mine; it got the ſtart
In nothing, but *priority* and *art*.
If (my ingenious rival) theſe dull times [rhymes,
Should want the preſent ſtrength to prize thy
The time-inſtructed children of the next
Shall fill thy margin, and admire the text;
Whoſe well-read lines will teach them how to be
The happy knowers of themſelves, and thee.

FRAN. QUARLES.

MAN's *body's* like a *houſe*: his greater bones
Are the main *timber*; and the leſſer ones
Are ſmaller *ſplints*: his *ribs* are *laths*, daub'd o'er,
Plaſter'd with *fleſh* and *blood*: his *mouth's* the door,
His throat's the narrow entry; and his heart
Is the *great chamber*, full of curious art:
His *midriff* is a large *partition wall*
'Twixt the *great chamber* and the *ſpacious hall*:
His *ſtomach* is the *kitchen*, where the meat
Is often but half ſod, for want of heat:
His *ſpleen's* a *veſſel* nature does allot
To take the *ſcum* that riſes from the pot:
His *lungs* are like the *bellows* that reſpire
In ev'ry *office*, quick'ning ev'ry fire:
His *noſe* the *chimney* is, whereby are vented
Such *fumes* as with the *bellows* are augmented:
His *bowels* are the *ſink*, whoſe part's to drain
All noiſome filth, and keep the kitchen clean:
His *eyes* are cryſtal *windows*, clear and bright;
Let in the object, and let out the ſight.
And as the *timber* is, or great, or ſmall,
Or ſtrong, or weak, 'tis apt to ſtand, or fall:
Yet is the likelieſt *building* ſometimes known
To fall by obvious chances; overthrown
Oftimes by *tempeſts*, by the full-mouth'd blaſts
Of Heav'n; ſometimes by *fire*; ſometimes it waſtes
Through unadvis'd *neglect*: put caſe, the ſtuff
Were ruin-proof, by nature ſtrong enough
To conquer time, and age; put caſe, it ſhould
Ne'er know an end, alas! our leaſes would.
What haſt thou then, *proud fleſh and blood*, to boaſt?
Thy days are evil, at beſt; but few, at moſt;
But ſad, at merrieſt; and but weak, at ſtrongeſt;
Unſure, at ſureſt; and but ſhort, at longeſt.

FRAN. QUARLES.

THE PURPLE ISLAND;

OR,

THE ISLE OF MAN.

CANTO I.

I.

The warmer ſun the golden bull outran,
And with the twins made haſte to inn and play:
Scatt'ring ten thouſand flow'rs, he new began
To paint the world, and piece the length'ning day:
(The world more aged by new youth's accruing)
Ah, wretched man! this wretched world purſuing,
Which ſtill grows worſe by age, and older by renewing.

II.

The ſhepherd-boys, who with the muſes dwell,
Met in the plain their may-lords new to chooſe
(For two they yearly chooſe) to order well
Their rural ſports and year that next enſues:
Now were they ſat, where by the orchard walls
The learned Chame with ſtealing water crawls,
And lowly down before that royal temple falls.

III.

Among the rout they take two gentle ſwains,
Whoſe ſprouting youth did now but greenly bud:
Well could they pipe and ſing, but yet their ſtrains
Were only known unto the ſilent wood:
Their neareſt blood from ſelf-ſame fountains flow,
Their ſouls ſelf-ſame in nearer love did grow:
So ſeem'd two join'd in one, or one diſjoin'd in two.

IV.

Now when the ſhepherd lads, with common voice
Their firſt conſent had firmly ratify'd,
A gentle boy thus 'gan to wave their choice:
Thirſil, ſaid he, though yet thy muſe untry'd,
Hath only learn'd in private ſhades to feign
Soft ſighs of love, unto a looſer ſtrain,
Or thy poor Thelgon's wrong, in mournful verſe to 'plain.

V.

Yet ſince the ſhepherd ſwains do all conſent,
To make thee lord of them, and of their art;
And that choice lad (to give a full content)
Hath join'd with thee in office as in heart;
Wake, wake thy long, thy too long, ſleeping muſe,
And thank them with a ſong, as is the uſe:
Such honour thus confer'd, thou may'ſt not well refuſe.

VI.

Sing what thou liſt, be it of Cupid's ſpite,
(Ah, lovely ſpite and ſpiteful lovelineſs!
Or Gemma's grief, if ſadder be thy ſprite:
Begin thou loved ſwain, with good ſucceſs.
Ah, ſaid the baſhful boy, ſuch wanton toys,
A better mind and ſacred vow deſtroys,
Since in a higher love I ſettled all my joys.

VII.

New light, new love, new life hath bred;
A life that lives by love, and loves by light:
A love to him, to whom all loves are wed;
A light, to whom the ſun is darkeſt night:
Eye's light, heart's love, ſoul's only life he is:
Life, ſoul, love, heart, light, eye, and all are his:
He eye, light, heart, love, ſoul; he all my joy and bliſs.

VIII.

But if you deign my ruder pipe to hear,
(Rude pipe, unus'd, untun'd, unworthy hearing)
Theſe infantine beginnings gently bear,
Whoſe beſt deſert and hope muſt be your bearing.

But you, O muſes, by ſoft Chamus ſitting,
Your dainty ſongs unto his murmurs fitting,
Which bears the under-ſong unto your cheerful dittying.

IX.

Tell me, ye muſes, what our father-ages,
Have left ſucceeding times to play upon:
What now remains unthought on by thoſe ſages,
Where a new muſe may try her pinion?
What lightning heroes, like great Peleus' heir [air)
(Darting his beams through our hard frozen
May ſtir up gentle heat, and virtue's wane repair?

X.

Who knows not Jaſon? or bold Tiphys hand,
That durſt unite what nature's ſelf would part?
He makes iſles continent, and all one land;
O'er ſeas, as earth, he march'd with dangerous art:
He rides the white-mouth'd waves, and ſcorn-
eth all [fall:
Thoſe thouſand deaths wide gaping for his
He death defies, fenc'd with a thin, low, wooden wall.

XI.

Who has not often read Troy's twice ſung fires,
And at the ſecond time twice better ſung?
Who has not heard th' Arcadian ſhepherd's quires, [tongue;
Which now have gladly chang'd their native
And fitting by ſlow Mincius, ſport their fill,
With ſweeter voice and never equal'd ſkill,
Chanting their amorous lays unto a Roman quill?

XII.

And thou, choice wit, love's ſcholar, and love's maſter,
Art known to all, where love himſelf is known:
Whether thou bid'ſt Ulyſſes hie him faſter,
Or doſt thy fault and diſtant exile moan;
Who has not ſeen upon the mourning ſtage,
Dire Atreus feaſt, and wrong'd Medea's rage,
Marching in tragic ſtate, and buſkin'd equipage.

XIII.

And now of late (*a*) th' Italian fiſher ſwain
Sits on the ſhore to watch his trembling line,
There teaches rocks and prouder ſeas to plain
By Neſis fair, and fairer Mergiline:
While his thin net, upon his oars twin'd,
With wanton ſtrife catches the ſun and wind;
Which ſtill do ſlip away, and ſtill remain behind.

XIV.

And that (*b*) French muſes eagle eye and wing,
Hath ſoar'd to heaven, and there hath learn'd the art
To frame angelic ſtrains, and canzons ſing:
Too high and deep for every ſhallow heart.
Ah, bleſſed ſoul! in thoſe celeſtial rays,
Which gave thee light, theſe lower works to blaze,
Thou ſit'ſt imparadis'd, and chant'ſt eternal lays.

XV.

Thrice happy wits, which in your ſpringing May,
(Warm'd with the ſun of well deſerved favours)
Diſcloſe your buds, and your fair blooms diſplay,
Perfume the air with your rich fragrant favours!
Nor may, nor ever ſhall, thoſe honour'd flow'rs [ſhow'rs,
Be ſpoil'd by ſummer's heat, or winter's
But laſt, when eating time ſhall gnaw the proud-eſt tow'rs.

XVI.

Happy, thrice happy times in ſilver age!
When generous plants advanc'd their lofty creſt;
When honour ſtoop'd to be learn'd wiſdom's page;
When baſer weeds ſtarv'd in their frozen neſt;
When th' higheſt flying muſe ſtill higheſt climbs; [crimes:
And virtue's riſe, keeps down all riſing
Happy, thrice happy age! happy, thrice happy times.

XVII.

But wretched we, to whom theſe iron days,
(Hard days) afford nor matter, nor reward!
Sings Maro? Men deride high Maro's lays,
Their hearts with lead, with ſteel their ſenſe is bar'd,
Sing Linus, or his father, as he uſes,
Our Midas' ears their well tun'd verſe refuſes. [muſes.
What cares an aſs for arts? he brays at ſacred

XVIII.

But if fond Bavius vent his clouted ſong,
Or Mævius chant his thoughts in brothel charm;
The witleſs vulgar, in a num'rous throng,
Like ſummer flies about their dunghill ſwarm:
They ſneer, they grin.—*Like to his like will move.*
Yet never let them greater miſchief prove
Than this, *Who hates not one, may he the other love.*

XIX.

Witneſs our (*c*) Colin; whom though all the graces, [ſong,
And all the muſes nurs'd; whoſe well taught
Parnaſſus' ſelf, and Glorian embraces,
And all the learn'd, and all the ſhepherd's throng; [ny'd;
Yet all his hopes were croſs'd, all ſuits de-
Diſcourag'd, ſcorn'd, his writings vilify'd:
Poorly, poor man, he liv'd: poorly, poor man, he died.

XX.

And had not that great Hart, (whoſe honour'd head
Ah lies full low) pity'd thy woful plight;
There had'ſt thou lain unwept, unburied,
Unbleſs'd, nor grac'd with any common rite:
Yet ſhalt thou live when thy great foe ſhall ſink; [ſtink:
Beneath his mountain tomb, whoſe fame ſhall
And time his blacker name ſhall blurre with blackeſt ink.

XXI.

O let th' Iambic muſe revenge that wrong,
Which cannot ſlumber in thy ſheets of lead:
Let thy abuſed honour cry as long
As there be quills to write, or eyes to read:
On his rank name let thine own votes be turn'd, [ſcorn'd,
"Oh may that man that hath the muſes
"Alive, nor dead, be ever of a muſe adorn'd."

(*a*) *Sannazar.* (*b*) *Bartas.* (*c*) *Spenſer.*

XXII.

Oft therefore have I chid my tender muſe;
Oft my chill breaſt beats off her flutt'ring wing:
Yet when new ſpring her gentle rays infuſe,
All ſtorms are laid, again to chirp and ſing:
At length ſoft fires diſpers'd in every vein,
Yield open paſſage to the thronging train,
And ſwelling numbers tide, rolls like the ſurging main.

XXIII.

So where fair Thames, and crooked Iſis' ſon,
Pays tribute to his king, the mantling ſtream,
Encounter'd by the tide's (now ruſhing on
With equal force) of 's way doth doubtful ſeem,
At length the full grown ſea, and water's king [ing:
Chid the bold waves with hollow murmur-
Back fly the ſtreams to ſhroud them in their mother ſpring.

XXIV.

Yet thou ſweet numerous muſe, why ſhould'ſt thou droop,
That every vulgar ear thy muſic ſcorns?
Nor can they riſe, nor thou ſo low canſt ſtoop;
No ſeed of heav'n takes root in mud or thorns.
When owls or crows, imping their flaggy wing,
With thy ſtol'n plumes, their notes through th' air fling;
Oh ſhame! they howl and croak, whilſt fond they ſtrain to ſing.

XXV.

Enough for thee in heav'n to build thy neſt;
(Far be dull thoughts of winning dunghill praiſe)
Enough, if kings enthrone thee in their breaſt,
And crown their golden crowns with higher bays: [kings,
Enough that thoſe who wear the crown of
(Great Iſrael's princes) ſtrike thy ſweeteſt ſtrings:
Heaven's dove, when high'ſt he flies, flies with thy heav'nly wings.

XXVI.

Let others truſt the ſeas, dare death and hell,
Search either Ind', vaunt of their ſcars and wounds:
Let others their dear breath (nay, ſilence) fell
To fools, and (ſwol'n, not rich) ſtretch out their bounds
By ſpoiling thoſe that live, and wronging dead;
That they may drink in pearl, and couch their head [bed.
In ſoft, but ſleepleſs down; in rich, but reſtleſs

XXVII.

O, let them in their gold quaff dropſies down!
O, let them ſurfeits feaſt in ſilver bright!
Whilſt ſugar hires the taſte the brain to drown,
And bribes of ſauce corrupt falſe appetite,
His maſter's reſt, health, heart, life, ſoul, to ſell;
Thus plenty, fulneſs, ſickneſs, ring their knell.
Death weds, and beds them; firſt in grave, and then in hell.

XXVIII.

But, ah! let me under ſome Kentiſh hill,
Near rolling Medway 'mong my ſhepherd peers,
With fearleſs merry-make, and piping ſtill,
Securely paſs my few and ſlow-pac'd years:
While yet the great Auguſtus of our nation,
Shuts up old Janus in this long ceſſation,
Strength'ning our pleaſing eaſe, and gives us ſure vacation.

XXIX.

There may I, maſter of a little flock, [fare:
Feed my poor lambs, and often change their
My lovely mate ſhall tend my ſparing ſtock,
And nurſe my little ones with pleaſing care;
Whoſe love, and look, ſhall ſpeak their father plain. [my gain;
Health be my feaſt, heaven hope, content
So in my little houſe, my leſſer heart ſhall reign.

XXX.

The beech ſhall yield a cool ſafe canopy,
While down I ſit, and chant to th' echoing wood:
Ah, ſinging might I live, and ſinging die!
So by fair Thames, or ſilver Medway's flood,
The dying ſwan, when years her temples pierce, [verſe,
In muſic's ſtrains breathes out her life and
And chanting her own dirge, tides on her wat'ry hearſe.

XXXI.

What ſhall I then need ſeek a patron out;
Or beg a favour from a miſtreſs' eyes:
To fence my ſong againſt the vulgar rout;
Or ſhine upon me with her geminines?
What care I, if they praiſe my ſlender ſong?
Or reck I, if they do me right, or wrong?
A ſhepherd's bliſs, nor ſtands, nor falls to ev'ry tongue.

XXXII.

Great Prince of ſhepherds, than thy heav'n's more high,
Low as our earth, here ſerving, ruling there;
Who taught'ſt our death to live, thy life to die;
Who, when we broke thy bonds, our bonds would'ſt bear; [hell;
Who reigned'ſt in thy heaven, yet felt'ſt our
Who (God) bought'ſt man, whom man (though God) did ſell,
Who in our fleſh, our graves, and worſe, our hearts would'ſt dwell.

XXXIII.

Great Prince of ſhepherds, thou who late didſt deign
To lodge thyſelf within this wretched breaſt,
(Moſt wretched breaſt, ſuch gueſt to entertain,
Yet, oh, moſt happy lodge in ſuch a gueſt!)
Thou firſt and laſt, inſpire thy ſacred ſkill;
Guide thou my hand, grace thou my artleſs quill;
So ſhall I firſt begin, ſo laſt ſhall end thy will.

XXXIV.

Hark then, ah hark! you gentle ſhepherd crew;
An iſle I fain would ſing, an iſland fair;
A place too ſeldom view'd, yet ſtill in view;
Near as ourſelves, yet fartheſt from our care;

Which we by leaving find, by ſeeking loſt;
A foreign home, a ſtrange, though native coaſt;
Moſt obvious to all, yet moſt unknown to moſt.

XXXV.

Coeval with the world in her nativity,
Which though it now hath paſs'd through many ages,
And ſtill retain'd a natural proclivity
To ruin, compaſs'd with a thouſand rages
Of foe-mens ſpite, which ſtill this iſland toſſes;
Yet ever grows more proſp'rous by her croſſes,
By with'ring, ſpringing freſh, and rich by often loſſes.

XXXVI.

Vain men, too fondly wiſe, who plough the ſeas,
With dang'rous pains another earth to find;
Adding new worlds to th' old, and ſcorning eaſe,
The earth's vaſt limits daily more unbind!
The aged world though now it falling ſhews,
And haſtes to ſet, yet ſtill in dying grows.
Whole lives are ſpent to win, what one death's hour muſt loſe.

XXXVII.

How like's the world unto a tragic ſtage!
Where ev'ry changing ſcene the actors change;
Some ſubject crouch and fawn; ſome reign and rage:
And new ſtrange plots, brings ſcenes as new and ſtrange,
Till moſt are ſlain; the reſt their parts have done:
So here, ſome laugh and play, ſome weep and groan,
Till all put off their robes; and ſtage, and actors gone.

XXXVIII.

Yet this fair iſle, ſcited ſo nearly near,
That from our ſides, nor place, nor time, may dear,
Though to yourſelves, yourſelves are not more ſev'r;
Yet with ſtrange careleſſneſs you travel nev'r:
Thus while yourſelves, and native home forgetting,
You ſearch for diſtant worlds, with needleſs ſweating,
You never find yourſelves; ſo loſe ye more by getting.

XXXIX.

When that Great Pow'r, that All far more than all,
(When now his time fore-ſet was fully come)
Brought into act this indigeſted ball,
Which in himſelf, till then, had only room;
He labour'd not, nor ſuffer'd pain, or ill;
But bid each kind, their ſeveral places fill:
He bid and they obey'd, their action was his will.

XL.

Firſt ſtept the light, and ſpread his cheerful rays
Through all the chaos; darkneſs headlong fell,
Frighten'd with ſudden beams, and new-born days;
And plung'd her ugly head in deepeſt hell:
Not that he meant to help his feeble ſight
To frame the reſt; he made the day of night,
All elſe but darkneſs; he the true, the only light.

XLI.

Fire, water, earth, and air (that fiercely ſtrove)
His ſov'reign hand in ſtrong alliance ty'd,
Binding their deadly hate in conſtant love:
So that Great Wiſdom temper'd all their pride,
(Commanding ſtrife and love ſhould never peace,
That by their peaceful fight, and fighting ceaſe)
The world might die to live, and leſſen to increaſe.

XLII.

Thus earth's cold arm, cold water friendly holds,
But with his dry, the others wet defies:
Warm air with mutual love, hot fire unfolds,
As moiſt, his drought abhors, dry earth allies
With fire, but heats with cold new wars prepare: air;
Yet earth drencht water proves, which boil'd turns
Hot air makes fire: condens'd, all change, and home repair.

XLIII.

Now when the firſt week's life was almoſt ſpent;
And this world built, and richly furniſhed;
To ſtore heaven's courts, and ſteer earth's regiment,
He caſt to frame an iſle, the heart and head
Of all his works, compos'd with curious art;
Which like an index briefly ſhould impart
The ſum of all; the whole, yet of the whole a part.

XLIV.

That trine-one with himſelf, in council ſits,
And purple duſt takes from the new-born earth;
Part circular, and part triang'lar fits;
Endows it largely at the unborn birth;
Deputes his favourite viceroy; doth inveſt
With aptneſs thereto, as ſeem'd him beſt;
And lov'd it more than all, and more than all it bleſs'd.

XLV.

Then plac'd it in the calm pacific ſeas, it;
And bid nor waves, nor troublous winds offend
Then peopled it with ſubjects apt to pleaſe
So wiſe a prince, made able to defend it
Againſt all outward force, or inward ſpite;
Him framing like himſelf, all ſhining bright;
A little living ſun, ſon of the living light.

XLVI.

Nor made he this like other iſles; but gave it
Vigour, ſenſe, reaſon, and a perfect motion,
To move itſelf whither itſelf would have it,
And know what falls within the verge of notion:
No time might change it, but as ages went,
So ſtill return'd; ſtill ſpending, never ſpent;
More riſing in their fall, more rich in detriment.

XLVII.

So once the (*c*) cradle of that double light,
Whereof one rules the night, the other day,
(Till ſad Latona flying Juno's ſpite,
Her double burthen there did ſafely lay)
Not rooted yet, in every ſea was roving,
With every wave, and every wind removing;
But ſince, to thoſe fair twins hath left her ever moving.

XLVIII.

Look as a ſcholar, who doth cloſely gather
Many large volumes in a narrow place;

(*d*) *Delos.*

So that Great Wiſdom, all this all together,
Confin'd unto this iſland's little ſpace;
And being one, ſoon into two he fram'd it;
And now made two, to one again reclaim'd it;
The little Iſle of Man, or Purple Iſland nam'd it.

XLIX.

Thrice happy was the world's firſt infancy;
Nor knowing yet, nor curious, ill to know:
Joy without grief, love without jealouſy:
None felt hard labour, or the ſweating plough:
The willing earth brought tribute to her king;
Bacchus unborn lay hidden in the cling
Of big ſwol'n grapes; their drink was every ſilver ſpring.

L.

Of all the winds there was no difference:
None knew mild Zephyrs from cold Eurus' mouth;
Nor Orithya's lover's violence
Diſtinguiſh'd from the ever-dropping ſouth:
But either gentle weſt winds reign'd alone,
Or elſe no wind, or harmful wind was none:
But one wind was in all, and all the winds in one.

LI.

None knew the ſea; oh, bleſſed ignorance! [race,
None nam'd the ſtars, the north cars conſtant
Taurus' bright horns, or fiſhes happy chance:
Aſtrea yet chang'd not her name or place;
Her ev'n pois'd balance, heav'n yet never try'd: [deſcry'd;
None ſought new coaſts, nor foreign lands
But in their own they liv'd, and in their own they dy'd.

LII.

But, ah! what liveth long in happineſs?
Grief, of an heavy nature, ſteady lies,
And cannot be remov'd for weightineſs;
But joy of lighter preſence, eas'ly flies,
And ſeldom comes, and ſoon away will go:
Some ſecret pow'r here all things orders ſo,
That for a ſunſhine day, follows an age of woe.

LIII.

Witneſs this glorious iſle; which not content
To be confin'd in bounds of happineſs,
Would try whate'er is in the continent;
And ſeek out ill, and ſearch for wretchedneſs.
Ah, fond to ſeek what then was in thy will!
That needs no curious ſearch; 'tis next us ſtill.
'Tis grief to know of grief, and ill to know of ill.

LIV.

That old fly ſerpent (fly, but ſpiteful more)
Vex'd with the glory of this happy iſle,
Allures it ſubtly from the peaceful ſhore,
And with fair painted lies, and colour'd guile,
Drench'd in dead (*e*) ſeas; whoſe dark ſtreams full of fright,
Empty their ſulphur waves in endleſs night;
Where thouſand deaths, and hells, torment the damned ſprite.

(*e*) *Mare mortuum.*

LV.

So when a fiſher ſwain by chance hath ſpy'd
A big-grown pike purſue the leſſer fry,
He ſets a withy labyrinth beſide,
And with fair baits allures his nimble eye;
Which he invading with outſtretched fin,
All ſuddenly is compaſs'd with the gin;
Where there is no way out, but eaſy paſſage in.

LVI.

That deathful lake hath theſe three properties;
No turning path, or iſſue thence is found:
The captive never dead, yet ever dies;
It endleſs ſinks, yet never comes to ground:
Hell's ſelf is pictur'd in that brimſtone wave;
For what retiring from that helliſh grave?
Or who can end in death, where deaths no ending have?

LVII.

For ever had this Iſle in that foul ditch
With cureleſs grief, and endleſs error ſtray'd,
Boiling in ſulphur and hot-bubbling pitch;
Had not the king, whoſe laws he (fool!) betray'd,
Unſnarl'd that chain, then firm that lake ſecur'd;
For which ten thouſand tortures he endur'd:
So hard was this loſt iſle, ſo hard to be recur'd.

LVIII.

O thou deep well of life, wide ſtream of love,
(More deep, more wide, than wideſt deepeſt ſeas)
Who dying, death to endleſs death didſt prove,
To work this wilful rebel iſland's eaſe;
Thy love no time began, no time decays;
But ſtill increaſeth with decreaſing days:
Where then may we begin, where may we end thy praiſe?

LIX.

My callow wing, that newly left the neſt,
How can it make ſo high a tow'ring flight?
O depth without a depth! in humble breaſt,
With praiſes I admire ſo wondrous height:
But thou my ſiſter muſe(*f*), may'ſt well go high'r,
And end thy flight; ne'er may thy pinions tire:
Thereto may he his grace, and gentle heat aſpire.

LX.

Then let me end my eaſier taken ſtory,
And ſing this iſland's new recover'd ſeat:
But ſee, the eye of noon, its brighteſt glory,
Teaching great men, is ne'er ſo little, great:
Our panting flocks retire into the glade;
They crouch, and cloſe to th' earth their horns have laid:
Vain we our ſcorched heads in that thick beech's ſhade.

(*f*) *A Book called Chriſt's Victory and Triumph.*

CANTO II.

I.

Declining Phœbus, as he larger grows,
(Taxing proud folly) gentler waxeth ſtill;
Never leſs fierce, than when he greateſt ſhows:
When Thirſil on a gentle riſing hill
(Where all his flock he round might feeding view)
Sits down, and circled with a lovely crew
Of nymphs, and ſhepherd-boys, thus 'gan his ſong renew.

II.

Now was this iſle pull'd from that horrid main,
Which bears the fearful looks, and name of death;
And ſettled new with blood and dreadful pain
By Him who twice had giv'n (once forfeit) breath:
A baſer ſtate than what was firſt aſſign'd;
Wherein (to curb the too-aſpiring mind)
The better things were loſt, the worſt were left behind:

III.

That glorious image of himſelf was raz'd;
Ah! ſcarce the place of that beſt part we find:
And that bright ſun-like knowledge much defac'd;
Only ſome twinkling ſtars remain behind:
Then mortal made; yet as one fainting dies,
Two other in its place ſucceeding riſe;
And drooping ſtock, with branches freſh immortalize.

IV.

So that lone bird, in fruitful Arabie,
When now her ſtrength, and waning life decays,
Upon ſome airy rock, or mountain high,
In ſpicy bed (fir'd by near Phœbus' rays)
Herſelf, and all her crooked age conſumes:
Straight from the aſhes, and thoſe rich perfumes,
A new-born Phœnix flies, and widow'd place reſumes.

V.

It grounded lies upon a ſure (*b*) foundation,
Compact and hard; whoſe matter, cold and dry,
To marble turns in ſtrongeſt congelation;
Fram'd of fat earth, which fires together tie,
Through all the iſle, and every part extent,
To give juſt form to ev'ry regiment;
Imparting to each part, due ſtrength and 'ſtabliſhment.

VI.

Whoſe looſer ends are glew'd with brother earth (*c*),
Of nature like, and of a near relation;
Of ſelf-ſame parents both, at ſelf-ſame birth;
That oft itſelf ſtands for a good foundation (*d*):
Both theſe (*e*) a third doth ſolder faſt, and bind;
Softer than both, yet of the ſelf-ſame kind;
All inſtruments of motion, in one league combin'd.

VII.

Upon this baſe (*f*) a curious work is rais'd,
Like undivided brick, entire and one,
Though ſoft, yet laſting, with juſt balance pais'd;
Diſtributed with due proportion:
And that the rougher frame might lurk unſeen,
All fair is hung with coverings ſlight and thin;
Which partly hide it all, yet all is partly ſeen;

VIII.

As when a virgin her ſnow-circled breaſt
Diſplaying, hides, and hiding ſweet diſplays;
The greater ſegments cover'd, and the reſt
The vail tranſparent willingly betrays;
Thus takes and gives, thus lends and borrows light;
Leſt eyes ſhould ſurfeit with two greedy ſights,
Tranſparent lawns with-hold more to increaſe delight.

IX.

Nor is there any part in all this land,
But is a little iſle: for thouſand brooks (*g*)

(*b*) *The foundation of the body is the bones. Bones are a ſimilar part of the body, moſt dry or cold; made by the virtue generative through heat of the thicker portion of ſeed, which is moſt earthy and fat for the eſtabliſhment and figure of the whole.*

(*c*) *A cartilage, or griſle, is of a middle nature betwixt bones, and ligaments, or ſinews, made of the ſame matter, and in the ſame manner as bones, for a variety and ſafety in motion.*

(*d*) *Some of theſe (even as bones) ſuſtain and uphold ſome parts.*

(*e*) *Both theſe are knit with ligaments: a ligament, or ſinew, is of a nature between griſles and nerves, framed of a tough and clammy portion of the ſeed, for bitting and holding the bones together, and fitting them for motion.*

(*f*) *Upon the bones, as the foundation, is built the fleſh. Fleſh is a ſimilar part of the body, ſoft, ruddy, made of blood, and differently dried, covered with the common membrane of ſkin.*

(*g*) *The whole body is as it were watered with great plenty of rivers, veins, arteries, and nerves.*

In azure channels glide on silver sand;
Their serpent windings, and deceiving crooks,
Circling about, and wat'ring all the plain,
Empty themselves into th' all-drinking main;
And creeping forward slide, but never turn again,

x.

Three diff'ring streams, from fountains different,
Neither in nature nor in shape agreeing,
(Yet each with other, friendly ever went)
Give to this Isle his fruitfulness and being;
The first in single channels (*g*) sky-like blue,
With luke-warm waters dy'd in porphry hue,
Sprinkle this crimson Isle with purple-colour'd dew.

xi.

The (*h*) next, though from the same springs first it rise,
Yet passing through another greater fountain,
Doth lose his former name and qualities:
Through many a dale it flows, and many a mountain:
More fiery light, and needful more than all;
And therefore fenced with a double wall,
All froths his yellow streams, with many a sudden fall.

xii.

The (*i*) last, in all things diff'ring from the other,
Fall from an hill, and close together go,
Embracing as they run; each with his brother
Guarded with double trenches sure they flow:
The coldest spring, yet nature, best they have;
And like the lacteal stones which heaven pave;
Slide down to ev'ry part with their thick milky wave.

xiii.

These with a thousand (*k*) streams through th' Island roving,
Bring tribute in; the first gives nourishment;
Next life, last sense, and arbitrary moving:
For when the prince hath now his mandate sent,
The nimble posts quick down the river run,
And end their journey, though but now begun;
But now the mandate came, and now the mandate's done.

(*g*) *A vein is a vessel, long, round, hollow, rising from the liver, appointed to contain, concoct, and distribute the blood: it hath but one tunicle, and that thin; the colour of this blood is purple.*

(*h*) *An artery is a vessel long, round, hollow, formed for conveyance of that more sprightly blood, which is elaborate in the heart.—This blood is frothy, yellowish, full of spirits, therefore compassed with a double tunicle, that it might not exhale or sweat out by reason of the thinness.*

(*i*) *A nerve is a spermatical part rising from the brain and the pith of the back-bone: the outside skin, the inside full of pith; carrying the animal spirits for sense and motion, and therefore doubly skinned, as the brain; none of them single, but run in couples.*

(*k*) *The veins convey the nourishment from the liver; the arteries, life, and heat from the heart; the nerves, sense, and motion from the brain: will commands, the nerve brings, and the part executes the mandate, all almost in an instant.*

xiv.

The whole isle, parted in three regiments (*l*),
By three metropolis's jointly sway'd;
Ord'ring in peace and war their governments,
With loving concord, and with mutual aid:
The lowest hath the worst, but largest fee;
The middle less, of greater dignity:
The highest least, but holds the greatest sov'reignty.

xv.

Deep in a vale doth that first province lie,
With many a city grac'd, and fairly town'd;
And for a fence from foreign enmity, [round;
With five strong builded walls (*m*) encompass'd
Which my rude pencil will in limning stain;
A work, more curious than which poets feign
Neptune and Phœbus built, and pulled down again.

xvi.

The first of these, is that round spreading fence (*n*),
Which like a sea, girts th' isle in ev'ry part;
Of fairest building, quick, and nimble sense,
Of common matter fram'd with special art;
Of middle temper, outwardest of all,
To warn of ev'ry chance that may befall:
The same a fence, and spy; a watchman and a wall.

xvii.

His native beauty is a lily white (*o*);
Which still some other colour'd stream infecteth;
Lest like itself, with divers stainings dight,
The inward disposition it detecteth:
If white, it argues wet; if purple, fire;
If black, a heavy cheer, and fix'd desire;
Youthful and blithe, if suited in a rosy tire.

xviii.

It cover'd stands with silken flourishing (*p*),
Which as it oft decays, renews again,

(*l*) *The whole body may be parted into three regions: the lowest, or belly; the middle, or breast; the highest, or head. In the lowest the liver is sovereign, whose regiment is the widest, but meanest. In the middle, the heart reigns, most necessary. The brain obtains the highest place, and is, as the least in compass, so the greatest in dignity.*

(*m*) *The parts of the lower region, are either the contained or containing; the containing either common or proper; the common are the skin, the fleshy panicle, and the fat; the proper are the muscles of the belly-piece, or the inner rim of the belly.*

(*n*) *The skin is a membrane of all the rest the most large, and thick, formed of the mixture of seed and blood; the covering and ornament of parts that are under it: the temper moderate, the proper organ of outward touching (say Physicians).*

(*o*) *The native colour of the skin is white, but (as Hippocrates) changed into the same colour which is brought by the humour predominant. Where melancholy abounds, it is swarthy; where phlegm, it is white and pale; where choler reigns, it is red and fiery; but in sanguine, of a rosy colour.*

(*p*) *The skin is covered with the cuticle, or flourishing of the skin; it is the mean of touching, without which we feel, but with pain. It polisheth the skin, which many times is changed, and (as it is with snakes) put off, and a new and more amiable brought in.*

The others ſenſe and beauty perfecting;
Which elſe would feel, but with unuſual pain:
Whoſe pleaſing ſweetneſs, and reſplendent ſhine,
Soft'ning the wanton touch, and wand'ring eyn,
Doth oft the prince himſelf with witch'ries undermine.

XIX.

The ſecond (*q*) rampier of a ſofter matter,
Caſt up by the purple river's overflowing:
Whoſe airy wave, and ſwelling waters, fatter
For want of heat congeal'd, and thicker growing,
The wand'ring heat (*r*) (which quiet ne'er ſubſiſteth)
Sends back again to what confine it liſteth;
And outward enemies, by yielding, moſt reſiſteth.

XX.

The (*s*) third more inward, firmer than the beſt,
May ſeem at firſt, but thinly built, and ſlight;
But yet of more defence than all the reſt;
Of thick and ſtubborn ſubſtance ſtrongly dight.
Theſe three (three common fences round impile),
This regiment, and all the other iſle;
And ſaving inward friends, their outward foes beguile.

XXI.

Beſide theſe three, two (*t*) more appropriate guards,
With conſtant watch compaſs this govern-ment;
The firſt eight companies in ſeveral wards,
(To each his ſtation in this regiment)
On each ſide four continual watch obſerve,
And under one great captain jointly ſerve;
Two fore-right ſtand, two croſs, and four obliquely ſwerve.

XXII.

The (*u*) other fram'd of common matter, all
This lower region girts with ſtrong defence;
More long than round, with double-builded wall,
Though ſingle often ſeems to ſlighter ſenſe;
With many gates, whoſe ſtrangeſt properties
Protect this coaſt from all conſpiracies;
Admitting welcome friends, excluding enemies.

XXIII.

Between this fence's double-walled ſides (*u*),
Four ſlender brooks run creeping o'er the lea;
The firſt is call'd the nurſe, and riſing ſlides
From this low region's metropolic:
Two from th' heart-city bend their ſilent pace;
The laſt from urine-lake with waters baſe,
In the allantoid ſea empties his flowing race.

XXIV.

Down in a (*x*) vale, where theſe two parted walls
Differ from each with wide diſtending ſpace,
Into a lake the urine-river falls,
Which at the nephros hill begins his race:
Crooking his banks he often runs aſtray,
Leſt his ill ſtreams might backward find a way:
Thereto ſome ſay, was built a curious framed bay.

XXV.

The urine-lake (*y*) drinking his colour'd brook,
By little ſwells, and fills his ſtretching ſides:
But when the ſtream the brink 'gins overlook,
A ſturdy groom empties the ſwelling tides;
Sphincter ſome call; who if he looſed be,
Or ſtiff with cold, out flows the ſenſeleſs ſea,
And ruſhing unawares, covers the drowned lea.

XXVI.

From thence with blinder (*z*) paſſage (flying name)
Theſe noiſome ſtreams a ſecret pipe conveys;
Which though we term the hidden parts of ſhame,
Yet for the ſkill deſerve no leſſer praiſe
Than they, to which we honour'd names impart.
O, Powerful Wiſdom! with what wondrous art
Mad'ſt thou the beſt, who thus haſt fram'd the vileſt part.

XXVII.

Six (*a*) goodly cities, built with ſuburbs round,
Do fair adorn this lower region;

(*q*) *The fat cometh from the airy portion of the blood; which when it flows to the membranes, by their weak heat (which phyſicians account, and call cold) grows thick and cloſe.*

(*r*) *The fat increaſeth inward heat, by keeping it from outward parts; and defends the parts ſubject to it from bruiſes.*

(*s*) *The fleſhy paniele, is a membrane very thick, ſinewy, woven in with little veins.*

(*t*) *The proper parts in folding this lower region, are two; the firſt, the muſcles of the belly-piece, which are eight; four ſide-long, two right, and two acroſs.*

(*u*) Peritoneum (*called the rim of the belly*) *is a thin membrane, taking his name from compaſſing the bowels; round, but longer: every where double, yet ſo thin that it ſeems but ſingle. It hath many holes, that the veins, arteries, and other needful veſſels might have paſſage both in and out.*

(*u*) *The double tunicle of the rim, is plainly parted into a large ſpace, that with a double wall it might fence the bladder, where the veſſels of the navel are contained. Theſe are four, firſt the nurſe, which is a vein nouriſhing the infant in the womb; ſecond, two arteries, in which the infant breathes; the fourth, the* Ourachos, *a pipe whereby (while the child is in the womb) the urine is carried into the allantoid, or rather amnion, which is a membrane receiving the ſweat and urine.*

(*x*) *The paſſages carrying the urine from the kidneys to the bladder. Some affirm that in the paſſage ſtands a curious lid or cover.*

(*y*) *The bladder endeth in a neck of fleſh, and is girded with a muſcle which is called* Sphincter: *which holds in the urine leſt it flow away without our permiſſion. If this be looſened, or cold, the urine goes away from us, of itſelf, without any feeling.*

(*z*) *Hence the urine is conveyed through the ordinary paſſages, and caſt out.*

(*a*) *Beſides the bladder there are ſix ſpecial parts contained in this lower region; the liver, the ſtomach, with the guts; the gall, the ſpleen, or milt; the kidneys and parts for generation.*

The firſt (*b*) Koilia, whoſe extremeſt bound
On this ſide's border'd by the Splenion,
On that by ſovereign Hepar's large commands,
The merry Diazome above it ſtands.
To both theſe join'd in league, and never failing bands.

XXVIII.

The form (as when with breath our bagpipes riſe (*c*),
And ſwell) round-wiſe, and long, yet long-wiſe more;
Fram'd to the moſt capacious figure's guiſe;
For 'tis the iſland's garner; here its ſtore
Lies treaſur'd up, which well prepar'd, it ſends
By ſecret path, that to th' arch-city bends;
Which making it more fit, to all the iſle diſpends.

XXIX.

Far hence at foot of rocky Cephal's hills,
This city's (*d*) ſteward dwells in vaulted ſtone;
And twice a day Koilia's ſtorehouſe fills
With certain rent and due proviſion:
Aloft he fitly dwells in arched cave,
Which to deſcribe I better time ſhall have,
When that fair mount I ſing, and his white curdy wave.

XXX.

At that cave's mouth, twice ſixteen porters (*e*) ſtand,
Receivers of the cuſtomary rent;
On each ſide four (the foremoſt of the band)
Whoſe office to divide what in is ſent;
Straight other four break it in pieces ſmall;
And at each hand twice five, which grinding all,
Fit it for convoy, and this city's arſenal.

XXXI.

From thence a (*f*) groom of wondrous volubility
Delivers all unto near officers,
Of nature like himſelf, and like agility;
At each ſide four, that are the governors
To ſee the victuals ſhipp'd at fitteſt tide;
Which ſtraight from thence with proſp'rous channel ſlide,
And in Koilia's port with nimble oars glide.

XXXII.

The (*g*) haven fram'd with wondrous ſenſe and art,
Opens itſelf to all that entrance ſeek;
Yet if ought back would turn, and thence depart,
With thouſand wrinkles ſhuts the ready creek;
But when the rent is ſlack, it rages riſe,
And mut'nies in itſelf with civil ſtrife: [kniſe.
Thereto a (*h*) little groom eggs it with ſharpeſt

XXXIII.

Below (*i*) dwells in this city's market-place,
The iſland's common cook, concoction;
Common to all, therefore in middle ſpace
Is quarter'd ſit in juſt proportion;
Whence never from his labour he retires,
No reſt he aſks, or better change requires:
Both night and day, he works, ne'er ſleeps, nor ſleep deſires.

XXXIV.

That (*k*) heat, which in his furnace ever fumeth,
Is nothing like to our hot parching fire;
Which all conſuming, ſelf at length conſumeth;
But moiſt'ning flames, a gentle heat inſpire;
Which ſure ſome in-born neighbour to him lendeth;
And oft the bord'ring coaſt ſit fuel ſendeth,
And oft the riſing fume, which down again deſcendeth.

XXXV.

Like to a pot, where under hovering
Divided flames, the iron ſides entwining,
Above is ſtopp'd with cloſe laid covering,
Exhaling fumes to narrow ſtraights confining;
So doubling heat, his duty doubly ſpeedeth:
Such is the fire concoction's veſſel needeth,
Who daily all the iſle with fit proviſion feedeth.

XXXVI.

There many a groom, the buſy cook attends
In under offices, and ſeveral place:
This gathers up the ſcum, and thence it ſends
To be caſt out; another, liquor's baſe;
Another garbage, which the kitchen cloys;
And divers filth, whoſe ſcent the place annoys,
By divers ſecret ways in under ſinks convoys.

XXXVII.

Therefore a ſecond (*l*) port, is ſidelong fram'd,
To let out what unſavoury there remains;

(*b*) *The ſtomach* (or *Koilia*) *is the firſt in order, though not in dignity.*

(*c*) *Koila, or the ſtomach, is long and round like a bagpipe, made to receive and concoct the meat, and to perfect the chyle, or white juice which riſeth from the meat concocted.*

(*d*) Guſtus, *the taſte, is the caterer, or ſteward to the ſtomach, which has its place in* Cephal, *that is, the head.*

(*e*) *In either chap, are ſixteen teeth, four cutters, two dog-teeth, or breakers, and ten grinders.*

(*f*) *The tongue with great agility delivers up the meat* (*well chewed*) *to the inſtruments of ſwallowing: eight muſcles ſerving to this purpoſe, which inſtantly ſend the meat through the œſophagus or meat-pipe in to the ſtomach.*

(*g*) *The upper mouth of the ſtomach hath little veins, or circular ſtrings, to ſhut in the meat, and keep it from returning.*

(*h*) *Vas breve, or the ſhort veſſel, which ſending in a melancholy humour, ſharpens the appetite.*

(*i*) *In the bottom of the ſtomach* (*which is placed in the middle of the belly*) *is concoction perfected.*

(*k*) *The concoction of meats in the ſtomach, is perfected as by an innate property and ſpecial virtue; ſo alſo by the outward heat of parts adjoining, for it is on every ſide compaſſed with hotter parts, which, as fire to a cauldron, helps to ſeethe, and concoct; and the hot ſteams within it do not a little further digeſtion.*

(*l*) *The lower orifice, or mouth of the ſtomach, is not placed at the very bottom, but at the ſide, and is called the Janitor* (*or porter*) *as ſhutting out the food now concocted, through the entrails, which are knotty and full of windings, leſt the meat too ſuddenly paſſing through*

There sits a needful groom, the porter nam'd,
Which soon the full-grown kitchen cleanly drains.
By divers pipes with hundred turnings ging,
Left that the food too speedily retiring,
Shou'd whet the appetite, still cloy'd, and still desiring;

XXXVIII.

So Erisichthon, once sir'd (as men say)
With hungry rage, fed never, ever feeding;
Ten thousand dishes sever'd in ev'ry day,
Yet in ten thousand thousand dishes needing;
In vain his daughter hundred shapes assum'd:
A whole camp's meet he in his gorge inhum'd,
And all consum'd, his hunger yet was unconsum'd.

XXXIX.

Such would the state of this whole Island be,
If those pipes, windings (passage quick delaying)
Should not refrain too much edacity,
With longer stay fierce appetite allaying.
These (*m*) pipes are seven-fold longer than the Isle,
Yet all are folded in a little pile,
Whereof three noble are, and thin; three thick, and vile.

XL.

The (*n*) first is narrow'st, and down-right doth look,
Left that his charge discharg'd, might back retire;
And by the way takes in a bitter brook,
That when the channel's stopt with stifling mire,
Through th' idle pipe, with piercing waters soaking;
His tender sides with sharpest stream provoking,
Thrusts out the muddy parts, and rids the miry choaking.

XLI.

The (*o*) second lean and lank, still pil'd, and harried
By mighty bord'rers oft his barns invading:
Away his food, and new-inn'd store is carry'd;
Therefore an angry colour, never fading
Purples his cheek: the (*p*) third for length exceeds,
And down his stream in hundred turnings leads:
These three most noble are, adorned with silken threads.

XLII.

The (*q*) foremost of the base half blind appears;
And where his broad way in an Isthmus ends,
There he examines all his passengers,
And those who ought not 'scape, he backward sends:
The (*r*) second Ælos court, where tempests raging,
Shut close within a cave the winds encaging,
With earthquakes shakes the Island, thunders sad presaging.

XLIII.

The (*s*) last downright falls to port Esquiline,
More straight above, beneath still broader growing.
Soon as the gate opes by the king's assign,
Empties itself, far thence the filth out-throwing:
This grace endow'd with many properties,
Yet for his office, sight, and naming, flies:
Therefore between two hills in darkest valley lies.

XLIV.

To that (*t*) arch-city of this government,
The three first pipes the ready feast convoy:
The other three in baser office spent,
Fling out the dregs, which else the kitchen cloy.
In (*u*) every one the Hepar keeps his spies,
Who if ought good, with evil blended lies;
Thence bring it back again to Hepar's treasuries.

XLV.

Two several covers fence these twice three pipes:
The first from over swimming (*x*) takes his name,
Like cobweb-lawn woven with hundred stripes:
The second (*y*) strengthen'd with a double frame,
From foreign enmity the pipes maintains:
Close by the (*z*) Pancreas stands, who ne'er complains;
Though press'd by all his neighbours, he their state sustains.

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the, body should make it too subject to appetite and greediness.

(*m*) *It is approved, that the entrails dried and blown, are seven times longer than the body, they are all one entire body; yet their differing substance hath distinguished them into the thin and thick: the thin have the more noble office.*

(*n*) *The first is straight, without any winding, that the chyle may not return; and most narrow, that it might not find too hasty a passage. It takes in a little passage from the gall, which there purges his choler, to provoke the entrails (when they are slow) to cast out the excrements. This is called Duodenum (or twelve fingers) from his length.*

(*o*) *The second, is called the lank, or hungry gut, as being more empty than the rest, for the liver being near, it sucks out his juice, or cream; it is known from the rest by the red colour.*

(*p*) *The third is called Ilion (or winding) from his many folds and turnings, is of all the longest.*

(*q*) *The first, of the baser sort, is called blind, at whose end is an appendant, where if any of the thinner chyle do chance to escape, it is stopped, and by the veins of the midriff sucht out.*

(*r*) *The second is Colon (or the tormentor) because of the wind there staying, and vexing the body.*

(*s*) *The last, called Rectum (or straight) hath no windings, short, larger toward the end, that the excrement may more easily be ejected, and retained also upon occasion.*

(*t*) *The thin entrails serve for the carrying and the thorough concocting the chyle; the thicker for the gathering, and containing the excrements.*

(*u*) *They are all sprinkled with numberless little veins, that no part of the chyle might escape, till all be brought to the liver*

(*x*) *Epiploon (or over-swimmer) descends below the navel; and ascends above the highest entrails; of skinny substance, all interlaced with fat.*

(*y*) *The Mesenterium (or midst amongst the entrails) whence it takes the name, ties and knits the entrails together; it hath a double tunicle.*

(*z*) *Pancreas (or all-flesh) for so it seems, is laid as a pillow under the stomach, and sustains the veins, that are dispread from the gate vein.*

XLVI.

Next Hepar, chief of all these lower parts,
One of the three, yet of the three the least.
But see the sun, like to undaunted hearts,
Enlarges in his fall his ample breast.
Now hie we home; the pearled dew ere long
Will wet the mothers and their tender young.
To-morrow with the day we may renew our song.

CANTO III.

I.

The morning fresh, dappling her horse with roses,
(Vext at the ling'ring shades that long had left her,
In Tithon's freezing arms) the light discloses;
And chasing night, of rule and heaven bereft her.
The sun with gentle beams his rage disguises,
And like aspiring tyrants, temporises;
Never to be endur'd, but when he falls, or rises.

II.

Thirsil from withy prison, as he uses,
Lets out his flock, and on an hill stood heeding,
Which bites the grass, and which his meat refuses;
So his glad eyes, fed with their greedy feeding,
Straight flock a shoal of nymphs, and shepherd-swains,
While all their lambs rang'd on the flow'ry plains;
Then thus the boy began, crown'd with their circling trains.

III.

You gentle shepherds, and you snowy sires,
That sit around, my rugged rhymes attending;
How may I hope to quit your strong desires,
In verse uncomb'd, such wonders comprehending?
Too well I know my rudeness, all unfit
To frame this curious Isle, whose framing yet
Was never throughly known to any human wit.

IV.

Thou shepherd-god, who only know'st it right,
And hid'st that art from all the world beside;
Shed in my misty breast thy sparkling light,
And in this fog, my erring footsteps guide:
Thou who first mad'st, and never wilt forsake it:
Else how shall my weak hand dare undertake it,
When thou thyself ask'st counsel of thyself to make it.

V.

Next to Koilia, on the right side stands,
Fairly dispread in large dominion,
The (*a*) arch city Hepar, stretching her commands,
To all within this lower region;
Fenc'd with sure bars, and strongest situation;
So never fearing foreigners invasion:
Hence are the (*b*) walls, slight, thin; built but for sight and fashion.

VI.

To th' heart, and to th' head city surely tied (*c*)
With firmest league, and mutual reference:
His liegers there, theirs ever here abide,
To take up strife, and casual difference:
Built (*d*) all alike, seeming like rubies sheen,
Of some peculiar matter; such I ween,
As over all the world, may no where else be seen.

VII.

Much like a (*e*) mount, it easily ascendeth;
The upper parts all smooth as slipp'ry glass:
But on the lower many a crag dependeth;
Like to the hangings of some rocky mass:
Here first the (*f*) purple fountain making vent,
By thousand rivers through the Isle dispent,
Gives every part fit growth, and daily nourishment.

VIII.

In this (*g*) fair town the Isle's great steward dwells;
His porphry house glitters in purple dye

(*a*) *Of all this lower region, the Hepar, or liver, is the principal. The situation strong and safe, walled in by the ribs.*

(*b*) *It is covered with one single tunicle, and that very thin and slight.*

(*c*) *The liver is tied to the heart by arteries, to the head by nerves, and to both by veins, dispersed to both.*

(*d*) *The liver consists of no ordinary flesh, but of a kind proper to itself.*

(*e*) *The liver's upper part rises, and swells gently; is very smooth and even; the lower in the outside like to an hollow rock, rugged and craggy.*

(*f*) *From it rise all the springs of blood which runs in the veins.*

(*g*) *The steward of the whole Isle, is here fitly placed, because as all (that is brought in) is here fitted and disposed, so from hence returned and dispensed.*

In purple clad himself: from hence he deals
His store, to all the Isle's necessity:
And though the rent he daily, duly pay,
Yet doth his flowing substance ne'er decay;
All day he rent receives, returns it all theday.

IX.

And like that golden star, which cuts his way
Through Saturn's ice, and Mars his fiery ball;
Temp'ring their strife with his more kindly ray:
So 'tween the Splenion's frost, and th' angry gall,
The jovial Hepar sits; with great expence
Cheering the Isle by his sweet influence;
So slakes their envious rage, and endless difference.

X.

Within, some say, (*b*) love hath his habitation,
Not Cupid's self, but Cupid's better brother;
For Cupid's self dwells with a lower nation,
But this, more sure, much chaster than the other;
By whose command, we either love our kind,
Or with most perfect love, affect the mind;
With such a diamond knot, he often souls can bind.

XI.

Two (*i*) purple streams, here raise their boiling heads; [ing,
The first, and least, in th' hollow cavern breed
His waves on divers neighbour grounds dispreads:
The next fair river all the rest exceeding,
Topping the hill, breaks forth in fierce evasion,
And sheds abroad his Nile-like inundation;
So gives to all the Isle their food and vegetation;

XII.

Yet these from other streams much different;
For others, as they longer, broader grow;
These as they run in narrow banks impent;
Are then at least, when in the main they flow:
Much like a tree, which all his roots so guides,
That all the trunk in his full body hides;
Which straight, his stem to thousand branches subdivides.

XIII.

Yet lest these (*k*) streams might hap to be infected,
With other liquors in the well abounding;
Before their flowing channels are detected,
Some lesser delfts, the fountains bottom sounding, [ing.
Suck out the baser streams, the springs annoy-
An hundred pipes unto that end employing;
Thence run to fitter place, their noisome load convoying.

XIV.

Such is fair Hepar (*l*), which with great dissension
Of all the rest pleads most antiquity;
But yet th' heart-city with no less contention,
And justest challenge, claims priority:
But sure the Hepar was the elder bore;
For that small river call'd the nurse, of yore,
Laid boths foundation, yet Hepar built afore.

XV.

Three pois'nous liquors from this purple well,
Rise with the native streams; (*m*) the first like fire
All flaming hot, red, furious, and fell;
The spring of dire debate, and civil ire;
Which wer't not surely held with strong retention,
Would stir domestic strife, and fierce contention. [sension
And waste the weary Isle with never ceas'd dis-

XVI.

Therefore close by, a little conduit stands,
Choledochus (*n*), that drags this poison hence,
And safely locks it up in prison bands;
Thence gently drains it through a narrow fence;
A needful fence, attended with a guard,
That watches in the straights, all closely barr'd,
Lest some might back escape, and break the prison ward.

XVII. [fending,

The (*o*) next ill stream the wholesome fount of-
All dreary, black, and frightful, hence convey'd
By divers drains, unto the Splenion tending,
The Splenion o'er against the Hepar laid,

(*b*) *Here Plato disposed the seat of love. And certainly though lust (which some perversely call love) be otherwhere seated, yet that affection whereby we wish, and do well to others, may seem to be better fitted in the liver, than in the heart, (where most do place it) because this moderate heat appears more apt for this affection; and fires of the heart where (as a salamander) anger lives, seems not so fit to entertain it.*

(*i*) *Hence rise the two great rivers of blood, of which all the rest are lesser streams; the first is porta, or the gate vein issuing from the hollow part, and is shed toward the stomach, spleen, guts, and the epiploon. The second is cava, the hollow vein, spreading his river over all the body.*

(*k*) *The chyle, or juice of meats, concocted in the stomach, could not all be turned into sweet blood, by reason of the divers kinds of humours in it; therefore there are three kinds of excremental liquors sucked away by little vessels, and carried to their appointed places; one too light and fiery; another too earthy, and heavy; a third wheyish and watry.*

(*l*) *Famous is the controversy between the peripatetticks and physicians; one holding the heart, the other the liver to be first. That the liver is first in time, and making, is manifest; because the nurse (the vein that feeds the infant yet in the womb) empties itself upon the liver.*

(*m*) *The first excrement drawn from the liver to the gall, is cholerick, bitter, like flame in colour; which, were it not removed, and kept in due place, would fill all the body with bitterness and gnawing.*

(*n*) *Choledochus, or the gall, is of a membraneous substance, having but one, yet that a strong tunicle. It hath two passages, one drawing the humour from the liver, another conveying the overplus into the first gut, and so emptying the gall; and this sence hath a double gate, to keep the liquor from returning.*

(*o*) *The second ill humour is earthy and heavy, which is drawn from the liver, by little vessels, unto the spleen; the native seat of melancholy, here some have placed laughter: But the spleen seems rather the seat of malice and heaviness.*

Built long, and square: some say that laughter here
Keeps residence; but laughter sits not there,
Where darkness ever dwells, and melancholy fear.

XVIII.

And should these (*p*) ways, stopt by ill accident,
To th' Hepar's streams turn back their muddy humours,
The clondy Isle with hellish dreariment [mours:
Would soon be fill'd, and thousand fearful ru-
Fear hides him here, lock'd deep in earthy cell;
Dark, doleful, deadly-dull, a little hell;
Where with him fright, despair, and thousand horrors dwell.

XIX.

If this black town in (*q*) over-growth increases,
With too much strength his neighbours overbearing:
The Hepar daily, and whole Isle decreases,
Like ghastly shade, or ashie ghost appearing:
But when it pines, th' Isle thrives; its curse, his blessing;
So when a (*r*) tyrant raves, his subjects pressing,
His gaining is their loss, his treasure there distressing.

XX.

The third bad (*s*) water, bubbling from this fountain,
Is wheyish cold, which with good liquors ment,
Is drawn into the double Nephro's mountain;
Which suck the best for growth and nourishment;
The worst as through a little (*t*) pap distilling
To diverspipes, the pale cold humour swilling,
Runs down to th' urine lake, his banks thrice daily filling.

XXI.

These (*u*) mountains differ but in situation,
In form and matter like: the left is higher,
Lest even height might slack their operation:
Both like the moon (which now wants half her fire)
Yet into two obtuser angles bended,
Both strongly with a double wall defended;
And both have walls of mud before those walls extended.

(*p*) *If the spleen should fail in this office, the whole body would be filled with melancholy fancies, and vain terrors.*

(*q*) *Where the spleen flourishes, all the body decays, and withers; and where the spleen is kept down, the body flourishes. Hence Stratonicus merrily said, that in Crete dead men walked, because they were so splenetic, and pale coloured.*

(*r*) *Trajan compared the spleen to his exchequer, because, as his coffers being full, drained his subjects purses; so the full spleen makes the body sapless.*

(*s*) *The watry humour with some good blood (which is spent for the nourishment of those parts) is drawn by the kidneys.*

(*t*) *The Ureters receive the waters separated from blood, as distilled from the little fleshy substances in the kidneys, like to teats.*

(*u*) *The kidneys are both alike; the left somewhat higher: Both have a double skin, and both compassed with fat.*

XXII.

The sixth and last town in this region,
With largest stretch'd precincts, and compass wide,
Is that, where Venus and her wanton son
(Her wanton Cupid) will in youth reside:
For though his arrows, and his golden bow,
On other hills he frankly does bestow,
Yet here he hides the fire, with which each heart doth glow.

XXIII.

For that Great Providence, their course foreseeing
Too eas'ly led into the sea of death;
After this first, gave them a second being,
Which in their offspring newly flourisheth:
He, therefore, made the fire of generation,
To burn in Venus' courts without cessation;
Out of whose ashes comes another Island nation.

XXIV.

For from the first a fellow Isle he fram'd,
(For what alone, can live, or fruitful be?)
Arren the first, the second Thelu nam'd;
Weaker the last, yet fairer much to see:
Alike in all the rest, here disagreeing,
Where Venus and her wanton have their being;
For nothing is produc'd of two, in all agreeing.

XXV.

But though some few in these hid parts would see
Their Maker's glory, and their justest shame;
Yet for the most would turn to luxury,
And what they should lament, would make their game:
Fly then those parts, which best are undescry'd;
Forbear, my maiden song, to blazon wide,
What th' Isle, and nature's self, doth ever strive to hide.

XXVI.

These two fair Isles distinct in their creation,
Yet one extracted from the other's side,
Are oft made one, by love's firm combination;
And from this unity are multiply'd:
Strange it may seem, such their condition,
That they are more dispread by union;
And two are twenty made, by being made in one.

XXVII.

For from these two in love's delight agreeing,
Another little Isle is soon proceeding;
At first of unlike frame and matter being,
In Venus' temple takes its form and breeding;
Till at full time the tedious prison flying
It breaks all lets, its ready way denying;
And shakes the trembling Isle with often painful dying.

XXVIII.

So by the Bosphorus straights, in Euxine seas,
Not far from old Byzantum, closely stand
Two neighbour islands, call'd Symplegades,
Which sometime seem but one combined land:
For often meeting on the wat'ry plain,
And parting oft, tost by the boist'rous main,
They now are join'd in one, and now disjoin'd again.

XXIX.

Here oft, not luſt, but ſweeter chaſtity,
Coupled ſometimes, and ſometimes ſingle, dwells;
Now link'd with love, to quench luſt's tyranny;
Now Phœnix-like, alone in narrow cells:
Such Phœnix one, but one at once may be;
In Albion's hills, thee (*) *Baſiliſſa*, thee,
Such only have I ſeen, ſuch ſhall I never ſee.

XXX.

What nymph was this, ſaid faireſt Roſaleen,
Whom thou admireſt thus above ſo many?
She, while ſhe was, ah! was the ſhepherd's queen;
Sure ſuch a ſhepherd's queen, was never any:
But, ah! no joy her dying heart contented,
Since ſhe a dear Deer's ſide unwilling rented;
Whoſe death ſhe all too late, too much repented.

XXXI.

Ah, royal maid! why ſhould'ſt thou thus lament thee?
Thy little fault, was but too much believing:
It is too much, ſo much thou ſhould'ſt repent thee;
His joyous ſoul at reſt deſerves no grieving.
Theſe words (vain words!) fond comforters did lend her;
But, ah! no words, no prayers, might ever bend her
To give an end to grief; till endleſs grief did end her.

(*) *Queen Elizabeth.*

XXXII.

But how ſhould I thoſe ſorrows dare diſplay?
Or how limme forth her virtues wonderment!
She was, ay me! ſhe was, the ſweeteſt May,
That ever flow'r'd in Albion's regiment:
Few eyes fall'n lights adore: yet fame ſhall keep
Her name awake, when others ſilent ſleep;
While men have ears to hear, eyes to look back, and weep.

XXXIII.

And though the curs (which whelpt and nurs'd in Spain,
Learn of fell Geryon to ſnarl and brawl)
Have vow'd and ſtrove her virgin tomb to ſtain;
And grin, and foam, and rage, and yelp, and bawl:
Yet ſhall our Cynthia's high triumphing light
Deride their howling throats, and toothleſs ſpite;
And fail through heav'n, whilſt they ſink down in endleſs night.

XXXIV.

So is this Iſland's lower region:
Yet ah! much better is it ſure than ſo.
But my poor reeds, like my condition,
(Low is the ſhepherd's ſtate, my ſong as low)
Mar what they make.—but now in yonder ſhade
Reſt me, while ſuns have longer ſhadows made:
See how, our panting flocks run to the cooler glade.

CANTO IV.

I.

The ſhepherds in the ſhade their hunger feaſted,
With ſimple cates, ſuch as the country yields;
And while from ſcorching beams ſecure they reſted.
The nymphs, diſpers'd along the woody fields,
Pull'd from their ſtalks the bluſhing ſtrawberries,
Which lurk cloſe ſhrouded from high looking eyes;
Shewing that ſweetneſs, oft both low, and hidden lies.

II.

But when the day had his meridian run
Between his higheſt throne and low declining;
Thirſil again his forced taſk begun,
His wonted audience his ſides entwining,
The middle province next this lower ſtands,
Where th' Iſle's heart-city ſpreads his large commands,
Leagu'd to the neighbour towns with ſure and friendly bands.

III.

Such as that ſtar, which ſets his glorious chair
In midſt of heaven, and to dead darkneſs, here
Gives light, and life; ſuch is this city fair:
Their ends, place, office, ſtate, ſo nearly near,
That thoſe wiſe ancients, from their nature's ſight,
And likeneſs, turn'd their names, and call'd aright
The ſun, the great world's heart, the heart the leſs world's light.

IV.

This (*a*) middle coaſt, to all the iſle diſpends
All heat, and life: hence it another guard
(Beſide theſe common to the firſt) defends;
Built whole of maſſy ſtone, cold, dry, and hard
Which ſtretching round about his circling arms,
Warrants theſe parts from all exterior harms;
Repelling angry force, ſecuring all alarms.

V.

But in the front (*b*) two fair twin-bulwarks riſe;
In th' Arren built for ſtrength and ornament;
In Thelu of more uſe, and larger ſize;
For hence the young iſle draws his nouriſhment:
Here lurking Cupid hides his bended bow;
Here milky ſprings in ſugared rivers flow;
Which firſt gave th' infant iſle to be, and then to grow.

VI.

For (*c*) when the leſſer iſland (ſtill increaſing
In Venus' temple) to ſome greatneſs ſwells,
Now larger rooms, and bigger ſpaces ſeizing,
It ſtops the Hepar rivers; backward reels
The ſtream, and to theſe hills bears up his flight,
And in theſe founts (by ſome ſtrange hidden might)
Dies his fair roſy waves into a lily white.

VII.

So where fair Medway down the Kentiſh dales,
To many towns her plenteous waters dealing,
Lading her banks into wide Thamis falls;
The big-grown main with foamy billows ſwelling,
Stops there the ſudden ſtream: her ſteddy race
Staggers a while, at length flows back apace;
And to the parent fount returns its fearful pace.

VIII.

Theſe two fair (*d*) mounts are like two hemiſpheres,
Endow'd with goodly gifts and qualities;
Whoſe tops two little purple hillocks rears,
Much like the poles in heaven's axeltrees:
And round about two circling altars gire
In bluſhing red, the reſt in ſnowy tire,
Like Thracian Hœmus looks, which ne'er feels Phœbus' fire.

IX.

That mighty hand, in theſe diſſected wreaths,
(Where moves our ſun) his throne's fair picture gives;
The pattern breathleſs, but the picture breathes;
His higheſt heav'n is dead, our low heav'n lives:
Nor ſcorns that Lofty One, this low to dwell:
Here his beſt ſtars he ſets, and glorious cell;
And fills with ſaintly ſpirits, ſo turns to heav'n from hell.

X.

About this region round in compaſs ſtands
A guard, both for defence, and reſpiration,
Of (*e*) ſixty-four, parted in ſeveral bands;
Half to let out the ſmoky exhalation;
The other half to draw in freſher winds:
Beſide both theſe, a third of both their kinds,
That lets both out, and in; which no enforcement binds.

XI.

This third the merry (*f*) Diazome we call,
A border-city theſe two coaſts removing;
Which like a balk with his croſs-builded wall,
Diſparts the terms of anger, and of loving;
Keeps from th' heart-city ſuming kitchen fires,
And to his neighbour's gentle winds inſpires;
Looſe (*g*) when he ſucks in air, contract when he expires.

XII.

The (*h*) Diazome of ſev'ral matters fram'd:
The firſt, moiſt, ſoft; harder the next, and drier:
His faſhion like the fiſh a raia nam'd;
Fenc'd with two walls, one low, the other higher;
By eight ſtreams water'd; two from Hepar low,
And from th' heart-town as many higher go;
But two twice told, down from the Cephal mountain flow.

XIII.

Here (*i*) ſportful laughter dwells, here ever ſitting,
Defies all lumpiſh griefs, and wrinkled care;
And twenty merry-mates mirth cauſes fitting,
And ſmiles, which laughter's ſons, yet infants are.
But if this town be fir'd with burnings nigh,
With ſelf-ſame flames high Cephal's towers fry;
Such is their feeling love, and loving ſympathy.

(*a*) *The heart is the ſeat of heat and life; therefore walled about with the ribs, for more ſafety.*

(*b*) *The breaſts, or paps, are given to men for ſtrength and ornament; to women for milk and nurſery alſo.*

(*c*) *When the infant grows big, the blood veſſels are ſo oppreſſed, that partly through the readineſs of the paſſage, but eſpecially by the providence of God, the blood turns back to the breaſt; and there, by an innate, but wonderful faculty, is turned into milk.*

(*d*) *The breaſts are in figure hemiſpherical; whoſe tops are crowned with the teats, about which are reddiſh circles, called (Areolæ, or) little altars.*

(*e*) *In the Thorax, or breaſt, are ſixty-five muſcles for reſpiration, or breathing, which are either free or forced: the inſtruments of forced breathing are ſixty-four, whereof thirty-two diſtend, and as many contract it.*

(*f*) *The inſtrument of the free breathing is the Diazome or Diaphragma, which we call the Midriff, as a wall, parting the heart and liver: Plato affirms it a partition between the ſeats of deſire and anger: Ariſtotle, a bar to keep the noiſome odour of the ſtomach from the heart.*

(*g*) *The Midriff dilates itſelf when it draws in, and contracts itſelf when it puffs out the air.*

(*h*) *The Midriff conſiſts of two circles, one ſkinny, the other fleſhy; it hath two tunicles, as many veins and arteries, and four nerves.*

(*i*) *Here moſt men have placed the ſeat of laughter: it hath much ſympathy with the brain ſo that if the Midriff be inflamed, preſent madneſs enſues it.*

XIV.

This coaſt ſtands girt with a (*k*) peculiar wall,
The whole precinct, and every part defending:
The (*l*) chiefeſt city, and imperial,
Is fair Kerdia, far his bounds extending:
Which full to know, were knowledge infinite:
How then ſhould my rude pen this wonder write,
Which thou, who only mad'ſt it, only know'ſt aright?

XV.

In middle of this middle regiment
Kerdia ſeated lies, the centre deem'd
Of this whole iſle, and of this government:
If not the chiefeſt this, yet needful'ſt ſeem'd,
Therefore obtain'd an equal diſtant ſeat,
More fitly hence to ſhed his life and heat,
And with his yellow ſtreams the fruitful iſland wet.

XVI.

Flank'd (*m*) with two ſeveral walls (for more defence);
Betwixt them ever flows a wheyiſh moat;
In whoſe ſoft waves, and circling profluence,
This city, like an iſle, might ſafely float:
In motion ſtill (a motion fix'd, not roving)
Moſt like to heav'n, in his moſt conſtant moving:
Hence moſt here plant the ſeat of ſure and active loving.

XVII.

Built of a ſubſtance like ſmooth porphyry;
His (*n*) matter hid, and, like itſelf, unknown:
Two rivers of his own; another by,
That from the Hepar riſes, like a crown,
Infolds the narrow part: for that great all
That his works glory made pyramic'al,
Then crown'd with triple wreath, and cloth'd in ſcarlet pall.

XVIII.

The city's ſelf in two (*o*) partitions reft,
That on the right, this on the other ſide:
The (*p*) right (made tributary to the left)
Brings in his penſion at his certain tide,
A penſion of liquors ſtrangely wrought;
Which firſt by Hepar's ſtreams are hither brought,
And here diſtill'd with art, beyond or words, or thought.

XIX.

The (*q*) groſſer waves of theſe life-ſtreams (which here
With much, yet much leſs labour is prepar'd)
A doubtful channel doth to Pneumon bear:
But to the left thoſe labour'd extracts ſhar'd
As through (*r*) a wall, with hidden paſſage ſlide;
Where many ſecret gates (gates hardly ſpy'd)
With ſafe convoy, give paſſage to the other ſide.

XX.

At each hand of the left, (*s*) two ſtreets ſtand by,
Of ſeveral ſtuff, and ſeveral working fram'd,
With hundred crooks, and deep wrought cavity:
Both like the ears in form, and ſo are nam'd,
I' th' right-hand ſtreet, the tribute liquor ſitteth:
The left, forc'd air into his concave getteth;
Which ſubtle wrought, and thin, for future workmen fitteth.

XXI.

The city's (*t*) left ſide (by ſome hid direction)
Of this thin air, and of that right ſide's rent,
(Compound together) makes a ſtrange confection;
And in one veſſel both together meint,
Stills them with equal, never quenched firing:
Then in ſmall ſtreams (through all the iſle wiring)
Sends it to every part, both heat and life inſpiring.

XXII.

In this (*u*) heart-city, four main ſtreams appear;
One from the Hepar, where the tribute landeth,
Largely pours out his purple river here;
At whoſe wide mouth, a band of Tritons ſtandeth,
(Three Tritons ſtand) who with their three-fork'd mace,
Drive on, and ſpeed the river's flowing race;
But ſtrongly ſtop the wave, if once it back repaſs.

(*k*) *Within the Pleura or ſkin, which clotheth the ribs on the inſide, compaſſes this middle region.*

(*l*) *The chiefeſt part of this middle region is the heart, placed in the midſt of this province, and of the whole body: fitly was it placed in the midſt of all, as being of all the moſt needful.*

(*m*) *The heart is immured, partly by a membrane going round about it (thence receiveing his name), and a peculiar tunicle, partly with an humour, like whey or urine; as well to cool the heart, as to lighten the body.*

(*n*) *The fleſh of the heart is proper, and peculiar to itſelf; not like other muſcles, of a figure pyramical. The point of the heart is (as with a diadem) girt with two arteries, and a vein, called the crowns.*

(*o*) *Though the heart be an entire body, yet it is ſevered into two partitions, the right and left; of which, the left is more excellent and noble.*

(*p*) *The right receives into his hollowneſs, the blood flowing from the liver, and concocts it.*

(*q*) *This right ſide ſends down to the lungs that part of the blood which is leſs laboured, and thicker; but the thinner part, it ſweats through a fleſhy partition into the left ſide.*

(*r*) *This fleſhy partition ſevers the right ſide from the left; at firſt it ſeems thick, but if it be well viewed, we ſhall ſee it full of many pores or paſſages.*

(*s*) *Two ſkinny additions (from their likeneſs called the ears) receive, the one the thicker blood, that called the right; the other, called the left, takes in the air ſent by the lungs.*

(*t*) *The left ſide of the heart takes in the air and blood; and concocting them both in his hollow boſom, ſends them out by the great artery into the whole body.*

(*u*) *In the heart are four great veſſels; the firſt is the hollow vein, bringing in blood from the liver; at whoſe mouth ſtand three little folding doors, with three forks, giving paſſage, but no return to the blood.*

XXIII.

The (*v*) second is that doubtful channel, lending
Some of this tribute to the Pneumon nigh;
Whose springs by careful guards are watch'd, that sending
From thence the waters, all regress deny.
The (*x*) third unlike to this, from Pneumon flowing,
And his due air—tribute here bestowing,
Is kept by gates, and bars, which stop all backward going.

XXIV.

The (*y*) last full spring, out of this left side rises,
Where three fair nymphs, like Cynthia's self appearing,
Draw down the stream which all the isle suffices;
But stop backways, some ill revolture fearing.
This river still itself to less dividing,
At length with thousand little brooks runs sliding [guiding.
His fellow course along with Hepar channels

XXV.

Within this city is the (*z*) palace fram'd,
Where life, and life's companion, heat, abideth;
And their attendants, passions untam'd:
(Oft very hell, in this straight room resideth)
And did not neighbouring hills, cold airs inspiring,
Allay their rage and mutinous conspiring,
Heat, all (itself and all) would burn with quenchless firing.

XXVI.

Yet that Great Light, by whom all heaven shines
With borrow'd beams, oft leaves his lofty skies,
And to this lowly seat himself confines.
Fall then again, proud heart, now fall to rise:
Cease earth, ah! cease, proud Babel earth, to swell:
Heav'n blasts high tow'rs, stoops to a low roof'd cell;
First heav'n must dwell in man, then man in heav'n shall dwell.

XXVII.

Close to Kerdia, (*a*) Pneumon takes his seat,
Built of a lighter frame and spongy mould:
Hence rise fresh airs, to fan Kerdia's heat, [cold:
Temp'ring those burning fumes with moderate

(*v*) *The second vessel is call'd the artery vein; which rising from the right side of the heart, carries down the blood here prepared to the lungs, for their nourishment: here also is the like three folding door, made like half circles, giving passage from the heart, but not backward.*

(*x*) *The third is called the veiny artery, rising from the left side, which hath two folds three-forked.*

(*y*) *The fourth is the great artery: this hath also a flood-gate, and made of three semi-circular membranes, to give out load to the vital spirits, and stop their regress.*

(*z*) *The heart is the fountain of life and heat to the whole body, and the seat of the passions.*

(*a*) *The Pneumon, or lungs, is nearest the heart; whose flesh is light and spongy, and very large. It is the instrument of breathing and speaking, divided into many parcels, yet all united into one body.*

Itself of larger size, distended wide,
In divers streets, and outways multiply'd;
Yet in one corporation all are jointly ty'd.

XXVIII.

Fitly 'tis cloth'd with (*b*) hangings thin and light,
Lest too much weight might hinder motion:
His chiefest use, to frame the voice aright;
(The voice which publishes each hidden notion)
And for that end a long pipe (*c*) down descends
(Which here itself, in many lesser spends)
Until, how at the foot of Cephal mount it ends.

XXIX.

This pipe was built for th' air's safe purveyance,
To fit each several voice with perfect sound:
Therefore of divers matter the conveyance
Is finely fram'd; the first in circles round,
In hundred circles bended, hard and dry,
(For watry softness is sound's enemy)
Not altogether close, yet meeting very nigh.

XXX.

The second's drith and hardness somewhat less,
But smooth, and pliable, made for extending,
Fills up the distant circle's emptiness;
All in one body jointly comprehending:
The (*d*) last most soft, which where the circle's scanted,
Not fully met, supplies what they have wanted;
Not hurting under parts, which next to this are painted.

XXXI.

Upon the top there stands the pipes safe (*e*) covering,
Made for the voice's better modulation:
Above it fourteen careful warders hov'ring,
Which shut and open it at all occasion:
The cov'r in four parts itself dividing,
Of substance hard, fit for the voice's guiding;
One still unmov'd (in Thelu double oft) residing.

XXXII.

Close (*f*) by this pipe, runs that great channel down, [day
Which from high Cephal's mount, twice every
Brings to Koilia due provision: [the way,
Straight at whose (*g*) mouth a flood-gate stops

(*b*) *The lungs are covered with a light, and very thin tunicle, lest it might be an hindrance to the motion.*

(*c*) *The wind-pipe, which is framed partly of cartilage, or gristly matter, because the voice is perfected with hard and smooth things (these cartilages are compassed like a ring) and partly of skin, which tie the gristles together.*

(*d*) *And because the rings of the gristles do not wholly meet, this space is made up by muscles, that so the meat-pipe adjoining, might not be galled or hurt.*

(*e*) *The Larynx, or covering of the wind pipe, is a gristly substance, parted into four gristles; of which the first is ever unmoved, and in women often double.*

(*f*) *Adjoining to it, is the Oesophagus, or meat-pipe, conveying meats and drinks to the stomach.*

(*g*) *At whose end is the Epiglottis or cover of the throat; the principal instrument of tuning, and apting the voice; and therefore gristly, that it might sooner fall when we swallow, and rise when we breathe.*

Made like an ivy leaf, broad, angle fashion;
Of matter hard, fitting his operation,
For swallowing, soon to fall, and rise for inspiration.

XXXIII.

But see, the smoke mounting in village nigh,
With folded wreaths, steals through the quiet air;
And mix'd with dusky shades, in eastern sky,
Begins the night, and warns us home repair:
Bright Vesper now hath chang'd his name, and place,
And twinkles in the heav'n with doubtful face:
Home then, my full fed lambs; the night comes, home apace.

CANTO V.

I.

By this the old night's head (grown hoary gray)
Foretold that her approaching end was near;
And gladsome birth of young succeeding day,
Lent a new glory to our hemisphere;
The early swains salute the infant ray,
Then drove the dams to feed, the lambs to play:
And Thirsil with night's death, revives his mourning lay.

II.

The highest region, in this little isle,
Is both the island's, and Creator's glory:
Ah! then, my creeping muse, and rugged style,
How dare you pencil out this wond'rous story?
Oh Thou! that mad'st this goodly regiment
So heav'nly fair, of basest element,
Make this inglorious verse, thy glory's instrument.

III.

So shall my flagging muse to heav'n aspire,
Where with thyself, thy fellow-shepherd sits;
And warm her pinions at that heav'nly fire;
But, ah! such height no earthly shepherd fits:
Content we here low in this humble vale,
On slender reeds to sing a slender tale.
A little boat will need as little sail and gale.

IV.

The third precinct, the best and chief of all,
Though least in compass, and of narrow space,
Was therefore fram'd like heav'n spherical,
Of largest figure, and of lovelicst grace:
Though shap'd at first, the (*a*) least of all the three;
Yet highest set in place, as in degree;
And over all the rest bore rule and sovereignty.

V.

So of three parts, fair Europe is the least,
In which this earthly ball was first divided;
Yet stronger far, and nobler than the rest,
Where victory, and learned arts resided;
And by the Greek and Roman monarchy
Sway'd both the rest; now prest by slavery
Of Moscow, and the big-swoln Turkish tyranny.

VI.

Here all the (*b*) senses dwell, and all the arts;
Here learned muses by their silver spring;
The (*c*) city sever'd in two divers parts,
Within the walls, and suburbs neighbouring:
The suburbs girt but with the common fence,
Founded with wondrous skill, and great expence;
And therefore beauty here, keeps her chief residence.

VII.

And sure for ornament, and buildings rare,
Lovely aspect, and ravishing delight,
Not all the isle or world, with this can pair;
But in the Thelu is the fairer sight:
These suburbs many call the island's face;
Whose charming beauty, and bewitching grace,
Oftimes the prince himself inthralls in fetters base.

VIII.

For as this isle is a short summary
Of all that in this All is wide dispread;
So th' island's face is the isle's epitome,
Where ev'n the prince's thoughts are often read:
For when that ALL had finish'd every kind,
And all his works would in less volume bind,
Fair on the face he wrote the index of the mind.

IX.

Fair are the suburbs; yet to clearer sight,
The city's self more fair and excellent:
A thick-grown wood, not pierc'd with any light,
Yields it some fence, but greater ornament:
The divers colour'd trees and fresh array
Much grace the town, but most the Thelu gay:
Yet all in winter turn to snow, and soon decay.

X.

Like to some stately work, whose quaint devices,
And glitt'ring turrets with brave cunning dight,

(*a*) *The head, of these three regions is the least, but noblest in frame and office, most like to heaven, as well in site, being highest in this little world, as also, in figure, being round.*

(*b*) *The brain is the seat of the mind and senses.*

(*c*) *The head is divided into the city and suburbs; the brain within the wall of the skull, and the face without.*

The gazer's eye ſtill more and more enriches,
Of th' inner rooms to get a fuller ſight;
Whoſe beauty much more wins his raviſh'd heart,
That now he only thinks the outward part,
To be a worthy cov'ring of ſo fair an art.

XI.

Four ſev'ral (*d*) walls, beſide the common guard,
For more defence the city round embrace:
The firſt thick, ſoft: the ſecond, dry and hard;
As when ſoft earth before hard ſtone we place:
The ſecond all the city round enlaces,
And, like a rock with thicker ſides, embraces;
For here the prince, his court, and ſtanding palace places.

XII.

The other (*e*) two, of matter thin and light;
And yet the firſt much harder than the other;
Both cheriſh all the city: therefore right,
They call that th' hard, and this the tender mother [wries,
The (*f*) firſt with divers crooks, and turnings
Cutting the town in four quaternities;
But both join to reſiſt invading enemies.

XIII.

Next theſe, the buildings yield themſelves to ſight;
The (*g*) outward ſoft, and pale, like aſhes look;
The inward parts more hard, and curdy white:
Their matter both, from th' Iſle's firſt matter took;
Nor cold, nor hot: heats, needful ſleeps infeſt,
Cold numbs the workmen; middle temper's beſt;
When kindly warmth ſpeeds work, and cool gives timely reſt.

XIV.

Within the (*h*) centre (as a market-place)
Two caverns ſtand, made like the moon half ſpent;
Of ſpecial uſe, for in their hollow ſpace
All odours to their judge themſelves preſent:
Here firſt are born the ſpirits animal,
Whoſe matter, almoſt immaterial,
Reſembles heavens matter quinteſſential.

XV.

Hard by an (*i*) hundred nimble workmen ſtand,
Theſe noble ſpirits readily preparing;
Lab'ring to make them thin, and fit to hand,
With never ended work, and ſleepleſs caring:
Hereby two little hillocks jointly riſe,
Where ſit two judges clad in ſeemly guiſe.
That cite all odours here, as to their juſt aſſize.

XVI.

Next theſe a (*k*) wall, built all of ſapphires, ſhining
As fair, more precious; hence it takes his name;
By which the (*l*) third cave lies, his ſides combining
To th' other two, and from them hath his frame;
(A meeting of thoſe former cavities)
Vaulted by three fair arches ſafe it (*m*) lies,
And no oppreſſion fears, or falling tyrannies.

XVII.

By this (*n*) third cave, the humid city drains
Baſe noiſome ſtreams, the milky ſtreets annoying;
And through a wide mouth'd tunnel duly ſtrains,
Unto a bibbing ſubſtance down convoying;
Which theſe foul dropping humours largely ſwills,
Till all his ſwelling ſponge he greedy fills,
And then through other ſinks, by little, ſoft diſtills.

XVIII.

Between (*o*) this and the fourth cave lies a vale,
(The fourth; the firſt in worth, in rank the laſt)
Where two round hills ſhut in this pleaſing dale,
Through which the ſpirits thither ſafe are paſt:
Thoſe here refin'd, their full perfection have,
And therefore cloſe by this (*p*) fourth wondrous cave,
Riſes that ſilver well, ſcatt'ring his milky way.

XIX.

Not that bright ſpring, where fair Hermaphrodite
Grew into one with wanton Salmaſis;
Nor that where Biblis dropt, too fondly light;
Her tears and ſelf, may dare compare with this;
Which (*q*) here beginning, down a lake deſcends,
Whoſe rocky channel theſe fair ſtreams defends,
Till it the precious wave through all the Iſle diſpends.

(*d*) *Beſide the common tunicles of the whole body, the brain is covered, firſt with the bone of the ſkull; ſecondly, with the pericranium, or ſkin, covering the ſkull; and thirdly, with two inward ſkins.*

(*e*) *Theſe two are called the hard and tender mother.*

(*f*) *The whole ſubſtance of the brain is divided into four parts, by divers folds of the inward ſkin.*

(*g*) *The outſide of the brain is ſofter, and of aſhy colour; the inward part white and harder, framed of ſtrings.*

(*h*) *Almoſt in the midſt of the brain, are two hollow places, like half moons, of much uſe for preparing the ſpirits, emptying rheum, receiving odours, &c.*

(*i*) *Here is a knot of veins and arteries weaved together; by which the animal ſpirits are concocted, thinned, and fitted for ſervice: and cloſe by, are two little bunches, like teats, the inſtruments of ſmelling.*

(*k*) *Next is that Septum Lucidum, or bright wall, ſevering theſe hollow caverns.*

(*l*) *The third cavity is nothing elſe but a meeting of the two former.*

(*m*) *It lies under Corpus Cametatum, or the chamber ſubſtance, which with three arches, bears up the whole weight of the brain.*

(*n*) *By the third cavity are two paſſages, and at the end of the firſt is the (infundibulum or) tunnel, under which is (glans pituitaria, or) rheum kernel, as a ſponge ſucking the rheum, and diſtilling them into the palate.*

(*o*) *The other paſſage reaches to the fourth cavity, which yields a ſafe way for the ſpirits.*

(*p*) *The fourth cavity is moſt noble, where all the ſpirits are perfected. By it is the pith, or marrow, the fountain of theſe ſpirits.*

(*q*) *This pith, or marrow, ſpringing in the brain, flows down through the back bone.*

XX.

Many fair (r) rivers take their heads from either,
(Both from the lake, and from the milky well)
Which ſtill in loving channels run together,
Each to his mate, a neighbour parallel:
Thus widely ſpread with friendly combination,
They fling about their wondrous operation,
And give to every part both motion and ſenſation.

XXI.

This (s) ſilver lake, firſt from th' head-city ſpringing,
To that bright fount four little channels ſends;
Through which it thither plenteous water bringing,
Straight all again to every place diſpends:
Such is th' head city, ſuch the prince's hall;
Such, and much more, which ſtrangely liberal,
Though ſenſe it never had, yet gives all ſenſe to all.

XXII.

Of other ſtuff the ſuburbs have their framing;
May ſeem ſoft marble, ſpotted red and white:
Firſt (t) ſtands an arch, pale Cynthia's brightneſs ſhaming,
The city's fore-front, caſt in ſilver bright:
At whoſe proud baſe, are built two watching tow'rs,
Whence hate and love ſkirmiſh with equal [pow'rs,
When ſmiling gladneſs ſhines, and ſullen ſorrow ſhow'rs.

XXIII.

Here (u) ſits retir'd the ſilent reverence;
And when the prince incens'd with anger's fire,
Thunders aloud, he darts his lightning hence:
Here duſky reddiſh clouds foretel his ire;
Of nothing can this Iſle more boaſt aright:
A twin-born ſun, a double ſeeing light;
With much delight they ſee; are ſeen with much delight.

XXIV.

That (x) Thracian ſhepherd call'd them nature's glaſs;
Yet than a glaſs, in this much worthier being:
Blind glaſſes repreſent ſome near ſet face,
But this a living glaſs, both ſeen and ſeeing:
Like (y) heav'n in moving, like in heav'nly firing: [ſpiring:
Sweet heat and light, no burning flame in-
Yet, ah! too oft we find, they ſcorch with hot deſiring.

XXV.

They mounted high, ſit on a lofty hill;
(For they the prince's heſt intelligence,
And quickly warn of future good, or ill)
Here ſtands the palace of the nobleſt ſenſe:
Here (z) Viſus keeps, whoſe court, than cryſtal ſmoother. [brother,
And clearer ſeems; he, though a younger
Yet far more noble is, far fairer than the other.

XXVI.

Six (a) bands are ſet to ſtir the moving tow'r:
The firſt the proud band call'd, that lifts it high'r;
The next the humble band, that ſhoves it low'r;
The bibbing third, draws it together nigh'r;
The fourth diſdainful, oft away is moving:
The other two, helping the compaſs roving,
Are called the circling trains and wanton bands of loving.

XXVII.

Above, (b) two compaſs groves (love's bended bows)
Which fence the tow'rs from floods of higher place:
Before, a (c) wall, deluding ruſhing foes,
That ſhuts and opens in a moment's ſpace:
The low part fix'd, the higher quick deſcending; [tending,
Upon whoſe tops, ſpearmen their pikes in-
Watch there both night and day, the caſtle's port defending.

XXVIII.

Three (d) divers lakes within theſe bulwarks lie,
The nobleſt parts, and inſtruments of ſight:
The firſt, receiving forms of bodies nigh,
Conveys them to the next, and breaks the light,
Daunting his raſh, and forcible invaſion;
And with a clear and whitiſh inundation,
Reſtrains the nimble ſpirits from their too quick evaſion.

XXIX.

In midſt of both is plac'd the (e) cryſtal pond;
Whoſe living water thick, and brightly ſhining,
Like ſapphires, or the ſparkling diamond,
His inward beams with outward light combining,
Alt'ring itſelf to every ſhape's aſpect;
The divers forms doth further ſtill direct,
Till by the nimble poſt they're brought to th' intellect.

(r) *All the nerves imparting all ſenſe and motion to the whole body, have their root partly from the brain, and partly from the back bone.*

(s) *The pith of the back bone, ſpringing from the brain, whence, by four paſſages, it is conveyed into the back, and there all four join in one, and again are thence divided into divers others.*

(t) *The firſt part of the face is the forehead, at whoſe baſe are the eyes.*

(u) *The eyes are the index of the mind, diſcovering every affection.*

(x) *Orpheus, called the looking glaſs of nature.*

(y) *Plato aſſumed them lighted up with heavenly fire, not burning but ſhining.*

(z) *Viſus, or the ſight, is the moſt noble above all the ſenſes.*

(a) *There are ſix muſcles moving the eye, thus termed by anatomiſts.*

(b) *Above the eye-brows, keeping off the ſweat, that it fall not into the eyes.*

(c) *The eye-lids ſhutting the eye are two; the lower ever unmoved in man; and hairs keeping of duſt, flies, &c.*

(d) *There are three humours in the eye: the firſt the watery, breaking the too vehement light, and ſtopping the ſpirits from going out too faſt.*

(e) *The ſecond is the cryſtalline, and moſt noble, ſeated and compaſſed between the other two, and being altered by the entering ſhapes, is the chief inſtrument of ſight.*

XXX.

The (*f*) third, like molten glass, all clear and white,
Both round embrace the noble crystalline.
Six (*g*) inward walls fence in this tow'r of sight:
The first, most thick, doth all the frame enshrine,
And girts the castle with a close embrace,
Save in the midst, is left a circle's space,
Where light, and hundred shapes, flock out and in apace.

XXXI.

The (*h*) second not so massy as the oth'r,
Yet thicker than the rest, and tougher fram'd,
Takes his beginning from that harder moth'r;
The outward part like horn, and thence is nam'd;
Through whose transucent sides much light is borne
Into the tow'r, and much kept out by th' horn;
Makes it a pleasant light, much like the ruddy morn.

XXXII.

The (*i*) third of softer mold, is like a grape,
Which all entwines with his encircling side:
In midst, a window lets in every shape;
Which with a thought is narrow made, or wide:
His inmost side more black than starless night;
But outward part (how like an hypocrite!)
As painted Iris looks, with various colours dight.

XXXIII.

The (*k*) fourth of finest work, more slight and thin,
Than, or Arachne (which in silken twine
With Pallas strove) or Pallas' self could spin:
This round enwraps the fountain crystalline.
The (*l*) next is made out of that milky spring,
That from the Cephal mount his waves doth fling,
Like to a curious net his substance scattering.

XXXIV.

His substance as the head-spring perfect white;
Here thousand nimble spies are round dispread:
The forms caught in this net, are brought to sight,
And to his eye are lively pourtrayed.
The (*m*) last the glassy wall that round encacing
The moat of glass, is nam'd from that enlacing.
The white and glassy wells parts with his strict embracing.

XXXV.

Thus then is fram'd the noble Visus' bow'r;
Th' outward light by the first wall's circle sending
His beams and hundred forms into the tow'r,
The wall of horn, and that black gate transcending,
Is light'ned by the brightest crystalline,
And fully view'd in that white netty shine
From thence with speedy haste is posted to the mind.

XXXVI.

Much as an one-eyed room, hung all with night,
(Only that side, which adverse to his eye
Gives but one narrow passage to the light,
Is spread with some white shining tapestry)
An hundred shapes that through slit ayers stray,
Shove boldly in, crowding that narrow way,
And on that bright-fac'd wall obscurely dancing play

XXXVII.

Two (*n*) pair of rivers from the head spring flow,
To these two tow'rs, the first in their mid-race
(The spies conveying) twisted jointly go,
Strength'ning each other with a firm embrace.
The (*o*) other pair, these walking tow'rs are moving:
At first but one, then in two channels roving:
And therefore both agree in standing or removing.

XXXVIII.

Auditus (*p*), second of the Pentarchy,
Is next, not all so noble as his brother;
Yet of more need, and more commodity:
His seat is plac'd somewhat below the other:
Of each side of the mount a double cave;
Both which a goodly portal doth embrave,
And winding entrance, like Mæander's serring wave.

XXXIX.

The (*q*) portal hard and dry, all hung around
With silken, thin, carnation tapestry;
Whose open gate drags in each voice and sound,
That through the shaken air passes by:
The entrance winding, lest some violence
Might fright the judge with sudden influence,
Or some unwelcome guest, might vex the busy sense.

XL.

This (*r*) cave's first part, fram'd with a steep ascent,
(For in four parts 'tis fitly severed)

(*f*) *The third, from the likeness, is called the glassy humour.*

(*g*) *There are six tunicles belonging to the eye; the first, called the conjunctive, solid, thick, compassing the whole eye, but only the black window.*

(*h*) *The second is cornea or horny tunicle, transparent and made of the hard mother.*

(*i*) *The third is uvea, or grapy, made of the tender mother, thin and pervious by a little and round window; it is diversely coloured without, but exceedingly black within.*

(*k*) *The fourth is more thin than any cobweb, and thence so called, immediately compassing the crystalline humour.*

(*l*) *The fifth, reticularis; is a netty tunicle, framed of the substance of the brain: This diffuseth the visal spirits, and perceives the alteration of the crystalline; and here is the mean of sight.*

(*m*) *The sixth is called the glassy tunicle, clasping in the glassy humour.*

(*n*) *The eye hath two nerves, the optic or seeing nerve, and moving. The optic separate in their root, in the midst of their progress meet, and strengthen one the other.*

(*o*) *The moving, rising from the same stem, are at length severed; therefore as one move, so moves the other.*

(*p*) *Hearing is the second sense, less noble than the eye, more needful.*

(*q*) *The outward ear is of a gristly matter, covered with the common tunicle; it is framed with many crooks, lest the air should enter too forcibly.*

(*r*) *The inward ear consists of four passages; the first is sleepy, lest any thing should creep in.*

Makes th' entrance hard, but eaſy the deſcent:
Where ſtands a braced drum, whoſe ſounding head
(Obliquely plac'd) ſtruck by the circling air,
Gives inſtant warning of each ſound's repair,
Which ſoon is thence convey'd into the judgment chair.

XLI.

The (*s*) drum is made of ſubſtance hard and thin:
Which if ſome falling moiſture chance to wet,
The loudeſt ſound is hardly heard within:
But if it once grows thick, with ſtubborn let.
It bars all paſſage to the inner room;
No ſounding voice unto his ſeat may come:
The lazy ſenſe ſtill ſleeps, unſummon'd with his drum.

XLII.

This (*t*) drum divides the firſt and ſecond part,
In which three hearing inſtruments reſide;
Three inſtruments compact by wondrous art,
With ſlender ſtring knit to th' drum's innerſide;
Their native temper being hard and dry,
Fitting the ſound with their firm quality,
Continue ſtill the ſame in age and infancy.

XLIII.

The firſt an (*u*) hammer call'd, whoſe out-grown ſides
Lie on the drum; but with his ſwelling end.
Fix'd in the hollow ſtithe, there faſt abides:
The ſtithe's ſhort foot, doth on the drum depend,
His longer in the ſtirrup ſurely plac'd:
The ſtirrup's ſharp ſide by the ſtithe embrac'd;
But his broad baſe ty'd to a little window faſt.

XLIV.

Two (*x*) little windows ever open lie,
The ſound unto the cave's third part conveying;
And ſlender pipe, whoſe narrow cavity
Doth purge the inborn air, that idle ſtaying,
Would elſe corrupt, and ſtill ſupplies the ſpending:
The cave's third part in twenty by-ways bending,
Is call'd the labyrinth, in hundred crooks aſcending.

XLV.

Such whilome was that eye-deceiving frame,
Which craſty Dædal with a cunning hand
Built to emſound the Cretan prince's ſhame:
Such was that Woodſtock cave, where Roſamond,
Fair Roſamond, fled jealous Ellenore,
Whom late a ſhepherd taught to weep ſo ſore,
That woods and hardeſt rocks, her harder fate deplore.

XLVI.

The third part with his narrow rocky ſtraits
Perfects the ſound, and gives more ſharp accenting;
Then ſends it to the (*y*) fourth; where ready waits
A nimble poſt, who ne'er his haſte relenting,
Things to the judgment ſeat with ſpeedy flight;
There the equal judge attending day and night,
Receives the ent'ring ſounds, and dooms each voice aright.

XLVII.

As when a ſtone troubling the quiet waters,
Prints in the angry ſtream a wrinkle round,
Which ſoon another and another ſcatters,
Till all the lake with circles now is crown'd:
All ſo the air ſtruck with ſome violence nigh,
Begets a world of circles in the ſky;
All which infected move with ſounding quality.

XLVIII.

Theſe at Auditus' palace ſoon arriving,
Enter the gate, and ſtrike the warning drum;
To thoſe, three inſtruments fit motion giving,
Which every voice diſcern: then that third room [it thence;
Sharpens each ſound, and quick conveys
Till by the flying poſt 'tis hurry'd hence,
And in an inſtant brought unto the judging ſenſe.

XLIX.

This ſenſe is made the maſter of requeſt,
Prefers petitions to the prince's ear;
Admits what beſt he likes, ſhuts out the reſt;
And ſometimes cannot, ſometimes will not hear:
Oft times he lets in anger-ſtirring lies,
Oft melts the prince with oily flatteries.
Ill mought he thrive, that loves his maſter's enemies!

L.

'Twixt Viſus' double court a tower ſtands,
Plac'd in the ſuburbs centre; whoſe high top,
And lofty raiſed ridge the reſt commands:
Low at his foot a double door ſtands ope,
Admitting paſſage to the air's aſcending;
And divers odours to the city ſending,
Revives the heavy town, his lib'ral ſweets diſpending.

LI.

This vaulted tower's half built of maſſy ſtone,
The other half of ſtuff leſs hard and dry,
Fit for diſtending, or compreſſion,
The outward wall may ſeem all porphery.
Olfactus (*z*) dwells within his lofty fort;
But in the city is his chief reſort.
Where 'twixt two little hills he keeps his judging court.

(*s*) *If the drum be wet with falling of rheum, we are hard of hearing; but if it grows thick, we are irrecoverably deaf.*

(*t*) *The drum parteth the firſt and ſecond paſſage. To it are joined three little bones, the inſtruments of hearing; which never grow, or decreaſe, in childhood or age; they are all in the ſecond paſſage.*

(*u*) *The firſt of theſe bones is called the hammer, the ſecond the ſtithe, the third the ſtirrup: all taking their names from their likeneſs; all tied to the drum, by a little ſtring.*

(*x*) *Theſe are two ſmall paſſages, admitting the ſounds into the head, and cleanſing the air.*

(*y*) *The laſt paſſage is called the Cochlea (ſnail, or periwinkle) where the nerves of hearing plainly appear.*

(*z*) *The ſenſe of ſmelling.*

LII.

By theſe two great caves are plac'd theſe (*a*) little hills,
Moſt like the nipples of a virgin's breaſt;
By which the air that th' hollow tower fills,
Into the city paſſeth: with the reſt
The odours preſſing in, are here all ſtay'd;
Till by the ſenſe impartially weigh'd,
Unto the common judge they are with ſpeed convey'd.

LIII.

At each ſide of that tow'r, ſtand two fair plains,
More fair than that which in rich Theſſaly
Was once frequented by the Muſe's trains:
Here ever ſits ſweet bluſhing modeſty;
Here in two colours beauty ſhining bright,
Dreſſing her white with red, her red with white,
With pleaſing chain enthrals, and binds looſe wand'ring ſight.

LIV.

Below a cave, roof'd with an heav'n-like plaſter,
And under ſtrew'd with purple tapeſtry,
Where Guſtus (*b*) dwells, the Iſle's and prince's taſter,
Koilia's ſteward, one of the Pentarchy;
Whom (*c*) Tactus (ſo ſome ſay) got of his mother:
For by their neareſt likeneſs one to th' other,
Tactus may eas'ly ſeem his father, and his brother.

LV.

Tactus (*d*) the laſt, but yet the eldeſt brother;
(Whoſe office meaneſt, yet of all the race
The firſt and laſt, more needful than the other)
Hath his abode in none, yet every place:
Through all the Iſle diſtended is his dwelling,
He rules the ſtreams that from the Cephal ſwelling,
Run all along the Iſle, both ſenſe and motion dealing.

LVI.

With Gyſtus, Lingua dwells, his prattling wife,
Endow'd with ſtrange and adverſe qualities:
The nurſe of hate and love, of peace and ſtrife;
Mother of faireſt truth, and fouleſt lies,
Or beſt, or worſt; no mean; made all of fire,
Which ſometimes hell, and ſometimes heav'ns inſpire,
By whom oft truth ſelf ſpeaks, oft that firſt mur'ring liar.

LVII.

The idle ſun ſtood ſtill at her command,
Breathing his fiery ſteeds in Gibeon:
And pale-fac'd Cynthia at her word made ſtand,
Reſting her couch in vales of Ajalon.
Her voice oft open breaks the ſtubborn ſkies,
And holds th' Almighty's hands with ſuppliant cries
Her voice tears open hell with horrid blaſphemies.

LVIII.

Therefore that great Creator, well foreſeeing
To what a monſter ſhe would ſoon be changing;
(Though lovely once, perfect and glorious being)
Curb'd with her iron (*e*) bit, and held from ranging;
And with ſtrong bonds her looſer ſteps enchaining,
Bridled her courſe, too many words refraining,
And doubled all his guards, bold liberty reſtraining.

LIX.

For cloſe within he ſets twice ſixteen (*f*) guarders,
Whoſe harden'd temper could not ſoon be mov'd:
Without the gate he plac'd two other warders
To ſhut and ope the door, as it behov'd:
But ſuch ſtrange force hath her enchanting art,
That ſhe hath made her keepers of her part,
And they to all her ſlights all furtherance impart.

LX.

Thus (with their help) by her the ſacred muſes
Refreſh the prince, dull'd with much buſineſs;
By her the prince, unto his Prince oft uſes,
In heav'nly throne, from hell to find acceſs.
She heav'n to earth in muſic often brings,
And earth to heav'n:—but oh, how ſweet ſhe ſings,
When in rich grace's key, ſhe tunes poor nature's ſtrings.

LXI.

Thus Orpheus won his loſt Euridice;
Whom ſome deaf ſnake, that cou'd no muſic hear,
Or ſome blind newt, that could no beauty ſee,
Thinking to kiſs, kill'd with his forked ſpear:
He, when his 'plaints on earth were vainly ſpent,
Down to Avernus' river boldly went,
And charm'd the meagre ghoſts with mournful blandiſhment.

LXII.

There what his mother, fair Calliope,
From Phœbus' harp and muſes ſpring had brought him;
What ſharpeſt grief for his Euridice,
And love, redoubling grief, had newly taught him,
He laviſh'd out, and with his potent ſpell
Bent all the rig'rous pow'rs of ſtubborn hell:
He firſt brought pity down with rigid ghoſts to dwell.

LXIII.

Th' amazed ſhades came flocking round about,
Nor car'd they now to paſs the Stygian ford:
All hell came running there (an hideous rout)
And dropp'd a ſilent tear for ev'ry word:
The aged ferry man ſhov'd out his boat;
But that without his help did thither float,
And having ta'en him in, came dancing on the moat.

(*a*) *Theſe are two little bunches like paps or teats ſpoken of in the* xvth *ſtanza of this canto.*

(*b*) *Guſtus, or the taſte, is in the palate, which in the Greek is called the heaven.*

(*c*) *Taſte is a kind of touch, nor can it exiſt but by touching.*

(*d*) *Tactus, or the ſenſe of touching.*

(*e*) *The tongue is held with a ligament, ordinarily called the bridle.*

(*f*) *The tongue is guarded with thirty-two teeth, and with the lips; all which do not a little help the ſpeech, and ſweeten the voice*

LXIV.

The hungry Tantal might have fill'd him now,
And with large draughts swill'd in the standing pool:
The fruit hung lift'ning on the wond'ring bough,
Forgetting hell's command; but he (ah, fool!)
Forgot his starved taste, his ears to fill:
Ixion's turning wheel unmov'd stood still:
But he was rapt as much with pow'rful music's skill.

LXV.

Tir'd Sisyphus sat on his resting stone,
And hop'd at length his labour done for ever;
The vulture feeding on his pleasing moan,
Glutted with music, scorn'd grown Tityus' liver.
The furies flung their snaky whips away,
And melt in tears at his enchanting lay;
No shrieks now were heard; all hell kept holiday.

LXVI.

That treble dog, whose voice ne'er quiet fears
All that in endless night's sad kingdom dwell;
Stood pricking up his thrice two list'ning ears,
With greedy joy drinking the sacred spell;
And softly whining pity'd much his wrongs;
And now first silent at those dainty songs,
Oft wish'd himself more ears, and fewer mouths and tongues.

LXVII.

At length return'd with his Euridyce;
But with this law, not to return his eyes,
Till he was past the laws of Tartary:
(Alas! who gives love laws in miseries?
Love is love's law; love but to love is ty'd)
Now when the dawns of neighbour day he spy'd,
Ah, wretch!—Euridice he saw,—and lost,—and died.

LXVIII.

All so who strives from grave of hellish night,
To bring his dead soul to the joyful sky;
If when he comes in view of heav'nly light,
He turns again to hell his yielding eye,
And longs to see what he had left; his sore
Grows desp'rate, deeper, deadlier than afore:
His helps and hopes much less, his crime and judgment more.

LXIX.

But why do I enlarge my tedious song,
And tire my flagging muse with weary flight?
Ah! much I fear, I hold you much too long.
The outward parts be plain to every sight:
But to describe the people of this Isle,
And that great prince, these reeds are all too vile. [style.
Some higher verse may fit, and some more lofty

LXX.

See, Phlegon drenched in the hizzing main,
Allays his thirst, and cools the flaming car;
Vesper fair Cynthia ushers, and her train:
See, th' apish earth hath lighted many a star,
Sparkling in dewy globes—all home invite:
Home then my flocks, home shepherds home,
'tis night:
My song with day is done; my muse is set with light.

LXXI.

By this the gentle boys had framed well
A myrtle garland mix'd with conq'ring bay,
From whose fit march issu'd a pleasing smell,
And all enamell'd it with roses gay;
With which they crown'd their honour'd Thirsil's head;
Ah, blessed shepherd swain! ah, happy meed!
While all his fellows chant on slender pipes of reed.

CANTO VI.

I.

The hours had now unlock'd the gate of day,
When fair Aurora leaves her frosty bed,
Hasting with youthful Cephalus to play,
Unmask'd her face and rosy beauties spread:
Tithonus' silver age was much despis'd.
Ah! who in love that cruel law devis'd, [priz'd.
That old love's little worth, and new too highly

II.

The gentle shepherds on an hillock plac'd,
(Whose shady head a beechy garland crown'd)
View'd all their flocks that on the pastures graz'd:
Then down they sit, while Thenot 'gan the round;
Thenot! was never fairer boy among
The gentle lads, that in the muses throng
By Camus' yellow streams, learn tune their pipe and song.

III.

See, Thirsil, see the shepherd's expectation;
Why then, ah! why sitt'st thou so silent there?
We long to know that Island's happy nation;
Oh, do not leave thy Isle unpeopled here.
Tell us who brought, and whence these colonics;
Who is their king, what foes, and what allies;
What laws maintain their peace; what wars, and victories?

iv

Thenot, my dear; that ſimple fiſher-ſwain,
Whoſe little boat in ſome ſmall river ſtrays;
Yet fondly launches in the ſwelling main,
Soon, yet too late, repents his fooliſh plays:
How dare I then forſake my well-ſet bounds,
Whoſe new-cut pipe as yet but harſhly ſounds;
A narrow compaſs beſt my ungrown muſe empounds.

v.

Two ſhepherds moſt I love, with juſt adoring,
That Mantuan ſwain, who chang'd his ſlender reed,
To trumpet's martial voice, and war's loud roaring,
From Corydon to Turnus' daring deed;
And next our home-bred Colin ſweeteſt firing;
Their ſteps not following cloſe, but far admiring:
To lackey one of theſe, is all my pride's aſpiring.

vi.

Then you, my peers, whoſe quiet expectation
Seemeth my backward tale would fain invite;
Deign gently, hear this Purple Iſland's nation,
A people never ſeen, yet ſtill in ſight;
Our daily gueſts and natives, yet unknown:
Our ſervants born, but now commanders grown.
Our friends, and enemies; aliens,—yet ſtill our own.

vii.

Not like thoſe heroes, who in better times
This happy Iſland firſt inhabited
In joy and peace;—when no rebellious crimes,
That godlike nation yet diſpeopled:
Thoſe claim'd their birth from that eternal light,
Held th' Iſle, and rul'd it in their father's right;
And in their faces bore their parent's image bright.

viii.

For when the Iſle that main would fond forſake,
In which at firſt it found a happy place,
And deep was plung'd in that dead helliſh lake;
Back to their father flew this heav'nly race,
And left the Iſle forlorn and deſolate;
That now with fear, and wiſhes all too late,
Sought in that blackeſt wave to hide his blacker fate.

ix.

How ſhall a worm, on duſt that crawls and feeds,
Climb to th' empyreal court, where theſe ſtates reign,
And there take view of what heav'n's ſelf exceeds?
The ſun leſs ſtars, theſe lights the ſun diſtain:
Their beams divine, and beauties do excell
What here on earth, in air, or heav'n do dwell:
Such never eye yet ſaw, ſuch never tongue can tell.

x.

Soon as theſe ſaints the treach'rous Iſle forſook,
Ruſh'd in a falſe, foul, fiend-like company,
And every fort, and every caſtle took,
All to this rabble yield the ſov'reignty:
The goodly temples which thoſe heroes plac'd,
By this foul rout were utterly defac'd,
And all their fences ſtrong, and all their bulwarks raz'd.

xi.

So where the neateſt badger moſt abides;
Deep in the earth ſhe frames her pretty cell,
And into halls and cloſulets divides:
But when the ſtinking fox with loathſome ſmell
Infects her pleaſant cave, the cleanly beaſt
So hates her inmate and rank ſmelling gueſt,
That far away ſhe flies, and leaves her loathed neſt.

xii.

But when thoſe graces (at their father's throne)
Arriv'd in heav'n's high court to juſtice 'plain'd,
How they were wrong'd and forced from their own,
And what foul people in their dwellings reign'd;
How th' earth much wax'd in ill, much wan'd in good;
So full ripe vice; how blaſted virtue's bud:
Begging ſuch vicious weeds might ſink in vengful flood:

xiii.

Forth ſtepp'd the juſt Dicæa full of rage
(The firſt born daughter of th' Almighty King);
Ah, ſacred maid! thy kindled ire aſſuage;
Who dare abide thy dreadful thundering?
Soon as her voice, but father only, ſpake,
The faultleſs heav'ns, like leaves in autumn, ſhake;
And all that glorious throng, with horrid palſies [quake!

xiv.

Heard you not (*a*) late, with what loud trumpets ſound,
Her breath awak'd her father's ſleeping ire?
The heav'nly armies flam'd, earth ſhook, heav'n frown'd, [fire!
And heav'ns dread king call'd for his three-fork'd
Hark! how the pow'rful words ſtrike through the ear;
The frighten'd ſenſe ſhoots up the ſtaring hair,
And ſhakes the trembling ſoul with fright ſhudd'ring fear.

xv.

So have I ſeen the earth, ſtrong winds detaining
In priſon cloſe; they ſcorning to be under
Her dull ſubjection, and her pow'r diſdaining,
With horrid ſtrugglings tear their bonds in ſunder.
Meanwhile the wounded earth, that forc'd their ſtay,
With terror reels, the hills run far away;
And frighted world, fears hell breaks out upon the day.

xvi.

But ſee, how 'twixt her ſiſter and her ſire,
Soft hearted mercy ſweetly interpoſing,
Settles her panting breaſt againſt his fire,
Pleading for grace, and chains of death unlooſing:

(*a*) *See that ſweet poem, intituled Chriſt's Victory and Triumph, part 1. ſtanza 18.*

Hark! from her lips the melting honey flows;
The ſtriking Thunderer recals his blows
And every armed ſoldier down his weapon throws.

XVII.

So when the day, wrapp'd in a cloudy night,
Puts out the ſun, anon the rattling hail
On earth pours down his ſhot with fell deſpite;
His powder ſpent, the ſun puts off his vail,
And fair his flaming beauties now unſteeps;
The ploughman from his buſhes gladly peeps;
And hidden traveller, out of his covert creeps.

XVIII.

Ah, faireſt maid! beſt eſſence of thy father,
Equal unto thy never-equall'd ſire;
How in low verſe ſhall thy poor ſhepherd gather,
What all the world can ne'er enough admire?
When thy ſweet eyes ſparkle in cheerful light,
The brigheſt day grows pale as leaden night,
And heav'n's bright burning eye loſes his blinded ſight.

XIX.

Who then thoſe ſugared ſtrains can underſtand,
Which calm'd thy father, and our deſp'rate fears;
And charm'd the nimble light'ning in his hand.
That all unawares it dropt in melting tears?
Then thou dear (*b*) ſwain, thy heav'nly load unſraught;
For ſhe herſelf hath thee her ſpeeches taught,
So near her heav'n they be, ſo far from human thought.

XX.

But let my lighter ſkiff return again
Unto that little Iſle which late it left,
Nor dare to enter in that boundleſs main,
Or tell the nation from this Iſland reſt;
But ſing that civil ſtrife and home diſſenſion
'Twixt two ſtrong factions with like fierce contention,
Where never peace is heard nor ever peace is men-tion.

XXI.

For that foul rout, which from the Stygian brook,
(Where firſt they dwelt in midſt of death and night)
By force the left and empty Iſland took;
Claim hence full conqueſt, and poſſeſſion's right:
But that fair band which mercy ſent new,
The aſhes of that firſt heroic crew,
From their forefathers claim their right, and Iſland's due.

XXII.

In their fair look their parents grace appears,
Yet their renowned ſires were much more glorious,
For what decays not with decaying years?
All night, and all the day, with toil laborious,
(In loſs and conqueſt angry) freſh they fight:
Nor can the other ceaſe or day or night,
While th' Iſle is doubly rent with endleſs war and fright.

XXIII.

As when the Britiain, and Iberian fleet,
With reſolute and fearleſs expectation,
On trembling ſeas with equal fury meet,
The ſhore reſounds with diverſe acclamation;
Till now at length Spain's fiery Dons 'gins ſhrink;
Down with their ſhips, hope, life, and courage ſink:
Courage, life, hope, and ſhips, the gaping ſurges drink.

XXIV.

But who, alas! ſhall teach my ruder breaſt
The names and deeds of theſe heroic kings;
Or downy muſe, which now but left the neſt,
Mount from her buſh to heav'n with new born wings?
Thou ſacred maid! which from fair Paleſtine,
Through all the world haſt ſpread thy brighteſt ſhine,
Kindle thy ſhepherd-ſwain with thy light flaming een.

XXV.

Sacred Theſpio! which in Sinai's grove
Firſt took'ſt thy being and immortal breath,
And vaunt'ſt thy offſpring from the higheſt Jove,
Yet deign'ſt to dwell with mortals here beneath,
With vileſt earth, and men more vile reſiding;
Come, holy virgin, in my boſom ſliding;
With thy glad angel light my blindfold footſteps guiding.

XXVI.

And thou, dread ſpirit! which at firſt didſt ſpread
On thoſe dark waters thy all-opening light;
Thou who of late (of thy great bounty head
This neſt of helliſh fogs, and Stygian night,
With thy bright orient ſun haſt fair renew'd,
And with unwonted day haſt it endu'd;
Which late, both day, and thee, and moſt itſelf eſchew'd.

XXVII.

Dread ſpirit! do thou thoſe ſev'ral bands unfold;
Both which thou ſent'ſt, a needful ſupplement
To this loſt Iſle, and which with courage bold,
Hourly aſſail thy rightful regiment;
And with ſtrong hand oppreſs and keep them under.
Raiſe now my humble vein to lofty thunder,
That heav'n and earth may ſound, reſound thy praiſe with wonder.

XXVIII.

The Iſland's prince, of frame more than celeſtial,
Is rightly call'd th' all-ſeeing intellect;
All glorious bright, ſuch nothing is terreſtrial;
Whoſe ſun-like face, and moſt divine aſpect,
No human ſight may ever hope deſcry:
For when himſelf on's ſelf reflects his eye,
Dull and amaz'd he ſtands at ſo bright majeſty.

XXIX.

Look as the ſun, whoſe ray and ſearching light
Here, there, and every where itſelf diſplays,
No nook or corner flies his piercing ſight;
Yet on himſelf when he reflects his rays,
Soon back he flings the too bold vent'ring gleam;
Down to the earth the flames all broken ſtream;
Such is this famous prince, ſuch his unpiercedbeam.

XXX.

His ſtrangeſt body is not bodily,
But matter without matter; never fill'd,
Nor filling; though within his compaſs high,
All heav'n and earth, and all in both are held;

(*b*) *A book intituled Chriſt's Victory and Triumph, &c.*

Yet thousand thousand heavens he could contain,
And still as empty as at first remain:
And when he takes in most, readiest to take again.

XXXI.

Though travelling all places, changing none:
Bid him soar up to heav'n, and thence down throwing,
The centre search, and Dis dark realm; he's gone,
Returns, arrives, before thou saw'st him going:
And while his weary kingdom safely sleeps,
All restless night he watch and warding keeps:
Never his careful head on resting pillow steeps.

XXXII.

In ev'ry quarter of this blessed Isle
Himself both present is, and president;
Nor once retires (ah, happy realm the while,
That by no officers lewd lavishment,
With greedy lust and wrong, consumed art!)
He all in all, and all in ev'ry part,
Doth share to each his due, and equal dole impart.

XXXIII.

He knows nor death, nor years, nor feeble age;
But as his time, his strength and vigour grows:
And when his kingdom by intestine rage,
Lies broke and wasted, open to his foes;
And batter'd sconce now flat and even lies;
Sooner than thought to that great Judge he flies,
Who weighs him just reward of good, or injuries.

XXXIV.

For he the judge's viceroy here is plac'd;
Where if he live, as knowing he may die;
He never dies, but with fresh pleasures grac'd,
Bathes his crown'd head in soft eternity;
Where thousand joys and pleasures ever new,
And blessings thicker than the morning dew,
With endless sweets rain down on that immortal crew.

XXXV.

There golden stars set in the crystal snow;
There dainty joys, laugh at white-headed caring
There day, no night, delight no end shall know;
Sweets without surfeit; fulness without sparing;
And by its spending, growing happiness:
There God himself in glories lavishness
Diffus'd in all, to all, is all full blessedness.

XXXVI.

But if he here neglect his master's law,
And with those traitors 'gainst his Lord rebels,
Down to the deeps ten thousand fiends him draw;
Deeps, where night, death, despair, and horror dwells,
And in worst ills, still worse expecting, fears:
Where fell despite for spite his bowels tears:
And still increasing grief, and torment never wears.

XXXVII.

Pray'rs there are idle, death is woo'd in vain;
In midst of death, poor wretches long to die:
Night without day, or rest, still doubling pain;
Woes spending still, yet still their end less nigh:
The foul there restless, helpless, hopeless lies;
The body frying roars, and roaring fries:
There's life that never lives, there's death that never dies.

XXXVIII.

Hence while unsettled here he fighting reigns,
Shut in a to'wr where thousand enemies
Assault the fort; with wary care and pains
He guards all entrance, and by divers spies
Searcheth into his foes and friends designs:
For most he fears his subjects wavering minds:
This tower then only falls, when treason undermines.

XXXIX.

Therefore while yet he lurks in earthly tent,
Disguis'd in worthless robes and poor attire,
Try we to view his glory's wonderment,
And get a sight of what we so admire:
For when away from this sad place he flies,
And in the skies abides, more bright than skies;
Too glorious is his sight for our dim mortal eyes.

XL.

So curl'd-head Thetis, waters feared queen,
But bound in cauls of sand, yields not to sight;
And planet's glorious king may best be seen,
When some thin cloud dims his too piercing light,
And neither none, nor all his face discloses:
For when his bright eye full our eye opposes, [he loses.
None gains his glorious sight, but his own sight

XLI.

Within the castle sit eight counsellors,
That help him in this tent to govern well;
Each in his room a sev'ral office bears:
Three of his inmost private council deal
In great affairs: five of less dignity
Have outward courts, and in all actions pry,
But still refer the doom to courts more fit and high.

XLII.

Those five fair brethren which I sung of late,
For their just number called the Pemptur-chy (*c*);
The other three, three pillars of the state: [lie,
The (*d*) first in midst of that high tow'r doth
(The chiefest mansion of this glorious king)
The judge and arbiter of every thing,
Which those five brethren's posts into his office bring.

XLIII.

Of middle years, and seemly personage,
Father of laws, the rule of wrong and right;
Fountain of judgment, therefore wondrous sage,
Discreet, and wise, of quick and nimble sight:
Not those sev'n sages might him parallel;
Nor he whom Pythian maid did whilome tell [dwell.
To be the wisest man, that then on earth did

XLIV.

As Neptune's cistern sucks in tribute tides,
Yet never full) which every channel brings,

(*c*) *The five senses.* (*d*) *The common sense.*

And thirſty drinks, and drinking, thirſty bides;
For by ſome hidden way, back to the ſprings
It ſends the ſtreams in erring conduits ſpread,
Which, with a circling duty ſtill are led;
So ever feeding them, is by them ever fed.

XLV.

Ev'n ſo the firſt of theſe three counſellors,
Gives to the five the pow'r of all deſcrying;
Which back to him with mutual duty bears
All there informings, and the cauſes trying:
For through ſtraightways the nimble poſt aſcends
Unto his hall; there up his meſſage ſends,
Which to the next well ſcann'd, he ſtraightway recommends.

XLVI.

The next that in the caſtle's front is plac'd,
Phantaſtes (*e*) hight; his years are freſh and green;
His viſage old, his face too much deſac'd
With aſhes pale; his eyes deep ſunken been
With often thoughts, and never ſlack'd intention:
Yet he the fount of ſpeedy apprehenſion,
Father of wit, the well of arts, and quick invention.

XLVII.

But in his private thoughts and buſy brain
Thouſand thin forms and idle fancies flit;
The three-ſhap'd Sphinx, and direful Harpy's train,
Which in the world had never being yet;
Oft dreams of fire, and water, looſe delight,
And oft arreſted by ſome ghaſtly ſpright,
Nor can he think, nor ſpeak, nor move for great affright.

XLVIII.

Phantaſtes from the firſt all ſhapes deriving,
In new habiliments can quickly dight;
Of all material and groſs parts depriving,
Fits them unto the noble prince's ſight;
Which ſoon as he hath view'd with ſearching eye,
He ſtraight commits them to his treaſury,
Which old Eumneſtes keeps, father of memory.

XLIX.

Eumneſtes old, who in his living ſcreen
(His mindful breaſt) the rolls and records bears
Of all the deeds, and men, which he hath ſeen,
And keeps lock'd up in faithful regiſters:
Well he recalls Nimrod's firſt tyranny;
And Babel's pride, daring the lofty ſky;
Well he recalls the earth's twice growing infancy.

L.

Therefore his body weak, his eyes half blind,
But mind more freſh and ſtrong; (ah, better fate!)
And as his carcaſe, ſo his houſe declin'd;
Yet were the walls of firm and able ſtate:
Only on him a nimble page attends.
Who when for ought the aged grandſire ſends
With ſwift, yet backward ſteps, his helping aid-
[ance lends.

LI.

But let my ſong paſs from theſe worthy ſages
Unto this Iſland's higheſt (*f*) ſovereign;
And thoſe hard wars which all the year he wages:
For theſe three late a gentle ſhepherd ſwain
Moſt ſweetly ſung, as he before had ſeen
In Alma's houſe: his memory yet green
Lives in his well tun'd ſongs; whoſe leaves immortal been.

LII.

Nor can I gueſs, whether his muſe divine,
Or gives to thoſe, or takes from them his grace;
Therefore Eumneſtes in his laſting ſhrine
Hath juſtly him enroll'd in ſecond place;
Next to our Mantuan poet doth he reſt;
There ſhall our Colin live for ever bleſt,
'Spite of thoſe thouſand ſpites, which living him oppreſs'd.

LIII.

The prince his time in double office ſpends:
For firſt thoſe forms and fancies he admits,
Which to his court buſy Phantaſtes ſends,
And for the eaſier diſcerning fits:
For ſhedding round about his ſparkling light,
He clears their duſky ſhades, and cloudy night,
Producing like himſelf their ſhapes all ſhining bright.

LIV.

As when the ſun reſtores the glitt'ring day,
The world late cloth'd in night's black livery,
Doth now a thouſand colours fair diſplay,
And paints itſelf in choice variety;
Which late one colour hid, the eye deceiving:
All ſo this prince thoſe ſhapes obſcure receiving,
Which his ſuffuſed light makes ready to conceiv-
[ing.

LV.

This firſt, is call'd the active faculty,
Which to an higher pow'r the object leaves:
That takes it in itſelf, and cunningly
Changing itſelf, the object ſoon perceives:
For ſtraight itſelf in ſelf-ſame ſhape adorning,
Becomes the ſame with quick and ſtrange transforming;
So is all things itſelf, to all itſelf conforming.

LVI.

Thus when the eye through Viſus' jetty ports
Lets in the wand'ring ſhapes, the cryſtal ſtrange
Quickly itſelf to ev'ry ſort conforts,
So is whate'er it ſees by wondrous change:
Thrice happy then, when on that mirror (*g*) bright
He ever faſtens his unmoved ſight,
So is what there he views, divine, full, glorious light.

LVII.

Soon as the prince, theſe forms hath clearly ſeen,
Parting the falſe from true, the wrong from right,
He ſtraight preſents them to his beauteous queen,
Whoſe courts are lower, yet of equal might;

(*e*) *The fancy.*

(*f*) *The underſtanding.*

(*g*) 2 *Cor.* iii. 18.

Voletta (*b*) fair, who with him lives, and reigns;
Whom neither man, nor fiend, nor God conſtrains:
Oft good, oft ill, oft both, yet ever free remains.

LVIII.

Not that great ſovereign of the fairy land,
Whom late our Colin hath eternized;
(Though graces decking her with plenteous hand
Themſelves of grace have all unfurniſhed;
Though in her breaſt ſhe virtue's temple bare,
The faireſt temple of a gueſt ſo fair):
Not that great Glorian's ſelf, with this might e'er compare.

LIX.

Her radiant beauty, dazzling mortal eye,
Strikes blind the daring ſenſe; her ſparkling face
Her huſband's ſelf now cannot well deſcry:
With ſuch ſtrange brightneſs, ſuch immortal grace,
Hath that great parent in her cradle made,
That Cynthia's ſilver cheek wou'd quickly fade,
And light itſelf to her, wou'd ſeem a painted ſhade.

LX.

But, ah! entic'd by her own worth and pride,
She ſtain'd her beauty with moſt loathſome ſpot;
Her lord's fixt law, and ſpouſe's light deny'd,
So fill'd her ſpouſe and ſelf with leprous blot:
And now all dark is their firſt morning ray.
What verſe might then their former light diſplay,
When yet their darkeſt night outſhines the brighteſt day?

LXI.

On her a royal damſel ſtill attends,
And faithful counſellor, (*i*) Syntereſis:
For though Voletta ever good intends,
Yet by fair ills ſhe oft deceived is,
By ills ſo fairly dreſs'd with cunning ſlight,
That virtue's ſelf they well may ſeem to fight,
But that bright virtue's ſelf oft ſeems not half ſo bright.

LXII.

Therefore Syntereſis of nimble ſight.
Oft helps her doubtful hand, and erring eye;
Elſe mought ſhe ever ſtumbling in this night,
Fall down as deep as deepeſt Tartary.
Nay, thence a ſad fair maid, Repentance, rears,
And in her arms her fainting lady bears,
Waſhing her often ſtains with ever-falling tears.

LXIII.

Thereto ſhe adds a water ſovereign,
Of wondrous force, and ſkilful compoſition:
For firſt ſhe pricks the heart in tender vein;
Then from thoſe precious drops, and deep contrition,
With lips confeſſion, and with pickled cries,
Still'd in a broken ſpirit, ſad vapours riſe,
Exhal'd by ſacred fires, and drop through melting eyes.

LXIV.

Theſe cordial drops, theſe ſpirit-healing balms,
Cure all her ſinful bruiſes, clear her eyes;
Unlock her ears; recover fainting qualms:
And now grown freſh and ſtrong, ſhe makes her riſe,
And glaſs of unmaſk'd ſin, ſhe bright diſplays,
Whereby ſhe ſees, loaths, mends her former ways;
So ſoon repairs her light, trebling her new-born rays.

LXV.

But, ah! why do we (ſimple as we been)
With curious labour, dim, and vailed ſight,
Pry in the nature of this king and queen,
Groping in darkneſs for ſo clear a light?
A light, which once could not be thought or told,
But now with blackeſt clouds is thick enroll'd,
Preſs'd down in captive chains, and pent in earthly mould.

LXVI.

Rather lament we this their wretched fate,
(Ah, wretched fate, and fatal wretchedneſs!)
Unlike thoſe former days, and firſt eſtate,
When he eſpous'd with melting happineſs,
To fair Voletta, both their lights conſpiring,
He ſaw whate'er was fit for her requiring,
And ſhe to his clear ſight, wou'd temper her deſiring.

LXVII.

When both repleniſh'd with celeſtial light,
All coming evils cou'd foreſee and fly;
When both with cleareſt eye, and perfect ſight,
Could every nature's difference deſcry:
Whoſe pictures now they ſcarcely ſee with pain,
Obſcure and dark, like to thoſe ſhadows vain,
Which thin and empty glide along Avernus' plain.

LXVIII.

The flow'rs that frighten'd with ſharp winter's dread
Retire into their mother Tellus' womb,
Yet in the ſpring in troops new muſtered
Peep out again from their unfrozen tomb:
The early violet will freſh ariſe,
And ſpreading his flowr'd purple to the ſkies;
Boldly the little elf the winter's ſpite defies.

LXIX.

The hedge, green ſatin pink'd and cut, arrays;
The Heliotrope unto cloth of gold aſpires;
In hundred-colour'd ſilks the tulip plays;
Th' imperial flow'r, his neck with pearl attires;
The lily, high her ſilver grogram rears;
The panſy, her wrought velvet garment bears;
The red roſe, ſcarlet, and the provence, damaſk wears.

LXX.

How falls it then, that ſuch an heav'nly light,
As this great king's ſhou'd ſink ſo wondrous low,

(*b*) *The Will.* (*i*) *Conſcience.*

That ſcarce he can ſuſpect his former height?
Can one eclipſe ſo dark his ſhining brow,
And ſteal away his beauty glittering fair?
One only blot, ſo great a light to impair
That never cou'd he hope his waning to repair?

LXXI.

Ah! never cou'd he hope once to repair
So great a wane, ſhou'd not that new-born ſun,
Adopt him both his brother and his heir;
Who through baſe life, and death, and hell, wou'd run,
To ſeat him in his loſt now ſurer cell.
That he may mount to heav'n, he ſunk to hell;
That he might live, he died; that he might riſe, he fell?

LXXII.

A perfect virgin breeds and bears a ſon,
Th' immortal father of his mortal mother;
Earth, heav'n, fleſh, ſpirit, man, God, are met in one;
His younger brother's child, his children's brother,
Eternity, who yet was born and died;
His own creator, earth's ſcorn, heav'n's pride;
Who th' Deity, inflefht, and man's fleſh deified.

LXXIII.

Thou uncreated ſun, heav'n's glory bright!
Whom we with hearts and knees, low bent, adore;
At riſing, perfect, and now falling light;
Ah, what reward, what thanks ſhall we reſtore!
Thou wretched waſt, that we might happy be:
O all the good we hope, and all we ſee;
That we thee know and love, comes from thy love and thee.

LXXIV.

Receive, which we can only back return,
(Yet that we may return, thou firſt muſt give)
A heart, which fain wou'd ſmoke, which fain wou'd burn
In praiſe; for thee, to thee, wou'd only live:
And thou (who ſatt'ſt in night to give us day)
Light and enflame us with thy glorious ray,
That we may back reflect, and borrow'd light repay.

LXXV.

So we beholding with immortal eye,
The glorious picture of thy heav'nly face,
In his firſt beauty and true majeſty,
May ſhake from our dull ſouls theſe fetters baſe: [ſphere;
And mounting up to that bright cryſtal
Whence thou ſtrik'ſt all the world with ſhudd'ring fear, [dear:
May not be held by earth, nor hold vile earth ſo

LXXVI.

Then ſhou'd thy ſhepherd (pooreſt ſhepherd) ſing
A thouſand cantos in thy heav'nly praiſe,
And rouſe his flagging muſe, and flutt'ring wing,
To chant thy wonders in immortal lays;
(Which once thou wrought'ſt, when Nilus' ſlimy ſhore,
Or Jordan's banks thy mighty hand adore)
Thy judgments and thy mercies; but thy mercies more.

LXXVIII.

But ſee, the ſtealing night with ſoftly pace,
To fly the weſtern ſun, creeps up the eaſt;
Cold Heſpar 'gins unmaſk his evening face,
And calls the winking ſtars from drowſy reſt:
Home then, my lambs; the falling drops eſchew:
To-morrow ſhall ye feaſt in paſtures new,
And with the riſing ſun banquet on pearled dew.

CANTO VII.

I.

The riſing morn lifts up his orient head,
And ſpangled heav'ns in golden robes inveſts;
Thirſil upſtarting from his fearleſs bed,
Where uſeleſs nights he ſafe and quiet reſts,
Unhous'd his bleeting flock, and quickly thence
Haſting to his expecting audience,
Thus with ſad verſe began their grieved minds incenſe.

II.

Fond man, that looks on earth for happineſs,
And here long ſeeks what here is never found!
For all our good we hold from heav'n by leaſe,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine, and rentage due:
Though now but writ, and ſeal'd, and giv'n anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily muſt renew.

III.

Why should'st thou here look for perpetual good,
At ev'ry loss against heav'n's face repining?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops, and silver turrets shining;
There now the hart fearless of greyhound feeds,
And loving pelican in safety breeds;
There screeching satyrs fill the people's empty steads.

IV.

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the east once grasp'd in lordly paw?
Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
The lion's self tore out with rav'nous jaw?
Or he which 'twixt a lion, and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions far'd,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms shar'd.

V.

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find:
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind:
But when this second life, and glory fades,
And sinks at length in times obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

VI.

That monstrous beast, which nurs'd in Tiber's fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trode down all the rest to dust and clay:
His batt'ring horns pull'd out by civil hands,
And iron teeth lie scatter'd on the sands;
Back'd, bridled by a monk, with sev'n heads yoked stands.

VII.

And that black (*a*) vulture, which with deathful wing
O'ershadows half the earth, whose dismal sight
Frighten'd the muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight:
Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and death;
And life itself's as flit as is the air we breathe.

VIII.

Ne mought this prince escape, though he as far
All these excells in worth and heav'nly grace,
As brightest Phœbus does the dimmest star:
The deepest falls are from the highest place.
There lies he now, bruis'd with so sore a fall,
To his base bonds, and loathsome prison thrall,
Whom thousand foes besiege, senc'd with a frail yielding wall.

IX.

Tell me, oh, tell me then, thou holy muse!
Sacred Thespio! what the cause may be
Of such despite; so many foemen use
To persecute unpitied misery?

Or if these canker'd foes, as most men say,
So mighty be, that gird this wall of clay;
What makes it hold so long, and threaten'd ruin stay?

X.

When that great Lord his standing court would build
The outward walls with gems and glorious lights,
But inward rooms with nobler courtiers fill'd;
Pure, living flames, swift, mighty blessed sprights:
But some his royal service (fools!) disdain;
So down were flung—oft bliss is double pain);
In heav'n they scorn'd to serve, so now in hell they reign.

XI.

There turn'd to serpents, swol'n with pride and hate;
Their prince a dragon fell, who burst with spite,
To see this king's and queen's yet happy state,
Tempts them to lust and pride; prevails by slight:
To make them wise, and gods, he undertakes.
Thus while the snake they hear, they turn to snakes;
To make them gods he boasts, but beasts, and devils makes.

XII.

But that great (*b*) Lion, who in Judah's plains
The awful beasts holds down in due subjection;
The dragon's craft, and base-got spoil disdains,
And folds this captive prince in his protection;
Breaks ope the jail, and brings the pris'ners thence (*c*):
Yet plac'd them in this castle's weak defence,
Where they might trust and seek an higher providence.

XIII.

So now spread round about this little hold,
With armies infinite, encamped lie
Th' enraged dragon, and his serpents bold:
And knowing well his time grows short and nigh,
He swells with venom'd gore (*d*), and pois'nous heat;
His tail unfolded, heav'n itself doth beat,
And sweeps the mighty stars from their transcendent seat.

XIV.

With him goes (*e*) Caro, curs'd dam of sin,
Foul, filthy dam, of fouler progeny;
Yet seems (skin-deep) most fair by witching gin
To weaker sight; but to a purged eye
Looks like (nay, worse than) hell's infernal hags:
Her empty breasts hang like lank hollow bags:
And Iris' ulcer'd skin is patch'd with leprous rags.

XV.

Therefore her loathsome shape in steel array'd;
All rust within, the outside polish'd bright;

(*a*) *The Turk.*

(*b*) *Revelations*, v. 5.
(*c*) *Luke*, iv. 18.
(*d*) *Revelations*, xii. 4.
(*e*) *The flesh.*

And on her ſhield a mermaid ſung and play'd,
Whoſe human beauties lure the wand'ring ſight;
But ſlimy ſcales hid in their waters lie:
She chants, ſhe ſmiles, ſo draws the ear, the eye,
And whom ſhe wins, ſhe kills:—the word, *Hear, gaze, and die.*

XVI.

And after march her fruitful ſerpent fry,
Whom ſhe of divers lechers divers bore;
Marſhall'd in ſev'ral ranks their colours fly:
Four (*f*) to Anagnus, four this painted whore
To loathſome Aſebie brought forth to light;
Twice four got Adicus, a hateful wight:
But ſwol'n Acrates two, born in one bed and night.

XVII.

Mœchus (*g*) the firſt, of bluſhleſs bold aſpect;
Yet with him doubt and fear ſtill trembling go:
Oft look'd he back, as if he did ſuſpect
Th' approach of ſome unwiſh'd, unwelcome foe:
Behind, fell jealouſy his ſteps obſerv'd,
And ſure revenge with dart that never ſwerv'd:
Ten thouſand griefs and plagues he felt, but more deſerv'd.

XVIII.

His armour black as hell, or ſtarleſs night,
And in his ſhield he lively portray'd bare
Mars faſt impound in arms of Venus' light,
And ty'd as faſt in Vulcan's ſubtil ſnare:
She feign'd to bluſh for ſhame, now all too late;
But his red colour ſeem'd to ſparkle hate:
Sweet are ſtol'n waters, round about the marge he wrate.

XIX.

Porneius (*h*) next him pac'd, a meagre wight;
Whoſe leaden eyes ſunk deep in ſwimming head,
And joyleſs look, like ſome pale aſhy ſpright;
Seem'd as he now were dying, or now dead:
And with him waſtefulneſs, that all expended,
And want, that ſtill in theft, and priſon ended,
A hundred foul diſeaſes cloſe at's back attended.

XX.

His ſhining helm might ſeem a ſparkling flame,
Yet ſooth, nought was it but a fooliſh fire;
And all his arms were of that burning frame,
That fleſh and bones were gnaw'n with hot deſire,
About his wriſt his blazing ſhield did fry
With ſweltring hearts in flames of luxury:
His word, *In fire I live, in fire I burn, and die.*

XXI.

With him (*i*) Acatharus, in Tuſcan dreſs;
A thing that neither man will own, nor beaſt:
Upon a boy he lean'd in wantonwiſe,
On whoſe fair limbs his eyes ſtill greedy feaſt;
He ſports, he toys, kiſſes his ſhining face:
Behind, reproach and thouſand devils pace:
Before, bold impudence, that cannot change her grace.

XXII.

His armour ſeem'd to laugh with idle boys,
Which all about their wanton ſportings play'd;
Al's would himſelf heep out their childiſh toys,
And like a boy lend them unmanly aid:
In his broad targe the bird her wings diſpread,
Which truſſing wafts the Trojan Ganymede:
And round was writ, *Like with his like is coupled.*

XXIII.

Aſelges (*k*) follow'd next, the boldeſt boy
That ever play'd in Venus' wanton court:
He little cares who notes his laviſh joy;
Broad were his jeſts, wild his uncivil ſport;
His faſhion too, too fond, and looſely light:
A long love-lock on his left ſhoulder plight;
Like to a woman's hair, well ſhew'd a woman's ſpright.

XXIV.

Luſt in ſtrange neſts this cuckoo egg conceiv'd;
Which nurs'd with ſurfeits, dreſs'd with fond diſguiſes,
In fancy's ſchool his breeding firſt receiv'd:
So this brave ſpark to wilder flame ariſes;
And now to court preferr'd, high bloods he fires,
There blows up pride, vain mirth, and looſe deſires;
And heav'nly ſouls (oh grief!) with helliſh flame inſpires.

XXV.

There oft to rivals lends the gentle Dor,
Oft takes (his miſtreſs by) the bitter bob:
There learns her each day's change of Gules, Verd, Or,
(His ſampler); if ſhe pouts, her ſlave muſt ſob:
Her face his ſphere, her hair his circling ſky;
Her love his heav'n, her ſight eternity:
Of her he dreams, with her he lives, for her he'll die.

XXVI.

Upon his arm a tinſel ſcarf he wore,
Forſooth his madam's favour, ſpangled fair:
Light as himſelf, a fan his helmet bore,
With ribbons dreſs'd, begg'd from his miſtreſs' hair:
On's ſhield a winged boy all naked ſhin'd;
His folded eyes, willing and wilful blind:
The word was wrought with gold, *Such is a lover's mind.*

XXVII.

Theſe four, Anagnus and foul Caro's ſons,
Who led a diff'rent and diſorder'd rout;
Fancy, a lad that all in feathers wons,
And looſe deſire, and danger link'd with doubt;
And thouſand wanton thoughts ſtill budding new:
But lazy eaſe uſher'd the idle crew;
And lame diſeaſe ſhuts up their troops with tenements due.

(*f*) *The fruits of the fleſh are deſcribed, Gal* v. 19 20, 21, *and may be ranked into four companies, 1ſt, of uncha ſtity; 2d. of irreligion; 3d, of unrighteouſneſs; 4th, of intemperance.*

(*g*) *Adultery, Gal.* v. 19.

(*h*) *Fornication.*

(*i*) *Sodomy, Rom.* i. 26, 27. *Lev.* xx. 15, 16.

(*k*) *Laſciviouſneſs.*

XXVIII.

Next band, by Asebie was boldly led,
And his four sons begot in Stygian night:
First (*l*) Idololatros, whose monstrous head
Was like an ugly fiend, his flaming sight
Like blazing stars; the rest all different:
For to his shape some part each creature lent;
But to the great Creator all adversely bent.

XXIX.

Upon his breast a bloody cross he scor'd,
Which oft he worshipp'd; but the Christ that died
Thereon, he seldom but in paint ador'd;
Yet wood, stone, beasts, wealth, lusts, fiends, deified:
He makes mere pageants of the saving (*m*) rock,
Puppet-like trimming his almighty stock:
Which then, his god, or he, which is the verier block?

XXX.

Of giant shape, and strength thereto agreeing,
Wherewith he whilome all the world oppress'd:
And yet the greater part (his vassals being)
Slumb'ring in ignorance, securely rest:
A golden calf (himself more beast) he bore,
Which brutes with dancings, gifts, and songs adore,
Idols are laymen's books, he round all wrote in ore.

XXXI.

Next (*n*) Pharmakeus, of gashly, wild aspect;
Whom hell with seeming fear, and fiends obey:
Full eas'ly would he know each past effect,
And things to come with double guess foresay,
By slain beasts entrails, and fowls marked flight:
Thereto he tempests rais'd by many a spright,
And charm'd the sun and moon, and chang'd the day and night.

XXXII.

So when the south (dipping his sablest wings
In humid ocean) sweeps with's dropping beard
Th' air, earth, and seas; his lips loud thunderings
And flashing eyes make all the world afeard:
Light with dark clouds, waters with fires are met:
The sun but now is rising, now is set;
And finds west-shades in east, and seas in airs wet.

XXXIII.

By birth and hand, he juggling fortunes tells;
Oft brings from shades his grandsires damned ghost;
Of stolen goods forces out by wicked spells:
His frightful shield with thousand fiends emboss,
Which seem'd without a circle's ring to play:
In midst himself dampens the smiling day,
And prints sad characters, which none may write, or say.

(*l*) *Idolatry, either by worshipping the true God by false worship, as by images, against the second commandment: or giving away his worship to any thing that is not God, against the first.*

(*m*) *Psalm* lxii. 7.

(*n*) *Witchcraft, and curious arts.*

XXXIV.

The third (*o*) Hæreticus, a wrangling carl,
Who in the way to heav'n would wilful err;
And oft convicted, still would snatch and snarl:
His Crambe oft repeats;—all tongue, no ear;
Him obstinacy, pride, and scorn attended:
On's shield, with truth error disguis'd contended:
His motto this, *Rather thus err, than be amended.*

XXXV.

Last march'd Hypocrisy, false form of grace,
That vaunts the shew of all, has truth of none:
A rotten heart he masks with painted face;
Among the beasts, a mule, 'mong bees, a drone,
'Mongst stars, a meteor:—all the world neglects him;
Nor good, nor bad, nor heav'n, nor earth, affects him: [rejects him.
The earth for glaring forms, for bare forms heav'n

XXXVI.

His wanton heart he vails with dewy eyes,
So oft the world, and oft himself deceives:
His tongue his heart, his hands his tongue belies:
In's path (as snails) silver, but slime, he leaves:
He Babel's glory is, but Sion's taint;
Religion's blot, but irreligion's paint:
A saint abroad, at home a fiend; and worst, a saint.

XXXVII.

So tallow lights live glitt'ring, stinking die;
Their gleams aggrate the sight, steams wound the smell:
So Sodom apples please the ravish'd eye,
But sulpur taste proclaim their roots in hell:
So airy flames to heav'nly seem ally'd,
But when their oil is spent, they swiftly glide,
And into gelly'd mire melt all their gilded pride.

XXXVIII.

So rushes green, smooth, full, are spungy light;
So their rag'd stones in velvet peaches grown;
So rotten sticks seem stars in cheating night;
So quagmires false, their mire with em'ralds crown:
Such is Hypocrisy's deceitful frame;
A stinking light, a sulphur fruit, false flame;
Smooth rush, hard peach, fere wood, false mire, a voice, a name.

XXXIX.

Such were his arms, false gold, true alchymy;
Glitt'ring with glassy stones, and fine deceit:
His sword a flatt'ring steel, which gull'd the eye,
And pierc'd the heart with pride and self-conceit:
On's shield a tomb, where death had dress'd his bed [head,
With curious art, and crown'd his loathsome
With gold, and gems:—his word, *More gorgeous when dead.*

XL.

Before them went their nurse, bold Ignorance;
A loathsome monster, light, sight 'mendment scorning;
Born deaf and blind, fitter to lead the dance
To such a rout; her silver heads adorning,

(*o*) *Heresy.*

(Her dotage index) much she bragg'd, yet feign'd;
For by false tallies many years she gain'd.
Wise youth is honour'd age;—Fond age's with dotage stain'd.

XL.

Her failing legs with erring footsteps reel'd;
(Lame guide to bliss!) her daughters on each side
Much pain'd themselves, her stumbling feet to wield;
Both like their mother, dull, and beetle ey'd:
The first was error false, who multiplies
Her num'rous race in endless progenies:
For but one truth there is, ten thousand thousand lies.

XLII.

Her brood o'erspread her round with sin and blood,
With envy, malice, mischiefs infinite;
Which she to see herself, amazed stood,
So often got with child and big with spite:
Her offspring fly about, and spread their seed;
Straight hate, pride, schism, wars, and seditions breed,
Get up, grow ripe.—How soon prospers the vicious weed.

XLIII.

The other owl-ey'd Superstition,
Deform'd, distorted, blind in shining light;
Yet styles herself holy Devotion,
And so is call'd, and seems in shady night:
Fearful as is the hare, or hunted hind;
Her face, and breast, she oft with crosses sign'd:
No custom would she break, or change her settled mind.

XLIV.

If hare, or snake, her way, herself she crosses,
And stops her mazed steps; sad fears affright her
When falling salt points out some fatal losses,
Till Bacchus' grapes with holy sprinkle quite her:
Her only bible is an Erra Pater;
Her antidote are hallow'd wax and water:
I' th' dark, all lights are sp'rits, all noises, chains that clatter.

XLV.

With them march'd sunk (in deep security)
Profaneness, to be fear'd, for never fearing;
And by him, new oaths coining Blasphemy,
Who names not God, but in a curse, or swearing:
And thousand other fiends in diverse fashion,
Dispos'd in several ward, and certain station:
Under, hell widely yawn'd; and over, flew damnation.

XLVI.

Next Adicus his son's;—first (*p*) Esthros fly,
Whose prick'd-up ears kept open house for lies;
And fleering eyes still watch, and wait to spy
When to return still-living injuries:
Fair weather smil'd upon his painted face.
And eyes spoke peace, till he had time and place,
Then pours down show'rs of rage, and streams of rancour base.

XLVII.

So when a sable cloud, with swelling sail
Comes swimming through calm skies, the silent air
(While fierce winds sleep in Æol's rocky jail),
With spangled beams embroider'd, glitters fair;
But soon 'gins low'r: straight clatt'ring hail is bred,
Scatt'ring cold shot; light hides his golden head,
And with untimely winter, earth's o'er-silvered.

XLVIII.

His arms well suit his mind, where smiling skies
Breed thund'ring tempests: on his lofty crest
Asleep the spotted panther couching lies,
And by sweet scents, and skin so quaintly dress't,
Draws on her prey: upon his shield he bears
The dreadful monster which great Nilus fears;
(The weeping crocodile) his word, *I kill with tears.*

XLIX.

With him Dissemblance went, his paramour,
Whose painted face might hardly be detected;
Arms of offence he seld' or never wore,
Lest thence his close designs might be suspected;
But clasping close his foe, as loath to part,
He steals his dagger with false smiling art,
And sheaths the trait'rous steel in his own master's heart.

L.

Two Jewish captains, close themselves enlacing
In love's sweet twines, his target broad display'd;
One th' other's beard with his left hand embracing,
But in his right a shining sword he sway'd,
Which unawares through th' other's ribs he smites,
There lay the wretch without all burial rites:
His word, *He deepest wounds, that in his fawning bites.*

LI.

Eris (*q*) the next, of sex unfit for war:
Her arms were bitter words from flaming tongue,
Which never quiet, wrangle, fight, and jar;
Ne would she weigh report with right, or wrong:
What once she held, that would she ever hold,
And *Non-obstantes* force with courage bold:
The last word must she have, or never leave to scold.

LII.

She is the trumpet to this angry train,
And whets their fury with loud-railing spite:
But when no open foes did more remain,
Against themselves, themselves she would incite.
Her clacking mill, driv'n by her flowing gall,
Could never stand, but chide, rail, bark, and bawl:
Her shield no word could find, her tongue engross'd them all.

(*p*) *Hatred.*

(*q*) *Variance.*

LIII.

Zelos (*r*) the third, whose spiteful emulation
Could not endure a fellow in excelling;
Yet slow in any virtue's imitation,
At easy rate that fair possession selling:
Still as he went he hidden sparkles blew,
Till to a mighty flame they sudden grew,
And like fierce lightning all in quick destruction drew.

LIV.

Upon his shield lay that Tirinthian swain,
Swelt'ring in fiery gore, and pois'nous flame,
His wife's sad gift venom'd with bloody stain:
Well could he bulls, snakes, hell, all monsters tame;
Well could he heav'n support, and prop alone;
But by sell jealousy soon overthrown,
Without a foe, or sword: his motto, *First, or none.*

LV.

Thumos (*s*) the fourth, a dire revengeful swain;
Whose soul was made of flames, whose flesh of fire;
Wrath in his heart, hate, rage, and fury reign!
Fierce was his look, when clad in sparkling tire;
But when dead paleness in his cheek took seizure,
And all the blood in 's boiling heart did treasure,
Then in his wild revenge, kept he nor mean nor measure.

LVI.

Look as when waters wall'd with brazen wreath,
Are sieg'd with crackling flames, their common foe;
The angry seas 'gin foam and hotly breathe,
Then swell, rise, rave, and still more furious grow;
Nor can be held; but forc'd with fires below,
Tossing their waves, break out, and all o'erflow:
So boil'd his rising blood, and dash'd his angry brow.

LVII.

For in his face, red heat, and ashy cold;
Strove which should paint revenge in proper colours:
That, like consuming fire, most dreadful roll'd;
This, liker death, threatens all deadly dolours;
His trembling hand a dagger still embrac'd,
Which in his friend he rashly oft encas'd:
His shield's device, fresh blood with foulest stain defac'd.

LVIII.

Next him Erithius (*t*), most unquiet swain,
That all in law, and fond contention spent;
Not one was found in all this num'rous train,
With whom in any thing he would consent:
His will his law, he weigh'd not wrong or right;
Much scorn'd to bear, much more forgive a spite:
Patience, he, th' asses load, and coward's virtue [hight.

LIX.

His weapons all were fram'd of shining gold,
Wherewith he subtly fought close under hand:
Thus would he right from right by force withhold,
Nor suits, nor friends, nor laws his slights withstand:
Ah, pow'rful weapon! how dost thou bewitch
Great, but base minds, and spott'st with leprous itch,
That never are in thought, nor ever can be rich!

LX.

Upon his belt (fasten'd with leather laces)
Black boxes hung, sheaths of his paper swords,
Fill'd up with writs, subpœnas, trial-cases;
This trespass'd him in cattle, that in words:
Fit his device, and well his shield became,
A salamander drawn in lively frame:
His word was this, *I live, I breathe, I feed on flame.*

LXI.

Next after him march'd proud Dichostasis (*u*),
That wont but in the factious court to dwell;
But now to shepherd-swains close linked is;
And taught them (fools!) to change their humble cell,
And lowly weed, for courts, and purple gay,
To sit aloft, and states, and princes sway:
A hook, no sceptre needs our erring sheep to stay.

LXII.

A mitre trebly crown'd th' impostor wore;
For heav'n, earth, hell, he claims with lofty pride:
Not in his lips, but hands, two keys he bore,
Heav'n's doors and hell's to shut, and open wide:
But late his keys are marr'd, or broken quite:
For hell he cannot shut, but opens light;
Nor heav'n can ope, but shut; nor buys, but sells by slight.

LXIII.

Two heads, oft three, he in one body had,
Nor with the body, nor themselves agreeing:
What this commanded, th' other soon forbad;
As different in rule, as nature being:
The body to them both, and neither prone,
Was like a double-hearted dealer grown;
Endeavouring to please both parties, pleasing none.

LXIV.

As when the pow'rful wind, and adverse tide,
Strive which should most command the subject main;
The scornful waves swelling with angry pride
Yielding to neither, all their force disdain:
Mean time the shaken vessel doubtful plays,
And on the stagg'ring billow trembling stays,
And wou'd obey them both, and none of both obeys.

LXV.

A subtle craftsman fram'd him seemly arms,
Forg'd in the shop of wrangling sophistry;
And wrought with curious arts, and mighty charms,
Temper'd with lies, and false philosophy:

(*r*) *Emulation.* (*s*) *Wrath.* (*t*) *Strife.*

(*u*) *Sedition, or Schism.*

Millions of heedleſs ſouls thus had he ſlain.
His ſev'n-fold targe a field of gules did ſtain;
In which two ſwords he bore: his word, *Divide and reign.*

LXVI.

Envy the next, envy with ſquinted eyes;
Sick of a ſtrange diſeaſe, his neighbour's health:
Beſt lives he then, when any better dies;
Is never poor, but in another's wealth:
On beſt men's harms and griefs he feeds his fill;
Elſe his own maw doth eat with ſpiteful ill
muſt the temper be, where diet is ſo ill.

LXVII.

Each eye through divers optics ſlily leers.
Which both his ſight, and object's ſelf bely;
So greateſt virtue as a moat appears,
And molehill faults to mountains multiply.
When needs he muſt, yet faintly, then he praiſes;
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raiſes:
So marreth what he makes, and praiſing moſt, diſpraiſes.

LXVIII.

Upon his ſhield that cruel herd-groom play'd.
Fit inſtrument of Juno's jealous ſpite;
His hundred eyes ſtood fixed on the maid;
He pip'd, ſhe ſigh'd: his word, *Her day, my night.*
His miſſile weapon was a lying tongue,
Which he far off like ſwifteſt lightning flung:
That all the world with noiſe, and foul blaſpheming rung.

LXIX.

Laſt of this rout the ſavage Phonos (*y*) went,
Whom his dire mother nurs'd with human blood;
And when more age and ſtrength more fierceneſs lent,
She taught him in a dark and deſert wood
With force and guile poor paſſengers to ſlay,
And on their fleſh his barking ſtomach ſtay,
And with their wretched blood his fiery thirſt allay.

LXX.

So when the never ſettled Scythian
Removes his dwelling in an empty wain:
When now the ſun hath half his journey ran,
His horſe he bloods, and pricks a trembling vein,
So from the wound quenches his thirſty heat;
Yet worſe, this fiend makes his own fleſh his meat.
Monſter! the rav'nous bear his kind will never eat.

LXXI.

Ten thouſand furies on his ſteps awaited,
Some fear'd his harden'd ſoul with Stygian brand:
Some with black terrors his faint conſcience baited,
That wide he ſtar'd, and ſtarched hair did ſtand:
The firſt born man ſtill in his mind he bore,
Foully array'd in guiltleſs brother's gore,
Which for revenge to heav'n, from earth did loudly roar.

(*y*) *Murder.*

LXXII.

His arms offenſive all, to ſpill, not ſpare;
Swords, piſtols, poiſons, inſtruments of hell:
A ſhield he wore (not that the wretch did care
To ſave his fleſh, oft he himſelf would quell)
For ſhew, not uſe: on it a viper ſwilling
The dam's ſpilt gore; his empty bowels filling
With fleſh that gave him life: his word, *I live by killing.*

LXXIII.

And laſt, his brutiſh ſons, Acrates ſent,
Whom Caro bore both in one birth and bed,
Methos (*z*) the firſt, whoſe paunch his feet outwent,
As if it uſher'd his unſettled head;
His foul quite ſowced lay in grapy blood,
In all his parts the idle dropſy ſtood;
Which though already drown'd, ſtill thirſted for the flood.

LXXIV.

This thing, nor man, nor beaſt, tuns all his wealth
In drink; his days, his years, in liquor drenching:
So quaffs he ſickneſs down, by quaffing health;
Firing his cheeks with quenching; ſtrangely quenching
His eyes with firing; dull and faint they roll'd:
But, nimble lips, known things and hid unfold;
Belchings oft ſips, large ſpits point the long tale he told.

LXXV.

His armour green might ſeem a fruitful vine;
The cluſters priſon'd in the cloſe ſet leaves,
Yet oft between the bloody grape did ſhine;
And peeping forth, his jailor's ſpite deceives:
Among the boughs did ſwilling Bacchus ride,
Whom wild grown Mœnad's bore, and ev'ry ſtride,
Bacche, Iõ Bacche, loud with madding voice they cry'd.

LXXVI.

On's ſhield, the goatiſh ſatyrs dance around,
(Their heads much lighter than their nimble heels)
Silenus old, in wine (as ever) drown'd,
Clos'd with the ring, in midſt (though ſitting) reels:
Under his arm a bag-pipe ſwol'n he held,
(Yet wine-ſwol'n checks the windy bag outſwell'd)
So loudly pipes: his word, *But full, no mirth I yield.*

LXXVII.

Inſatiate ſink, how with ſo general ſtain
Thy ſpu'd out puddles, court, town, fields entice!
Ay me! the ſhepherd's ſelves thee entertain,
And to thy Curtian gulf do ſacrifice:
All drink to ſpew, and ſpew again to drink.
Sour ſwill-tub ſin, of all the reſt the ſink,
How can'ſt thou thus bewitch with thy abhorred ſtink?

(*z*) *Drunkenneſs.*

LXXVIII.

The eye thou wrong'ſt with vomit's reeking ſtreams,
The ear with belching; touch thou drown'ſt in wine;
The taſte thou ſurfeit; ſmell with ſpewing ſtreams
Thou woundeſt: foh! thou loathſome putrid ſwine; [ſlaketh;
Still thou increaſeſt thirſt, when thirſt thou
The mind and will thou (wits bane) captive takeſt;
Senſeleſs thy hoggiſh filth, and ſenſe thou ſenſeleſs makeſt.

LXXIX.

Thy fellow ſins, and all the reſt of vices
With ſeeming good, are fairly cloth'd to ſight;
Their feigned ſweet, the blear-ey'd will entices
Coz'ning the dazzled ſenſe with borrow'd light:
Thee, neither true, nor yet falſe good commends;
Profit, nor pleaſure on thy ſteps attends:
Folly begins thy ſin, which ſtill with madneſs ends.

LXXX.

With Methos, Gluttony, his guttling broth'r,
Twin parallels, drawn from the ſelf-ſame line;
So foully like was either to the oth'r,
And both moſt like a monſtrous paunched ſwine:
His life was either a continued feaſt,
Whoſe ſurfeits upon ſurfeits him oppreſs'd;
Or heavy ſleep, that helps ſo great a load digeſt.

LXXXI.

Mean time his ſoul, weigh'd down with muddy chains,
Can neither work, nor move in captive bands;
But dull'd in vap'rous fogs, all careleſs reigns,
Or rather ſerves ſtrong appetite's commands;
That when he now was gorg'd with cramm'd-down ſtore,
And porter wanting room had ſhut the door,
The glutton ſigh'd, that he could gormandiſe no more.

LXXXII.

His crane-like neck was long unlac'd; his breaſt,
This gouty limbs, like to a circle, round,
As broad as long; and for his ſpear in reſt
Oft with his ſtaff he beats the yielding ground;
Wherewith his hands did help his feet to bear,
Elſe would they ill ſo huge a burden ſteer:
His clothes were all of leaves, no armour could he wear.

LXXXIII.

Only a target light, upon his arm
He careleſs bore, on which old Gryll was drawn,
Transform'd into a hog with cunning charm;
In head and paunch, and ſoul itſelf a brawn:
Half drown'd within; without, yet ſtill did hunt
In his deep trough for ſwill, as he was wont;
Cas'd all in loathſome mire: no word; Gryll could but grunt.

LXXXIV.

Him ſerv'd ſweet ſeeming luſts, ſelf pleaſing lies,
But bitter death flow'd from thoſe ſweets of ſin:
And at the rear of theſe in ſecret guiſe
Crept Thievery and Detraction, near akin:
No twins more like: they ſeem'd almoſt the ſame;
One ſtole the goods, the other the good name:
The latter lives in ſcorn, the former dies in ſhame.

LXXXV.

Their boon companions in their jovial feaſting
Were new-ſhap'd oaths, and damning perjuries;
Their cates, fit for their taſte, profaneſt jeſting;
Sauc'd with the ſalt of hell, dire blaſphemies.
But till th' ambitious ſun, yet ſtill aſpiring,
Allays his flaming gold with gentler firing,
We'll reſt our weary ſong, in that thick grove retiring.

CANTO VIII.

I.

The ſun began to ſlack his bended bow,
And more obliquely dart his milder ray;
When cooler airs gently 'gan to blow,
And fan the fields, parch'd with the ſcorching day;
The ſhepherds to their wonted ſeats repair;
Thirſil, refreſh'd with this ſoft breathing air,
Thus 'gan renew his taſk, and broken ſong repiar.

II.

What watchful care muſt fence that weary ſtate,
Which deadly foes begirt with cruel ſiege;
And fraileſt wall of glaſs, and trait'rous gate
Strive which ſhould firſt yield up their woful liege?
By enemies aſſail'd, by friends betray'd;
When others hurt, himſelf refuſes aid:
By weakneſs' ſelf his ſtrength is foil'd and overlay'd.

III.

How comes it then, that in ſo near decay
We deadly ſleep in deep ſecurity,
When every hour is ready to betray
Our lives to that ſtill watching enemy?

Wake then, thy ſoul, that deadly ſlumbereth ;
For when thy foe hath ſeiz'd thy captive breath,
Too late to wiſh paſt life, too late to wiſh for death.

IV.

Caro the vanguard with the Dragon led,
Coſmos (*a*) the battle guides, with loud alarms;
Coſmos the firſt ſon to the Dragon red,
Shining in ſeeming gold, and glitt'ring arms :
Well might he ſeem a ſtrong and gentle knight,
As e'er was clad in ſteel and armour bright ;
But was a recreant baſe, a foul, falſe cheating ſpright.

V.

And as himſelf, ſuch were his arms ; appearing
Bright burniſh'd gold, indeed baſe alchymy,
Dim beetle eyes, and greedy wordlings blearing;
His ſhield was dreſs'd in night's ſad livery,
Where man-like apes a glow-worm compaſs round,
Glad that in wintry night they fire had found :
Buſy they puff and blow : the word, *Miſtake the ground.*

VI.

Miſtake points all his darts ; his ſun ſhines bright,
(Miſtaken) light appear, ſad lightning prove :
His clouds (miſtook) ſeem lightnings, turn'd to light ;
His love true hatred is, his hatred love ;
His ſhop, a pedlar's pack of apiſh faſhion ;
His honours, pleaſures, joys, are all vexation :
His wages, glorious care, ſweet ſurſeits, woo'd damnation.

VII.

His lib'ral favours, complimental arts ;
His high advancements, Alpine ſlipp'ry ſtraits ;
His ſmiling glances, death's moſt pleaſing darts;
And (what he vaunts) his gifts are gilded baits :
Indeed he nothing is, yet all appears.
Hapleſs earth's happy fools, that know no tears!
Who bathes in worldly joys, ſwims in a world of fears.

VIII.

Pure Eſſence! who haſt made a ſtone deſcry
'Twixt nature's hid, and check that metal's pride
That dares aſpire to gold's high ſov'reignty ;
Ah, leave ſome touchſtone erring eyes to guide,
And judge diſſemblance! ſee by what devices,
Sin with fair gloſs our mole-ey'd ſight entices,
That vices virtues ſeem to moſt ; and virtues vices.

IX.

Strip thou their meretricious ſeemlineſs,
And tinfold glitt'ring, bare to ev'ry ſight,
That we may loath their inward uglineſs ;
Or elſe uncloud the ſoul, whoſe ſhady light
Adds a fair luſtre to falſe earthly bliſs :
Thine and their beauty differs but in this ;
Theirs what it is not, ſeems ; thine ſeems not what it is.

(*a*) *The World, or Mammon.*

X.

Next to the captain, coward (*b*) Deilos far'd
Him right before he as his ſhield projected,
And following troops to back him as his guard ;
Yet both his ſhield and guard (faint heart) ſuſpected :
And ſending often back his doubtful eye,
By fearing, taught unthought of treachery ;
So made him enemies, by fearing enmity.

XI.

Still did he look for ſome enſuing croſs,
Fearing ſuch hap as never man befell :
No mean he knows, but dreads each little loſs
(With tyranny of fear diſtraught) as hell.
His ſenſe, he dare not truſt (nor eyes, nor ears);
And when no other cauſe of fright appears,
Himſelf he much ſuſpects, and fears his cauſeleſs fears.

XII.

Harneſs'd with maſſy ſteel, for fence, not fight ;
His ſword unſeemly long he ready drew :
At ſudden ſhine of his own armour bright,
He ſtarted oft, and ſtar'd with ghaſtly hue :
He ſhrieks at ev'ry danger that appears,
Shaming the knightly arms he goodly bears :
His word : *Safer, that all, than he that nothing fears.*

XIII.

With him went Doubt, ſtagg'ring with ſteps unſure ;
That every way, and neither way inclin'd ;
And fond Diſtruſt, whom nothing could ſecure :
Suſpicion lean, as if he never din'd :
He keeps intelligence by thouſand ſpies ;
Argus to him bequeath'd his hundred eyes :
So waking, ſtill he ſleeps, and ſleeping, wakeful lies.

XIV.

Fond Deilos all ; Tolmetes (*c*) nothing fears ;
Juſt frights he laughs, all terrors counteth baſe ;
And when of danger or ſad news he hears,
He meets the thund'ring fortune face to face :
Yet oft in words he ſpends his boiſt'rous threat ;
That his hot blood driv'n from the native ſeat,
Leaves his faint (*d*) coward heart empty of lively heat.

XV.

Himſelf (weak help!) was all his confidence ;
He ſcorns low ebbs, but ſwims in higheſt riſes :
His limbs with arms or ſhield he would not fence,
Such coward faſhion (fool!) he much deſpiſes :
Ev'n for his ſingle ſword the world ſeems ſcant ;
For hundred worlds his conqu'ring arm could daunt :
Much would he boldly do ; but much more boldly vaunt.

XVI.

With him went ſelf-admiring Arrogance ;
And Brag ; his deeds without an helper praiſing ;

(*b*) *Fearfulneſs.*
(*c*) *Over-boldneſs, or fool-hardineſs.*
(*d*) *The philoſopher nightly calls ſuch θρασυδείλους, Ethic. 3. cap. 7. not only fool-hardy, but faint-hardy.*

Blind Careleſsneſs before would lead the dance;
Fear ſtole behind, thoſe vaunts in balance payſing,
Which far their deeds outweigh'd; their violence
'Fore danger ſpent with laviſh diffluence,
Was none, or weak, in time of greateſt exigence.

XVII.

As when a fiery courſer ready bent,
Puts forth himſelf at firſt with ſwifteſt pace;
Till with too ſudden flaſh his ſpirits ſpent,
Already fails now in the middle race:
His hanging creſt far from his wonted pride,
No longer now obeys his angry guide;
Rivers of ſweat and blood flow from his gored ſide.

XVIII.

Thus ran the raſh Tolmetes, never viewing
The fearful fiends that duly him attended;
Deſtruction cloſe his ſteps in poſt purſuing;
And certain ruins heavy weights depended
Over his curſed head; and ſmooth-fac'd guile,
That with him oft would looſely play and ſmile;
Till in his ſnare he lock'd his feet with treach'rous wile.

XIX.

Next march'd Aſotus (*e*). careleſs ſpending ſwain;
Who with a fork went ſpreading all around,
Which his old ſire with ſweating toil and pain,
Long time was raking from his racked ground:
In giving he obſerv'd nor form nor matter,
But beſt reward he got (*f*), that beſt could flatter.
Thus what he thought to give, he did not give, but ſcatter.

XX.

Before array'd in ſumptuous bravery,
Deck'd court-like in the choice, and neweſt guiſe;
But all behind like drudging ſlavery,
With ragged patches, rent, and bared thighs,
His ſhameful parts, that ſhun the hated light,
Were naked left; (ah, foul unhoneſt fight!)
Yet neither could he ſee, nor feel his wretched plight.

XXI.

His ſhield preſents to life, death's lateſt rites,
A ſad black hearſe borne up with ſable ſwains;
Which many idle grooms with hundred lights
(Tapers, lamps, torches) uſher through the plains
To endleſs darkneſs; while the ſun's bright brow,
With fiery beams, quenches their ſmoking tow,
And waſtes their idle coſt: the word, *Not need, but ſhow.*

XXII.

A vagrant rout (a ſhoal of tattling daws)
Strew him with vain ſpent pray'rs and idle lays;
And flatt'ry to his ſin cloſe curtains draws,
Clawing his itching ear with tickling praiſe.
Behind fond pity much his fall lamented,
And miſery that former waſte repented:
The uſurer for his goods, jail for his bones indented.

(*e*) *Prodigality.*
(*f*) *Ariſt. Eth.* 4.

XXIII.

His ſteward was his kinſman, vain expence,
Who proudly ſtrove in matters light, to ſhew
Heroic mind in braggart affluence;
So loſt his treaſure, getting nought in lieu,
But oſtentation of a fooliſh pride,
While women fond, and boys ſtood gaping wide;
But wiſe men all his waſte, and needleſs coſt deride.

XXIV.

Next Pleonectes (*g*) went, his gold admiring,
His ſervants drudge, ſlave to his baſeſt ſlave;
Never enough, and ſtill too much deſiring:
His gold his god, yet in an iron grave
Himſelf protects his god from noiſome ruſting;
Much fears to keep, much more to looſe his luſting;
Himſelf and golden god, and every god miſtruſting.

XXV.

Age on his hairs the winter ſnow had ſpread;
That ſilver badge his near end plainly proves:
Yet as to earth (*h*) he nearer bows his head,
So loves it more; for *Like his like ſtill loves.*
Deep from the ground he digs his ſweeteſt gain,
And deep into the earth digs back with pain:
From hell his gold he brings, and hoards in hell again.

XXVI.

His clothes all patch'd with more than honeſt thrift,
And clouted ſhoes were nail'd for fear of waſting:
Faſting he prais'd, but ſparing was his drift;
And when he eats, his food is worſe than faſting:
Thus ſtarves in ſtore, thus doth in plenty pine;
Thus wallowing on his god, his heap of mine,
He feeds his famiſh'd ſoul with that deceiving ſhine.

XXVII.

O, hungry metal! falſe deceitful ray,
Well laid'ſt thou dark, preſs'd in th' earths hidden womb;
Yet through our mother's entrails cutting way,
We drag thy buried corſe from helliſh tomb;
The merchant from his wife and home departs,
Nor at the ſwelling ocean ever ſtarts;
While death and life a wall of thin planks only parts.

XXVIII.

Who was it firſt, that from thy deepeſt cell,
With ſo much coſtly toil and painful ſweat,
Durſt rob thy palace bord'ring next to hell?
Well may'ſt thou come from that infernal ſeat,
Thou all the world with hell-black deeps doſt fill.
Fond men, that with ſuch pain do woo your ill!
Needleſs to ſend for grief, for he is next us ſtill.

XXIX.

His arms were light and cheap, as made to ſave
His purſe, not limbs; the money, not the man;

(*g*) *Covetouſneſs.*
(*h*) *Ariſt. Eth.*

Rather he dies, than spends: his helmet brave,
An old brass pot; breast-plate, a dripping-pan:
His spear a spit, a pot-lid broad his shield,
Whose smoky plain a chalk'd Impresse fill'd;
A bag sure seal'd: his word, *Much better sav'd than spill'd.*

XXX.

By Pleonectes, shameless Sparing went,
Who whines and weeps to beg a longer day;
Yet with a thund'ring voice claims tardy rent;
Quick to receive, but hard and slow to pay:
His cares to lessen cost with cunning base;
But when he's forc'd beyond his bounded space,
Loud would he cry, and howl, while others laugh apace.

XXXI.

Long after went Pusillus (*i*), weakest heart;
Able to serve, and able to command,
But thought himself unfit for either part;
And now full loth, amidst the warlike band,
Was hither drawn by force from quiet cell:
Loneness his heav'n, and bus'ness was his hell.
A weak distrustful heart is virtue's aguish spell.

XXXII.

His goodly arms, eaten with shameful rust,
Bewray'd their master's ease, and want of using;
Such was his mind, tainted with idle must;
His goodly gifts with little use abusing:
Upon his shield was drawn that noble swain,
That loth to change his love and quiet reign,
For glorious war-like deeds, did crafty madness feign.

XXXIII.

Finely the workman fram'd the toilsome plough
Drawn with an ox and ass, unequal pair;
While he with busy hand his salt did sow,
And at the furrow's end, his dearest heir [still
Did helpless lie; and Greek lords watching,
Observ'd his hand, guided with careful will:
About was wrote, *Who nothing doth, doth nothing ill.*

XXXIV.

By him went Idleness, his loved friend,
And Shame with both; with all, ragg'd Poverty:
Behind sure Punishment did close attend,
Waiting a while fit opportunity;
And taking 'count of hours mispent in vain,
And graces lent without returning gain,
Pour'd on his guilty corse, late grief, and helpless pain.

XXXV.

This dull cold earth with standing water froze;
At ease he lies to coin pretence for ease;
His soul like Ahaz's dial, while it goes
Not forward, posteth backward ten degrees:
In's couch he's pliant wax for fiends to seal;
He never sweats, but in his bed, or meal:
He'd rather steal than work, and beg than strive to steal.

XXXVI.

All opposite, though he his brother were,
Was Chaunus (*k*), that too high himself esteem'd:

All things he undertook, nor could he fear
His power too weak, or boasted strength misdeem'd;
With his own praise, like windy bladder blown:
His eyes too little, or too much his own:
For (*l*) known to all men weak, was to himself unknown.

XXXVII.

Fondly himself with praising he disprais'd
Vaunting his deeds and worth with idle breath;
So raz'd himself, what he himself had rais'd:
On's shield a boy threatens high Phœbus' death,
Aiming his arrow at his purest light:
But soon the thin reed, fir'd with lightning bright,
Fell idly on the strand: his word, *Yet high, and right.*

XXXVIII.

Next brave Philotimus (*m*) in post did ride:
Like rising ladders was his climbing mind;
His high-flown thoughts, had wings of courtly pride,
Which by foul rise to greatest height inclin'd;
His heart aspiring swell'd until it burst:
But when he gain'd the top, with spite accurst,
Down would he fling the steps by which he clamber'd first.

XXXIX.

His head's a shop furnish'd with looms of state:
His brain the weaver, thoughts are shuttles light,
With which; in spite of heav'n, he weaves his fate;
Honour his web: thus works he day and night,
Till fates cut off his thread; so heapeth sins,
And plagues, nor once enjoys the place he wins;
But where his old race ends, there his new race begins.

XL.

Ah, silly man, who dream'st that honour stands
In ruling others, not thyself!—thy slaves
Serve thee, and thou thy slaves:—in iron bands
Thy servile spirit prest with wild passions raves.
Wouldst thou live honour'd, clip ambition's wing;
To reason's yoke, thy furious passions bring.
Thrice noble is the man, who of himself is king.

XLI.

Upon his shield was fram'd that vent'rous lad,
That durst assay the sun's bright flaming team;
Spite of his feeble hands, the horses mad
Fling down on burning earth the scorching beam;
So made the flame in which himself was fir'd;
The world the bonfire was, where he expir'd:
His motto written thus, *Yet had what he desir'd.*

XLII.

But Atimus (*n*), a careless, idle swain,
Though glory offer'd him her sweet embrace,
And fair occasion, with little pain,
Reach'd him her ivory hand; yet (lozel base!)

(*i*) *Feeble-mindedness.*
(*k*) *Arrogancy.*
(*l*) *The arrogant are more stupid. Arist. Eth.* 4.
(*m*) *Ambition.*
(*n*) *Baseness of mind.*

Rather his way, and her fair ſelf declin'd;
Well did he thence prove his degen'rous mind:
Baſe were his reſty thoughts; baſe was his dunghill kind.

XLIII.

And now by force dragg'd from the monkiſh cell,
Where teeth he only us'd, nor hands, nor brains,
But in ſmooth ſtreams, ſwam down through eaſe to hell;
His work to eat, drink, ſleep, and purge his reins.
He left his heart behind him with his feaſt:
His target with a flying dart was dreſs'd,
Poſting unto his mark: the word, *I move to reſt.*

XLIV.

Next Colax (*p*), all his words with ſugar ſpices;
His ſervile tongue, baſe ſlave to greatneſs' name,
Runs nimble deſcant on the plaineſt vices;
He lets his tongue to ſin, takes rent of ſhame;
He temp'ring lies, porter to th' ear reſides;
Like Indian apple, which with painted ſides,
More dangerous within his lurking poiſon hides.

XLV.

So echo, to the voice her voice conforming,
From hollow breaſt for one will two repay;
So like the rock it holds, itſelf transforming,
That ſubtil fiſh hunts for her headleſs prey:
So crafty fowlers with their fair deceits
Allure the hungry bird; ſo fiſher waits
To bait himſelf with fiſh, his hook and fiſh with baits.

XLVI.

His art is but to hide, not heal a ſore;
To nouriſh pride, to ſtrangle conſcience;
To drain the rich, his own dry pits to ſtore;
To ſpoil the precious ſoul, to pleaſe vile ſenſe:
A carrion-crow he is, a gaping grave,
The rich coat's moth, the court's bane, trencher's ſlave,
Sin's and hell's winning bawd, the devil's fact'ring knave.

XLVII.

A miſt he caſts before his patron's ſight,
That blackeſt vices never once appear;
But greater than it is ſeems virtue's light;
His lord's diſpleaſure is his only fear:
His clawing lies, tickling the ſenſes frail
To death, make open way where force would fail.
Leſs hurts the lion's paw, than foxes ſofteſt tail.

XLVIII.

His arms with hundred tongues were powder'd gay,
(The mint of lies) gilt, fil'd, the ſenſe to pleaſe;
His ſword, which in his mouth cloſe ſheathed lay,
Sharper than death, and fram'd to kill with eaſe.
Ah, curſed weapon, life with pleaſure ſpilling!
The Sardoin herb, with many branches filling
His ſhield, was his device: the word, *I pleaſe in killing.*

(*p*) *Flattery.*

XLIX.

Baſe ſlave! how crawl'ſt thou from thy dunghill neſt,
Where thou waſt hatch'd by ſhame and beggary,
And percheſt in the learn'd and noble breaſt?
Nobles of thee their courtſhip learn; of thee
Arts learn new art their learning to adorn:
(Ah, wretched minds!) he is not nobly born,
Nor learn'd, that doth not thy ignoble learning ſcorn.

L.

Cloſe to him Pleaſing went, with painted face,
And Honour by ſome hidden cunning made;
Not Honour's ſelf, but Honour's ſemblance baſe,
For ſoon it vaniſh'd like an empty ſhade:
Behind, his parents duly him attend;
With them he forced is his age to ſpend:
Shame his beginning was, and ſhame muſt be his end.

LI.

Next follow'd Dyſcolus (*q*) a froward wight;
His lips all ſwol'n, and eye-brows ever bent;
With ſooty locks, ſwart looks, and ſcouling light;
His face a tell-tale to his fowl intent:
He nothing lik'd, or prais'd; but reprehended
What every one beſide himſelf commended.
Humours of tongues impoſthum'd, purg'd with ſhame, are mended.

LII.

His mouth a pois'nous quiver, where he hides
Sharp venom'd arrows, which his bitter tongue,
With ſquibs, carps, jeſts, unto their object guides;
Nor fears he gods on earth, or heav'n to wrong;
Upon his ſhield was fairly drawn to fight,
A raging dog, foaming out wrath and ſpite:
The word to his device, *Impartial all I bite,*

LIII.

Geloios (*r*) next enſu'd, a merry Greek,
Whoſe life was laughter vain, and mirth miſplac'd;
His ſpeeches broad, to ſhame the modeſt cheek;
Nac car'd he whom, or when, or how diſgrac'd;
Salt, round about he flung upon the ſand
If in his way his friend or father ſtand,
His father and his friend he ſpreads with careleſs hand.

LIV.

His foul jeſts, ſteep'd and drown'd in laughter vain
And rotten ſpeech (ah!) was not mirth, but madneſs:
His armour crackling thorns all flaming ſtain
With golden fires (emblem of foppiſh gladneſs):
Upon his ſhield two laughing fools you ſee,
(In number he the third, firſt in degree)
At which himſelf would laugh, and fleer; his word, *We three.*

LV.

And after Agrios (*ſ*) a ſullen ſwain;
All mirth that in himſelf and others hated;

(*q*) *Moroſity.* (*r*) *Mad laughter, Eccleſ.* ii. 2.
(*ſ*) *Ruſticity, or ferity.*

Dull, dead, and leaden, was his cheerleſs vein;
His weary ſenſe he never recreated;
And now he march'd as if he ſomewhat dream'd:
All honeſt joy, but madneſs he eſteem'd,
Refreſhing's idleneſs; but ſport, he folly deem'd.

LVI.

In's arms, his mind the workman fit expreſs'd,
Which all with quenched lamps, but ſmoking yet
And ſoully ſtinking, were full quaintly dreſs'd
To blind, not light the eyes, to choke, not heat:
Upon his ſhield an heap of fenny mire,
In flags and turfs (with ſuns yet never drier)
Did ſmoth'ring lie, not burn: his word, *Smoke without fire.*

LVII.

Laſt Impudence, whoſe never changing face
Knew but one colour; with ſome braſs-brow'd lie,
And laughing loud ſhe drowns her juſt diſgrace:
About her all the fiends in armies fly:
Her feather'd beaver ſidelong cock'd, in guiſe
Of roaring boys; ſet look, with fixed eyes
Out-looks all ſhame-fac'd forms, all modeſty defies.

LVIII.

And as her thoughts, ſo arms all black as hell,
Her brazen ſhield two ſable dogs adorn,
Who each at other ſtare, and ſnarl, and ſwell:
Beneath the word was ſet, *All change I ſcorn.*
But if I all this rout in foul array
Should muſter up, and place in battle ray.
Too long yourſelves and flocks my tedious ſong would ſtay.

LIX.

The aged day grows dim, and homeward calls:
The parting ſun (man's ſtate deſcribing well)
Falls when he riſes, riſes when he falls:
So we by falling roſe, by riſing fell.
The ſhady cloud of night 'gins ſoftly creep,
And all our world with ſable tincture ſteep:
Home now ye ſhepherd-ſwains; home now my loved ſheep.

CANTO IX.

I.

The bridegroom ſun, who late the earth had ſpous'd,
Leaves his ſtar-chamber; early in the eaſt
He ſhook his ſparkling locks, head lively rouz'd,
While morn his couch with bluſhing roſes dreſt;
His ſhines the earth ſoon latcht to gild her flow'rs:
Phoſphor his gold-fleec'd drove folds in their bow'rs,
Which all the night had graz'd about th' Olympic tow'rs.

II.

The cheerful lark, mounting from early bed,
With ſweet ſalutes awakes the drowſy light;
The earth ſhe left, and up to heav'n is fled;
There chants her Maker's praiſes out of ſight.
Earth ſeems a mole-hill, men but ants to be;
Teaching proud men, that ſoar to high degree,
The further up they climb, the leſs they ſeem and ſee.

III.

The ſhepherds met, and Thomalin began;
Young Thomalin, whoſe notes and ſilver ſtring
Silence the riſing lark, and falling ſwan:
Come Thirſil, end thy lay, and cheerly ſing;
Hearſt how the larks give welcome to the day,
Temp'ring their ſweeteſt notes unto thy lay;
Up then, thou loved ſwain; why doſt thou longer ſtay?

IV.

Well ſett'ſt thou, friend, the lark before mine eyes,
Much eaſier to hear than imitate;
Her wings liſt up her notes to lofty ſkies;
But me a leaden ſleep, and earthly ſtate,
Down to the centre ties with captive ſtring;
Well might I follow here her note and wing;
Singing ſhe lofty mounts; ah! mounting ſhould I ſing.

V.

Oh, thou dread king of that heroic band!
Which by thy pow'r beats back theſe helliſh ſprites,
Reſcuing this ſtate from death and baſe command.
Tell me, dread king! what are thoſe warlik knights?
What force? what arms? where lies their ſtrength's increaſe,
That though ſo few in number, never ceaſe
To keep this ſieged town, 'gainſt numbers numberleſs?

VI.

The firſt commanders in this holy train,
Leaders to all the reſt, an ancient pair;

Long ſince ſure link'd in wedlock's ſweeteſt chain;
His name Spirito, ſhe Urania (*a*) fair:
Fair had ſhe been, and full of heav'nly grace,
And he in youth a mighty warrior was,
Both now more fair, and ſtrong, which prov'd their heav'nly race.

VII.

His arms, with flaming tongues all ſparkled bright,
Bright flaming tongues, in divers ſections parted;
His piercing ſword, edg'd with their fiery light,
'Twixt bones and marrow, ſoul and ſpirit diſparted.
Upon his ſhield was drawn a glorious dove,
'Gainſt whom the proudeſt eagle dares not move;
Glitt'ring in beams; his word, *Conqu'ring by peace and love.*

VIII.

But ſhe, Amazon-like, in azure arms,
Silver'd with ſtars, and gilt with ſunny rays;
Her mighty ſpouſe in fight, and fierce alarms,
Attends, and equals in theſe bloody frays;
And on her ſhield an heav'nly globe (diſplaying
The conſtellations, lower bodies ſwaying,
Sway'd by the higher) ſhe bore: her word, *I rule obeying.*

IX.

About them ſwarm'd their fruitful progeny;
An heav'nly offspring of an heav'nly bed;
Well mought you in their looks his ſtoutneſs ſee,
With her ſweet graces lovely tempered.
Fit youths they ſeem'd to play in princes hall,
(But ah! long ſince they thence were baniſh'd all)
Or ſhine in glitt'ring arms, when need fierce war doth call.

X.

The firſt in order (nor in worth the laſt)
Is Knowledge, drawn from peace, and muſe's ſpring,
Where ſhaded in fair Sinai's groves, his taſte
He feaſts with words, and works of heav'nly king;
But now to bloody field is fully bent:
Yet ſtill he ſeem'd to ſtudy as he went;
His arms cut all in books; ſtrong ſhield ſlight papers lent.

XI.

His glitt'ring armour ſhin'd like burning day,
Garniſh'd with golden ſuns, and radiant flow'rs;
Which turn their bending heads to Phœbus' ray,
And when he falls, ſhut up their leafy bow'rs;
Upon his ſhield the ſilver moon did bend
Her horned bow, and round her arrows ſpend;
His word in ſilver wrote, *I borrow what I lend.*

XII.

All that he ſaw, all that he heard, were books,
In which he read, and learn'd his Maker's will;
Moſt on his word, but much on heav'n he looks,
And thence admires with praiſe the workman's ſkill.
Cloſe to him went ſtill-muſing Contemplation,
That made good uſe of ills by meditation;
So to him ill itſelf was good, by ſtrange mutation.

XIII.

And Care, who never from his ſides would part,
Of Knowledge oft the ways and means inquiring,
To practice what he learn'd from holy art;
And oft with tears, and oft with ſighs deſiring
Aid from that Sovereign guide, whoſe ways ſo ſteep,
Though fain he would, yet weak, he could not keep;
But when he could not go, yet forward would he creep.

XIV.

Next Tapinus, (*b*) whoſe ſweet, though lowly grace,
All other higher than himſelf eſteem'd;
He in himſelf priz'd things as mean and baſe,
Which yet in others great and glorious ſeem'd;
All ill due debt, good undeſerv'd he thought;
His heart a low-roof'd houſe, but ſweetly wrought,
Where God himſelf would dwell, though he it dearly bought.

XV.

Honour he ſhuns, yet is the way unto him;
As hell, he hates advancement won with bribes;
But public place, and charge are forc'd to woo him;
He good to grace, ill to deſert aſcribes:
Him (as his Lord) contents a lowly room,
Whoſe firſt houſe was the bleſſed virgin's womb,
The next a cratch, the third a croſs, the fourth a tomb.

XVI.

So choiceſt drugs in meaneſt ſhrubs are found;
So precious gold in deepeſt centre dwells;
So ſweeteſt vi'lets trail on lowly ground;
So richeſt pearls lie clos'd in vileſt ſhells:
So loweſt dales we let at higheſt rates;
So creeping ſtrawberries yield daintieſt cates,
The higheſt highly loves the low, the lofty hates.

XVII.

Upon his ſhield was drawn that ſhepherd lad,
Who with a ſling threw down faint Iſrael's fears;
And in his hand his ſpoils, and trophies glad,
The monſter's ſword and head, he bravely bears:
Plain in his lovely face you might behold
A bluſhing meekneſs met with courage bold:
Little, not little worth, was fairly wrote in gold.

XVIII.

With him his kinſman both in birth and name,
Obedience, taught by many bitter ſhow'rs
In humble bonds his paſſions proud to tame,
And low ſubmit unto the higher pow'rs:

(*a*) *Heaven.*

(*b*) *Humility.*

But yet no ſervile yoke his forehead brands;
For ty'd in ſuch an holy ſervice bands,
In this obedience rules, and ſerving thus commands.

XIX.

By them went Fido (*c*), marſhal of the field;
Weak was his mother when ſhe gave him day;
And he at firſt a ſick and weakly child,
As e'er with tears welcom'd the ſunny ray;
Yet when more years afford more growth and might,
A champion ſtout he was, and puiſſant knight,
As ever came in field, or ſhone in armour bright.

XX.

So may we ſee a little lionet,
When newly whelpt, a weak and tender thing,
Deſpis'd by ev'ry beaſt; but waxen great,
When fuller times, full ſtrength and courage bring;
The beaſts all crouching low, their king adore,
And dare not ſee what they contemn'd before;
The trembling foreſt quakes at his affrighting roar.

XXI.

Mountains he flings in ſeas with mighty hand;
Stops and turns back the ſun's impetuous courſe;
Nature breaks nature's laws at his command;
No force of hell or heav'n withſtands his force;
Events to come yet many ages hence,
He preſent makes, by wondrous preſcience;
Proving the ſenſes blind, by being blind to ſenſe.

XXII.

His ſky-like arms, dy'd all in blue and white,
And ſet with golden ſtars that flamed wide;
His ſhield inviſible to mortal ſight,
Yet he upon it eaſily deſcry'd
The lively ſemblance of his dying Lord,
Whoſe bleeding ſide with wicked ſteel was gor'd;
Which to his fainting ſpirits new courage would afford.

XXIII.

Strange was the force of that enchanted ſhield,
Which higheſt pow'rs to it from heav'n impart:
For who could bear it well, and rightly wield;
It ſav'd from ſword, and ſpear, and poiſon'd dart:
Well might he ſlip, but yet not wholly fall;
No final loſs his courage might appal;
Growing more ſound by wounds, and riſing by his fall.

XXIV.

So ſome have feign'd that Tellus' giant ſon,
Drew many new-born lives from his dead mother;
Another roſe as ſoon as one was done,
And twenty loſt, yet ſtill remain'd another;
For when he fell, and kiſs'd the barren heath,
His parent ſtraight inſpir'd ſucceſſive breath;
And though herſelf was dead, yet ranſom'd him from death.

(*c*) *Faith.*

XXV.

With him his nurſe, went careful Acoë; (*d*)
Whoſe hands firſt from his mother's womb did take him,
And ever ſince have foſter'd tenderly:
She never might, ſhe never would forſake him;
And he her lov'd again with mutual band;
For by her needful help he oft did ſtand,
When elſe he ſoon would fail, and fall in foemens hand.

XXVI.

With both, ſweet Meditation ever pac'd,
His nurſe's daughter, and his foſter ſiſter;
Dear as his ſoul, he in his ſoul her plac'd,
And oft embrac'd, and oft by ſtealth he kiſs'd her;
For ſhe had taught him by her ſilent talk
To tread the ſafe, and dang'rous ways to balk;
And brought his God with him, him with his God to walk.

XXVII.

Behind him Penitence did ſadly go,
Whoſe cloudy dropping eyes were ever raining;
Her ſwelling tears, which, e'vn in ebbing flow,
Furrow her cheek, the ſinful puddles draining:
Much ſeem'd ſhe in her penſive thought moleſted,
And much the mocking world her ſoul inſeſted;
More ſhe the hateful world, and moſt herſelf deteſted.

XXVIII.

She was the object of lewd men's diſgrace,
The ſquint-ey'd wrie-mouth'd ſcoff of carnal hearts;
Yet ſmiling heav'n delights to kiſs her face,
And with his blood God bathes her painful ſmarts:
Affliction's iron flail her ſoul had thraſh'd;
Sharp circumciſion's knife her heart had laſh'd;
Yet was it angels wine, which in her eyes was maſh'd.

XXIX.

With her a troop of mournful grooms abiding
Help with their ſullen blacks their miſtreſs' woe;
Amendment ſtill (but his own faults) chiding,
And Pennance arm'd with ſmarting whips did go:
Then ſad Remorſe came ſighing all the way;
Laſt Satisfaction, giving all away:
Much ſurely did he owe, much more he would repay.

XXX.

Next went Elpinus, (*e*) clad in ſky-like blue;
And through his arms few ſtars did ſeem to peep,
Which there the workman's hand ſo finely drew,
That rock'd in clouds they ſoftly ſeem to ſleep:
His rugged ſhield was like a rocky mould,
On which an anchor bit with fureſt hold,
I hold by being held, was written round in gold.

(*d*) *Hearing.*
(*e*) *Hope.*

XXXI.

Nothing ſo cheerful was his thoughtful face,
As was his broth'r Fido's :—ſear ſeem'd dwell
Cloſe by his heart; his colour chang'd apace,
And went, and came, that ſure all was not well:
Therefore a comely maid did oft ſuſtain
His fainting ſteps, and fleeting life maintain :
Pollicita (*f*) ſhe hight, which ne'er could lie or feign.

XXXII.

Next to Elpinus march'd his brother Love;
Nor that GREAT LOVE which cloth'd his Godhead bright
With rags of fleſh, and now again above
Hath dreſs'd his fleſh in heav'n's eternal light:
Much leſs the brat of that falſe Cyprian dame,
Begot by froth, and fire, in bed of ſhame.
And now burns idle hearts ſwelt'ring in luſtful flame.

XXXIII.

But this from heav'n brings his immortal race,
And nurs'd by gratitude, whoſe careful arms
Long held, and hold him ſtill in kind embrace:
But train'd to daily wars, and fierce alarms,
He grew to wond'rous ſtrength and beauty rare:
Next that God Love, from whom his offſprings are. [compare.
No match in earth or heav'n may with this love

XXXIV.

His page, who from his ſide might never move,
Remembrance, on him waits; in books reciting
The famous paſſions of that higheſt love,
His burning zeal to greater flames exciting:
Deep would he ſigh, and ſeem epaſſion'd ſore,
And oft with tears his backward heart deplore,
That loving all he could, he lov'd that love no more.

XXXV.

Yet ſure he truly lov'd, and honour'd dear [ſpy'd
That glorious Name; for when, or where he
Wrong'd, or in helliſh ſpeech blaſphem'd did hear,
Boldly the raſh blaſphemer he defy'd,
And forc'd him eat the words he foully ſpake:
But if for Him, he grief or death did take,
That grief he counted joy, and death, life for his ſake.

XXXVI.

His glitt'ring arms, dreſs'd all with fiery hearts
Seem'd burn in chaſte deſire, and heav'nly flame:
And on his ſhield kind Jonathan imparts
To his ſoul's friend, his robes, and princely name,
And kingly throne, which mortals ſo adore:
And round about was writ in golden ore,
Well might he give him all, that gave his life before.

XXXVII.

Theſe led the vanguard; and an hundred moe
Fill'd up the empty ranks with order'd train:
But firſt in middleward did juſtly go
In goodly arms a freſh and lovely ſwain,

(*f*) *Promiſe.*

Vaunting himſelf Love's twin, but younger brother:
Well mought it be, for e'en their very mother,
With pleaſing error oft miſtook the one for th' other.

XXXVIII.

As when fair Paris gave that golden ball,
A thouſand doubts ran in his ſtagg'ring breaſt:
All lik'd him well, fain would he give it all?
Each better ſeems, and ſtill the laſt ſeems beſt:
Doubts ever new his reaching hand deferr'd;
The more he looks, the more his judgment err'd:
So ſhe firſt this, then that, then none, then both preferr'd.

XXXIX.

Like them, their armour ſeem'd full near of kin:
In this they only differ; th' elder bent
His higher ſoul to heav'n; the younger twin
'Mong mortals here his love and kindneſs ſpent;
Teaching (ſtrange alchymy) to get a living,
By ſelling land, and to grow rich by giving;
By emptying, filling bags, ſo heav'n by earth atchieving.

XL.

About him troop the poor with num'rous trains,
Whom he with tender care, and large expence,
With kindeſt words, and ſuccour entertains;
Ne looks for thanks, or thinks of recompence:
His wardrobe ſerves to clothe the naked ſide,
And ſhameful parts of bared bodies hide;
If other clothes he lack'd, his own he would divide.

XLI.

To rogues, his gate was ſhut; but open lay
Kindly the weary traveller inviting:
Oft therefore angels hid in mortal clay,
And God himſelf in his free roofs delighting,
Lowly to viſit him would not diſdain,
And in his narrow cabin oft remain;
Whom heav'n, and earth, and all the world cannot contain.

XLII.

His table ſtill was fill'd with wholeſome meat,
Not to provoke, but quiet appetite;
And round about the hungry freely eat,
With plenteous cates cheering their feeble ſprite:
Their earneſt vows open heav'n's wide door;
That not in vain ſweet plenty evermore
With gracious eye looks down upon his bleſſed ſtore.

XLIII.

Behind attend him in an uncouth wiſe,
A troop with little caps, and ſhaved head;
Such whiſome was enfranchis'd bondmen's guiſe,
New freed from cruel maſters ſervile dread:
Theſe had he lately bought from captive chain;
Hence they his triumph ſing with joyful ſtrain,
And on his head due praiſe, and thouſand bleſſings rain.

XLIV.

He was a father to the fatherleſs,
To widows he ſupply'd an huſband's care;
Nor would he heap up woe to their diſtreſs,
Or by a guardian's name their ſtate impair;

But reſcue them from ſtrong oppreſſor's might;
Nor doth he weigh the great man's heavy ſpite.
Who fears the higheſt Judge, *needs fear no mortal wight.*

XLV.

Once ev'ry week he on his progreſs went,
The ſick to viſit, and thoſe meagre ſwains,
Which all their weary life in darkneſs ſpent,
Clogg'd with cold iron, preſs'd with heavy chains:
He hoards not wealth for his looſe heir to ſpend it,
But with a willing hand doth well expend it.
Good then is only good when to our God we lend it.

XLVI.

And when the dead by cruel tyrant's ſpite,
Lie out to rav'nous birds and beaſts expos'd,
His yearnful heart pitying that wretched ſight,
In ſeemly graves their weary fleſh enclos'd,
And ſtrew'd with dainty flow'rs the lowly hearſe;
Then all alone the laſt words did rehearſe,
Bidding them ſoftly ſleep in his ſad ſighing verſe.

XLVII.

So once that royal maid (*g*) fierce Thebes beguil'd,
Though wilful Creon proudly did forbid her;
Her brother from his home and tomb exil'd,
(While willing night in darkneſs ſafely hid her)

(*g*) *Antigone, daughter of Oedipus, contrary to the edict of Creon, buries Polynices.*

She lowly laid in earth's all-covering ſhade:
Her dainty hands (not us'd to ſuch a trade)
She with a mattock toils, and with a weary ſpade.

XLVIII.

Yet feels ſhe neither ſweat, nor irkſome pain,
Till now his grave was fully finiſhed;
Then on his wounds her cloudy eyes 'gin rain,
To waſh the guilt painted in bloody red:
And falling down upon his gored ſide,
With hundred varied 'plaints ſhe often cry'd,
Oh, had I died for thee, or with thee might have died!

XLIX.

Ay me! my ever wrong'd, and baniſh'd brother,
How can I fitly thy hard fate deplore,
Or in my breaſt ſo juſt complaining ſmother?
To thy ſad chance what can be added more?
Exile thy home, thy home a tomb thee gave:
Oh, no! ſuch little room thou muſt not have.
But for thy baniſh'd bones, I (wretch) muſt ſteal a grave.

L.

But whither, woful maid, have thy complaints
With fellow-paſſion drawn my feeling moan?
But thus this Love deals with thoſe murder'd ſaints;
Weeps with the ſad, and ſighs with thoſe that groan.
But now in that beech grove we'll ſafely play,
And in thoſe ſhadows mock the boiling ray;
Which yet increaſes more with the decreaſing day.

CANTO X.

I.

The ſhepherds to the woody mount withdrew,
Where hillock ſeats, ſhades yield a canopy;
Whoſe tops with violets dy'd all in blue,
Might ſeem to make a little azure ſky;
And that round hill, which their weak heads maintain'd,
A leſſer Atlas ſeem'd, whoſe neck ſuſtain'd
The weight of all the heav'ns, which ſore his ſhoulders pain'd.

II.

And here and there ſweet primroſe ſcattered,
Spangling the blue, fit conſtellations make:
Some broadly flaming their fair colours ſpread;
Some other wink't, as yet but half awake:
Fit were they plac'd, and ſet in order due:
Nature ſeem'd work by art, ſo lively true
A little heav'n on earth in narrow ſpace ſhe drew.

III.

Upon this earthly heav'n the ſhepherds play,
The time beguiling, and the parching light;
Till the declining ſun, and elder day
Abate their flaming heat, and youthful might:
The ſheep had left the ſhades, to mind their meat;
Then all returning to their former ſeat,
Thirſil again began his weary ſong repeat.

IV.

Great pow'r of love! with what commanding fire
Doſt thou inflame the world's wide regiment,
And kindly heat in every heart inſpire!
Nothing is free from thy ſweet government;
Fiſh burn in ſeas; beaſts, birds thy weapons prove;
By thee dead elements and heav'ns move;
Which void of ſenſe itſelf, yet are not void of love.

V.

But thoſe twin loves, which from thy ſeas of light,
To us on earth derive their leſſer ſtreams,
Though in their force they ſhew thy wond'rous might,
On thee reflecting back their glorious beams;

Yet here encounter'd with so mighty foe,
Had need both arm'd and surely guarded go:
But most thy help they need; do not thy help foreslow.

VI.

Next to the younger Love, Irenus (*a*) went,
Whose frosty head proclaim'd his winter age:
His spring in many battles had he spent;
But now all weapons chang'd for counsel sage.
His heavy sword (the witness of his might)
Upon a loped tree he idly pight;
There hid in quiet sheath, sleeps it in endless night.

VII.

Patience his shield had lent to ward his breast,
Whose golden plain three olive branches dress:
The word in letters large was fair express'd,
Thrice happy author of a happy peace.
Rich plenty yields him pow'r, pow'r stores his will, [fill:
Will ends in works, good works his treasures
Earth's slave, (*b*) heav'n's heir he is—as God, pays good for ill.

VIII.

By him Andreos (*c*) pac'd, of middle age,
His mind as far from rashness, as from fears;
Hating base thoughts, as much as desp'rate rage:
The world's loud thund'rings he unshaken hears:
Nor will he death, or life, or seek or fly,
Ready for both.—He is as cowardly
That longer fears to live, as he that fears to die.

IX.

Worst was his civil war, where deadly fought
He with himself, till passion yields or dies:
All heart and hand, no tongue; not grim, but stout:
His flame had counsel in't; his fury, eyes;
His rage well-temper'd is; no fear can daunt
His reason; but cold blood is valiant;
Well may he strength in death; but never courage want.

X.

But like a mighty rock, whose unmov'd sides
The hostile sea assaults with furious wave,
And 'gainst his head the boist'rous north wind rides;
Both fight, and storm, and swell, and roar, and rave;
Hoarse surges drum, loud blasts ther trumpets strain:
Th' heroic cliff laughs at their frustrate pain;
Waves scatter'd, drop in tears, winds broken, whining plain.

XI.

Such was this knight's undaunted constancy;
No mischief wakens his resolved mind;
None fiercer to a stubborn enemy;
But to the yielding none more sweetly kind.
His shield an even ballast ship embraves,
Which dances light, while Neptune wildly raves: [*waves.*
His word was this, *I fear but heav'n, nor winds, nor*

(*a*) *Peaceableness.*
(*b*) *Matt.* v. 9.
(*c*) *Fortitude.*

XII.

And next Macrothumus, (*d*) whose quiet face
No cloud of passion ever shadowed;
Nor could hot anger reason's rule displace,
Purpling the scarlet cheek with fiery red;
Nor could revenge, clad in a deadly white,
With hidden malice eat his vexed sprite:
For ill, he good repay'd, and love exchang'd for spite.

XIII.

Was never yet a more undaunted spirit;
Yet most him deem'd a base and tim'rous swain;
But he well weighing his own strength and merit,
The greatest wrong could wisely entertain.
Nothing resisted his commanding spear:
Yielding itself to him a winning were:
And though he dy'd, yet dead, he rose a conqueror.

XIV.

His nat'ral force beyond all nature stretched;
Most strong he is, because he will be weak;
And happy most, because he can be wretched.
Then whole and sound, when he himself doth break;
Rejoicing most when most he is tormented:
In greatest discontents he rests contented:
By conquering himself, all conquests he prevented.

XV.

His rocky arms of massy adamant,
Safely could back rebut the hardest blade;
His skin itself could any weapon daunt,
Of such strange mould and temper was he made:
Upon his shield a palm-tree still increas'd,
Though many weights his rising arms depress'd:
His word was, *Rising most, by being most oppress'd.*

XVI.

Next him Androphilus, (*e*) whose sweetest mind
'Twixt mildness temper'd, and low courtesy,
Could leave as soon to be, as not be kind:
Churlish despite ne'er look'd from his calm eye,
Much less commanded in his gentle heart:
To baser men fair looks he would impart; [art.
Nor could he cloak ill thoughts in complimental

XVII.

His enemies knew not how to discommend him;
All others dearly lov'd; fell rancorous spite,
And vile detraction fain would reprehend him;
And oft in vain his name they closely bite,
As popular, and flatterer accusing:
But he such slavish office much refusing,
Can eas'ly quit his name from their false tongues abusing.

XVIII.

His arms were fram'd into a glitt'ring night,
Whose sable gown with stars all spangled wide,
Affords the weary traveller cheerful light,
And to his home his erring footsteps guide;
Upon his ancient shield the workmen fine
Had drawn the sun, whose eye did ne'er repine
To look on good and ill: his word, *To all I shine.*

(*c*) *Long-suffering.*
(*d*) *Gentleness, or courtesy.*

XIX.

Fair virtue, where ſtay'ſt thou in poor exile,
Leaving the court from whence thou took'ſt thy name?
While in thy place is ſtept diſdaining vile,
And flattery, baſe ſon of need and ſhame;
And with them ſurly ſcorn, and hateful pride;
Whoſe artificial face falſe colours dy'd,
Which more diſplay her ſhame, than lothſome foulneſs hide.

XX.

Late, there thou livedſt with a gentle ſwain,
(As gentle ſwain as ever lived there)
Who lodg'd thee in his heart and all thy train,
Where hundred other graces quartered were:
But he, alas! untimely dead and gone,
Leaves us to rue his death, and thee to moan,
That few were ever ſuch; and now thoſe few are none.

XXI.

By him the ſtout Encrates (*i*) boldly went,
Aſſailed oft by mighty enemies,
Which all on him alone their ſpite miſpent;
For he whole armies ſingle bold defies;
With him nor might, nor cunning ſlights prevail;
All force on him they try, all forces fail;
Yet ſtill aſſail him freſh, yet vainly ſtill aſſail.

XXII.

His body full of vigour, full of health;
His table feeds not luſt, but ſtrength and need:
Full ſtor'd with plenty, not by heaping wealth,
But topping rank deſires, which vain exceed:
On's ſhield an hand from heav'n an orchard dreſſing,
Pruning ſuperfluous boughs the trees oppreſſing;
So adding fruit: his word, *By leſſ'ning increaſing.*

XXIII.

His ſettled mind was written in his face:
For on his forehead cheerful gravity
Falſe joys and apiſh vanities doth chace:
And watchful care did wake in either eye.
His heritance he would not laviſh ſell,
Nor yet his treaſure hide by neighbouring hell:
But well he ever ſpent, what he had gotten well.

XXIV.

A lovely pair of twins clos'd either ſide:
Not thoſe in heav'n, the flow'ry Geminies,
Are half ſo lovely bright; the one his bride,
Agneia (*k*) chaſte, was join'd in Hymen's ties,
And love, as pure as heav'n's conjunction:
Thus ſhe was his, and he her fleſh and bone:
So were they two in ſight; in truth entirely one.

XXV.

Upon her arched brow, unarmed love
Triumphing ſat in peaceful victory;
And in her eyes thouſand chaſte graces move,
Checking vain thoughts with awful majeſty:
Ten thouſand more her fairer breaſt contains;
Where quiet meekneſs every ill reſtrains,
And humbly ſubject ſpirit by willing ſervice reigns.

(*i*) *Temperance.*

(*k*) *Chaſtity in the married.*

XXVI.

Her ſky-like arms glitter'd in golden beams,
And brightly ſeem'd to flame with burning hearts:
The ſcalding ray with his reflected ſtreams
Fire to their flames, but heav'nly fire imparts:
Upon her ſhield a pair of turtles ſhone;
A loving pair, ſtill coupled, ne'er alone:
Her word, *Though one when two, yet either two, or none.*

XXVII.

With her, her ſiſter went, a warlike maid,
Parthenia (*l*), all in ſteel, and gilded arms;
In needle's ſtead, a mighty ſpear ſhe ſway'd,
With which in bloody fields, and fierce alarms,
The boldeſt champion ſhe down would bear,
And like a thunderbolt wide paſſage tear,
Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted ſpear.

XXVIII.

Her goodly armour ſeem'd a garden green,
Where thouſand ſpotleſs lilies freſhly blew;
And on her ſhield the 'lone bird might be ſeen,
Th' Arabian bird, ſhining in colours new:
Itſelf unto itſelf was only mate;
Ever the ſame, but new in newer date:
And underneath was writ, *Such is chaſte ſingle ſtate.*

XXIX.

Thus hid in arms, ſhe ſeem'd a goodly knight,
And fit for any warlike exerciſe;
But when ſhe liſt lay down her armour bright,
And back reſume her peaceful maiden's guiſe:
The faireſt maid ſhe was, that ever yet
Priſon'd her locks within a golden net,
Or let them waving hang, with roſes fair beſet.

XXX.

Choice nymph! the crown of chaſte Diana's train,
Thou beauty's lily, ſet in heav'nly earth;
Thy fair's unpattern'd, all perfection ſtain:
Sure heav'n with curious pencil at thy birth
In thy rare face her own full picture drew;
It is a ſtrong verſe here to write, but true,
Hyperboles in others, are but half thy due.

XXXI.

Upon her forehead love his trophies fits,
A thouſand ſpoils in ſilver arch diſplaying;
And in the midſt himſelf full proudly ſits,
Himſelf in awful majeſty arraying:
Upon her brows lies his bent ebon bow,
And ready ſhafts: deadly thoſe weapons ſhew:
Yet ſweet that death appear'd, lovely that deadly blow.

XXXII.

And at the foot of this celeſtial frame,
Two radiant ſtars, than ſtars yet better being,
Endu'd with living fire, and ſeeing flame;
Yet with heav'n's ſtars in this too near agreeing:
They timely warmth, themſelves not warm, inſpire;
Theſe kindle thouſand hearts with hot deſire,
And burning all they ſee, feel in themſelves no fire.

(*l*) *Chaſtity in the ſingle.*

XXXIII.

Ye matchleſs ſtars (yet each the others match)
Heav'n's richeſt diamonds, ſet in amel white,
From whoſe bright ſpheres all grace the graces catch,
And will not move but by your loadſtars bright;
How have you ſtol'n, and ſtor'd your armoury
With love's and death's ſtrong ſhafts, and from your ſky
Pour down thick ſhow'rs of darts to force whole armies fly?

XXXIV.

Above thoſe ſuns, two rainbows high aſpire,
Not in light ſhews, but ſadder liveries dreſt;
Fair Iris ſeem'd to mourn in ſable 'tire;
Yet thus more ſweet the greedy eye they feaſt:
And but that wondrous face it well allow'd,
Wondrous it ſeem'd, that two fair rainbows ſhew'd
Above their ſparkling ſuns, without or rain or cloud.

XXXV.

A bed of lilies flow'r upon her cheek,
And in the midſt was ſet a circling roſe;
Whoſe ſweet aſpect would force Narciſſus ſeek
New liveries, and freſher colours chooſe
To deck his beaut'ous head in ſnowy 'tire;
But all in vain: for who can hope t' aſpire
To ſuch a fair, which none attain, but all admire?

XXXVI.

Her ruby lips lock up from gazing ſight
A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row:
But when ſhe deigns thoſe precious bones undight,
Soon heav'nly notes from thoſe diviſions flow,
And with rare muſic charm the raviſh'd ears,
Daunting bold thoughts, but cheering modeſt fears:
The ſpheres ſo only ſing, ſo only charm the ſpheres.

XXXVII.

Her dainty breaſts, like to an April roſe
From green ſilk fillets yet not all unbound,
Began their little riſing heads diſcloſe,
And fairly ſpread their ſilver circlets round:
From thoſe two bulwarks love doth ſafely fight;
Which ſwelling eaſily, may ſeem to fight
To be enwombed both of pleaſure and delight.

XXXVIII.

Yet all theſe ſtars which deck this beaut'ous ſky,
By force of th' inward ſun both ſhine and move:
Thron'd in her heart ſits love's high majeſty;
In higheſt majeſty the higheſt love.
As when a taper ſhines in glaſſy frame,
The ſparkling cryſtal burns in glitt'ring flame,
So does that brighteſt love brighten this lovely dame.

XXXIX.

Thus, and much fairer, fair Parthenia
Gliſt'ring in arms, herſelf preſents to fight;
As when th' Amazon queen, Hippolyta,
With Theſeus enter'd liſts in ſingle fight,
With equal arms her mighty foe oppoſing;
Till now her bared head her face diſcloſing,
Conquer'd the conqueror, and won the fight by loſing.

XL.

A thouſand knights woo'd her with buſy pain,
To thouſands ſhe her virgin-grant deny'd;
Although her dear-ſought love to entertain,
They all their wit, and all their ſtrength apply'd:
Yet in her heart, love cloſe his ſceptre ſway'd,
That to an Heavenly Spouſe her thoughts betray'd,
Where ſhe a maiden wife might live, and wifely maid.

XLI.

Upon her ſteps a virgin page attended,
Fair Erythre, (*m*), whoſe often bluſhing face
Sweetly her in-burn ſhame-fac'd thoughts commended;
The face's change prov'd th' heart's unchanged grace,
Which ſhe a ſhrine to purity devotes:
So when clear ivory, vermeil fitly blots,
By ſtains it fairer grows, and lovelier by its ſpots.

XLII.

Her golden hair, her ſilver forehead high,
Her teeth of ſolid, eyes of liquid pearl;
But neck and breaſt no man might bare deſcry,
So ſweetly modeſt was this baſhful girl:
But that ſweet paradiſe, ah! could we ſee,
On theſe white mountlets daintier apples be,
Than thoſe we bought ſo dear on Eden's tempting tree.

XLIII.

Theſe noble knights this threaten'd fort defend;
Theſe, and a thouſand moe heroic ſwains,
That to this 'ſtreſſed ſtate their ſervice lend,
To free from force, and ſave from captive chains.
But now too late the battle to recite;
For Heſperus heav'n's tapers 'gins to light,
And warns each ſtar to wait upon their miſtreſs night.

(*m*) *Modeſty.*

CANTO XI.

I.

The early morn lets out the peeping day,
And ſtrew'd his paths with golden marigolds:
The moon grows wan, and ſtars flie all away,
Whom Luciſer locks up in wonted folds
Till light is quench'd, and heav'n in ſeas hath flung
The headlong day:—to th' hill the ſhepherds throng,
And Thirſil now began to end his taſk and ſong.

II.

Who now, alas! ſhall teach my humble vein,
That never yet durſt peep from covert glade,
But ſoftly learnt for fear to ſigh and plain,
And vent her griefs to ſilent myrtle's ſhade?
Who now ſhall teach to change my oaten quill
For trumpet 'larms, or humble verſes fill
With graceful majeſty, and lofty riſing ſkill?

III.

Ah, thou dread ſpirit! ſhed thy holy fire,
Thy holy flame into my frozen heart;
Teach thou my creeping meaſures to aſpire,
And ſwell in bigger notes, and higher art:
Teach my low muſe thy fierce alarms to ring,
And raiſe my ſoft ſtrain to high thundering:
Tune thou my lofty ſong; thy battles muſt I ſing.

IV.

Such as thou wert within the ſacred breaſt
Of that thrice famous poet, ſhepherd, king;
And taught'ſt his heart to frame his cantos beſt
Of all that e'er thy glorious works did ſing:
Or as thoſe holy ſiſhers, once amongs
Thou flamedſt bright with ſparkling parted tongues;
And brought'ſt down heav'n to earth in thoſe all-conqu'ring ſongs.

V.

Theſe mighty heroes, fill'd with juſteſt rage
To be in narrow walls ſo cloſely pent,
Glitt'ring in arms, and goodly equipage,
Stood at the caſtle's gate, now ready bent
To ſally out, and meet the enemy:
A hot diſdain ſparkled in every eye,
Breathing out hateful war, and deadly enmity.

VI.

Thither repairs the careful intellect
With his fair ſpouſe Volatta, heav'nly fair:
With both, their daughter; whoſe divine aſpect,
Though now ſad damps of ſorrow much impair,
Yet through thoſe clouds did ſhine ſo glorious bright,
That every eye did homage to the ſight,
Yielding their captive hearts to that commanding light.

VII.

But who may hope to paint ſuch majeſty,
Or ſhadow well ſuch beauty, ſuch a face;
Such beaut'ous face, unſeen to mortal eye?
Whoſe pow'rful looks, and more than mortal grace
Love's ſelf hath lov'd, leaving his heav'nly throne,
With amorous ſighs, and many a lovely moan
(Whom all the world would woo) woo'd her his only one.

VIII.

Far be that boldneſs from thy humble ſwain,
Faireſt Ectecta, to deſcribe thy beauty,
And with unable ſkill thy glory ſtain,
Which ever he admires with humble duty:
But who to view ſuch blaze of beauty longs,
Go he to Sinai, th' holy groves amongs;
Where that wiſe ſhepherd chants her in his ſong of ſongs.

IX.

The Iſland's King with ſober countenance
Aggrates the knights who thus his right defended;
And with grave ſpeech, and comely amenance,
Himſelf, his ſtate, his ſpouſe, to them commended:
His lovely child, that by him penſive ſtands,
He laſt delivers to their valiant hands;
And her to thank the knights, her champions, he commands.

X.

The God-like maid awhile all ſilent ſtood,
And down to th' earth let fall her humble eyes;
While modeſt thoughts ſhot up the flaming blood,
Which fir'd her ſcarlet cheek with roſy dyes;
But ſoon to quench the heat, that lordly reigns,
From her fair eye a ſhow'r of cryſtal rains,
Which with his ſilver ſtreams, o'er-runs the beaut'ous plains.

XI.

As when the ſun in midſt of ſummer's heat
Draws up thin vapours with his potent ray,
Forcing dull waters from their native ſeat;
At length dim clouds ſhadow the burning day:

Till coldeſt air, ſoon melted into ſhow'rs,
Upon the earth his welcome anger pours,
And heav'n's clear forehead now wipes off her former low'rs.

XII.

At length, a little lifting up her eyes,
A renting ſigh way for her ſorrow brake,
Which from her heart in her face to riſe;
And firſt in th' eye, then in the lip thus ſpake;
Ah, gentle knights, how many a ſimple maid,
With juſteſt grief, and wrong ſo ill appay'd,
Give due reward for ſuch your pains, and friendly aid?

XIII.

But if my princely ſpouſe do not delay
His timely preſence in my greateſt need,
He will for me your friendly love repay,
And well requite this your ſo gentle deed;
Then let no fear your mighty hearts aſſail:
His word's himſelf; himſelf he cannot fail.
Long may he ſtay, yet ſure he comes, and muſt prevail.

XIV.

By this the long-ſhut gate was open laid;
Soon out they ruſh in order well arrang'd:
And faſt'ning in their eyes that heav'nly maid,
How oft for fear her faireſt colour chang'd!
Her looks, her worth, her goodly grace, and ſtate,
Comparing with her preſent wretched fate,
Pity whets juſt revenge, and love's fire kindles hate.

XV.

Long at the gate the thoughtful intellect
Stay'd with his fearful queen, and daughter fair;
But when the knights were paſt their dim aſpect,
They follow them with vows, and many a pray'r,
At laſt they climb up to the caſtle's height;
From which they view'd the deeds of ev'ry knight.
And mark'd the doubtful end of this inteſtine fight.

XVI.

As when a youth bound for the Belgic war,
Takes leave of friends upon the Kentiſh ſhore;
Now are they parted, and he fail'd ſo far
They ſee not now, and now are ſeen no more:
Yet far off viewing the white trembling ſails,
The tender mother ſoon plucks of her vails,
And ſhaking them aloft, unto her ſon ſhe hails.

XVII.

Mean time theſe champions march in fit array,
Till both the armies now were come in ſight:
Awhile each other boldly viewing ſtay,
With ſhort delays whetting fierce rage and ſpite.
Sound now ye trumpets, ſound alarums loud;
Hark how their clamours whet their anger proud;
See, yonder are they met in midſt of duſty cloud!

XVIII.

So oft the ſouth with civil enmity
Muſters his watry forces 'gainſt the weſt;
The rolling clouds come tumbling up the ſky
In dark folds wrapping up their angry gueſt:
At length the flame breaks from th' impriſ'ning cold
With horrid noiſe tearing the limber mold:
While down in liquid tears the broken vapours roll'd.

XIX.

Firſt did that warlike maid herſelf advance;
And riding from amidſt her company,
About her helmet wav'd her mighty lance,
Daring to fight the proudeſt enemy:
Porneius, ſoon his ready ſpear addreſt,
And kicking with his heel his haſty beaſt,
Bent his ſharp-headed lance againſt her dainty breaſt.

XX.

In vain the broken ſtaff ſought entrance there,
Where Love himſelf oft entrance fought in vain:
But much unlike the martial virgin's ſpear,
Which low diſmounts her foe on duſty plain,
Broaching with bloody point his breaſt before; [gore,
Down from the wound trickled the bubbling
And bid pale death come in at that red gaping door.

XXI.

There lies he cover'd now in lowly duſt,
And foully wallowing in clutter'd blood,
Breathing together out his life and luſt,
Which from his breaſt ſwam in the ſteaming flood:
In maids his joy, now by a maid defy'd
His life he loſt, and all his former pride:
With women would he live, now by a woman died.

XXII.

Aſelges, ſtruck with ſuch a heavy ſight,
Greedy to 'venge his brother's ſad decay,
Spurr'd forth his flying ſteed with fell deſpight,
And met the Virgin in the middle way;
His ſpear againſt her head he fiercely threw,
Which to that face performing homage due,
Kiſſing her helmet, thence in thouſand ſhivers flew.

XXIII.

The wanton boy had dreamt, that lateſt night,
That he had learnt the liquid air diſpart,
And ſwim along the heav'ns with pinions light;
Now that fair Maid taught him this nimble art;
For from his ſaddle far away ſhe ſent,
Flying along the empty element
That hardly yet he knew whither his courſe was bent.

XXIV.

The reſt that ſaw with fear the ill ſucceſs
Of ſingle fight, durſt not like fortune try;
But round belet her with their num'rous preſs:
Before, beſide, behind, they on her fly,
And every part with coward odds aſſail;
But ſhe redoubling ſtrokes as thick as hail,
Drove far their flying troops, and threſh'd with iron flail.

XXV.

As when a gentle greyhound ſet around
With little curs, which dare his way moleſt,

Snapping behind; soon as the angry hound
Turning his course, hath caught the busiest,
And shaking in his fangs hath well nigh slain;
The rest, fear'd with his crying run amain,
And standing all aloof, whine, howl, and bark in vain.

XXVI.

The subtil Dragon, that from far did view
The waste and spoil made by this Maiden Knight,
Fell to his wonted guile; for well he knew
All force was vain against such wondrous might;
A crafty swain well taught to cunning harms,
Call'd False Delight, he chang'd with hellish charms,
That true delight he seem'd, the self same shape and arms.

XXVII.

The watchfull'st sight, no difference could descry;
The same his face, his voice, his gait the same;
Thereto his words he feign'd; and coming nigh
The maid, that fierce pursues her martial game,
He whets her wrath with many a guileful word,
Till she less careful did sit time afford;
Then up with both his hands he lifts his baleful sword.

XXVIII.

You pow'rful heav'ns! and Thou their Governor!
With what eyes can you view this doleful fight:
How can you see your fairest conqueror
So nigh her end by so unmanly slight?
The dreadful weapon through the air doth glide;
But sure you turn'd the harmful edge aside:
Else must she there have fall'n, and by that traitor died.

XXIX.

Yet in her side deep was the wound impight;
Her flowing life the shining armour stains:
From that wide spring long rivers took their flight,
With purple streams drowning the silver plains:
Her cheerful colour now grows wan and pale,
Which oft she strives with courage to recall,
And rouse her fainting head, which down as oft would fall.

XXX.

All so a lily press'd with heavy rain, [brinks;
Which fills her cup with show'rs up to the
The weary stalk no longer can sustain
The head, but low beneath the burden sinks:
Or as a virgin rose her leaves displays,
Whom too hot scorching beams quite disarrays; [cays.
Down flags her double ruff, and all her sweet de-

XXXI.

Th' undaunted Maid, feeling her feet deny
Their wonted duty, to a tree retir'd;
Whom all the rout pursue with deadly cry,
As when a hunted stag, now well nigh tir'd,
Shor'd by an oak, 'gins with his head to play;
The fearful hounds dare not his horns assay,
But running round about, with yelping voices bay.

XXXII.

And now perceiving all her strength was spent,
Lifting to lift'ning heaven her trembling eyes:
Thus whisp'ring soft, her soul to heav'n she sent;
Thou chastest Love! that rul'st the wand'ring skies,
More pure than purest heavens by thee mov'd;
If thine own love in me thou sure hast prov'd;
If ever thou, myself, my vows, my love hast lov'd.

XXXIII.

Let not this temple of thy spotless love
Be with foul hand, and beastly rage defil'd:
But when my spirit shall his camp remove,
And to his home return, too long exil'd;
Do thou protect it from the rav'nous spoil
Of ranc'rous enemies, that hourly toil
Thy humble votary with loathsome sport to foil.

XXXIV.

With this few drops fell from her fainting eyes,
To dew the fading roses of her cheek;
That much high love seem'd passion'd with those cries;
Much more those streams his heart and patience break:
Straight he the charge gives to a winged swain,
Quickly to step down to that bloody plain,
And aid her weary arms, and rightful cause maintain.

XXXV.

Soon stoops the speedy herald through the air,
Where chaste Agneia and Encrates fought:
See, see! he cries, where your Parthenia fair,
The flow'r of all your army, hemm'd about
With thousand enemies now fainting stands,
Ready to fall into their murd'ring hands:
Hie ye, oh, hie ye fast! the highest love commands.

XXXVI.

They casting round about their angry eye,
The wounded virgin almost sinking spy'd;
They prick th' ir steeds, which straight like lightning fly:
Their brother Continence runs by their side:
Fair Continence, that truly long before,
As his heart's liege, this lady did adore:
And now his faithful love kindled his hate the more.

XXXVII.

Encrates and his spouse with flashing sword
Affail the scatter'd troops, that headlong fly;
While Continence a precious liquor pour'd
Into the wound, and suppled tenderly:
Then binding up the gaping orifice,
Reviv'd the spirits, that now she 'gan to rise,
And with new life confront her heartless enemies.

XXXVIII.

So have I often seen a purple flow'r,
Fainting through heat, hang down her drooping head,
But soon refreshed with a welcome show'r,
Begins again her lively beauties spread,
And with new pride her silken leaves display;
And while the sun doth now more gently play,
Lay out her swelling bosom to the smiling day.

XXXIX.

Now ruſh they all into the flying trains,
Blood fires their blood, and ſlaughter kindles fight:
The wretched vulgar on the purple plains
Fall down as thick, as when a ruſtic wight
From laden oaks the plent'ous acorns pours;
Or when the blubb'ring air that ſadly lowers,
And melts his ſullen brow, and weeps ſweet April ſhow'rs.

XL.

The greedy dragon that aloof did ſpy
So ill ſucceſs of this renewed fray;
More vex'd with loſs of certain victory,
Depriv'd of ſo aſſur'd and wiſhed prey,
Gnaſhed his iron teeth for grief and ſpite:
The burning ſparks leap from his flaming sight,
And forth his ſmoking jaws ſteams out a ſmoul-d'ring night.

XLI.

Straight thither ſends he in a freſh ſupply,
The ſwelling band that drunken Methos led;
And all the rout his brother Gluttony
Commands, in lawleſs bands diſordered:
So now they bold reſtore their broken fight,
And fiercely turn again from ſhameful flight:
While both with former loſs ſharpen their raging ſpite.

XLII.

Freſhly theſe knights aſſault theſe freſher bands,
And with new battle all their ſtrength renew:
Down fell Geloios by Encrate's hands;
Agneia, Mœchus, and Anagnus flew;
And ſpying Methos fenc'd in 's iron vine,
Pierc'd his ſwoln paunch:—there lies the grunting ſwine,
And ſpues his liquid ſoul out in his purple wine.

XLIII.

As when a greedy lion, long unfed,
Breaks in at length into the harmleſs folds;
(So hungry rage commands) with fearful dread
He drags the ſilly beaſts: nothing controuls
The victory proud; he ſpoils, devours, and tears;
In vain the keeper calls his ſhepherd peers:
Mean while the ſimple flock gaze on with ſilent fears.

XLIV.

Such was the ſlaughter theſe three champions made;
But moſt Encrates, whoſe unconquer'd hands
Sent thouſand foes down to th' infernal ſhade,
With uſeleſs limbs ſtrewing the bloody ſands:
Oft were they ſuccour'd freſh with new ſupplies,
But fell as oft: the Dragon grown more wiſe
By former loſs, began another way deviſe.

XLV.

Soon to their aid the Cyprian band he ſent:
For eaſy ſkirmiſh clad in armour light;
Their golden bows in hand ſtood ready bent,
And painted quivers furniſh'd well for fight,
Stuck full of ſhafts, whoſe heads foul poiſon ſtains;
Which dipp'd in Phlegethon by helliſh ſwains,
Bring thouſand painful deaths, and thouſand deadly pains.

XLVI.

Thereto of ſubſtance ſtrange, ſo thin, and ſlight,
And wrought by ſubtil hand ſo cunningly,
That hardly were diſcern'd by weaker ſight;
Sooner the heart did feel, than eye could ſee:
Far off they ſtood, and flung their darts around
Raining whole clouds of arrows on the ground;
So ſafely, others hurt, and never wounded wound.

XLVII.

Much were the knights encumber'd with theſe foes;
For well they ſaw, and felt their enemies:
But when they back would turn the borrow'd blows,
The light-foot troop, away more ſwiftly flies
Than do their winged arrows through the wind:
And in their courſe oft would they turn behind,
And with their glancing darts their hot purſuers blind.

XLVIII.

As when by Ruſſian Volgha's frozen banks,
The falſe-back Tartars, fear, with cunning feign,
And poſting faſt away in flying ranks,
Oft backward turn, and from their bows down rain
Whole ſtorms of darts; ſo do they flying fight:
And what by force they loſe, they win by ſlight;
Conquer'd by ſtanding out, and conquerors by flight.

XLIX.

Such was the craft of this falſe Cyprian crew:
Yet oft they ſeem'd to ſlack their fearful pace,
And yield themſelves to foes that faſt purſue!
So would they deeper wound in nearer ſpace:
In ſuch a fight, he wins that faſteſt flies.
Fly, fly, chaſte knights, ſuch ſubtil enemies:
The vanquiſh'd cannot live, and conqu'ror ſurely dies.

L.

The knights oppreſs'd with wounds, and travel paſt,
Began retire, and now were near to fainting:
With that a winged poſt him ſpeeded faſt,
The general with theſe heavy news acquainting:
He ſoon refreſh'd their hearts that 'gan to tire.
But, let our weary muſe awhile reſpire;
Shade we our ſcorched heads from Phœbus' parching fire.

CANTO XII.

I.

The ſhepherds guarded from the ſparkling heat
Of blazing air, upon the flow'ry banks,
(Where various flow'rs damaſk the fragrant ſeat,
And all the grove perfume) in wonted ranks
Securely ſit them down, and ſweetly play:
At length, thus Thirſil ends his broken lay,
Leſt that the ſtealing night his later ſong might ſtay.

II.

Thrice, oh, thrice happy, ſhepherd's life and ſtate!
When courts are happineſs, unhappy pawns!
His cottage low, and ſafely humble gate
Shuts out proud fortune, with her ſcorns and fawns:
No feared treaſon breaks his quiet ſleep:
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himſelf as innocent as are his ſimple ſheep.

III.

No Serian worms he knows, that with their thread
Draw out their ſilken lives:—nor ſilken pride:
His lamb's warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dy'd:
No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But ſweet content exiles both miſery and ſpite.

IV.

Inſtead of muſic, and baſe flattering tongues,
Which wait to firſt-ſalute my lord's upriſe;
The cheerful lark wakes him with early ſongs,
And birds ſweet whiſtling notes unlock his eyes
In country plays is all the ſtrife he uſes;
Or ſing, or dance unto the rural muſes;
And but in muſic's ſports, all difference refuſes.

V.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thouſand ſweets, and rich content:
The ſmooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him
With cooleſt ſhades, till noon-tides rage is ſpent:
His life is neither toſt in boiſt'rous ſeas
Of troublous world, nor loſt in ſlothful eaſe:
Pleas'd and full bleſt he lives, when he his God can pleaſe.

VI.

His bed of wool yields ſafe and quiet ſleeps,
While by his ſide his faithful ſpouſe hath place:
His little ſon into his boſom creeps
The lively picture of his father's face:
Never his humble houſe or ſtate torment him;
Leſs he could like, if leſs his God had ſent him;
And when he dies, green turfs, with graſſy tomb content him.

VII.

The world's great Light his lowly ſtate hath bleſs'd,
And left his heav'n to be a ſhepherd baſe:
Thouſand ſweet ſongs he to his pipe addreſs'd:
Swift rivers ſtood, beaſts, trees, ſtones, ran apace;
And ſerpents flew, to hear his ſofteſt ſtrains:
He fed his flock, where rolling Jordan reigns;
There took our rags, gave us his robes, and bore our pains.

VIII.

Then thou high Light! whom ſhepherds low adore,
Teach me, oh, do thou teach thy humble ſwain
To raiſe my creeping ſong from earthly floor!
Fill thou my empty breaſt with loſty ſtrain;
That ſinging of thy wars and dreadful fight,
My notes may thunder out thy conqu'ring might;
And 'twixt the golden ſtars cut out her tow'ring flight.

IX.

The Mighty General moved with the news
Of thoſe four famous knights ſo near decay,
With haſty ſpeed the conqu'ring foe purſues;
At laſt he ſpies where they were led away,
Forc'd to obey the victor's proud commands:
Soon did he ruſh into the middle bands,
And cut the ſlaviſh cords from their captived hands.

X.

And for the knights were faint, he quickly ſent
To Penitence, whom Phœbus taught his art;
Which ſhe had eak'd with long experiment:
For many a ſoul, and many a wounded heart
Had ſhe reſtor'd, and brought to life again:
The broken ſpirit, with grief and horror ſlain,
That oft reviv'd, yet died as oft with ſmarting pain.

XI.

For ſhe in ſev'ral baths their wounds did ſteep;
The firſt of rue which purg'd the foul infection,
And cur'd the deepeſt wound, by wounding deep:
Then would ſhe make another ſtrange confection,

And mix it with Nepenthe fovereign;
Wherewith ſhe quickly fwag'd the rankling pain: [ſinful ſtain.
Thus ſhe the knights recur'd, and waſh'd from

XII.

Mean time the fight now fiercer grows than ever:
(For all his troops the Dragon hither drew)
The two Twin-Loves whom no place mought diſſever;
And Knowledge with his train begins anew
To ſtrike freſh ſummons up, and hot alarms:
In midſt great Fido, clad in ſun-like arms,
With his unmatched force repairs all former harms.

XIII.

So when the ſun ſhines in bright Taurus' head.
Returning tempeſts all with winter fill;
And ſtill ſucceſſive ſtorms freſh muſtered,
The timely year in his firſt ſpringings kill:
And oft it breathes a while, then ſtraight again
Doubly pours out his ſpite in ſmoking rain:
The country's vows and hopes ſwim on the drowned plain.

XIV.

The Lovely Twins ride 'gainſt the Cyprian bands, [flight:
Chaſing their troops, now with no feigned
Their broken ſhafts lie ſcattered on the ſands,
Themſelves for fear quite vaniſh'd out of ſight:
Againſt theſe conquerors Hypocriſy,
And Coſmo's hated bands, with Ecthros fly,
And all that rout do march, and bold the Twins defy.

XV.

Elpinus, mighty enemies aſſail;
But Doubt of all the other moſt infeſted;
That oft his fainting courage 'gan to fail,
More by his craft than odds of force moleſted:
For oft the treachour chang'd his weapon light,
And ſudden altr'd his firſt kind of fight;
And oft himſelf and ſhape transform'd with cunning ſlight.

XVI.

So that great river, with Alcides ſtriving
In Œneus' court for the Ætolian maid,
To divers ſhapes his fluent limbs contriving,
From manly form in ſerpent's frame he ſtay'd,
Sweeping with ſpeckled breaſt the duſty land;
Then like a bull with horns did armed ſtand:
His hanging dewlap trail'd along the golden ſand.

XVII.

Such ſhapes and changing faſhions much diſmay'd him,
That oft he ſtagger'd with unwonted fright;
And but his brother Fido oft did aid him,
There had he fell in unacqainted fight:
But he would ſtill his wavering ſtrength maintain, [plain;
And chace that monſter through the ſandy
Which from him fled apace, but oft return'd again.

XVIII.

Yet him more ſtrong and cunning foes withſtand,
Whom he with greater ſkill and ſtreugth defy'd:
Foul Ignorance, with all her owl-ey'd band;
Oft-ſtarting Fear, Diſtruſt ne'er ſatisfy'd,
And fond ſuſpect, and thouſand other foes;
Whom far he drives with his unequal blows,
And with his flaming ſword their fainting army mows.

XIX.

As when blood-guilty earth for vengeance cries,
(If greateſt things with leſs we may compare)
The Mighty Thunderer through the air flies,
While ſnatching whirlwinds open ways prepare:
Dark clouds ſpread out their ſable curtains o'er him; [him:
And angels on their flaming wings up bore
Mean time the guilty heav'ns for fear fly faſt before him.

XX.

There while he on the wind's proud pinions rides,
Down with his fire ſome lofty mount he throws,
And fills the low vale with his ruined ſides;
Or on ſome church his three-fork'd dart beſtows;
(Which yet his ſacred worſhip foul miſtakes)
Down falls the ſpire, the body fearful quakes;
Nor ſure to fall, or ſtand, with doubtful trembling ſhakes.

XXI.

With Fido, Knowledge went, who order'd right
His mighty bands; ſo now his ſcatter'd troops
Make head again, filling their broken fight:
While with new change the Dragon's army droops.
And from the following victor's headlong run:
Yet ſtill the Dragon fruſtrates what is done;
And eas'ly makes them loſe what they ſo hardly won.

XXII.

Out of his gorge a helliſh ſmoke he drew
That all the field with foggy miſt enwraps:
As when Tiphæus from his paunch doth ſpew
Black ſmothering flames, roll'd in loud thunder claps;
The pitchy vapours choke the ſhining ray,
And bring dull night upon the ſmiling day:
The wavering Ætna ſhakes and fain would run away.

XXIII.

Yet could his bat-ey'd legions eas'ly ſee
In this dark chaos: they the ſeed of night:
But theſe not ſo, who night and darkneſs flee;
For they the ſons of day, and joy in light:
But Knowledge ſoon began a way deviſe,
To bring again the day, and clear their eyes:
So open'd Fido's ſhield, and golden vail unties.

XXIV.

Of one pure diamond, celeſtial fair,
That heav'nly ſhield by cunning hand was made;
Whoſe light divine, ſpread through the miſty air,
To brighteſt morn would turn the weſtern ſhade

And lightſome day beget before his time;
Fram'd in heaven, without all earthly crime,
Dipp'd in the fiery ſun, which burnt the baſer
ſlime.

XXV.

As when from fenny moors the lumpiſh clouds
With riſing ſteams damp the bright morning's face;
At length the piercing ſun his team unſhrouds,
And with his arrows the idle fog doth chace:
The broken miſt lies melted all in tears:
So this bright ſhield the ſtinking darkneſs tears,
And giving back the day, diſſolves their former fears.

XXVI.

Which when afar, the fiery Dragon ſpies
His ſlights deluded with ſo little pain;
To his laſt refuge now at length he flies:
Long time his pois'nous gorge he ſeem'd to ſtrain;
At length, with loathly ſight, he up doth ſpew
From ſtinking paunch a moſt deformed crew;
That heaven itſelf did fly from their moſt ugly view.

XXVII.

The firſt that crept from his deteſted maw,
Was Hamartia (*a*) foul deformed wight;
More foul, deform'd, the ſun yet never ſaw;
Therefore ſhe hates the all-betraying light:
A woman ſeem'd ſhe in her upper part:
To which ſhe could ſuch lying gloſs impart,
That thouſands ſhe had ſlain with her deceiving art.

XXVIII.

The reſt (though hid) in ſerpent's form array'd,
With iron ſcales, like to a plaited mail:
Over her back her knotty tail diſplay'd,
Along the empty air did lofty ſail;
The end was pointed with a double ſting,
Which with ſuch dreaded might ſhe wont to fling,
That nought could help the wound, but blood of heav'nly King.

XXIX.

Of that firſt woman, her the Dragon got,
(The foulеſt baſtard of ſo fair a mother)
Whom when ſhe ſaw ſo fill'd with monſtrous ſpot,
She caſt her hidden ſhame and birth to ſmother;
But ſhe well nigh her mother's ſelf had ſlain;
And all that dare her kindly entertain:
So ſome parts of her dam, more of her ſire remain.

XXX.

Her viperous locks hung looſe about her ears:
Yet with a monſtrous ſnake ſhe them reſtrains,
Which like a border on her head ſhe wears:
About her neck hang down long adder chains,
In thouſand knots, and wreaths infolded round,
Which in her anger lightly ſhe unbound,
And darting far away would ſure and deadly wound.

(*a*) *Sin.*

XXXI.

Yet fair and lovely ſeems to fools dim eyes;
But hell more lovely, Pluto's ſelf more fair
Appears, when her true form true light deſcries:
Her loathſome face, blancht ſkin, and ſnaky hair;
Her ſhapeleſs ſhape, dead life, her carrion ſmell;
The devil's dung, the child, and dam of hell;
Is chaffer fit for fools, their precious ſouls to ſell.

XXXII.

The ſecond in this rank was black Deſpair,
Bred in the dark womb of eternal Night:
His looks faſt nail'd to Sin; long footy hair
Fill'd up his lank cheeks with wide ſtaring fright:
His leaden eyes, retir'd into his head;
Light, heav'n, and earth, himſelf, and all things fled:
A breathing corpſe he ſeem'd, wrapt up in living lead.

XXXIII.

His body all was fram'd of earthly paſte,
And heavy mould; yet earth could not content him:
Heav'n faſt he flies, and heav'n fled him as faſt;
Though kin to hell, yet hell did much torment him;
His very ſoul was nought but ghaſtly fright;
With him went many a fiend, and ugly ſprite,
Armed with ropes and knives, all inſtruments of ſpite.

XXXIV.

Inſtead of feathers on his dangling creſt
A luckleſs raven ſpread her blackeſt wings;
And to her croaking throat gave never reſt,
But deathful verſes and ſad dirges ſings;
His helliſh arms were all with fiends emboſt,
Who damned ſouls with endleſs torments roaſt,
And thouſand ways deviſe to vex the tortur'd ghoſt.

XXXV.

Two weapons, ſharp as death he ever bore,
Strict Judgment, which from far he deadly darts;
Sin at his ſide, a two-edg'd ſword he wore,
With which he ſoon appals the ſtouteſt hearts;
Upon his ſhield Alecto with a wreath
Of ſnaky whips the damn'd ſouls tortureth:
And round about was wrote, *Reward of ſin is death.*

XXXVI.

The laſt two brethren were far different,
Only in common name of death agreeing;
The firſt arm'd with a ſcythe ſtill mowing went;
Yet whom, and when he murder'd, never ſeeing;
Born deaf, and blind; nothing might ſtop his way:
No pray'rs, no vows his keeneſt ſcythe could ſtay;
Nor beauty's ſelf, his ſpite, nor virtue's ſelf allay.

XXXVII.

No ſtate, no age, no ſex may hope to move him;
Down falls the young, and old, the boy and maid:
Nor beggar can entreat, nor king reprove him;
All are his ſlaves in's cloth of fleſh array'd:

The bride he ſnatches from the bridegroom's arms,
And horror brings in midſt of loves alarms:
Too well we know his pow'r by long experienc'd harms.

XXXVIII.

A dead man's ſkull ſupplied his helmet's place.
A bone his club, his armour ſheets of lead.
Some more, ſome leſs, fear his all frighting face;
But moſt, who ſleep in downy pleaſure's bed:
But who in life have daily learn'd to die,
And dead to this, live to a life more high;
Sweetly in death they ſleep, and ſlumb'ring quiet lie.

XXXIX.

The ſecond far more foul in every part,
Burnt with blue fire, and bubbling ſulphur ſtreams; [ſmart
Which creeping round about him fill'd with
His curſed limbs, that direly he blaſphemes;
Moſt ſtrange it ſeems, that burning thus forever,
No reſt, no time, no place theſe flames may ſever: [never
Yet death in thouſand deaths without death dieth

XL.

Soon as theſe helliſh monſters came in ſight,
The ſun his eye in jetty vapours drown'd,
Scar'd at ſuch hell-hounds view; heaven's 'mazed light
Sets in an early evening; earth aſtound,
Bids dogs with howls give warning: at which ſound
The fearful air ſtarts, ſeas break their bound,
And frighted fled away; no ſands might them impound.

XLI.

The palſied troop firſt like aſps ſhaken fare,
Till now their heart congeal'd in icy blood,
Candied the ghaſtly face.—locks ſtand and ſtare:
Thus charm'd, in ranks of ſtone they marſhal'd ſtood:
Their uſeleſs ſwords fell idly on the plain,
And now the triumph ſounds in lofty ſtrain;
So conquering Dragon binds the knights with ſlaviſh chain.

XLII.

As when proud Phineus in his brother's feaſt
Fill'd all with tumult and inteſtine broil;
Wiſe Perſeus with ſuch multitudes oppreſs'd,
Before him bore the ſnaky Gorgons ſpoil:
The vulgar rude ſtood all in marble chang'd,
And in vain ranks, in rocky order rang'd;
Were now more quiet gueſts, from former rage eſtrang'd.

XLIII.

The fair Eclecta, who with grief had ſtood,
Viewing th' oft changes of this doubtful fight,
Saw now the field ſwim in her champion's blood,
And from her heart, rent with deep paſſion, ſigh'd;
Limning true ſorrow in ſad ſilent art.

Light grief floats on the tongue; but heavy ſmart
Sinks down, and deeply lies in centre of the heart.

XLIV.

What Dædal art ſuch griefs can truly ſhew,
Broke heart, deep ſighs, thick ſobs, and burning prayers,
Baptiſing ever limb in weeping dew?
Whoſe ſwoln eyes, pickled up in briny tears,
Cryſtalline rocks; coral, the lid appears;
Compaſs'd about with tides of grief and fears:
Where grief ſtores fear with ſighs, and fear ſtores grief with tears.

XLV.

At length ſad ſorrow, mounted on the wings
Of loud breath'd ſighs, his leaden weight appears;
And vents itſelf in ſofteſt whiſperings,
Follow'd with deadly groans, uſher'd by tears:
While her fair hands, and watry ſhining eyes
Were upward bent upon the mourning ſkies,
Which ſeem'd with cloudy brow her grief to ſympathize.

XLVI.

Long while the ſilent paſſion, wanting vent,
Made flowing tears, her words, and eyes, her tongue;
Till faith, experience, hope, aſſiſtance lent
To ſhut both flood-gates up with patience ſtrong:
The ſtreams well ebb'd, new hopes ſome comforts borrow
From firmeſt truth; then glimps'd the hopeful morrow: [ſorrow.
So ſpring ſome dawns of joy, ſo ſets the night of

XLVII.

Ah deareſt Lord! my heart's ſole Sovereign,
Who ſitt'ſt high mounted on thy burning throne;
Hark from thy heav'ns, where thou doſt ſafely reign,
Cloth'd with the golden ſun, and ſilver moon:
Caſt down awhile thy ſweet and gracious eye,
And low avail that flaming Majeſty,
Deigning thy gentle ſight on our ſad miſery.

XLVIII.

To thee, dear Lord! I lift this watry eye,
This eye wihch thou ſo oft in love (*b*) haſt prais'd;
This eye with which thou (*i*) wounded oft wouldſt die; [rais'd:
To thee, dear Lord! theſe ſuppliant hands are
Theſe to be lilies thou haſt often told me;
Which if but once again may ever hold thee,
Will never let thee looſe, will never more unfold thee.

XLIX.

Seeſt how thy foes deſpiteful trophies rear,
Too confident in thy prolong'd delays;
Come then, oh quickly come, my deareſt dear!
When ſhall I ſee thee crown'd with conqu'ring bays, [clay?
And all thy foes trod drown and ſpread as
When ſhall I ſee thy face, and glory's ray?
Too long thou ſtay'ſt my love; come love, no longer ſtay.

L.

Haſt thou forgot thy former word and love,
Or lockt thy ſweetneſs up in fierce diſdain?
In vain didſt thou thoſe thouſand miſchiefs prove?
Are all thoſe griefs, thy birth, life, death, in vain?
Oh! no;—of ill thou only doſt repent thee,
And in thy dainty mercies moſt content thee:
Then why, with ſtay ſo long, ſo long doſt thou torment me?

(*b*) *Cant.* i. 15. (*i*) *Cant.* iv. 9.

LI.

Reviving cordial of my dying ſprite,
The beſt elixir for ſoul's drooping pain;
Ah! now unſhade thy face, uncloud thy ſight;
See, ev'ry way's a trap, each path's a train:
Hell's troops my ſole beleaguer; bow thine ears;
And hear my cries pierce through my groans and fears:
Sweet Spouſe! ſee not my ſins, but through my plaints and tears.

LII.

Let frailty, favour; ſorrow, ſuccour move;
Anchor my life in thy calm ſtreams of blood:
Be thou my rock, though I poor changeling rove,
Toſt up and down in waves of worldly flood:
Whilſt I in vale of tears at anchor ride,
Where winds of earthly thoughts my ſails miſguide;
Harbour my fleſhly bark ſafe in thy wounded ſide.

LIII.

Take, take my contrite heart, thy ſacrifice, [woes:
Waſh'd in her eyes that ſwims and ſinks in
See, ſee, as ſeas with winds high working riſe,
So ſtorm, ſo rage, ſo gape thy boaſting foes!
Dear Spouſe! unleſs thy right hand even ſteers; [fears;
Oh! if thou anchor not theſe threat'ning
Thy ark will fail as deep in blood, as now in tears.

LIV.

With that a thund'ring noiſe ſeem'd ſhake the ſky,
As when with iron wheels through ſtony plain
A thouſand chariots to the battle fly;
Or when with boiſt'rous rage the ſwelling main,
Puft up by mighty winds, does hoarſely roar;
And beating with his waves the trembling ſhore, [part door.
His ſandy girdle ſcorns, and breaks earth's ram-

LV.

And ſtraight an angel (k) full of heav'nly might,
(Three ſev'ral crowns circled his royal head)
From northern coaſt heaving his blazing light,
Through all the earth his glorious beams diſpread,
And open lays the Beaſt's and Dragon's ſhame;
For to this end, th' Almighty did him frame,
And therefore from ſupplanting gave his ominous name.

LVI.

A ſilver trumpet oft he loudly blew,
Frighting the guilty earth with thund'ring knell;
And oft proclaim'd, as through the world he flew,
Babel, great Babel lies as low as hell:
Let every angel loud his trumpet ſound,
Her heav'n-exalted tow'rs in duſt are drown'd:
Babel, proud Babel's fall'n, and lies as low as ground.

LVII.

The broken heav'ns diſpart with fearful noiſe,
And from the breach outſhoots a ſudden light:
Straight ſhrilling trumpets with loud ſounding voice
Give echoing ſummons to new bloody fight;

Well knew the dragon that all-quelling blaſt,
And ſoon perceiv'd that day muſt be his laſt;
Which ſtrook his frighten'd heart, and all his troops aghaſt.

LVIII.

Yet full of malice, and of ſtubborn pride, [oft,
Though oft had ſtrove, and had been foil'd as
Boldly his death and certain fate defy'd:
And mounted on his flaggy ſails aloft,
With boundleſs ſpite he long'd to try again
A ſecond loſs, and new death;—glad and fain
To ſhew his pois'nous hate, though ever ſhew'd in vain.

LIX.

So up he aroſe upon his ſtretched ſails
Fearleſs expecting his approaching death;
So up he aroſe, that th' air ſtarts and fails,
And over-preſſed, ſinks his load beneath:
So up he aroſe, as does a thunder-cloud,
Which all the earth with ſhadows black doth ſhroud:
So up he aroſe, and through the weary air row'd.

LX.

Now his Almighty Foe far off he ſpies;
Whoſe ſun-like arms daz'd the eclipſed day,
Confounding with their beams leſs glitt'ring ſkies,
Firing the air with more than heav'nly ray;
Like thouſand ſuns in one:—ſuch is their light,
A ſubject only for immortal ſprite;
Which never can be ſeen, but by immortal ſight.

LXI.

His threat'ning eyes ſhine like that dreadful flame,
With which the Thunderer arms his angry hand:
Himſelf had fairly wrote his wondrous name,
Which neither earth nor heav'n could underſtand:
A hundred crowns, like tow'rs, beſet around
His conq'ring head: well may they there abound,
When all his limbs, and troops, with gold are richly crown'd.

LXII.

His armour all was dy'd in purple blood;
(In purple blood of thouſand rebel kings)
In vain their ſtubborn pow'rs his arm withſtood:
Their proud necks chain'd, he now in triumph brings, [ſwords:
And breaks their ſpears, and cracks their traitor
Upon whoſe arms and thigh in golden words
Was fairly writ, *The* KING *of* KINGS, *and* LORD *of* LORDS.

LXIII.

His ſnow-white ſteed was born of heav'nly kind,
Begot by Boreas on the Thracian hills;
More ſtrong and ſpeedy than his parent wind:
And (which his foes with fear and horror fills)
Out from his mouth a two-edg'd ſword he darts: [parts,
Whoſe ſharpeſt ſteel the bone and marrow
And with his keeneſt point unbreaſts the naked hearts.

LXIV.

The Dragon, wounded with this flaming brand,
They take, and in ſtrong bonds and fetters tie;

(k) *Our late moſt learned ſovereign in his Remonſtrance and Complaint on the Apocalypſe.*

Short was the fight, nor could he long withſtand
Him, whoſe appearance is his victory.
So now he's bound in adamantine chain:
He ſtorms, he roars, he yells for high diſdain:
His net is broke, the fowl go free, the fowler ta'en.

LXV.

Thence by a mighty ſwain he ſoon was led
Unto a thouſand thouſand torturings:
His tail, whoſe folds were wont the ſtars to ſhed,
Now ſtretch'd at length, cloſe to his belly clings:
Soon as the pit he ſees, he back retires,
And battle new, but all in vain, reſpires:
So there he deeply lies, flaming in icy fires.

LXVI.

As when Alcides from forc'd hell had drawn
The three-head dog, and maſter'd all his pride;
Baſely the fiend did on his victor fawn,
With ſerpent tail clapping his hollow ſide:
At length arriv'd upon the brink of light,
He ſhuts the day out of his dullard ſight,
And ſwelling all in vain, renews unhappy fight.

LXVII.

Soon at this ſight the knights revive again,
As freſh as when the flow'rs from winter tomb
(When now the ſun brings back his nearer wain)
Peep out again from their freſh mother's womb:
The primroſe lighted new, her flame diſplays,
And frights the neighbour hedge with fiery rays:
And all the world renew their mirth and ſportive plays.

LXVIII.

The prince, who ſaw his long impriſonment
Now end in never-ending liberty;
To meet the Victor from his caſtle went,
And falling down, claſping his royal knee,
Pours out deſerved thanks in grateful praiſe:
But him the heav'nly Saviour ſoon doth raiſe,
And bids him ſpend in joy, his never-ſpending days.

LXIX.

The fair Eclecta, that with widow'd brow
Her abſent Lord long mourn'd in ſad array,
Now ſilken (*l*) cloth'd like frozen ſnow,
Whoſe ſilver ſpanglets ſparkle 'gainſt the day:
This ſhining robe her Lord himſelf had wrought,
While he her love with hundred preſents fought,
And it with many a wound, and many a torment bought!

LXX.

And thus array'd, her heav'nly beauties ſhin'd
(Drawing their beams from this moſt glorious face)
Like to a precious jaſper (*m*), pure refin'd,
Which with a cryſtal mix'd, much mends his grace:
The golden ſtars a garland fair did frame
To crown her locks; the ſun lay hid for ſhame,
And yielded all his beams to her more glorious flame.

LXXI.

Ah! who that flame can tell? Ah! who can ſee?
Enough is me with ſilence to admire;
While bolder joy, and humble majeſty
In either cheek had kindled graceful fire:
Long ſilent ſtood ſhe, while her former fears
And griefs ran all away in ſliding tears;
That like a watry ſun her gladſome face appears.

LXXII.

At length when joys had left her cloſer heart,
To ſeat themſelves upon her thankful tongue:
Firſt in her eyes they ſudden flaſhes dart,
Then forth i' th' muſic of her voice they throng;
My hope, my love, my joy, my life, my bliſs,
(Whom to enjoy is heav'n, but hell to miſs)
What are the world's falſe joys, what heav'ns true joys to this?

LXXIII.

Ah, deareſt Lord! does my rapt ſoul behold thee?
Am I awake? and ſure I do not dream?
Do theſe thrice bleſſed arms again infold thee?
Too much delight makes true things feigned ſeem.
Thee, thee I ſee; thou, thou thus folded art:
For deep thy ſtamp is printed on my heart,
And thouſand ne'er-felt joys ſtream in each melting part.

LXXIV.

Thus with glad ſorrow did ſhe ſweetly 'plain her
Upon his neck a welcome load depending;
While he, with equal joy did entertain her,
Herſelf, her champions, highly all commending:
So all in triumph to his palace went;
Whoſe work in narrow words may not be pent:
For boundleſs thought is leſs than is that glorious tent.

LXXV.

There ſweet delights, which know nor end, nor meaſure;
No chance is there, nor eating times ſucceeding:
No waſteful ſpending can impair their treaſure;
Pleaſure full grown, yet ev'r freſhly breeding:
Fulneſs of ſweets excludes not more receiving;
The ſoul ſtill big of joy, yet ſtill conceiving;
Beyond ſlow tongues report, beyond quick thoughts perceiving.

LXXVI.

There are they gone; there will they ever bide;
Swimming in waves of joys, and heav'nly loves:
He ſtill a bridegroom, ſhe a gladſome bride;
Their hearts in love, like ſpheres ſtill conſtant moving;
No change, no grief, no age can them befall:
Their bridal bed is in that heavenly hall,
Where all days are but one, and only one is all.

LXXVII.

And as in his ſtate they thus in triumph ride,
The boys and damſels their juſt praiſes chant;
The boys the bridegroom ſing, the maids the bride,
While all the hills glad Hymens loudly vaunt:
Heav'ns winged ſhoals, greeting this glorious ſpring,
Attune their higher notes, and Hymens ſing:
Each thought to paſs, and each did paſs thought's loftieſt wing.

LXXVIII.

Upon his lightning brow love proudly ſitting
Flames out in pow'r, ſhines out in majeſty;

(*l*) *Rev.* xix. 8. (*m*) *Rev.* xxi. 11.

There all his lofty ſpoils and trophies fitting;
Diſplays the marks of higheſt Deity:
There full of ſtrength in lordly arms he ſtands,
And every heart, and every ſoul commands:
No heart, no ſoul, his ſtrength and lordly force withſtands.

LXXIX.

Upon her forehead thouſand cheerful graces,
Seated on thrones of ſpotleſs ivory;
There gentle love his armed hand unbraces;
His bow unbent diſclaims all tyranny;
There by his play a thouſand ſouls beguiles,
Perſuading more by ſimple modeſt ſmiles,
Than ever he could force by arms, or crafty wiles.

LXXX

Upon her cheek doth beauty's ſelf implant
The freſheſt garden of her choiceſt flow'rs;
On which, if Envy might but glance aſcant,
Her eyes would ſwell, and burſt, and melt in ſhow'rs:
Thrice fairer both than ever faireſt ey'd;
Heav'n never ſuch a bridegroom yet deſcry'd;
Nor ever earth ſo fair, ſo undefil'd a bride.

LXXXI.

Full of his Father ſhines his glorious face,
As far the ſun ſurpaſſing in his light,
As doth the ſun the earth, with flaming blaze:
Sweet influence ſtreams from his quick'ning ſight:
His beams from nought did all this *All* diſplay;
And when to leſs than nought they fell away,
He ſoon reſtor'd again by his new orient ray.

LXXXII

All heav'n ſhines forth in her ſweet face's frame:
Her ſeeing ſtars (which we miſcall bright eyes)
More bright than is the morning's brighteſt flame,
More fruitful than the May-time Geminies:
Theſe, back reſtore the timely ſummer's fire;
Thoſe, ſpringing thoughts in winter hearts inſpire,
Inſpiriting dead ſouls, and quick'ning warm deſire.

LXXXIII.

Theſe two fair ſuns in heav'nly ſpheres are plac'd,
Where in the centre, joy triumphing ſits:
Thus in all high perfections fully grac'd,
Her mid-day blis no future night admits:
But in the mirrors of her Spouſe's eyes
Her faireſt ſelf ſhe dreſſes; there where lies
All ſweets, a glorious beauty to emparadiſe.

LXXXIV.

His locks like raven's plumes, or ſhinining jet,
Fall'd wn in curls along his ivory neck;
Within their circlets hundred graces ſet,
And with love-knots their comely hangings deck:
His mighty ſhoulders, like that giant ſwain,
All heav'n and earth, and all in both ſuſtains
Yet knows no wearineſs, nor feels oppreſſing pain.

LXXXV.

Her amber hair like to the ſunny ray,
With gold enamels fair the ſilver white;
There heav'nly loves their pretty ſportings play,
Firing their darts in that wide flaming light:
Her dainty neck, ſpread with that ſilver mold,
Where double beauty doth itſelf unfold,
In th' own fair ſilver ſhines, and fairer borrow'd gold.

LXXXVI.

His breaſt a rock of pureſt alabaſter,
Where loves ſelf-failing, ſhipwreck'd often ſitteth.
Her's a twin-rock, unknown, but to th' ſhip-maſter;
Which harbours him alone, all other ſplitteth.
Where better could her love than here have neſted?
Or he his thoughts than here more ſweetly feaſted?
Then both their love and thoughts in each are ever reſted.

LXXXVII.

Run now you ſhepherd ſwains; ah! run you thither,
Where this fair bridegroom leads the bleſſed way:
And haſte you lovely maids, haſte you together
With this ſweet bride, while yet the ſunſhine day
Guides your blind ſteps; while yet loud ſummons call,
That every wood and hill reſounds withal,
Come Hymen, Hymen come, dreſt in thy golden pall.

LXXXVIII.

The ſounding echo back the muſic flung,
While heav'nly ſpheres unto the voices play'd.
But ſee! the day is ended with my ſong,
And ſporting bathes with that fair ocean maid:
Stoop now thy wing, my muſe, now ſtoop thee low:
Hence may'ſt thou freely play, and reſt thee now;
While here I hang my pipe upon the willow bough.

LXXXIX.

So up they roſe, while all the ſhepherds throng
With their loud pipes a country triumph blew,
And led their Thirſil home with joyful ſong:
Mean time the lovely nymphs with garlands new,
His locks in bay and honour'd palm-tree bound,
With lilies ſet, and hyacinths around;
And lord of all the year, and their May-ſportings crown'd.

PISCATORY ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

AMYNTAS.

I.

It was the time faithful Halcyone,
Once more enjoying new-liv'd Cëyx' bed,
Had left her young birds to the wavering ſea.
Bidding him calm his proud white-curled head,
And change his mountains to a champian lea;
The time when gentle Flora's lover reigns,
Soft creeping all along green Neptune's ſmootheſt plains.

II.

When hapleſs Thelgon (a poor fiſher ſwain)
Came from his boat to tell the rocks his 'plaining:
In rocks he found, and the high-ſwelling main:
More ſenſe, more pity far, more love remaining,
Than in the great Amynta's fierce diſdain:
Was not his peer for ſong 'mong all the lads
Whoſe ſhrilling pipe, or voice, the ſea-born maiden glads.

III.

About his head a rocky canopy,
And craggy hangings, round a ſhadow threw,
Rebutting Phœbus' parching fervency;
Into his boſom Zephyr ſoftly flew;
Hard by his feet the ſea came waving by;
The while to ſeas and rocks (poor ſwain!) he ſang;
The while the ſeas and rocks ans'ring loud echoes rang.

IV.

You goodly nymphs, that in your marble cell
In ſpending never ſpend your ſportful days,
Or, when you liſt, in pearled boats of ſhell
Glide on the dancing wave, that leaping plays
About the wanton ſkiff; and you that dwell
In Neptune's court, the ocean's plenteous throng,
Deign you to gently hear ſad Thelgon's plaining ſong.

V.

When the raw bloſſom of my youth was yet
In my firſt childhood's green incloſure bound,
Of Aquadune I learnt to fold my net,
And ſpread the ſail, and beat the river round,
And withy labyrinths in ſtraits to ſet,
And guide my boat where Thame and Iſis heir
By lowly Eaton ſlides, and Windſor proudly fair.

VI.

There, while our thin nets dangling in the wind
Hung on our oars tops, I learnt to ſing
Among my peers, apt words to fitly bind
In num'rous verſe: witneſs thou cryſtal ſpring
Where all the lads were pebbles wont to find;
And you thick haſles, that on Thamis' brink
Did oft with dallying boughs his ſilver waters drink.

VII.

But when my tender youth 'gan fairly blow,
I chang'd large Thames for Chamus' narrower ſeas:
There, as my years, ſo ſkill with years did grow;
And now my pipe the better ſort did pleaſe;
So that with Limnus, and with Belgio,
I durſt to challenge all my fiſher peers,
That by learn'd Chamus' banks did ſpend their youthful years.

VIII.

And Janus' ſelf, that oft with me compar'd;
With his oft loſſes rais'd my victory;
That afterward in ſong he never dar'd
Provoke my conqu'ring pipe; but enviouſly
Deprave the ſongs, which firſt his ſongs had marr'd;
And cloſely bite when now he durſt not bark,
Hating all others' light, becauſe himſelf was dark.

IX.

And whether nature, join'd with art, had wrought me,
Or I too much believ'd the fiſher's praiſe;
Or whether Phœbus' ſelf, or muſes, taught me,
Too much inclin'd to verſe, and muſic plays;
So far credulity and youth had brought me,
I ſang ſad Telethuſa's fruſtrate plaint,
And ruſtic Daphnis' wrong, and magic's vain reſtraint.

x.

And then appeas'd young Myrtilus, repining
At general contempt of ſhepherd's life;
And raiſed my rhyme, to ſing of Richard's climbing;
And taught our Chame to end the old-bred ſtrife,
Mythicus' claim to Nicias reſigning:
The while his goodly nymphs with ſong delighted,
My notes with choiceſt flowers, and garlands ſweet, requited.

xi.

From thence a ſhepherd great, pleas'd with my ſong,
Drew me to Baſiliſſa's courtly place;
Fair Baſiliſſa, faireſt maid among [grace.
The nymphs that white-cliff Albion's foreſts
Her errand drove my ſlender bark along
The ſeas which waſh the fruitful German's land,
And ſwelling Rhine, whoſe wines run ſwiftly o'er the ſand.

xii.

But after bolden'd with my firſt ſucceſs,
I durſt eſſay the new-found paths, that led
To ſlaviſh Moſcow's dullard ſluggiſhneſs;
Whoſe ſlothful ſun all winter keeps his bed,
But never ſleeps in ſummer's wakefulneſs:
Yet all for nought: another took the gain:
Faitour, that reapt the pleaſure of another's pain!

xiii.

And travelling along the northern plains,
At her command I paſs'd the bounding Tweed,
And liv'd a while with Caledonian ſwains:
My life with fair Amyntas there I led:
Amyntas fair, whom ſtill my ſore heart plains.
Yet ſeem'd he then to love as he was lov'd;
But (ah!) I fear, true love his high heart never prov'd.

xiv.

And now he haunts th' infamous woods and downs
And on Napean nymphs doth wholly doat:
What cares be for poor Thelgon's plaintful ſounds?
Thelgon, poor maſter of a poorer boat.
Janus is crept from his wont priſon bounds,
And ſits the porter to his ear and mind:
What hope Amyntas' love a fiſher ſwain ſhould find?

xv.

Yet once he ſaid, (which I, then fool, believ'd),
(The woods of it, and Damon, witneſs be;)
When in fair Albion's fields he firſt arriv'd,
"When I forget true Thelgon's love to me,
"The love which ne'er my certain hope deceiv'd;
"The wavering ſea ſhall ſtand, and rocks remove:"
He ſaid, and I believ'd; ſo credulous is love.

xvi.

You ſteady rocks, why yet do you ſtand ſtill?
You fleeting waves, why do you never ſtand?
Amyntas hath forgot his Thelgon's quill;
His promiſe and his love are writ in ſand:
But rocks are firm though Neptune rage his fill;
When thou, Amyntas, like the fire-drake rangeſt;
The ſea keeps on his courſe, when like the wind thou changeſt.

xvii.

Yet as I ſwiftly ſail'd the other day,
The ſettled rock ſeem'd from his ſeat remove,
And ſtanding waves ſeem'd doubtful of their way.
And by their ſtop they wavering reprove:
Sure either this thou didſt but mocking ſay,
Or elſe the rock and ſea had heard my plaining;
But thou (ay me!) art only conſtant in diſdaining.

xviii.

Ah! would thou knew'ſt how much it better were
To 'bide among the ſimple fiſher ſwains;
No ſhrieking owl, no night-crow lodgeth here;
Nor is our ſimple pleaſure mixt with pains:
Our ſports begin with the beginning year;
In calms, to pull the leaping fiſh to land;
In roughs, to ſing and dance along the golden ſand.

xix.

I have a pipe, which once thou lovedſt well,
(Was never pipe that gave a better ſound),
Which oft to hear, fair Thetis from her cell,
Thetis, the Queen of ſeas, attended round
With hundred nymphs, and many powers that dwell
In th' ocean's rocky walls, came up to hear,
And gave me gifts, which ſtill for thee lie hoarded here.

xx.

Here, with ſweet bays, the lovely myrtles grow,
Where th' ocean's fair-cheek'd maidens oft repair;
Here to my pipe they dancen on a row;
No other ſwain may come to note their fair;
Yet my Amyntas there with me ſhall go.
Proteus himſelf pipes to his flock hereby,
Whom thou ſhalt hear, ne'er ſeen by any jealous eye.

xxi.

But ah! both me and ſhepherds he diſdains,
While I ſit piping to the gadding winds;
Better that to the boiſt'rous ſea complains;
Sooner fierce waves are mov'd, than his hard mind.
I'll to ſome rock far from our common mains,
And in his boſom learn forget my ſmart,
And blot Amyntas' name from Thelgon's wretched heart.

xxii.

So up he roſe, and launch'd into the deep,
Dividing with his oar the ſurging main,
Which, dropping, ſeem'd with tears his caſe weep;
The whiſtling winds join'd with the ſeas to plain,
And o'er his boat in whines lamenting creep.
Nought feared he fierce ocean's watry ire,
Who in his heart of grief and love felt equal fire.

ECLOGUE II.

THIRSIL.

DORUS. MYRTILUS. THOMALIN. THIRSIL.

I.

Dorus.

MYRTIL, why idly ſit we on the ſhore?
Since ſtormy winds and waves inteſtine ſpite
Impatient rage of ſail or bending oar;
Sit we, and ſing, while winds and waters fight;
And carol loud of love, and love's delight.

II.

Myrtilus.

Dorus, ah, rather ſtormy ſeas require,
With ſadder notes, the tempeſt's rage deplore:
In calms let's ſing of love and lover's fire.
Tell me how Thirſil late our ſeas foreſwore,
When forc'd he left our Chame, and deſert ſhore.

III.

Dorus.

Now, as thou art a lad, repeat that lay;
Myrtil, his ſongs more pleaſe my raviſh'd ear,
Than rumbling brooks that with the pebbles play,
Than murm'ring ſeas broke on the banks to hear,
Or winds on rocks their whiſtling voices tear.

IV.

Myrtilus.

See'ſt thou that rock, which hanging o'er the main
Looks proudly down? there as I under lay,
Thirſil, with Thomalin, I heard complain;
Thomalin (who now goes ſighing all the day),
Who thus 'gan tempt his friend with Chamiſh boys to ſtay.

V.

Thomalin.

Thirſil, what wicked chance, or luckleſs ſtar,
From Chamus' ſtreams removes thy boat and mind? [far;
Far hence thy boat is bound, thy mind more
More ſweet or fruitful ſtreams where canſt thou find?
Where fiſher-lads, or nymphs, more fair or kind?
The muſes ſelves ſit with the ſliding Chame:
Chame and the muſes ſelves do love thy name.
Where thou art lov'd ſo dear, ſo much to hate is ſhame.

VI.

Thirſil.

The muſes me forſake, not I the muſes;
Thomalin, thou know'ſt how I them honour'd ever:
Not I my Chame, but me proud Chame refuſes:
His froward ſpites my ſtrong affection ſever;
Elſe from his banks could I have parted never:
But like his ſwans, when now their fate is nigh,
Where ſinging ſweet they liv'd, there dead they lie;
So would I gladly live, ſo would I gladly die.

VII.

His ſtubborn hands my net hath broken quite;
My fiſh (the guerdon of my toil and pain)
He cauſeleſs ſeiz'd, and, with ungrateful ſpite,
Beſtow'd upon a leſs deſerving ſwain:
The coſt and labour mine, his all the gain.
My boat lies broke, my oars are crack'd and gone:
Nought has he left me, but my pipe alone,
Which, with his ſadder notes, may help his maſter's moan.

VIII.

Thomalin.

Ungrateful Chame! how oft hath Thirſil crown'd
With ſongs and garlands thy obſcurer head!
That now thy name through Albion loud doth ſound.
Ah, fooliſh Chame! who now in Thirſil's ſtead
Shall chaunt thy praiſe, ſince Thelgon's lately dead?
He whom thou lov'ſt can neither ſing nor play,
His duſty pipe, ſcorn'd, broke, is caſt away:
Ah, fooliſh Chame! who now ſhall grace thy holiday?

IX

Thirſil.

Too fond my former hopes! I ſtill expected
With my deſert his love ſhould grow the more:
Ill can he love, who Thelgon's love rejected;
Thelgon, who more hath grac'd his graceleſs ſhore,
Than any ſwain that ever ſang before.
Yet Gripus he prefer'd, when Thelgon ſtrove:
I wiſh no other curſe he ever prove; [love.
Who Thelgon cauſeleſs hates, ſtill may he Gripus

x.

Thomalin.

Thirſil, but that ſo long I know thee well,
I now ſhould think thou ſpeak'ſt of hate or ſpite:
Can ſuch a wrong with Chame, or muſes dwell,
That Thelgon's worth and love with hate they quite?

Thirſil.

Thomalin, judge thou; and thou that judgeſt right,
Great king of ſeas, that graſp'ſt the ocean, hear,
If ever thou thy Thelgon loved'ſt dear:
Though thou forbear a while, yet long thou canſt not bear.

xi.

When Thelgon here had ſpent his 'prentice years,
Soon had he learn'd to ſing as ſweet a note
As ever ſtrook the churliſh Chamus' ears:
To him the river gives a coſtly boat,
That on his waters he might ſafely float:
The ſong's reward, which oft unto his ſhore
He ſweetly tuned: then arm'd with ſail and oar,
Dearly the gift he loved, but lov'd the giver more.

xii.

Scarce of the boat he yet was full poſſeſt,
When, with a mind more changing than his wave,
Again bequeath'd it to a wand'ring gueſt,
Whom then he only ſaw; to him he gave
The ſails and oars: in vain poor Thelgon ſtrave,
The boat is under ſail, no boot to plain:
Then baniſh'd him, the more to eke his pain,
As if himſelf were wrong'd, and did not wrong the ſwain.

xiii.

From thence he furrow'd many a churliſh ſea;
The viny Rhene, and Volgha's ſelf did paſs,
Who ſleds doth ſuffer on his wat'ry lea,
And horſes trampling on his icy face:
Where Phœbus, priſon'd in the frozen glaſs,
All winter cannot move his quenched light,
Nor, in the heat, will drench his chariot bright:
Thereby the tedious year is all one day and night.

xiv.

Yet little thank, and leſs reward, he got;
He never learn'd to ſoothe the itching ear:
One day (as chanc'd) he ſpied that painted boat
Which once was his: though his of right it were,
He bought it now again, and bought it dear.
But Chame to Gripus gave it once again,
Gripus, the baſeſt and moſt dung-hill ſwain,
That ever drew a net, or fiſh'd in fruitful main.

xv.

Go now, ye fiſher-boys, go learn to play,
To play and ſing along your Chamus' ſhore:
Go watch and toil, go ſpend the night and day,
While winds and waves, while ſtorms and tempeſts roar;
And for your trade conſume your life and ſtore:
Lo your reward; thus will your Chamus uſe you:
Why ſhould you plain that lozel ſwains refuſe you?
Chamus good fiſhers hates, the muſes' ſelves abuſe you.

xvi.

Thomalin.

Ah, Thelgon! pooreſt, but the worthieſt ſwain
That ever grac'd unworthy poverty!
However here thou liv'ſt in joyleſs pain,
Preſt down with grief and patient miſery;
Yet ſhalt thou live when thy proud enemy
Shall rot, with ſcorn and baſe contempt oppreſt.
Sure now in joy thou ſafe and glad doſt reſt,
Smil'ſt at thoſe eager foes, which here thee ſo moleſt.

xvii.

Thirſil.

Thomalin, mourn not for him; he's ſweetly ſleeping
In Neptune's court, whom here he ſought to pleaſe;
While humming rivers, by his cabin creeping,
Rock ſoft his ſlumb'ring thoughts in quiet eaſe:
Mourn for thyſelf, here winds do never ceaſe;
Our dying life will better ſit thy crying:
He ſoftly ſleeps, and bleſt is quiet lying.
Who ever living dies, he better lives by dying.

xviii.

Thomalin.

Can Thirſil then our Chame abandon ever?
And never will our fiſhers ſee again?

Thirſil.

[vour
Who 'gainſt a raging ſtream doth vain endea-
To drive his boat, gets labour for his pain:
When fates command to go, to lag is vain.
As late upon the ſhore I chanc'd to play,
I heard a voice, like thunder, loudly ſay,
"Thirſil, why idly liv'ſt? Thirſil, away, away!"

xix.

Thou god of ſeas, thy voice I gladly hear;
Thy voice (thy voice I know) I glad obey:
Only, do thou my wand'ring wherry ſteer;
And when it errs (as it will eas'ly ſtray),
Upon the rock with hopeful anchor ſtay:
Then will I ſwim where's either ſea or ſhore,
Where never ſwain or boat was ſeen afore:
My trunk ſhall be my boat, mine arm ſhall be my oar.

xx.

Thomalin, methinks I hear thy ſpeaking eye
Woo me my poſting journey to delay:
But let thy love yield to neceſſity:
With thee, my friend, too gladly would I ſtay
And live, and die: were Thomalin away
(Though now I half unwilling leave his ſtream),
However Chame doth Thirſil lightly deem,
Yet would thy Thirſil leſs proud Chamus' ſcorns eſteem.

xxi.

Thomalin.

Who now with Thomalin ſhall ſit and ſing?
Who left to play in lovely Myrtil's ſhade?
Or tune ſweet ditties to ſo ſweet a ſtring?
Who now thoſe wounds ſhall ſwage in covert glad,
Sweet-bitter wounds which cruel love hath made?
You fiſher-boys, and ſea-maids' dainty crew,
Farewell! for Thomalin will ſeek a new
And more reſpectful ſtream: ungrateful Chame, adieu!

XXII.

Thirſil.

Thomalin, forſake not thou the fiſher-ſwains,
Which hold thy ſtay and love at deareſt rate:
Here may'ſt thou live among their ſportful trains,
Till better times afford thee better ſtate:
Then may'ſt thou follow well thy guiding fate,
So live thou here with peace and quiet bleſt;
So let thy love afford thee eaſe and reſt;
So let thy ſweeteſt foe re-cure thy wounded breaſt.

XXIII.

But thou, proud Chame, which thus haſt wrought me ſpite,
Some greater river drown thy hated name!
Let never myrtle on thy banks delight;
But willows pale, the badge of ſpite and blame,
Crown thy ungrateful ſhores with ſcorn and ſhame!
Let dirt and mud thy lazy waters ſeize;
Thy weeds ſtill grow, thy waters ſtill decreaſe:
Nor let thy wretched love to Gripus ever ceaſe!

XXIV.

Farewell, ye ſtreams, which once I loved dear;
Farewell, ye boys, which on your Chame do float;
Muſes, farewell; if there be muſes here;
Farewell, my nets; farewell, my little boat:
Come, ſadder pipe; farewell, my merry note:
My Thomalin, with thee all ſweetneſs dwell;
Think of thy Thirſil, Thirſil loves thee well.
Thomalin, my deareſt dear, my Thomalin, farewell.

XXV.

Dorus.

Ah, hapleſs boy, the fiſher's joy and pride!
Ah, wo is us, we cannot help thy wo!
Our pity vain: ill may that ſwain betide
Whoſe undeſerved ſpite hath wrong'd thee ſo.
Thirſil, with thee our joy and wiſhes go.

XXVI.

Myrtilus.

Dorus, ſome greater power prevents thy curſe:
So vile, ſo baſely lives that hateful ſwain;
So baſe, ſo vile, that none can wiſh him worſe.
But Thirſil much a better ſtate doth gain;
For never will he find ſo thankleſs main.

ECLOGUE III.

MYRTILUS.

I.

A FISHER-LAD (no higher dares he look),
Myrtil ſat down by ſilver Medway's ſhore:
His dangling nets, hung on the trembling oar,
Had leave to play, ſo had his idle hook,
While madding winds the madder ocean ſhook.
Of Chamus had he learn'd to pipe and ſing,
And frame low ditties to his humble ſtring.

II.

There, as his boat late in the river ſtray'd,
A friendly fiſher brought the boy to view
Celia the fair, whoſe lovely beauties drew
His heart from him into that heav'nly maid:
There all his wand'ring thoughts, there now they ſtaid.
All other fair, all other love defies,
In Celia he lives, for Celia dies.

III.

Nor durſt the coward woo his high deſiring,
(For low he was, lower himſelf accounts;
And ſhe the higheſt height in worth ſurmounts;)
But ſits alone in hell, his heaven admiring;
And thinks with ſighs to fan, but blows his firing.
Nor does he ſtrive to cure his painful wound;
For till this ſickneſs never was he ſound.

IV.

His blubber'd face was temper'd to the day;
All ſad he look'd, that ſure all was not well;
Deep in his heart was hid an heavenly hell:
Thick clouds upon his wat'ry eye-brows lay,
Which melting ſhower, and ſhow'ring never ſtay:
So, ſitting down upon the ſandy plain,
Thus 'gan he vent his grief and hidden pain.

V.

"You ſea-born maids, that in the ocean reign,
(If in your courts is known love's matchleſs pow'r,
Kindling his fire in your cold wat'ry bow'r;)
Learn, by your own, to pity others pain.
Tryphon, thou know'ſt a thouſand herbs in vain,
But know'ſt not one to cure a love ſick heart;
See here a wound, that far outgoes thy art.

VI.

Your ſtately ſeas (perhaps with love's fire) glow,
And over-ſeeth their banks with ſpringing tide;
Muſt'ring their white-plum'd waves with lordly pride
They ſoon retire, and lay their curl'd heads low;
So ſinking in themſelves they backward go:
But in my breaſt full ſeas of grief remain,
Which ever flow, and never ebb again.

VII.

How well, fair Thetis, in thy glaſs I ſee,
As in a cryſtal, all my raging pains!
Late thy green fields ſlept in their even plains,
While ſmiling heav'ns ſpread round a canopy:
Now loſt with blaſts and civil enmity,
While whiſtling winds blow trumpets to their fight,
And roaring waves, as drums, whet on their ſpite.

VIII.

Such cruel ſtorms my reſtleſs heart command:
Late thouſand joys ſecurely lodged there,
Ne fear'd I then to care, ne car'd to fear:
But pull'd the priſon'd fiſhes to the land;
Or (ſpite of winds) pip'd on the golden ſand:
But ſince love ſway'd my breaſt, theſe ſeas alarms
Are but dead pictures of my raging harms.

IX.

Love ſtirs deſire; deſire, like ſtormy wind,
Blows up high-ſwelling waves of hope and fear:
Hope on his top my trembling heart doth bear
Up to my heaven, but ſtraight my lofty mind,
By fear ſunk in deſpair, deep drown'd I find.
But, ah! your tempeſts cannot laſt for ever;
But, ah! my ſtorms (I fear) will leave me never.

X.

Hapleſs and fond! too fond, more hapleſs ſwain,
Who loveſt where th' art ſcorn'd, ſcorn'ſt where th' art lov'd:
Or learn to hate where thou haſt hatred prov'd;
Or learn to love where thou art lov'd again:
Ah, ceaſe to love, or ceaſe to woo thy pain!
Thy love thus ſcorn'd is hell; do not ſo earn it;
At leaſt, learn by forgetting to unlearn it.

XI.

Ah, fond and hapleſs ſwain! but much more fond,
How canſt unlearn, by learning to forget it;
When thought of what thou ſhould'ſt unlearn does whet it;
And ſurer ties thy mind in captive bond?
Canſt thou unlearn a ditty thou haſt con'd?
Canſt thou forget a ſong by oft repeating?
Thus much more wilt thou learn by thy forgetting.

XII.

Hapleſs and fond! moſt fond, more hapleſs ſwain!
Seeing thy rooted love will leave thee never,
(She hates thy love), love thou her hate for ever:
In vain thou hop'ſt; hope yet, though ſtill in vain:
Joy in thy grief, and triumph in thy pain:
And though reward exceedeth thy aſpiring,
Live in her love, and die in her admiring.

XIII.

Fair, cruel maid! moſt cruel, fairer ever,
How hath foul rigour ſtoln into thy heart?
And, on a comic ſtage, hath learn'd thee art
To play a tyrant tragical deceiver?
To promiſe mercy, but perform it never?
To look more ſweet, maſk'd in thy looks diſguiſe,
Than Mercy's ſelf can look with Pity's eyes?

XIV.

Who taught thy honied tongue the cunning ſlight
To melt the raviſh'd ear with muſic's ſtrains?
And charm the ſenſe with thouſand pleaſing pains?
And yet, like thunder roll'd in flames and night,
To break the rived heart with fear and fright?
How rules therein thy breaſt ſo quiet ſtate,
Spite leagu'd with mercy, love with loveleſs hate?

XV.

Ah, no, fair Celia! in thy ſun-like eye
Heaven ſweetly ſmiles; thoſe ſtars, ſoft loving fire,
And living heat, not burning flames, inſpire:
Love's ſelf enthron'd in thy brow's ivory,
And every grace in heaven's livery.
My wants, not thine, me in deſpairing drown:
When hell preſumes, no mar'l if heavens frown.

XVI.

Thoſe graceful tunes, iſſuing from glorious ſpheres,
Raviſh the ear and ſoul with ſtrange delight,
And with ſweet nectar fill the thirſty ſprite;
Thy honied tongue, charming the melted ears,
Stills ſtormy hearts, and quiets frights and fears:
My daring heart provokes thee; and no wonder,
When earth ſo high aſpires, if heaven thunder.

XVII.

See, ſee, fair Celia, ſeas are calmly laid,
And end their boiſt'rous threats in quiet peace;
The waves their drums, the winds their trumpets ceaſe:
But my ſick love (ah love but ill appay'd),
Never can hope his ſtorms may be allay'd;
But giving to his rage no end or leiſure,
Still reſtleſs reſts: love knows no mean nor meaſure.

XVIII.

Fond boy, ſhe juſtly ſcorns thy proud deſire,
While thou with ſinging wouldſt forget thy pain:
Go ſtrive to empty the ſtill-flowing main:
Go fuel ſeek to quench thy growing fire:
Ah, fooliſh boy! ſcorn is thy muſic's hire.
Drown then theſe flames in ſeas: but ah! I fear
To fire the main, and to want water there.

XIX.

There firſt thy heaven I ſaw, there felt my hell;
The ſmooth calm ſeas rais'd ſtorms of fierce deſires;
There cooling waters kindled burning fires,
Nor can the ocean quench them; in thy cell,
Full ſtor'd of pleaſures, all my pleaſures fell.
Die then, fond lad: ah, well my death may pleaſe thee!
But love, thy love, not life, not death, muſt eaſe me."

XX.

So down he ſwooning ſinks, nor can remove,
Till fiſher-boys (fond fiſher-boys) revive him,
And back again his life and loving give him;
But he ſuch woful gift doth much reprove:
Hopeleſs his life; for hopeleſs is his love.
Go, then, moſt loving, but moſt doleful ſwain;
Well may I pity; ſhe muſt cure thy pain.

ECLOGUE IV.

CHROMIS.

THELGON. CHROMIS.

I.

Thelgon.

Chromis, my joy, why drop thy rainy eyes?
And ſullen clouds hang on thy heavy brow?
Seems that thy net is rent, and idle lies;
Thy merry pipe hangs broken on a bough:
But late thy time in hundred joys thou ſpent'ſt;
Now time ſpends thee, while thou in vain lament'ſt.

II.

Chromis.

Thelgon, my pipe is whole, and nets are new;
But nets and pipe contemn'd and idle lie:
My little reed, that late ſo merry blew,
Tunes ſad notes to his maſter's miſery.
Time is my foe, and hates my rugged rhymes,
And I as much hate both that hate and times.

III.

Thelgon.

What is it then that cauſeth thy unreſt?
Or wicked charms, or love's new-kindled fire?
Ah! much I fear, love eats thy tender breaſt;
Too well I know his never-quenched ire,
Since I Amyntas lov'd, who me diſdains;
And loves in me nought but my grief and pains.

IV.

Chromis.

No lack of love did ever breed my ſmart;
I only learn'd to pity others pain,
And ward my breaſt from his deceiving art:
But one I love, and he loves me again:
In love this only is my greateſt ſore,
He loves ſo much, and I can love no more.

V.

But when the fiſher's trade once highly priz'd,
And juſtly honour'd in thoſe better times,
By every lozel-groom I ſee deſpis'd;
No marvel if I hate my jocund rhymes,
And hang my pipe upon a willow bough:
Might I grieve ever, if I grieve not now?

VI.

Thelgon.

Ah, fooliſh boy! why ſhouldſt thou ſo lament
To be like him whom thou doſt like ſo well?
The prince of fiſhers thouſand tortures rent.
To heaven, lad, thou art bound; the way by hell.
Wouldſt thou ador'd, and great, and merry be,
When he was mock'd, debaſed, and dead for thee?

VII.

Men's ſcorns ſhould rather joy than ſorrow move!
For then thou higheſt art when thou art down.
Their ſtorms of hate ſhould more blow up my love;
Their laughters my applauſe, their mocks my crown.
Sorrow for him, and ſhame let me betide,
Who for me, wretch, in ſhame and ſorrow died.

VIII.

Chromis.

Thelgon, 'tis not myſelf for whom I plain;
My private loſs full eaſy could I bear,
If private loſs might help the public gain;
But who can blame my grief, or chide my fear,
Since now the fiſher's trade and honour'd name
Is made the common badge of ſcorn and ſhame?

IX.

Little know they the fiſher's toilſome pain,
Whoſe labour with his age, ſtill growing, ſpends not;
His care and watchings (oft miſpent in vain)
The early morn begins, dark evening ends not.
Too fooliſh men, that think all labour ſtands
In travel of the feet and tired hands!

X.

Ah, wretched fiſhers! born to hate and ſtrife;
To others good, but to your rape and ſpoil.
This is the briefeſt ſum of fiſher's life,
To ſweat, to freeze, to watch, to faſt, to toil;
Hated to love, to live deſpis'd, forlorn;
A ſorrow to himſelf, all others' ſcorn.

XI.

Thelgon.

Too well I know the fiſher's thankleſs pain;
Yet bear it cheerfully, nor dare repine:
To grudge at loſs is fond, (too fond and vain)
When higheſt cauſes juſtly it aſſign.
Who bites the ſtone, and yet the dog condemns,
Much worſe is than the beaſt he ſo contemns.

XII.

Chromis, how many fiſhers doſt thou know,
That rule their boats, and uſe their nets aright?
That neither wind, nor time, nor tide foreflow?
Such ſome have been; but, ah! by tempeſts' ſpite,
Their boats are loſt; while we may ſit and moan,
That few were ſuch, and now thoſe few are none.

XIII.

Chromis.

Ah, cruel ſpite, and ſpiteful cruelty,
That thus hath robb'd our joy and deſert ſhore)
No more our ſeas ſhall hear your melody;
Your ſongs and thrilling pipes ſhall ſound no more:
Silent our ſhores, our ſeas are vacant quite.
Ah, ſpiteful cruelty, and cruel ſpite!

XIV.

Thelgon.

Inſtead of theſe, a crew of idle grooms,
Idle and bold, that never ſaw the ſeas,
Fearleſs ſucceed, and fill their empty rooms:
Some lazy live, bathing in wealth and eaſe:
Their floating boats with waves have leave to play,
Their ruſty hooks all year keep holiday.

XV.

Here ſtray their ſkiffs, themſelves are never here;
Ne'er ſaw their boats: ill mought they fiſhers be:
Meantime ſome wanton boy the boat doth ſteer,
(Poor boat the while!) that cares as much as he:
Who in a brook a wherry cannot row,
Now backs the ſeas, before the ſeas he know.

XVI.

Chromis.

Ah, fooliſh lads! that think with waves to play,
And rule rough ſeas, which never knew command!
Firſt in ſome river thy new ſkill eſſay,
Till time and practice teach thy weakly hand:
A thin, thin plank keeps in thy vital breath:
Death ready waits. Fond boys, to play with death!

XVII.

Thelgon.

Some, ſtretching in their boats, ſupinely ſleep,
Seaſons in vain recall'd, and winds neglecting:
Others their hooks and baits in poiſon ſteep,
Neptune himſelf with deathful drugs infecting:
The fiſh their life and death together drink,
And dead pollute the ſeas with venom'd ſtink.

XVIII.

Some teach to work, but have no hands to row:
Some will be eyes, but have no light to ſee:
Some will be guides, but have no feet to go:
Some deaf, yet ears; ſome dumb, yet tongues will be:
Dumb, deaf, lame, blind and maim'd; yet fiſhers fall;
Fit for no uſe, but ſtore an hoſpital.

XIX.

Some greater, ſcorning now their narrow boat,
In mighty hulks and ſhips (like courts) do dwell;
Slaving the ſkiffs that in their ſeas do float;
Their ſilken ſails with winds do proudly ſwell:
Their narrow bottoms ſtretch they large and wide,
And make full room for luxury and pride.

XX.

'Self did I ſee a ſwain not long ago,
Whoſe lordly ſhip kept all the reſt in awe:
About him thouſand boats do waiting row;
His frowns are death, his word is firmeſt law;
While all the fiſher boys their bonnets veil,
And far adore their lord with ſtrucken ſail.

XXI.

His ear is ſhut to ſimple fiſher-ſwain;
For Gemma's ſelf (a ſea-nymph great and high)
Upon his boat attended long in vain:
What hope poor fiſher-boy may come him nigh?
His ſpeech to hear and preſence he denied.
Had Neptune come, Neptune he had defied.

XXII.

Where Tiber's ſwelling waves his banks o'erflow,
There princely fiſhers dwell in courtly halls:
The trade they ſcorn, their hands forget to row;
Their trade, to plot their riſing, others falls;
Into their ſeas to draw the leſſer brooks,
And fiſh for ſteeples high, with golden hooks.

XXIII.

Chromis.

Thelgon, how canſt thou well that fiſher blame,
Who in his art ſo highly doth excell,
That with himſelf can raiſe the fiſher's name?
Well may he thrive, that ſpends his art ſo well.
Ah, little needs their honour to depreſs:
Little it is; yet moſt would have it leſs.

XXIV.

Thelgon.

Alas, poor boy! thy ſhallow-ſwimming ſight
Can never dive into their deepeſt art,
Thoſe ſilken ſhews ſo dim thy dazzled ſight.
Couldſt thou unmaſk their pomp, unbreaſt their heart,
How would'ſt thou laugh at this rich beggary!
And learn to hate ſuch happy miſery!

XXV.

Panting ambition ſpurs their tired breaſt;
Hope chain'd to doubt, fear link'd to pride and threat,
(Too ill yok'd pairs) give them no time to reſt;
Tyrants to leſſer boats, ſlaves to the great.
That man I rather pity than adore,
Who, fear'd by others much, fears others more.

XXVI.

Moſt curſed town, where but one tyrant reigns!
(Though leſs his ſingle rage on many ſpent;)
But much more miſery that ſoul remains,
When many tyrants in one heart are pent:
When thus thou ſerv'ſt, the comfort thou canſt have
From greatneſs is, thou art a greater ſlave.

XXVII.

Chromis.

Ah, wretched ſwains, that live in fiſhers trade;
With inward griefs and outward wants diſtreſs'd;
While every day doth more your ſorrow lade;
By others ſcorn'd, and by yourſelves oppreſs'd!
The great the greater ſerve, the leſſer theſe:
And all their art is how to riſe and pleaſe.

XXVIII.

Thelgon.

Thoſe fiſher-ſwains, from whom our trade doth flow,
That by the King of Seas their ſkill were taught,
As they their boats on Jordan wave did row,
And, catching fiſh, were by a fiſher caught;

(Ah, bleſſed chance!) much better was the trade,
That being fiſhers, thus were fiſhes made.

XXIX.

Thoſe happy ſwains, in outward ſhew unbleſt,
Were ſcourg'd, were ſcorn'd; yet was this loſs their gain:
By land, by ſea, in life, in death diſtreſt;
But now with King of Seas ſecurely reign:
For that ſhort woe in this baſe earthly dwelling,
Enjoying joy all excellence excelling.

XXX.

Then do not thou, my boy, caſt down thy mind,
But ſeek to pleaſe, with all thy buſy care,
The King of Seas; ſo ſhalt thou ſurely find
Reſt, quiet, joy, in all this troublous fare.
Let not thy net, thy hook, thy ſinging ceaſe:
And pray theſe tempeſts may be turn'd to peace.

XXXI.

Oh, Prince of waters! Sovereign of ſeas!
Whom ſtorms and calms, whom winds and waves obey;
If ever that great fiſher did thee pleaſe,
Chide thou the winds, and furious waves allay;
So, on thy ſhores the fiſher boys ſhall ſing
Sweet ſongs of peace to our ſweet peace's King.

ECLOGUE V.

NICÆA.

DAMON, ALGON, NICÆA.

I.

The well-known fiſher-boy, that late his name,
And place, and (ah, for pity!) mirth had chang'd;
Which from the muſes' ſpring and churliſh Chame
Was fled, (his glory late, but now his ſhame;
For he with ſpite the gentle boy eſtrang'd:)
Now 'long the Trent with his new fellows rang'd:
There Damon (friendly Damon!) met the boy,
Where lordly Trent kiſſes the Darwin coy,
Bathing his liquid ſtreams in lovers' melting joy.

II.

Damon.

Algon, what luckleſs ſtar thy mirth hath blaſted?
My joy in thee, and thou in ſorrow drown'd.
The year, with winter ſtorms all rent and waſted,
Hath now freſh youth and gentler ſeaſons taſted:
The warmer ſun his bride hath newly gown'd,
With fiery arms clipping the wanton ground,
And 'gets an heaven on earth: that primroſe there,
Which 'mongſt thoſe vi'lets ſheds his golden hair,
Seems the ſun's little ſon, fix'd in his azure ſphere.

III.

Seeſt how the dancing lambs on flow'ry banks
Forget their food, to mind their ſweeter play?
Seeſt how they ſkip, and, in their wanton pranks,
Bound o'er the hillocks ſet in ſportful ranks?
They ſkip, they vault, full little caren they
To make their milky mothers bleating ſtay.
Seeſt how the ſalmons (water's colder nation)
Lately arriv'd from their ſea-navigation,
How joy leaps in their heart, ſhew by their leaping faſhion.

IV.

What witch enchants thy mind with ſudden madneſs [plaining.
When all things ſmile, thou only ſitt'ſt com-

Algon.

Damon, I, only I, have cauſe of ſadneſs:
The more my woe, to weep in common gladneſs:
When all eyes ſhine, mine only muſt be raining;
No winter now, but in my breaſt, remaining:
Yet feels this breaſt a ſummer's burning fever:
And yet (alas!) my winter thaweth never:
And yet (alas;) this fire eats and conſumes me ever.

V.

Damon.

Within our Darwin, in her rocky cell,
A nymph there lives, which thouſand boys hath harm'd;
All as ſhe gliding rides in boats of ſhell,
Darting her eyes, (where ſpite and beauty dwell:
Ay me, that ſpite with beauty ſhould be arm'd!)
Her witching eye the boy and boat hath charm'd.
No ſooner drinks he down that pois'nous eye,
But mourns and pines: (ah piteous cruelty!)
With her he longs to live; for her he longs to die.

VI.

Algon.

Damon, what Tryphon taught thine eye the art
By theſe few ſigns to ſearch ſo ſoon, ſo well,
A wound deep hid, deep in my feſter'd heart,
Pierc'd by her eye, Love's and Death's pleaſing dart?

Ah, ſhe it is, an earthly heav'n and hell,
Who thus hath charm'd my heart with ſug'rd ſpell. [eaſe
Eaſe thou my wound: but, ah! what hand can
Or give a med'cine that ſuch wound may pleaſe;
When ſhe, my ſole phyſician, is my ſoul's diſeaſe?

VII.

Damon.

Poor boy! the wounds which ſpite and love impart;
There is no ward to fence, no herb to eaſe.
Heaven's circling folds lie open to his dart:
Hell's Lethe's ſelf cools not his burning ſmart:
The fiſhes cold flame with this ſtrong diſeaſe,
And want their water in the midſt of ſeas:
All are his ſlaves, hell, earth, and heaven above.
Strive not i' th' net, in vain thy force to prove.
Give, woo, ſigh, weep, and pray: Love's only cur'd by love.

VIII.

Algon.

If for thy love no other cure there be,
Love, thou art cureleſs: gifts, pray'rs, vows, and art, [thee:
She ſcorns both you and me: nay, Love, even
Thou ſigh'ſt her priſoner, while ſhe laughs as free.
Whatever charms might move a gentle heart,
I oft have tried, and ſhew'd the earnful ſmart
Which eats my breaſt: ſhe laughs at all my pain:
Art, pray'rs, vows, gifts, love, grief, ſhe does diſdain:
Grief, love, gifts, vows, pray'rs, art, ye all are ſpent in vain.

IX.

Damon.

Algon, oft haſt thou fiſh'd, but ſped not ſtraight;
With hook and net thou beat'ſt the water round:
Oftimes the place thou changeſt, oft the bait;
And, catching nothing, ſtill and ſtill doſt wait:
Learn by thy trade to cure thee: time hath found
In deſp'rate cures a ſalve for ev'ry wound.
The fiſh, long playing with the baited hook,
At laſt is caught: thus many a nymph is took;
Mocking the ſtrokes of love, is with her ſtriking ſtrook.

X.

Algon.

The marble's ſelf is pierc'd with drops of rain:
Fires ſoften ſteel, and hardeſt metals try:
But ſhe more hard than both: ſuch her diſdain,
That ſeas of tears, Ætnas of love are vain.
In her ſtrange heart (weep I, burn, pine, or die;)
Still reigns a cold, coy, careleſs apathy.
The rock that bears her name, breeds that hard ſtone
With goats blood only ſoft'ned; ſhe with none:
More precious ſhe, and, ah! more hard than diamond.

XI.

That rock I think her mother: thence ſhe took
Her name and nature. Damon, Damon, ſee!
See where ſhe comes, arm'd with a line and hook:
Tell me, perhaps thou think'ſt in that ſweet look
The white is beauty's native tapeſtry?
'Tis cryſtal, friend, yc'd in the frozen ſea?
The red is rubies; theſe two, join'd in one,
Make up that beauteous frame; the difference none
But this, ſhe is a precious, living, ſpeaking ſtone.

XII.

Damon.

No gem ſo coſtly but with coſt is bought:
The hardeſt ſtone is cut and fram'd by art:
A diamond hid in rocks is found, if ſought:
Be ſhe a diamond, a diamond's wrought.
Thy fear congeals, thy fainting ſteels her heart.
I'll be thy captain, boy, and take thy part:
Alcides' ſelf would never combat two.
Take courage, Algon; I will teach thee woo.
Cold beggars freeze our gifts: thy faint ſuit breeds her no.

XIII.

Speak to her boy.

Algon.

Love is more deaf than blind.

Damon.

She muſt be woo'd.

Algon.

Love's tongue is in the eyes.

Damon.

Speech is love's dart.

Algon.

Silence beſt ſpeaks the mind.

Damon.

Her eye invites.

Algon.

Thence love and death I find.

Damon.

Her ſmiles ſpeak peace.

Algon.

Storms breed in ſmiling ſkies.

Damon.

Who ſilent loves?

Algon.

Whom ſpeeth all hope denies.

Damon.

Why ſhould'ſt thou fear?

Algon.

To Love, Fear's near a-kin.

Damon.

Well, if my cunning fail not, by a gin,
Spite of her ſcorn, thy fear, I'll make thee woo and win.

XIV.

What, ho! thou faireſt maid, turn back thine oar,
And gently deign to help a fiſher's ſmart.

Nicæa.

Are thy lines broke? or are thy trammels tore?
If thou deſir'ſt my help, unhide the ſore.

Damon.

Ah, gentleſt nymph! oft have I heard, thy art
Can ſov'reign herbs to ev'ry grief impart:
So may'ſt thou live the fiſher's ſong and joy,
As thou wilt deign to cure this ſickly boy.
Unworthy they of art, who of their art are coy!

XV.

His inward grief in outward change appears;
His cheeks with ſudden fires bright-flaming glow;

Which, quench'd, end all in aſhes: Storms of tears [clears;
Becloud his eyes, which ſoon forc'd ſmiling
Thick tides of paſſions ever ebb and flow;
And as his fleſh ſtill waſtes, his griefs ſtill grow.

Nicæa

Damon, the wounds deep-rankling in the mind
What herbs could ever cure? what art could find?
Blind are mine eyes to ſee wounds in the ſoul moſt blind.

XVI.

Algon.

Hard maid! 'tis worſe to mock than make a wound: [ſee
Why ſhould'ſt thou then (fair-cruel!) ſcorn to
What thou by ſeeing mad'ſt? my ſorrow's ground
Was in thy eye, may by thine eye be found:
How can thine eye moſt ſharp in wounding be,
In ſeeing dull? theſe two are one in thee,
To ſee and wound by ſight: thine eye the dart.
Fair-cruel maid, thou well haſt learnt the art,
With the ſame eye to ſee, to wound, to cure my heart.

XVII.

Nicæa.

What cures thy wounded heart?

Algon.

Thy heart ſo wounded.

Nicæa.

Is't love to wound thy love?

Algon.

Love's wounds are pleaſing.

Nicæa.

Why plain'ſt thou then?

Algon.

Becauſe thou art unwounded.
Thy wound my cure: on this my plaint is grounded.

Nicæa.

Cures are diſeaſes, when the wounds are eaſing:
Why would'ſt thou have me pleaſe thee by diſpleaſing?

Algon.

Scorn'd love is death; love's mutual wounds delighting:
Happy thy love, my love to thine uniting.
Love paying debts grows rich; requited in requiting.

XVIII.

Damon.

What lives alone Nicea? ſtars moſt chaſte
Have their conjunctions, ſpheres their mix'd embraces,
And mutual folds. Nothing can ſingle laſt:
But die in living, in increaſing waſte.

Nicæa.

Their joining perfects them, but us defaces.

Algon.

That's perfect which obtains his end: your graces
Receive their end in love. She that's alone
Dies as ſhe lives; no number is in one:
Thus while ſhe's but herſelf, ſhe's not herſelf, ſhe's none.

XIX.

Nicæa.

Why blam'ſt thou then, my ſtony hard confection,
Which nothing loves? thou ſingle nothing art.

Algon.

Love perfects what it loves; thus thy affection,
Married to mine, makes mine and thy perfection.

Nicæa

Well, then, to paſs our Tryphon in his art,
And in a moment cure a wounded heart;
If faireſt Darwin, whom I ſerve, approve
Thy ſuit, and thou wilt not thy heart remove,
I'll join my heart to thine, and anſwer thee in love.

XX.

The ſun is ſet; adieu.

Algon.

'Tis ſet to me;
Thy parting is my ev'n thy preſence light.

Nicæa.

Farewell.

Algon.

Thou giv'ſt thy wiſh; it is in thee;
Unleſs thou wilt, hapleſs I cannot be.

Damon.

Come, Algon, cheerly home; the thieviſh night
Steals on the world, and robs our eyes of ſight.
The ſilver ſtreams grow black: home let us coaſt:
There of love's conqueſt may we ſafely boaſt:
Sooneſt in love he wins, that oft in love hath loſt.

ECLOGUE VI.

THOMALIN.

THIRSIL. THOMALIN.

I.

A FISHER BOY, that never knew his peer
In dainty ſongs, the gentle Thomalin,
With folded arms, deep ſighs, and heavy cheer,
Where hundred nymphs, and hundred muſes in,
Sunk down by Chamus' brinks; with him his dear
Dear Thirſil lay; oft-times would he begin
To cure his grief, and better way adviſe;
But ſtill his words, when his ſad friend he ſpies,
Forſook his ſilent tongue, to ſpeak in watry eyes.

II.

Under a ſprouting vine they careleſs lie,
Whoſe tender leaves bit with the eaſtern blaſt,
But now were born, and now began to die;
The latter, warned by the former's haſte,
Thinly for fear ſalute the envious ſky:
Thus as they ſat, Thirſil, embracing faſt
His loved friend, feeling his panting heart
To give no reſt to his increaſing ſmart, [impart.
At length thus ſpake, while ſighs words to his griefs

III.

Thirſil.

Thomalin, I ſee thy Thirſil thou neglecteſt,
Some greater love holds down thy heart in fear
Thy Thirſil's love and counſel thou rejecteſt;
Thy ſoul was wont to lodge within my ear:
But now that port no longer thou reſpecteſt;
Yet hath it ſtill been ſafely harbour'd there,
My ear is not acquainted with my tongue,
That either tongue or ear ſhould do thee wrong:
Why then ſhould'ſt thou conceal thy hidden grief
ſo long?

IV.

Thomalin.

Thirſil, it is thy love that makes me hide [ear:
My ſmother'd grief from thy known faithful
May ſtill my Thirſil ſafe and merry bide;
Enough is me my hidden grief to bear:
For while thy breaſt in hav'n doth ſafely ride,
My greater half with thee rides ſafely there.

Thirſil.

So thou art well; but ſtill my better part,
MyThomalin, ſinks laden with his ſmart: [heart.
Thusthou myfinger cur'ſt, andwound'ſtmybleeding

V.

How oft hath Thomalin to Thirſil vow'd,
That as his heart ſo he his love eſteemed?
Where are thoſe oaths? where is that heart be-
ſtow'd [deem'd,
Which hides it from that breaſt which dear it
And to that heart room in his heart allow'd?
That love was never love, but only ſeem'd.
Tell me, my Thomalin, what envious thief
Thus robs thy joy; tell me, my lieſeſt lief:
Thou little lov'ſt me, friend, if more thou lov'ſt
thy grief.

VI.

Thomalin.

Thirſil, my joyous ſpring is blaſted quite,
And winter ſtorms prevent the ſummer's ray;
All as this vine, whoſe green the eaſtern ſpite
Hath dy'd to black, his catching arms decay,
And letting go their hold for want of might,
Mar'l winter comes ſo ſoon, in firſt of May.

Thirſil.

Yet ſee, the leaves do freſhly bud again;
Thou drooping ſtill dy'ſt in this heavy ſtrain;
Nor can I ſee or end or cauſe of all thy pain.

VII.

Thomalin.

No marvel, Thirſil, if thou doſt not know
This grief which in my heart lies deeply drown'd:
My heart itſelf, though well it feels this wo,
Knows not the wo it feels: the worſe my wound,
Which, though I rankling find, I cannot ſhew.
Thouſand fond paſſions in my breaſt abound;
Fear leagu'd to joy, hope, and deſpair, together,
Sighs bound to ſmiles, my heart, though prone to
either, [neither.
While both it would obey, 'twixt both, obeyeth

VIII.

Oft bluſhing flames leap up into my face,
My guiltleſs cheek ſuch purple flaſh admires:
Oft ſtealing tears ſlip from mine eyes apace,
As if they meant to quench thoſe cauſeleſs fires.
My good I hate, my hurt I glad embrace:
My heart though griev'd, his grief as joy de-
ſires:

I burn, yet know no fuel to my firing;
My wishes know no want, yet still desiring:
Hope knows not what to hope, yet still in hope aspiring.

IX.

Thirsil.

Too true my fears: alas no wicked sprite,
No writhel'd witch, with spells of pow'rful charms,
Or hellish herbs digg'd in as hellish night,
Gives to thy heart these oft and fierce alarms:
But love, too hateful love, with pleasing spite,
And spiteful pleasure, thus hath bred thy harms;
And seeks thy mirth with pleasance to destroy.
'Tis love, my Thomalin, my liefest boy;
'Tis love robs me of thee, and thee of all thy joy.

X.

Thomalin.

Thirsil, I ken not what is hate or love,
Thee well I love, and thou lov'st me as well;
Yet joy, no torment, in this passion prove;
But often have I heard the fishers tell,
He's not inferior to the mighty Jove; [hell;
Jove heav'n rules, love, Jove, heav'n, earth, and
Tell me, my friend, if thou dost better know;
Men say, he goes arm'd with his shafts and bow:
Two darts, one swift as fire, as lead the other flow.

XI.

Thirsil.

Ah, heedless boy! Love is not such a lad
As he is fancied by the idle swain;
With bow and shafts and purple feathers clad;
Such as Diana (with her buskin'd train
Of armed nymphs, along the forests glade
With golden quivers,) in Thessalian plain,
In level race outstrips the jumping deer,
With nimble feet; or with a mighty spear
Flings down a bristled boar, or else a squalid bear.

XII.

Love's sooner felt than seen: his substance thin
Betwixt those snowy mounts in ambush lies:
Oft in the eyes he spreads his subtle gin;
He therefore sooneст wins that fastest flies.
Fly thence, my dear, fly fast, my Thomalin:
Who him encounters once, for ever dies:
But if he lurk between the ruddy lips,
Unhappy soul that thence his nectar sips,
While down into his heart the sugar'd poison slips!

XIII.

Oft in a voice he creeps down through the ear;
Oft from a blushing cheek he lights his fire:
Oft shrouds his golden flame in likest hair:
Oft in a soft smooth skin doth close retire:
Oft in a smile, oft in a silent tear:
And if all fail, yet virtue's self he'll hire:
Himself's a dart, when nothing else can move.
Who then the captive soul can well reprove,
When love and virtue's self become the darts of love.

XIV.

Thomalin.

Sure love it is which breeds this burning fever:
For late (yet all too soon), on Venus' day,
I chanc'd, (oh cursed chance; yet blessed ever!)
As careless on the silent shores I stray,
Five nymphs to see, five fairer saw I never,
Upon the golden sand to dance and play:
The rest among, yet far above the rest,
Sweet Melite, by whom my wounded breast,
Though rankling still in grief, yet joys in his unrest.

XV.

There, to their sportings while I pipe and sing,
Out from her eyes I felt a fiery beam,
And pleasing heat (such as in first of spring
From Sol, inn'd in the Bull, do kindly stream),
To warm my heart, and with a gentle sting
Blow up desire; yet little did I dream
Such bitter fruits from such sweet roots could grow,
Or from so gentle eye such spite could flow;
For who could fire expect hid in an hill of snow?

XVI.

But when those lips (those melting lips) I prest,
I lost my heart, which sure she stole away;
For with a blush she soon her guilt confest,
And sighs, which sweetest breath did soft convey,
Betray'd her theft: from thence my flaming breast,
Like thund'ring Ætna burns both night and day:
All day she present is, and, in the night,
My wakeful fancy paints her full to sight:
Absence her presence makes, darkness presents her light.

XVII.

Thirsil.

Thomalin, too well those bitter sweets I know,
Since fair Nicæa bred my pleasing smart:
But better times did better reason shew, [art
And cur'd those burning wounds with heav'nly
Those storms of looser fire are laid full low;
And higher love safe anchors in my heart:
So now a quiet calm does safely reign.
And if my friend think not my counsel vain,
Perhaps my art may cure, or much assuage thy pain.

XVIII.

Thomalin.

Thirsil, although this witching grief doth please
My captive heart, and love doth more detest
The cure and curer than the sweet disease;
Yet if my Thirsil doth the cure request, [ease,
This storm, which rocks my heart in slumb'ring
Spite of itself shall yield to thy behest.

Thirsil. [ing

Then hark how Tryphen's self did salve my pain-
While in a rock I sat, of love complaining;
My wounds with herbs, my grief with counsel sage restraining.

XIX.

But tell me first, why should thy partial mind
More Melite than all the rest approve?

Thomalin.

Thirsil, her beauty all the rest did blind,
That she alone seem'd worthy of my love.
Delight upon her face, and sweetness shin'd:
Her eyes do spark as stars, as stars do move:
Like those twin fires which on our masts appear;
And promise calms. Ah! that those flames so clear, [fear,
To me alone should raise such storms of hope and

XX.

Thirsil.

If that which to thy mind doth worthiest seem,
By thy well-temper'd soul is most affected;
Can'st thou a face worthy thy love esteem?
What in thy soul than love is more respected?
Those eyes which in their sphere thou, fond, dost deem.
Like living stars, with some disease infected,
Are dull as leaden dross: those beauteous rays,
So like a rose when she her breast displays,
Are like a rose indeed; as sweet, as soon decays.

XXI.

Art thou in love with words? her words are wind,
As fleet as is their matter, fleetest air.
Her beauty moves; can colours move thy mind?
Colours in scorned weeds more sweet and fair.
Some pleasing quality thy thoughts doth bind?
Love then thyself. Perhaps her golden hair?
False metal, which to silver soon descends!
Is't pleasure then which so thy fancy bends?
Poor pleasure, that in pain begins, in sorrow ends!

XXII.

What! is't her company so much contents thee?
How would she present stir up stormy weather,
When thus in absence present she torments thee?
Lov'st thou not one, but all these join'd together?
All's but a woman. Is't her love that rents thee?
Light winds, light air; her love more light than either.
If then due worth thy true affection moves,
Here is no worth. Who some old hag approves,
And scorns a beauteous spouse, he rather doats than loves.

XXIII.

Then let thy love mount from these baser things,
And to the highest love and worth aspire:
Love's born of fire, fitted with mounting wings,
That, at his highest, he might wind him higher;
Base love, that to base earth so basely clings!
Look, as the beams of that celestial fire
Put out these earthly flames with purer ray;
So shall that love this baser heat allay,
And quench these coals of earth with his more heavenly day.

XXIV.

Raise then thy prostrate love with tow'ring thought;
And clog it not in chains, and prison here:
The god of fishers dear thy love hath bought;
Most dear he loves: for shame, love thou as dear.
Next, love thou there, where best thy love is sought;
Myself, or else some other fitting peer.
Ah, might thy love with me for ever dwell!
Why should'st thou hate thy heaven and love thy hell?
She shall not more deserve, nor cannot love so well.

XXV.

Thus Tryphon once did wean my fond affection;
Then fits a salve unto th' infected place,
(A salve of sovereign and strange confection),
Nepenthe, mix'd with rue and herb-de-grace;
So did he quickly heal this strong infection,
And to myself restor'd myself apace.
Yet did he not my love extinguish quite:
I love with sweeter love, and more delight:
But most I love that love, which to my love has right.

XXVI.

Thomalin.

Thrice happy thou that could'st! my weaker mind
Can never learn to climb so lofty flight.

Thirsil.

If from this love thy will thou canst unbind,
To will is here to can: will gives thee might:
'Tis done if once thou wilt; 'tis done, I find.
Now let us home: for see, the creeping night
Steals from those further waves upon the land.
To morrow shall we feast; then hand in hand,
Free will we sing, and dance along the golden sand.

ECLOGUE VII.

THE PRIZE.

THIRSIL. DAPHNIS. THOMALIN.

I.

Aurora from old Tithon's frosty bed
(Cold, wintry, wither'd Tithon) early creeps,
Her cheek with grief was pale, with anger red,
Out of her window close she blushing peeps;
Her weeping eyes in pearled dew she steeps;
Casting what sportless nights she ever led;
She dying lives, to think he's living dead.
Curst be, and cursed is, that wretched fire [fire,
That yokes green youth with age, want with de-
Who ties the sun to snow, or marries frost to fire.

II.

The morn saluting, up I quickly rise,
And to the green I post; for, on this day,
Shepherd and fisher-boys had set a prize,
Upon the shore to meet in gentle fray,
Which of the two should sing the choicest lay.
Daphnis, the shepherd-lad, whom Mira's eyes
Had kill'd; yet with such wound he gladly dies:
Thomalin, the fisher, in whose heart did reign
Stella, whose love his life, and whose disdain
Seems worse than angry skies, or never-quiet main.

III.

There soon I view the merry shepherd-swains
March three by-three, clad all in youthful green;
And, while the sad recorder sweetly plains,
Three lovely nymphs (each several row between,
More lovely nymphs could no where else be seen,
Whose face's snow their snowy garments stains)
With sweeter voices sit their pleasing strains.
Their flocks flock round about; the horned rams
And ewes go silent by, while wanton lambs,
Dancing along the plains, forget their milky dams.

IV.

Scarce were the shepherds set, but straight in fight
The fisher-boys came driving up the stream;
Themselves in blue; and twenty sea-nymphs bright,
In curious robes, that well the waves might seem;
All dark below, the top like frothy cream:
Their boats and masts with flow'rs and garlands dight; [white:
And round the swans guard them, with armies
Their skiffs by couples dance to sweetest sounds,
Which running cornets breathe to full plain grounds,
That strikes the river's face, and thence more sweet rebounds.

V.

And now the nymphs and swains had took their place;
First, those two boys; Thomalin the fisher's pride;
Daphnis the shepherds: Nymphs their right hand grace;
And choicest swains shut up the other side:
So sit they down, in order sit apply'd:
Thirsil betwixt them both, in middle space;
Thirsil their judge, who now's a shepherd base,
But late a fisher-swain; till envious Chame
Had rent his nets, and sunk his boat with shame;
So robb'd the boys of him, and him of all his game.

VI.

So, as they sit, thus Thirsil 'gins the lay;

Thirsil.

You lovely boys, the woods' and ocean's pride,
Since I am judge of this sweet peaceful fray,
First tell us, where and when your loves you spy'd:
And when in long discourse you well are try'd,
Then in short verse, by turns, we'll gently play:
In love begin, in love we'll end the day.
Daphnis, thou first; to me you both are dear:
Ah! if I might, I would not judge, but hear:
Nought have I of a judge but an impartial ear.

VII.

Daphnis.

Phœbus, if, as thy words, thy oaths are true,
Give me that verse which to the honour'd bay
(That verse which by thy promise now is due),
To honour'd Daphne, in a sweet tun'd lay,
(Daphne thy chang'd, thy love unchanged aye;)
Thou sangest late, when she, now better staid,
More humane when a tree than when a maid,
Bending her head, thy love with gentle sign repaid.

VIII.

What tongue, what thought, can paint my love's perfection?
So sweet hath nature pourtray'd ev'ry part,
That art will prove that artist's imperfection,
Who, when no eye dare view, dares limn her face:
Phœbus, in vain I call thy help to blaze
More light than thine; a light that never fell:
Thou tell'st what's done in heaven, in earth, and hell:
Her worth thou may'st admire; there are no words to tell.

IX.

She is like thee, or thou art like her rather:
Such as her hair, thy beams; thy single light,
As her twin-suns: that creature then, I gather,
Twice heavenly is, where two suns shine so bright:
So thou, as she, confound'st the gazing sight:
Thy absence is my night: her absence, hell.
Since then, in all, thyself she doth excel, [tell?
What is beyond thyself, how can'st thou hope to

X.

First her I saw, when tir'd with hunting toil,
In shady grove, spent with the weary chace;
Her naked breast lay open to the spoil;
The crystal humour trickling down apace,
Like ropes of pearl, her neck and breast inlace;
The air (my rival air) did cooly glide
Through ev'ry part; such when my love I spy'd.
So soon I saw my love, so soon I lov'd and dy'd.

XI.

Her face two colours paint: the first a flame;
(Yet she all cold); a flame in rosy dye,
Which sweetly blushes like the morning's shame:
The second snow; such as on Alps doth lie;
And safely there the sun doth bold defy.
Yet this cold snow can kindle hot desire.
Thou miracle, mar'l not if I admire
How flame should coldly freeze, and snow should burn as fire.

XII.

Her slender waste, her hand, that dainty breast,
Her cheek, her forehead, eye, and flaming hair;
And those hid beauties, which must sure be best,
In vain to speak, when words will more impair:
Of all the fairs, she is the fairest fair.
Cease then, vain words; well may you show affection,
But not her worth: the mind her sweet perfection
Admires; how should it then give the lame tongue direction?

XIII.

Thomalin.

Unless thy words be fleeting as thy wave,
Proteus, that song into my breast inspire
With which the seas, when loud they roar and rave,
Thou softly charm'st; and winds intestine ire,
When 'gainst heav'n, earth, and seas, they did conspire,
Thou quiet laid'st: Proteus, thy song to hear,
Seas list'ning stand, and winds to whistle fear;
The lively dolphins dance, and briskly seals give ear.

XIV.

Stella, my starlike love, my lovely star:
Her hair a lovely brown, her forehead high,
And lovely fair; such her cheeks roses are:
Lovely her lip, most lovely is her eye:
And as in each of these all love doth lie,
So thousand loves within her mind retiring,
Kindle ten thousand loves with gentle firing. [ing.
Ah, let me love my love, not live in love's admir-

XV.

At Proteus' feast, where many a goodly boy,
And many a lovely lass, did lately meet;
There first I found, there first I lost my joy:
Her face mine eye, her voice mine ear did greet;
While ear and eye strove which should be most sweet,
That face, or voice: but when my lips at last
Saluted hers, those senses strove as fast,
Which most those lips did please; the eye, ear, touch, or taste.

XVI.

The eye swears, never fairer lip was eyed;
The ear, with those sweet relishes delighted,
Thinks them the spheres; the taste, that nearer try'd
Their relish sweet, the soul to feast invited;
The touch, with pressure soft more close united,
Wish'd ever there to dwell; and never cloyed,
While thus their joy too greedy they enjoyed,
Enjoy'd not half their joy, by being overjoyed.

XVII.

Her hair all dark, more clear the white doth show,
And, with its night, her face's morn commends:
Her eye-brow black, like to an ebon bow,
Which sporting love upon her forehead bends,
And thence his never-missing arrow sends.
But most I wonder how that jetty ray,
Which those two blackest suns do fair display,
Should shine so bright, and night should make so sweet a day.

XVIII.

So is my love an heav'n; her hair a night;
Her shining forehead Dian's silver light;
Her eyes the stars, their influence delight;
Her voice the spheres; her cheek Aurora bright;
Her breast the globes, where heaven's paths milky-white
Runs 'twixt those hills; her hand, Arion's touch,
As much delights the eye, the ear as much.
Such is my love; that but my love was never such.

XIX.

Thirsil.

The earth her robe, the sea her swelling tide,
The trees their leaves, the moon her divers face; [pride,
The stars their courses, flow'rs their springing
Days change their length, the sun his daily race.
Be constant when you love; love loves not ranging:
Change when you sing; muses delight in changing.

XX.

Daphnis.

Pan loves the pine-tree, Jove the oak approves,
High poplars Alcides' temples crown;
Phœbus, though in a tree, still Daphne loves,
And hyacinths, though living now in ground:

Shepherds, if you yourselves would victors see,
Gird then this head with Phœbus' flow'r and tree.

XXI

Thomalin.

Alcinous pears, Pomona apples bore;
Bacchus the vine, the olive Pallas chose;
Venus loves myrtles, myrtles love the shore;
Venus Adonis loves, who freshly blows,
Yet breathes no more; weave, lads, with myrtles roses,
And bay and hyacinth the garland loses.

XXII

Daphnis.

Mira, thine eyes are those twin heavenly powers
Which to the widow'd earth new offspring bring;
No marvel, then, if still thy face so flowers,
And cheeks with beauteous blossoms freshly springs
So is thy face a never-fading May;
So is thine eye a never-falling day.

XXIII.

Thomalin.

Stella, thine eyes are those twin-brothers fair,
Which tempests slake and promise quiet seas;
No marvel, then, if thy brown shady hair,
Like night, portend sweet rust and gentle ease:
Thus is thine eye an ever-calming light;
Thus is thy hair a lover's ne'er-spent night.

XXIV.

Daphnis

If sleepy poppies yield to lilies white;
If black to snowy lambs; if night to day;
If western shade to fair Aurora's light;
Stella must yield to Mira's shining ray.
In day we sport, in day we shepherds toy;
The night for wolves; the light the shepherd's joy.

XXV.

Thomalin.

Who white-thorn equals with the violet?
What workman rest compares with painful light?
Who wears the glaring glass, and scorns the jet?
Day yield to her that is both day and night.
In night the fishers thrive, the workmen play;
Love loves the night; night's lovers holiday.

XXVI.

Daphnis

Fly thou the seas, fly far the dang'rous shore:
Mira, if thee the king of seas should spy,
He'll think Medusa sweeter than before,
With fairer hair, and doubly fairer eye,
Is chang'd again; and with thee ebbing low,
In his deep courts again will never flow.

XXVII.

Thomalin.

Stella, avoid both Phœbus' ear and eye:
His music he will scorn, if thee he hear:
Thee, Daphne, if thy face by chance he spy,
Daphne, now fairer chang'd, he'll rashly swear;
And, viewing thee, will later rise and fall;
Or, viewing thee, will never rise at all.

XXVIII.

Daphnis.

Phœbus and Pan both strive my love to gain,
And seek by gifts to win my careless heart;
Pan vows with lambs to fill the fruitful plain;
Apollo offers skill and pleasing art:
But, Stella, if thou grant my suit, a kiss;
Phœbus and Pan their suit, my love, shall miss.

XXIX.

Thomalin.

Proteus himself, and Glaucus, seek unto me,
And twenty gifts to please my mind devise:
Proteus with songs, Glaucus with fish doth woo me;
Both strive to win me, but I them both despise:
For if my love my love will entertain,
Proteus himself, and Glaucus, seek in vain.

XXX.

Daphnis.

Two twin, two spotted lambs (my song's reward),
With them a cup I got, where Jove assum'd
New shapes, to mock his wife's too jealous guard;
Full of Jove's fires it burns still unconsum'd:
But, Mira, if thou gently deign to shine,
Thine be the cup, the spotted lambs be thine.

XXXI.

Thomalin.

A pair of swans are mine, and all their train;
With them a cup, which Thetis' self bestow'd,
As she of love did hear me sadly plain;
A pearled cup, where nectar oft hath flow'd:
But if my love will love the gift and giver,
Thine be the cup, thine be the swans for ever.

XXXII.

Daphnis.

Thrice happy swains! thrice happy shepherd's fate!

Thomalin.

Ah, blessed life! ah blessed fisher's state! [you.
Your pipes assuage your love, your nets maintain

Daphnis.

Your lambkins clothe you warm; your flocks sustain you.
You fear no stormy seas, nor tempests roaring.

Thomalin.

You sit not, rots or burning stars deploring:
In calms, you fish; in roughs, use songs and dances.

Daphnis.

More do you fear your love's sweet-bitter glances,
Than certain fate, or fortune ever changing.

Thomalin.

Ah! that the life in seas so safely ranging,
Should with love's weeping eye be sunk and drown'd!

Daphnis.

The shepherd's life Phœbus, a shepherd, crown'd;
His snowy flocks by stately Peneus leading.

Thomalin.

What herb was that, on which old Glaucus feeding
Grows never old, but now the gods augmenteth?

Daphnis.

Delia herself her rigour hard relenteth:
To play with shepherd's boy she's not ashamed.

Thomalin.

Venus, of frothy seas thou first was framed; [ed.
The waves thy cradle: now Love's Queen art nam-

XXXIII.

Daphnis. [thee?

Thou gentle boy, what prize may well reward
So slender gift as this not half requites thee.

May prosp'rous stars, and quiet seas regard thee;
But most that pleasing star that most delights thee:
May Proteus still, and Glaucus, dearest hold thee;
But most her influence, all safe enfold thee:
May she with gentle beams from her fair sphere behold thee.

XXXIV.

Thomalin.

As whistling winds 'gainst rocks their voices tear-ing;
As rivers through the vallies softly gliding;
As haven after cruel tempests fearing;
Such, fairest boy, such is thy verses sliding:
Thine be the prize: may Pan and Phœbus grace thee;
Most, when thou most admir'st, may she embrace thee;
And flaming in thy love, with snowy arms enlace thee.

XXXV.

Thirsil.

You lovely boys, full well your art you guided;
That with your striving songs your strife is ended:
So you yourselves the cause have well decided;
And by no judge can your award be mended.
Then since the prize, for only one intended,
You both refuse, we justly may reserve it,
And as your offering in love's temple serve it;
Since none of both deserve, when both so well deserve it.

XXXVI.

Yet, for such songs should ever be rewarded;
Daphnis, take thou this hook of ivory clearest,
Given me by Pan, when Pan my verse regarded;
This fears the wolf, when most the wolf thou fearest.
But thou, my Thomalin, my love, my dearest,
Take thou this pipe, which oft proud storms restrained:
Which, spite of Chamus' spite, I still retained:
Was never little pipe more soft, more sweetly plained.

XXXVII.

And you, fair troop, if Thirsil you disdain not,
Vouchsafe with me to take some short refection;
Excess, or daints, my lowly roof maintain not;
Pears, apples, plums; no sugared made confection.
So up they rose, and by love's sweet direction,
Sea-nymphs with shepherd's sort: sea-boys complain not,
That wood-nymphs with like love them entertain not.
And all the day to songs and dances lending,
Too swift it runs, and spends too fast in spending.
With day their sports began, with day they take their ending.

POETICAL MISCELLANIES.

An Hymn at the Marriage of my moſt dear Couſins, Mr. W and M. R.

Chamus, that with thy yellow-ſanded ſtream
Slid'ſt ſoftly down where thouſand muſes dwell,
Gracing their bow'rs, but thou more grac'd by them;
Hark Chamus, from thy low built greeny cell;
Hark, how our Kentiſh woods with Hymen ring, [ſing,
While all the nymphs; and all the ſhepherds
Hymen, oh Hymen, here thy ſaffron garment bring.

With him a ſhoal of goodly ſhepherd ſwains;
Yet he more goodly then the goodlieſt ſwain:
With her a troop of faireſt wood-nymphs trains;
Yet ſhe more fair than faireſt of the train:
And all in courſe their voice attempering,
While the woods back their bounding echo fling,
Hymen, come holy Hymen; Hymen loud they ſing.

His high built forehead almoſt maiden fair,
Hath made an hundred nymphs her chance envying:
Her more then ſilver ſkin, and golden hair,
Cauſe of a thouſand ſhepherds forced dying.
Where better could her love then here have neſted:
Or he his thoughts more daintily have feaſted.
Hymen, come Hymen; here thy ſaffron coat is reſted.

His looks reſembling humble majeſty,
Rightly his faireſt mothers grace beſitteth:
In her face bluſhing, fearful modeſty,
The queens of chaſtity and beauty, fitteth:
There cheerfulneſs all ſadneſs far exileth:
Here love with bow unbent all gently ſmileth.
Hymen come, Hymen come; no ſpot thy garment 'fileth.

Love's bow in his bent eye-brows bended lies,
And in his eyes a thouſand darts of loving:
Her ſhining ſtars, which (fools) we oft call eyes,
As quick as heav'n itſelf in ſpeedy moving;
And this in both the only difference being,
Other ſtars blind, theſe ſtars endued with ſeeing.
Hymen, come Hymen; all is for thy rites agreeing.

His breaſt a ſhelf of pureſt alabaſter,
Where Love's ſelf ſailing often ſhipwreckt ſitteth:
Hers a twin rock, unknown but to th' ſhipmaſter;
Which though him ſafe receives, all other ſplitteth: [beaten,
Both Love's high-way, yet by Love's ſelf unMoſt like the milky path which croſſes heaven.
Hymen, come Hymen; all their marriage joys are even.

And yet all theſe but as gilt covers be;
Within, a book more fair we written find:
For nature, framing th' Alls epitome,
Set in the face the index of the mind.
Their bodies are but temples, built for ſtate,
To ſhrine the graces in their ſilver plate:
Come Hymen, Hymen come, theſe temples conſecrate.

Hymen, the tier of hearts already tied;
Hymen, the end of lovers never ending;
Hymen, the cauſe of joys, joys never tried;
Joys never to be ſpent, yet ever ſpending:
Hymen, that ſow'ſt with men the defert ſands;
Come, bring with thee, come bring thy ſacred bands:
Hymen, come Hymen, th' hearts are join'd, join thou the hands.

Warrant of lovers, the true ſeal of loving,
Sign'd with the face of joy; the holy knot,
That binds two hearts, and holds from ſlippery moving;
A gainful loſs, a ſtain without a blot;
That mak'ſt one ſoul as two, and two as one;
Yoke lightning burdens; love's foundation:
Hymen, come Hymen, now untie the maiden zone.

Thou that mad'ſt man a brief of all thou mad'ſt,
A little living world, and mad'ſt him twain

Dividing him whom firſt thou one creat'ſt,
And by this bond mad'ſt one of two again,
Bidding her cleave to him, and him to her,
And leave their parents, when no parents were:
Hymen, ſend Hymen from thy ſacred boſom here,

See where he goes, how all the troop he cheereth,
Clad with a ſaffron coat, in's hand a light;
In all his brow not one ſad cloud appeareth:
His coat all pure, his torch all burning bright.
Now chant we Hymen, ſhepherds; Hymen ſing:
See where he goes, as freſh as is the ſpring.
Hymen, oh Hymen, Hymen, all the valleys ring.

Oh happy pair, where nothing wants to either,
Both having to content, and be contented;
Fortune and nature being ſpare to neither!
Ne'er may this bond of holy love be rented,
But like two parallels, run a level race,
In juſt proportion, and in even ſpace.
Hymen, thus Hymen will their ſpotleſs marriage grace.

Live each of other firmly lov'd, and loving;
As far from hate, as ſelf-ill, jealouſy:
Moving like heav'n ſtill in the ſelf ſame moving;
In motion ne'er forgetting conſtancy.
Be all your days as this; no cauſe to plain:
Free from ſatiety, or (but lovers) pain.
Hymen, ſo Hymen ſtill their preſent joys maintain.

To my beloved Couſin, W. R. *Eſquire.*
Calend. Januar.

Cousin, day birds are ſilenc't, and thoſe fowl
Yet only ſing, which hate warm Phœbus light;
Th' unlucky parrot, and death-boding owl,
Which uſh'ring into heav'n their miſtreſs night,
Hollow their mates, triumphing o'er the quick ſpent night.

The wronged Philomel hath left to plain
Tereus conſtraint and cruel raviſhment:
Seems the poor bird hath loſt her tongue again.
Progne long ſince is gone to baniſhment;
And the loud tuned thruſh leaves all her merriment.

All ſo my frozen muſe, hid in my breaſt,
To come into the open air refuſes;
And dragg'd at length from hence, doth oft proteſt,
This is no time for Phœbus loving muſes;
When the far diſtant ſun our frozen coaſt diſuſes.

Then till the ſun, which yet in fiſhes haſks,
Or watry urn, impounds his fainting head,
'Twixt Taurus horns his warmer beam unmaſks,
And ſooner riſes, latter goes to bed;
Calling back all the flowers, now to their mother fled:
Till Philomel reſumes her tongue again,
And Progne fierce returns from long exiling;
Till the ſhrill blackbird chants his merry vein;
And the day-birds the long liv'd ſun beguiling,
Renew their mirth, and the years pleaſant ſmiling:

Here muſt I ſtay, in ſullen ſtudy pent,
Among our Cambridge fens my time miſpending;
But then reviſit our long long'd for Kent
Till then live happy, the time ever mending:
Happy the firſt o' th' year, thrice happy be the ending.

TO MASTER W. C.

Willy, my dear, that late by Haddam ſit'ting,
By little Haddam, in whoſe private ſhades,
Unto thy fancy thouſand pleaſures fitting,
With dainty nymphs, in thoſe retired glades
Didſt ſpend thy time; (time that too quickly fades).
Ah! much I fear that thoſe ſo pleaſing toys
Have too much lull'd thy ſenſe and mind in ſlumb'ring joys.

Now art thou come to nearer Maddingly,
Which with freſh ſport and pleaſure doth enthrall thee;
There new delights withdraw thy ear, thy eye;
Too much I fear leſt ſome ill chance befall thee:
Hark how the Cambridge muſes thence recall thee;
Willy our dear, Willy his time abuſes:
But ſure thou haſt forgot our Chame and Cambridge muſes.

Return now, Willy; now at length return thee:
Here thou and I, under the ſprouting vine,
By yellow Chame, where no hot ray ſhall burn thee,
Will ſit and ſing among the muſes nine;
And, ſafely covered from the ſcalding ſhine,
We'll read that Mantuan ſhepherd's ſweet compl ining,
Whom fair Alexis griev'd with his unjuſt diſdaining.

And, when we liſt, to lower notes deſcend;
Hear Thirſil's moan, and Fuſca's cruelty:
He cares not now his ragged flock to tend;
Fuſca his care, but careleſs enemy:
Hope oft he ſees ſhine in her humble eye,
But ſoon her angry words of hope deprives him:
So often dies with love, but love as oft revives him.

To my ever honoured Couſin, W. R. *Eſquire.*

Strange power of home, with how ſtrong-twiſted arms,
And Gordian-twined knot, doſt thou enchain me

Never might fair Calisto's doubled charms,
Nor powerful Circe's whisp'ring so detain me,
Though all her art she spent to entertain me;
Their presence could not force a weak desire;
But, oh! thy powerful absence breeds still-growing fire.

By night thou try'st with strong imagination
To force my sense 'gainst reason to belie it;
Methinks I see the fast-imprinted fashion
Of every place, and now I fully eye it;
And though with fear, yet cannot well deny it,
Till the morn bell awakes me; then for spite
I shut mine eyes again, and wish back such a night.

But in the day my never-slack'd desire
Will cast to prove by welcome forgery,
That for my absence I am much the nigher;
Seeking to please with soothing flattery.
Love's wing is thought; and thought will soonest flie
Where it finds want; then as our love is dearer,
Absence yields presence, distance makes us nearer.

Ah! might I in some humble Kentish dale
For ever eas'ly spend my slow-pac'd hours:
Much should I scorn fair Æton's pleasant vale,
Or Windsor, Tempe's self, and proudest towers:
There would I sit, safe from the stormy showers,
And laugh the troublous winds and angry sky;
Piping (ah!) might I live, and piping might I die.

And would my lucky fortune so much grace me,
As in low Cranebrook or high Brenchly's-hill,
Or in some cabin near thy dwelling place me,
There would I gladly sport and sing my fill,
And teach my tender muse to raise her quill;
And that high Mantuan shepherd's self to dare;
If ought with that high Mantuan shepherd mought compare.

There would I chant either thy Gemma's praise,
Or else my Fusca; fairest shepherdess!
Or when me list my slender pipe to raise,
Sing of Eliza's fixed mournfulness,
And much bewail such woful heavinesS;
Whilst she a dear-lov'd hart (ah luckless!) slew,
Whose fall she all too late, too soon, too much, did rue.

But seeing now I am not as I would,
But here, among th' unhonour'd willow's shade,
The muddy Chame doth me enforced hold;
Here I forswear my merry piping trade:
My little pipe, of seven reeds ymade,
(Ah pleasing pipe!) I'll hang upon this bough:
Thou Chame, and Chamish nymphs, bear witness of my vow.

To E. C. *in Cambridge, my Son by the University.*

When first my mind call'd itself in to think,
There fell a strife not easy for to end;
Which name should first crown the white paper's brink,
An awing father, or an equal friend:
Fortune gives choice of either to my mind;
Both bonds to tie the soul, it never move;
That of commanding, this of easy love.

The lines of love, which from a father's heart
Are drawn down to the son; and from the son
Ascend to th' father, drawn from every part,
Each other cut, and from the first transition
Still further wander with more wide partition:
But friends, like parallels, run a level race,
In just proportion, and most even space.

Then since a double choice, double affection
Hath plac't itself in my twice loving breast;
No title then can add to this perfection,
Nor better that, which is already best:
So naming one, I must imply the rest,
The same a father, and a friend; or rather,
Both one; a father friend, and a friend father.

No marvel then the difference of the place
Makes in my mind at all no difference:
For love is not produc'd or penn'd in space,
Having i' th' soul his only residence.
Love's fire is thought; and thought is never thence,
Where it feels want: then where a love is dear,
The mind in farthest distance is most near.

Me Kent holds fast with thousand sweet embraces;
(There mought I die with thee, there with thee live?)
All in the shades, the nymphs and naked graces
Fresh joys and still succeeding pleasures give;
So much we sport, we have no time to grieve:
Here do we sit, and laugh white-headed caring;
And know no sorrow simple pleasures marring.

A crown of wood-nymphs spread i' th' grassy plain
Sit round about, no niggards of their faces;
Nor do they cloud their fair with black disdain;
All to myself will they impart their graces:
Ah! not such joys find I in other places:
To them I often pipe, and often sing,
Sweet notes to sweeter voices tempering.

And now but late I sang the Hymen toys
Of two fair lovers. (fairer were there never)
That in one bed coupled their spousal joys;
Fortune and nature being scant to neither:
What other dare not wish, was full in either.
Thrice happy bed, thrice happy lovers firing,
Where present blessings have out-stript desiring!

And when me list to sadder tunes apply me,
Pasilia's dirge, and Eupathus complaining;
And often while my pipe lies idle by me,
Read Fusca's deep disdain, and Thirsil's plaining;
Yet in that face is no room for disdaining;
Where cheerful kindness smiles in either eye,
And beauty still kisses humility.

Then do not marvel Kentiſh ſtrong delights,
Stealing the time, do here ſo long detain me:
Not powerful Circe with her Hecate rites,
Nor pleaſing Lotos thus could entertain me,
As Kentiſh powerful pleaſures here enchain me.
Meantime, the nymphs that in our Brenchly uſe,
Kindly ſalute your buſy Cambridge muſe.

To my beloved Thenot, in anſwer of his Verſe.

Thenot my dear, how can a lofty hill
To lowly ſhepherds thoughts be rightly fitting?
An humble dale well fits with humble quill:
There may I ſafely ſing, all fearleſs ſitting,
My Fuſca's eyes, my Fuſca's beauty dittying;
My loved loneneſs, and hid muſe enjoying:
Yet ſhould'ſt thou come, and ſee our ſimple toying, [joying.
Well would fair Thenot like our ſweet retired

But if my Thenot love my humble vein,
(Too lowly vein) ne'er let him Colin call me;
He, while he was, was (ah!) the choiceſt ſwain,
That ever grac'd a reed: what e'er befall me,
Or Myrtil, (ſo 'for Fuſca fair did thrall me,
Moſt was I known) or now poor Thirſil name me,
Thirſil, for ſo my Fuſca pleaſes frame me:
But never mounting Colin; Colin's high ſtyle will ſhame me.

Two ſhepherds I adore with humble love;
Th' high-tow'ring ſwain, that by ſlow Mincius waves
His well grown wings at firſt did lowly prove,
Where Corydon's ſick love full ſweetly raves;
But after ſung bold Turnus daring braves:
And next our nearer Colin's ſweeteſt ſtrain;
Moſt, where he moſt his Roſalind doth plain.
Well may I after look, but follow all in vain.

Why then ſpeaks Thenot of the honour'd bay?
Apollo's ſelf, though fain, could not obtain her;
She at his melting ſongs would ſcorn to ſtay,
Though all his art he ſpent to entertain her:
Wild beaſts he tam'd, yet never could detain her.
Then ſit we here within this willow glade:
Here for my Thenot I a garland made
With purple violets, and lovely myrtle ſhade.

Upon the Picture of Achmat the Turkiſh tyrant.

Such Achmat is, the Turks great emperor,
Third ſon to Mahomet, whoſe youthly ſpring
But now with bloſſom'd cheeks begins to flow'r;
Out of his face you well may read a king:
Which who will throughly view, will eaſ'ly find
A perfect index to his haughty mind.

Within his breaſt, as in a palace, lie
Wakeful ambition leagu'd with haſty pride;
Fierceneſs ally'd with Turkiſh majeſty;
Reſts hate, in which his father living dy'd:
Deep in his heart ſuch Turkiſh virtue lies,
And thus looks through the window of his eyes,

His pleaſure (far from pleaſure) is to ſee
His navy ſpread her wings unto the wind;
Inſtead of gold, arms fill his treaſury,
Which (numberleſs) fill not his greedy mind.
The ſad Hungarian fears his tried might;
And waning Perſia trembles at his ſight.

His greener youth, moſt with the heathen ſpent,
Gives Chriſtian princes juſteſt cauſe to fear
His riper age, whoſe childhood thus is bent.
A thouſand trophies will he ſhortly rear,
Unleſs that God, who gave him firſt this rage,
Bind his proud head in humble vaſſalage.

TO MR. JO. TOMKINS.

Thomalin, my lief, thy muſic ſtrains to hear,
More raps my ſoul than when the ſwelling winds
On craggy rocks their whiſtling voices tear;
Or when the ſea, if ſtopt his courſe he finds,
With broken murmurs thinks weak ſhores to fear,
Scorning ſuch ſandy cords his proud head binds:
More than where rivers in the ſummer's ray,
Through covert glades cutting their ſhady way,
Run tumbling down the lawns, and with the pebbles play.

Thy ſtrains to hear, old Chamus from his cell
Comes guarded with an hundred nymphs around;
An hundred nymphs, that in his rivers dwell,
About him flock, with water-lilies crown'd.
For thee the muſes leave their ſilver well,
And marvel where thou all their art haſt found:
There ſitting, they admire thy dainty ſtrains,
And while thy ſadder accent ſweetly plains,
Feel thouſand ſugar'd joys creep in their melting veins.

How oft have I, the muſes bow'r frequenting,
Miſs'd them at home, and found them all with thee!
Whether thou ſing'ſt ſad Eupathus' lamenting,
Or tuneſt notes to ſacred harmony,
The raviſh'd ſoul with thy ſweet notes conſenting,
Scorning the earth, in heav'nly extaſy
Tranſcends the ſtars, and with the angels' train
Thoſe courts ſurveys; and now come back again,
Finds yet another heaven in thy delightful ſtrain

Ah! could'ſt thou here thy humble mind content,
Lowly with me to live in country cell,
And learn ſuſpect the court's proud blandiſhment,
Here might we ſafe, here might we ſweetly dwell.
Live Pallas in her tow'rs and marble tent;
But, ah! the country bow'rs pleaſe me as well:

There with my Thomalin I safe would sing,
And frame sweet ditties to thy sweeter string;
There would we laugh at spite, and fortune's thundering.

No flattery, hate, or envy, lodgeth there;
There no suspision wall'd in proved steel,
Yet fearful of the arms herself doth wear:
Pride is not there; no tyrant there we feel;
No clamorous laws shall deaf thy music ear;
They know no change, nor wanton fortune's wheel:
Thousand fresh sports grow in those dainty places;
Light fawns and nymphs dance in the woody spaces,
And little Love himself plays with the naked Graces.

But seeing fate my happy wish refuses,
Let me alone enjoy my low estate.
Of all the gifts that fair Parnassus uses,
Only scorn'd poverty and fortune's hate
Common I find to me, and to the muses;
But with the muses welcome poorest fate.
Safe in my humble cottage will I rest;
And lifting up from my untainted breast
A quiet spirit to heaven, securely live and blest.

To thee I here bequeath the courtly joys,
Seeing to court my Thomalin is bent:
Take from thy Thirsil these his idle toys;
Here I will end my looser merriment:
And when thou sing'st them to the wanton boys,
Among the courtly lasses blandishment,
Think of thy Thirsil's love that never spends;
And softly say, his love still better mends:
Ah! too unlike the love of court, or courtly friends!

Go, little pipe; for ever I must leave thee,
My little, little pipe, but sweetest ever:
Go, go, for I have vow'd to see thee never:
Never, ah! never must I more receive thee:
But he in better love will still persever;
Go, little pipe, for I must have a new.
Farewell, ye Norfolk maids, and Ida crew;
Thirsil will play no more; for ever now adieu!

TO THOMALIN.

Thomalin, since Thirsil nothing has to leave thee,
And leave thee must; pardon me (gentle friend:)
If nothing but my love I only give thee;
Yet see how great this nothing is, I send
For though this love of thine I sweetest prove,
Nothing's more sweet than is this sweetest love.

The soldier nothing like his prey esteems;
Nothing toss'd sailors equal with the shore:
Nothing before his health the sick man deems;
The pilgrim hugs his country; nothing more:
The miser hoarding up his golden wares,
This nothing with his precious wealth compares.
Our thoughts ambition only nothing ends;
Nothing fills up the golden-dropsied mind:
The prodigal, that all so lavish spends,
Yet nothing cannot; nothing stays behind:
The king, that with his life a kingdom buys,
Than life or crown doth nothing higher prize.

Who all enjoys, yet nothing now desires;
Nothing is greater than the highest Jove:
Who dwells in heav'n, (then) nothing more requires;
Love, more than honey; nothing more sweet than love:
Nothing is only better than the best;
Nothing is sure: nothing is ever blest.

I love my health, my life, my books, my friends,
Thee, (deareſt Thomalin) nothing above thee:
For when my books, friends, health, life, fainting ends,
When thy love fails, yet nothing still will love me:
When heav'n, and air, the earth, and floating mains
Are gone, yet nothing still untouch'd remains.

Since then to other streams I must betake me,
And spiteful Cham of all has quite bereft me;
Since muses selves (false muses) will forsake me,
And but this nothing, nothing else is left me;
Take thou my love, and keep it still in store:
That given, nothing now remaineth more.

Against a Rich Man despising Poverty.

If well thou view'st us with no squinted eye,
No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate
Thy wealth no richer than my poverty;
My want no poorer than thy rich estate:
Our ends and births alike; in this, as I;
Poor thou wert born, and poor again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing mind;
Thou having more than much, yet seekest more:
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find;
Who wishes, wants; and who so wants, is poor:
Then this must follow of necessity;
Poor are thy riches, rich my poverty.

Though still thou gett'st, yet is thy want not spent,
But as thy wealth, so grows thy wealthy itch:
But with my little I have much content;
Content hath all; and who hath all, is rich:
Then this in reason thou must needs confess,
If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent,
And to his audit liable is ever,
To reckon, how, and where, and when he spent:
Then thus thou bragg'st, thou art a great receiver:
Little my debt, when little is my store: [more.
The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the

But seeing God himself descended down
T' enrich the poor by his rich poverty;

His meat, his houſe, his grave, were not his own,
Yet all is his from all eternity:
Let me be like my head, whom I adore;
Be thou great, wealthy, I ſtill baſe and poor.

CONTEMNENTI.

Continual burning, yet no fire or fuel,
Chill icy froſts in midſt of ſummer's frying,
A hell moſt pleaſing, and a heav'n moſt cruel,
A death ſtill living, and a life ſtill dying,
And whatſoever pains poor hearts can prove,
I feel, and utter, in one word, I Love.

Two fires, of love and grief, each upon either,
And both upon one poor heart ever feeding:
Chill cold deſpair, moſt cold, yet cooling neither,
In midſt of fires his icy froſts is breeding:
So fires and froſts, to make a perfect hell,
Meet in one breaſt, in one houſe friendly dwell.

Tir'd in this toilſome way (my deep affection)
I ever forward run, and never eaſe me:
I dare not ſwerve, her eye is my direction:
A heavy grief, and weighty love oppreſs me. [me;
Deſire and hope, two ſpurs, that forth compell'd
But awful fear, a bridle, ſtill withheld me.

Twice have I plung'd, and flung, and ſtrove to caſt
This double burden from my weary heart:
Faſt though I run, and ſtop, they ſit as faſt:
Her looks my bait, which ſhe doth feld' impart.
Thus fainting, ſtill ſome inn I wiſh and crave;
Either her maiden boſom, or my grave.

A VOW.

By hope and fear, by grief and joy oppreſt,
With deadly hate, more deadly love infected;
Without, within, in body, ſoul, diſtreſt;
Little by all, leaſt by myſelf reſpected, [ed;
But moſt, moſt there, where moſt I lov'd, neglect-
Hated, and hating life, to death I call;
Who ſcorns to take what is refus'd by all.

Whither, ah, whither then wilt thou betake thee,
Deſpiſed wretch, of friends, of all forlorn, [thee?
Since hope, and love, and life, and death forſake
Poor ſoul, thy own tormenter, others ſcorn!
Whither, poor ſoul, ah, whither wilt thou turn?
What inn, what hoſt (ſcorn'd wretch) wilt thou
now chooſe thee? [fuſe thee.
The common hoſt, and inn, death, grave, re-

To thee, great Love, to thee I proſtrate fall,
That right'ſt in love the heart in falſe love ſwerved:
On thee, true Love, on thee I weeping call;
I, who am ſcorn'd, where with all truth I ſerved,
On thee, ſo wrong'd, where thou haſt ſo deſerved:
Diſdain'd, where moſt I lov'd, to thee I plain me,
Who truly loveſt thoſe, who (fools) diſdain thee.
Thou never-erring way, in thee direct me; [me:
Thou death of death, oh, in thy death engrave
Thou hated love, with thy firm love reſpect me;
Thou freeſt ſervant, from this yoke unſlave me:
Glorious ſalvation, for thy glory ſave me.
So neither love, nor hate, ſcorn, death, ſhall
move me; [thee.
But with thy love, great Love, I ſtill ſhall love

On Womens Lightneſs.

Who ſows the ſand? or ploughs the eaſy ſhore?
Or ſtrives in nets to priſon in the wind?
Yet I, (fond I) more fond, and ſenſeleſs more,
Thought in ſure love a woman's thoughts to bind.
Fond, too fond thoughts, that thought in love
to tie
One more inconſtant than inconſtancy!

Look as it is with ſome true April day,
Whoſe various weather ſtores the world with
flowers;
The ſun his glorious beams doth fair diſplay,
Then rains, and ſhines again, and ſtraight it lowrs,
And twenty changes in one hour doth prove;
So, and more changing is a woman's love.

Or as the hairs which deck their wanton heads,
Which looſely fly, and play with every wind,
And with each blaſt turn round their golden threads;
Such as their hair, ſuch is their looſer mind:
The difference this, their hair is often bound;
But never bonds a woman might embound.

Falſe is their flattering colour, falſe and fading;
Falſe is their flattering tongue; falſe every part,
Their hair is forg'd, their ſilver foreheads ſhading;
Falſe are their eyes, but falſeſt is their heart:
Then this in conſequence muſt needs enſue;
All muſt be falſe, when every part's untrue.

Fond then my thoughts, which thought a thing
ſo vain!
Fond hopes, that anchor on ſo falſe a ground!
Fond love, to love what could not love again!
Fond heart, thus fir'd with love, in hope thus
drown'd!
Fond thoughts, fond heart, fond hope; but fond-
eſt I,
To graſp the wind, and love inconſtancy!

A Reply upon the Fair M. S.

A dainty maid, that draws her double name
From bitter ſweetneſs, (with ſweet bitterneſs)
Did late my ſkill and faulty verſes blame,
And to her loving friend did plain confeſs,
That I my former credit ſoul did ſhame,
And might no more a poet's name profeſs:
The cauſe that with my verſe ſhe was offended,
For womens levity I diſcommended.

Too true you said, that poet I was never,
And I confess it (fair) if that content ye,
That when I play'd the poet less than ever;
Not, for of such a verse I now repent me,
(Poets to feign, and make fine lies endeavour)
But I the truth, truth (ah!) too certain sent ye:
  Then that I am no poet I deny not;
  For when their lightness I condemn, I lie not.

But if my verse had lied against my mind,
And praised that which truth cannot approve,
And falsely said, they were as fair as kind,
As true as sweet, their faith could never move,
But sure is link'd where constant love they find,
That with sweet braving they vie truth and love;
  If thus I write, it cannot be deny'd
  But I a poet were, so foul I lied.

But give me leave to write as I have found:
Like ruddy apples at their outsides bright,
Whose skin is fair, the core or heart unsound;
Whose cherry-cheek the eye doth much delight,
But inward rottenness the taste doth wound:
Ah! were the taste so good as is the sight,
  To pluck such apples (lost with self same price)
  Would back restore us part of paradise.

But truth hath said it, (truth who dare deny?)
Men seldom are, more seldom women sure:
But if (fair sweet) thy truth and constancy
To better faith thy thoughts and mind procure,
If thy firm truth could give firm truth the lie;
If thy first love will first and last endure; [thee,
  Thou more than woman art, if time so proves
  And he more than a man, that loved loves thee.

An Apology for the Premises to the Lady Culpepper.

Who with a bridle strives to curb the waves?
Or in a cypress chest locks flaming fires?
So when love anger'd in thy bosom raves,
And grief with love a double flame inspires,
  By silence thou may'st add, but never less it:
  The way is by expressing to repress it.

Who then will blame affection not respected,
To vent in grief the grief that so torments him?
Passion will speak in passion, if neglected:
Love that so soon will chide, as soon repents him;
  And therefore boyish love's too like a boy,
  With a toy pleas'd, displeased with a toy.

Have you not seen, when you have chid or fought,
That lively picture of your lovely beauty,
Your pretty child, at first to lowr or pout,
But soon again reclaim'd to love and duty;
  Forgets the rod, and all her anger ends,
  Plays on your lap, or on your neck depends:

Too like that pretty child is childish love,
That when in anger he is wrong'd, or beat,
Will rave and chide, and every passion prove,
But soon to smiles and fawns turns all his heat,
  And prays, and swears he never more will do it;
  Such one is love: alas, that women know it!

But if so just excuse will not content ye,
But still you blame the words of angry love,
Here I recant, and of those words repent me:
In sign hereof I offer now to prove,
  That changing womens love is constant ever,
  And men, though ever firm, are constant never.

For men that to one fair their passions bind,
Must ever change, as do those changing fairs;
So as she alters, alters still their mind,
And with their fading loves their love impairs:
  Therefore, still moving, as the fair they loved,
  Most do they move, by being most unmoved.

But women, when their lovers change their graces,
What first in them they lov'd, love now in others,
Affecting still the same in divers places;
So never change their love, but change their lovers:
  Therefore their mind is firm and constant prov'd,
  Seeing they ever love what first they lov'd.

Their love tied to some virtue, cannot stray,
Shifting the outside oft, the inside never:
But men (when now their loves dissolv'd to clay
Indeed are nothing) still in love persever:
  How then can such fond men be constant made,
  That nothing love, or but (a nothing) shade?

What fool commends a stone for never moving?
Or blames the speedy heav'ns for ever ranging?
Cease then, fond men, to blaze your constant loving;
Love's fiery, winged, light, and therefore changing:
  Fond man, that thinks such fire and air to fetter!
  All change; men for the worse, women for better.

To my only chosen Valentine and Wife.

Anagram. { Maystress Elizabeth Vincent / Is my breast's chaste Valentine. }

Think not (fair love) that chance my hand directed [hands
To make my choice my chance; blind chance and
Could never see what most my mind affected;
But heav'n (that ever with chaste true love stands)
Lent eyes to see what most my heart respected:
Then do not thou resist what heav'n commands;
  But yield thee his, who must be ever thine:
  My heart thy altar is, my breast thy shrine;
Thy name for ever is, My breast's chaste Valentine.

A Translation of Boethius, the Third Book and last Verse.

Happy man, whose perfect sight
Views the overflowing light!
Happy man, that canst unbind
Th' earth-bars pounding up the mind!

Once his wife's quick fate lamenting
Orpheus ſat, his hair all renting,
While the ſpeedy woods came running,
And rivers ſtood to hear his cunning;
And the lion with the hart
Join'd ſide to ſide to hear his art:
Hares ran with the dogs along,
Not from dogs, but to his ſong.
But when all his verſes turning
Only fann'd his poor heart's burning,
And his grief came but the faſter,
(His verſe all eaſing, but his maſter)
Of the higher powers complaining,
Down he went to hell diſdaining:
There his ſilver luteſtrings hitting,
And his potent verſes ſitting,
All the ſweets that e'er he took
From his ſacred mother's brook,
What his double ſorrow gives him,
And love, that doubly double grieves him,
There he ſpends to move deaf hell,
Charming devils with his ſpell,
And with ſweeteſt aſking leave
Does the lords of ghoſts deceive.
The dog, whoſe never quiet yell
Affrights ſad ſouls in night that dwell,
Pricks up now his thrice two ears;
To howl, or bark, or whine he fears:
Struck with dumb wonder at thoſe ſongs,
He wiſh'd more ears, and fewer tongues.
Charon amaz'd his oar foreſlows,
While the boat the ſculler rows.
Tantal might have eaten now
The fruit as ſtill as is the bough;
But he (fool!) no hunger fearing,
Starv'd his taſte, to feed his hearing.
Ixion, though his wheel ſtood ſtill,
Still was rapt with muſic's ſkill.
At length the judge of ſouls with pity
Yields, as conquer'd with his ditty;
Let's give back his ſpouſe's hearſe,
Purchas'd with ſo pleaſing verſe:
Yet this law ſhall bind our gift,
He turn not, till ha's Tartar left.
Who to laws can lovers draw?
Love in love is only law:
Now almoſt he left the night,
When he firſt turn'd back his ſight;
And at once, while her he ey'd,
His love he ſaw, and loſt, and dy'd.
So, who ſtrives out of the night
To bring his ſoul to joy in light,
Yet again turns back his eye
To view left hell's deformity;
Though he ſeems enlighten'd more,
Yet is blacker than afore.

A Tranſlation of Boethius, Book Second, Verſe Seventh.

Who only honour ſeeks with prone affection,
And thinks that glory is his greateſt bliſs; [tion,
Firſt let him view the heav'n's wide-ſtretched ſec-
Then in ſome map the earth's ſhort narrowneſs:
Well may he bluſh to ſee his name not able
To fill one quarter of ſo brief a table.

Why then ſhould high-grown minds ſo much rejoice
To draw their ſtubborn necks from man's ſubjection: [voice
For though loud fame ſtretch high her prattling
To blaze abroad their virtue's great perfection;
Though goodly titles of their houſe adorn them
With ancient heraldry, yet death doth ſcorn them:
The high and baſe lie in the ſelf ſame grave;
No difference there between a king and ſlave.

Where now are true Fabricius' bones remaining:
Who knows where Brutus, or rough Cato lives!
Only a weak report, their names ſuſtaining,
In records old a ſlender knowledge gives:
Yet when we read the deeds of men inhumed,
Can we by that know them long ſince conſumed?

Now therefore lie you buried and forgotten;
Nor can report fruſtrate encroaching death:
Or if you think when you are dead and rotten,
You live again by fame, and vulgar breath;
When with time's ſhadows this falſe glory wanes,
You die again; but this your glory gains.

Upon my Brother Mr. G. F. his Book intituled 'Chriſt's Victory and Triumph.

Fond lads, that ſpend ſo faſt your poſting time,
(Too poſting time, that ſpends your time as faſt)
To chant light toys, or frame ſome wanton rhyme,
Where idle boys may glut their luſtful taſte;
Or elſe with praiſe to clothe ſome fleſhly ſlime
With virgin roſes, and fair lilies chaſte:
While itching bloods, and youthful cares adore it; [abhor it.
But wiſer men, and once yourſelves will moſt

But thou, (moſt near, moſt dear) in this of thine
Haſt prov'd the muſes not to Venus bound;
Such as thy matter, ſuch thy muſe, divine:
Or thou ſuch grace with mercy's ſelf haſt found,
That ſhe herſelf deigns in thy leaves to ſhine;
Or ſtol'n from heav'n, thou brought'ſt this verſe to ground,
Which frights the numbed ſoul with fearful thunder,
And ſoon with honeyed dews thaws it 'twixt joy and wonder.

Then do not thou malicious tongues eſteem;
(The glaſs, through which an envious eye doth gaze,
Can eas'ly make a mole-hill mountain ſeem)
His praiſe diſpraiſes; his diſpraiſes praiſe;
Enough, if beſt men beſt thy labours deem,
And to the higheſt pitch thy merit raiſe;
While all the muſes to thy ſong decree
Victorious triumph, triumphant victory.

Upon the Bishop of Exon, Dr. Hall, his Meditations.

Most wretched soul, that here carousing pleasure,
Hath all his heav'n on earth; and ne'er distressed
Enjoys thes- fond delights without all measure,
And freely living thus, is thus deceased!
Ah greatest curse, so to be ever blessed!
For where to live is heav'n, 'tis hell to die.
Ah wretch, that here begins hell's misery!

Most blessed soul, that lifted up with wings
Of faith and love, leaves this base habitation,
And scorning sluggish earth, to heav'n up springs;
On earth, yet still in heav'n by meditation;
With the soul's eye foreseeing th' heavenly station:
Then 'gins his life, when he's of life bereaven.
Ah blessed soul, that here begins his heaven!

Upon the Contemplations of the Bishop of Exceter, given to the Lady E. W. *at New-Year's tide.*

This little world's two little stars are eyes,
And he that all eyes framed, fram'd all others
Downward to fall, but these to climb the skies,
There to acquaint them with their starry brothers;
Planets fix'd in the head (their sphere of sense)
Yet wand'ring still through heav'n's circumference,
The intellect being their intelligence.

Dull then that heavy soul, which ever bent
On earth and earthly toys, his heav'n neglects;
Content with that which cannot give content:
What thy foot scorning kicks, thy soul respects.
Fond soul! thy eye will up to heav'n erect thee;
Thou it direct'st, and must it now direct thee?
Dull, heavy soul! thy scholar must correct thee.

Thrice happy soul, that guided by thine eyes,
Art mounted up unto that starry nation;
And leaving there thy sense, entereſt the skies,
Enshriu'd and fainted there by contemplation?
Heav'n thou enjoy'st on earth, and now bereaven
Of life, a new life to thy soul is given.
Thrice happy soul, that hast a double heaven!

That sacred hand, which to this year hath brought you,
Perfect your years, and with your years, his graces;
And when his will unto his will hath wrought you,
Conduct your soul unto those happy places,
Where thousand joys, and pleasures ever new,
And blessings thicker than the morning dew
With endless sweets rain on that heav'nly crew.

These Asclepiads of Mr. H. S. *Translated and Enlarged.*

Ne verbum mihi sit mortua Litera,
Nec Christi Meritum Gratia vanida;
Sed verbum fatuo sola scientia,
Et Christus misero sola redemptio.

Unletter'd word, which never ear could hear;
Unwritten word, which never eye could see,
Yet syllabled in flesh-spell'd character,
That so to senses thou might'st subject be;
Since thou in bread art stampt, in print art read,
Let not thy print-stamp'd word to me be dead.

Thou all-contriving, all-deserving spirit,
Made flesh to die, that so thou might'st be mine,
That thou in us, and we in thee might merit,
We thine, thou ours; thou human, we divine;
Let not my dead life's merit, my dead heart
Forfeit so dear a purchas'd death's desert.

Thou sun of wisdom, knowledge infinite,
Made folly to the wise, night to profane;
Be I thy moon, oh let thy sacred light
Increase to th' full, and never, never wane:
Wise folly in me set, fond wisdom rise,
Make me renounce my wisdom, to be wise.

Thou life eternal, purest blessedness,
Made mortal, wretched, sin itself for me;
Show me my death, my sin, my wretchedness,
That I may flourish, shine, and live in thee:
So I with praise shall sing thy life, death's story,
O thou my merit, life, my wisdom, glory.

Certain of the Royal Prophets Psalms Metaphrased.

PSALM XLII.

Which agrees with the tune of Like the Hermit Poor.

Look as an hart with sweat and blood imbrued,
Chas'd and emboss'd, thirsts in the soil to be;
So my poor soul with eager foes pursued, [thee:
Looks, longs, O Lord, pines, pants, and faints for
When, O my God, when shall I come in place
To see thy light, and view thy glorious face?

I dine and sup with sighs, with groans and tears,
While all thy foes mine ears with taunting load;
Who now thy cries, who now thy prayer hears?
Where is, say they, where is thy boasted God?
My molten heart deep plung'd in sad despairs
Runs forth to thee in streams of tears and prayers.

With grief I think on those sweet now past days,
When to thy house my troops with joy I led:
We sang, we danc'd, we chanted sacred lays;
No men so haste to wine, no bride to bed.
Why droop'st, my soul? why faint'st thou in my breast?
Wait still with praise; his presence is thy rest.

My famish'd soul driv'n from thy sweetest word,
(From Hermon hill, and Jordan's swelling brook)
To thee laments, sighs deep to thee, O Lord!
To thee sends back her hungry longing look:
Floods of thy wrath breed floods of grief and fears; [tears.
And floods of grief breed floods of plaints and

His early light with morn these clouds shall clear,
These dreary clouds, and storms of sad despairs;

Sure am I in the night his songs to hear,
Sweet songs of joy, as well as be my prayers.
I'll say, my God, why slight'st thou my distress,
While all my foes my weary soul oppress.

My cruel foes both thee and me upbraid;
They cut my heart, they vaunt that bitter word,
Where is thy trust? where is thy hope? they said;
Where is thy God? where is thy boasted Lord?
Why droop'st, my soul; why faint'st thou in my breast?
Wait still with praise; his presence is thy rest.

PSALM LXIII.

Which may be sung as the Widow, or Mock Widow.

O LORD, before the morning
Gives heaven warning
To let out the day,
My wakeful eyes
Look for thy rise,
And wait to let in thy joyful ray.
Lank hunger here peoples the desert cells,
Here thirst fills up the empty wells:
How longs my flesh for that bread without leaven!
How thirsts my soul for that wine of heaven!
Such (oh!) to taste thy ravishing grace!
Such in thy house to view thy glorious face!

Thy love, thy light, thy faces
Bright-shining graces,
(Whose unchanged ray
Knows, nor morn's dawn
Nor evening's wane)
How far surmount they life's winter day!
My heart to thy glory tunes all his strings;
My tongue thy praises cheerly sings:
And till I slumber, and death shall undress me,
Thus will I sing, thus will I bless thee.
Fill me with love, oh, fill me with praise!
So shall I vent due thanks in joyful lays.

When night all eyes hath quenched,
And thoughts lie drenched
In silence and rest;
Then will I all
Thy ways recal,
And look on thy light in darkness best.
When my poor soul wounded had lost the field,
Thou wast my fort, thou wast my shield.
Safe in thy trenches I boldly will vaunt me,
There will I sing, there will I chant thee;
There I'll triumph in thy banner of grace,
My conqu'ring arms shall be thy arms embrace.

My foes from deeps ascending,
In rage transcending,
Assaulting me sore
Into their hell,
Are headlong fell;
There shall they lie, there howl, and roar:
There let descry'd torments their spirits tear;
Feel they worst ills, and worse yet fear:
But with his spouse thine anointed in pleasure
Shall reign, and joy past time or measure:
There new delights, new pleasures still spring:
Haste there, oh, haste, my soul, to dance and sing.

PSALM CXXVII.—*To the tune of that Psalm.*

If God build not the house, and lay
The ground-work sure; whoever build,
It cannot stand one stormy day:
If God be not the city's shield;
If he be not their bars and wall,
In vain is watch-tower, men, and all.

Though then thou wak'st when others rest;
Though rising thou prevent'st the sun;
Though with lean care thou daily feast,
Thy labour's lost, and thou undone:
But God his child will feed and keep,
And draw the curtains to his sleep.

Though th' hast a wife fit, young, and fair,
An heritage heirs to advance;
Yet canst thou not command an heir;
For heirs are God's inheritance:
He gives the seed, the bud, the bloom;
He gives the harvest to the womb.

And look as arrows, by strong arm
In a strong bow drawn to the head,
Where they are meant, will surely harm,
And if they hit, wound deep and dead;
Children of youth are even so;
As harmful, deadly, to a foe.

That man shall live in bliss and peace,
Who fills his quiver with such shot:
Whose garners swell with such increase,
Terror and shame, and assail him not;
And though his foes deep hatred bear,
Thus arm'd, he shall not need to fear.

PSALM CXXXVII.

To be sung as, See the Building.

Where Perah's flowers
Perfume proud Babel's bowers,
And paint her wall;
There we lay'd asleeping,
Our eyes in endless weeping,
For Sion's fall.
Our feasts and songs we laid aside,
On forlorn willows
(By Perah's billows),
We hung our harps, and mirth and joy defy'd,
That Sion's ruins should build foul Babel's pride.

Our conqu'rous vaunting
With bitter scoffs and taunting,
Thus proudly jest;
Take down your harps, and string them,
Recal your songs, and sing them,
For Sion's feast.

Were our harps well tun'd in every ſtring,
Our heart-ſtrings broken,
Throats drown'd, and ſoaken
With tears and ſighs, how can we praiſe and ſing
The King of Heaven under an heathen king.

In all my mourning,
Jeruſalem, thy burning
If I forget;
Forget thy running,
My hand, and all thy cunning
To th' harp to ſet.
Let thy mouth, my tongue, be ſtill thy grave;
Lie there aſleeping,
For Sion weeping:
Oh! let mine eyes in tears thy office have;
Nor riſe, nor ſet, but in their briny wave.

Proud Edom's raging,
Their hate with blood aſſuaging,
And vengeful ſword,
Their curſed joying
In Sion's walls deſtroying,
Remember, Lord;
Forget not, Lord, their ſpightful cry,
Fire and deface it,
Deſtroy and raſe it;
Oh, let the name of Sion ever die!
Thus did they roar, and us and thee defy.

So ſhall thy towers,
And all thy princely bowers,
Proud Babel, fall:
Him ever bleſſed,
Who th' oppreſſor hath oppreſſed,
Shall all men call:
Thrice bleſt, that turns thy mirth to groans;
That burns to aſhes
Thy towers, and daſhes
Thy brats 'gainſt rocks, to waſh thy bloody ſtones
With thine own blood, and pave thee with thy bones.

PSALM I.

Bleſſed, who walk'ſt not in the wordling's way;
Bleſſed, who with foul ſinners wilt not ſtand:
Bleſſed, who with proud mockers dar'ſt not ſtay;
Nor ſit thee down amongſt that ſcornful band.
Thrice bleſſed man, who in that heavenly light
Walk'ſt, ſtand'ſt, and ſitt'ſt, rejoicing day and night.

Look as a thirſty palm full Jordan drinks,
(Whoſe leaf and fruit ſtill live, when winter dies)
With conqu'ring branches crowns the rivers brinks;
And ſummer's fires, and winter's froſts defies:
All to the ſoul, whom that clear light revives,
Still ſprings, buds, grows, and dying time ſurvives.

But as the duſt of chaff, caſt in the air,
Sinks in the dirt, and turns to dung and mire;
So ſinners driv'n to hell by fierce deſpair,
Shall fry in ice, and freeze in helliſh fire:
For he, whoſe flaming eyes all actions turn,
Sees both; to light the one, the other burn.

PSALM CXXX.

From the deeps of grief and fear,
O Lord! to thee my ſoul repairs:
From thy heaven bow down thine ear;
Let thy mercy meet my prayers.
Oh! if thou mark'ſt
What's done amiſs,
What ſoul ſo pure,
Can ſee thy bliſs?

But with thee ſweet mercy ſtands,
Sealing pardons, working fear:
Wait my ſoul, wait on his hands;
Wait mine eye, oh, wait mine ear:
If he his eye
Or tongue affords,
Watch all his looks,
Catch all his words.

As a watchman waits for day,
And looks for light, and looks again;
When the night grows old and gray,
To be reliev'd he calls amain:
So look, ſo wait,
So long mine eyes,
To ſee my Lord,
My ſun, ariſe.

Wait ye ſaints, wait on our Lord;
For from his tongue ſweet mercy flows:
Wait on his croſs, wait on his word;
Upon that tree redemption grows:
He will redeem
His Iſrael
From ſin and wrath,
From death and hell.

AN HYMN.

Wake, O my ſoul! awake, and raiſe
Up every part to ſing his praiſe,
Who from his ſphere of glory fell,
To raiſe thee up from death and hell:
See how his ſoul, vext for thy ſin,
Weeps blood without, feels hell within:
See where he hangs:
Hark how he cries:
Oh, bitter pangs!
Now, now, he dies.

Wake, O mine eyes! awake, and view
Thoſe two twin lights, whence heavens drew
Their glorious beams, whoſe gracious ſight
Fills you with joy, with life, and light:

See how with clouds of ſorrow drown'd,
They waſh with tears thy ſinful wound:
See how with ſtreams
Of ſpit th' are drench'd;
See how their beams
With death are quench'd.

Wake, O mine ear! awake, and hear
That powerful voice, which ſtills thy fear,
And brings from heaven thoſe joyful news,
Which heaven commands, which hell ſubdues;
Hark how his ears (heav'n's mercy-ſeat)
Foul ſlanders with reproaches beat:
Hark how the knocks
Our ears reſound;
Hark how their mocks
His hearing wound.

Wake, O my heart! tune every ſtring:
Wake, O my tongue! awake, and ſing:
Think not a thought in all thy lays,
Speak not a word but of his praiſe:
Tell how his ſweeteſt tongue they drown'd
With gall; think how his heart they wound:
That bloody ſpout
Gagg'd for thy ſin,
His life lets out,
Thy death lets in.

AN HYMN.

Drop, drop, ſlow tears,
And bathe thoſe beauteous feet,
Which brought from heav'n
The news and Prince of Peace:
Ceaſe not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat;
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never ceaſe:
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let his eye
See ſin, but through my tears.

On my Friend's Picture, who died in Travel.

Though now to heav'n thy travels are confin'd,
Thy wealth, friends, life, and country, all are loſt;
Yet in this picture we thee living find;
And thou with leſſer travel, leſſer coſt,
Haſt found new life, friends, wealth, and better coaſt:
So by thy death thou liv'ſt, by loſs thou gain'ſt;
And in thy abſence preſent ſtill remain'ſt.

Upon Dr. Playfer.

Who lives with death, by death in death is lying;
But he who living dies, beſt lives by dying:
Who life to truth, who death to error gives,
In life may die, by death more ſurely lives.
My ſoul in heaven breathes, in ſchools my fame:
Then on my tomb write nothing but my name.

Upon my Brother's Book, called, The Grounds, Labour, and Reward of Faith.

This lamp fill'd up, and fir'd by that bleſt ſpirit,
Spent his laſt oil in this pure heav'nly flame;
Laying the grounds, walls, roof of faith: this frame
With life he ends; and now doth there inherit
What here he built, crown'd with his laurel merit:
Whoſe palms and triumphs once he loudly rang,
There now enjoys what here he ſweetly ſang.

This is his monument, on which he drew
His ſpirit's image, that can never die;
But breathes in theſe live words, and ſpeaks to th' eye;
In theſe his winding-ſheets he dead doth ſhow
To buried ſouls the way to live anew,
And in his grave more powerfully now preacheth,
Who will not learn, when that a dead man teacheth?

Upon Mr. Perkins, his printed Sermons.

Perkins (our wonder) living, though long dead,
In this white paper, as a winding-ſheet;
And in this vellum lies enveloped:
Yet ſtill he lives, guiding the erring feet,
Speaking now to our eyes, though buried.
If once ſo well, much better now he teacheth,
Who will not hear, when a live-dead man preacheth.

ELIZA;

OR AN ELEGY UPON THE UNRIPE DECEASE OF

SIR ANTONY IRBY.

Composed at the Request (and for a Monument) of his surviving Lady.

ANAGRAMA.

Antonius Irbeus
An virtus obiens!
Esto mei mortisque memor.
Funus virtuti fœnus.

To the Right Worthy Knight,

SIR ANTONY IRBY.

Sir,

I am altogether (I think) unknown to you, (as having never seen you since your infancy,) neither do I now desire to be known by this trifle. But I cannot rule these few lines composed presently after your father's decease; they are broken from me, and will see more light then they deserve. I wish there were any thing in them worthy of your vacant hours: Such as they are, yours they are by inheritance. As an urn therefore of your father's ashes (I beseech you) receive them, for his sake, and from him, who desires in some better employment to be

Your servant,

P. F.

I.

Look as a stag, pierc'd with a fatal bow,
(As by a wood he walks securely feeding)
In coverts thick conceals his deadly blow,
And feeling death swim in his endless bleeding;
(His heavy head his fainting strength exceeding)
Bids woods adieu, so sinks into his grave;
Green brakes and primrose sweet his seemly hearse embrave:

II.

So lay a gentle knight now full of death,
With cloudy eyes his latest hour expecting;
And by his side, sucking his fleeting breath,
His weeping spouse Eliza, life neglecting,
And all her beauteous fairs with grief infecting:
Her cheek as pale as his; 'twere hard to scan,
If death or sorrow's face did look more pale or wan.

III.

Cloſe by, her ſiſter, fair Alicia, ſits;
Faireſt Alicia, to whoſe ſweeteſt graces
His tears and ſighs a fellow paſſion fits:
Upon her eye (his throne) love ſorrow places;
There comfort ſadneſs, beauty grief embraces:
Pity might ſeem a while that face to borrow,
And thither now was come to comfort death and ſorrow.

IV.

At length loud grief thus with a cheerfull ſhriek
(His trumpet) ſounds a battle, joy defying;
Spreading his colours in Eliza's cheek,
And from her eyes (his watch-tower) far eſpying
With hope, delight, and joy, and comfort flying,
Thus with her tongue their coward flight purſues,
While ſighs, ſhrieks, tears give chaſe with never fainting creus:

V.

Thou traitour joy, that in proſperity
So loudly vaunt'ſt; whither ah, whither flieſt?
And thou that bragg'ſt never from life to fly,
Falſe hope, ah, whither now ſo ſpeedy hieſt?
In vain thy winged feet ſo faſt thou plieſt:
Hope, thou art dead, and joy in hope relying,
Bleeds in his hopeleſs wounds, and in his death lies dying.

VI.

But then Alicia (in whoſe cheerful eye
Comfort with grief, hope with compaſſion lived)
Renews the fight; if joy and comfort die,
The fault is yours: ſo much (too much) you grieved,
That hope could never hope to be relieved.
If all your hopes to one poor hope you bind,
No marvel if one fled, not one remains behind.

VII.

Fond hopes on life, ſo weak a thread, depending!
Weak, as the thread ſuch knots ſo weakly tying;
But heau'nly joys are circular ne'er ending,
Sure as the rock on which they grow; and lying
In heav'n, increaſe by loſs, live beſt by dying.
Then let your hope on thoſe ſure joys depend,
Which live and grow by death, and waſte not when they ſpend.

VIII.

Then ſhe; great Lord, thy judgments righteous be,
To make good ill, when to our ill we uſe it:
Good leads us to the greateſt good, to thee;
But we to other ends moſt fond abuſe it;
A common fault, yet cannot that excuſe it:
We love thy gifts, and take them gladly ever:
We love them (ah, too much) more than we love the giver,

IX.

So falling low upon her humbled knees,
And all her heart within her eye expreſſing;
'Tis true, great mercy, only miſeries
Teach us ourſelves: and thee, oh if confeſſing
Our faults to thee be all our faults releaſing,
But in thine ear, I never fought to hide them:
Ah! thou haſt heard them oft, as oft as thou haſt ey'd them.

X.

I know the heart knows more than tongue can tell;
But thou perceiv'ſt the heart his foulneſs telling:
Yet knows the heart not half, ſo wide an hell,
Such ſeas of ſin in ſuch ſcant banks are ſwelling!
Who ſees all faults within his boſom dwelling;
Many my tenants are, and I not know them.
Moſt dangerous the wounds thou feel'ſt, and canſt not ſhow them.

XI.

Some hidden fault, my Father, and my God,
Some fault I know not yet, nor yet amended,
Hath forc't thee frown, and uſe thy ſmarting rod;
Some grievous fault thee grievouſly offended:
But let thy wrath, (ah!) let it now be ended.
Father, this childiſh plea (if once I know it)
Let ſtay thy threat'ning hand, I never more will do it.

XII.

If to my heart thou ſhow this hidden ſore,
Spare me; no more, no more I will offend thee,
I dare not ſay I will, I would no more:
Say thou I ſhall, and ſoon I will amend me.
Then ſmooth thy brow, and now ſome comfort lend me;
Oh let thy ſofteſt mercies reſt contented:
Though late, I moſt repent, that I ſo late repented.

XIII.

Lay down thy rod, and ſtay thy ſmarting hand;
Theſe raining eyes into thy bottle gather:
Oh ſee thy bleeding Son betwixt us ſtand;
Remember me a child, thyſelf a father:
Or if thou mayſt not ſtay, oh puniſh rather
The part offending, this rebellious heart.
Why pardon'ſt thou the worſe, and plagu'ſt my better part?

XIV.

Was't not thy hand, that tied the ſacred knot?
Was't not thy hand, that to my hand did give him?
Haſt thou not made us one? command'ſt thou not,
None looſe what thou haſt bound? if then thou reave him,
How without me by halves doſt thou receive him! [hind?
Tak'ſt thou the head, and leav'ſt the heart be-
Ay me! in me alone canſt thou ſuch monſter find?

XV.

Oh why doſt thou ſo ſtrong me weak aſſail?
Woman of all thy creatures is the weakeſt,
And in her greateſt ſtrength did weakly fail;
Thou who the weak and bruiſed never breakeſt,
Who never triumph in the yielding feekeſt;
Pity my weak eſtate, and leave me never:
I ever yet was weak and now more weak than ever.

XVI.

With that her fainting ſpouſe lifts up his head,
And with ſome joy his inward griefs refraining,
Thus with a feeble voice, yet cheerful, ſaid;
Spend not in tears this little time remaining;
Thy grief doth add to mine, not eaſe my paining:
My death is life; ſuch is the ſcourge of God:
Ah, if his rods be ſuch, who would not kiſs his rod?

XVII.

My dear, (once all my joy, now all my care)
To theſe my words (theſe my laſt words) apply thee!
Give me thy hand; theſe my laſt greetings are:
Show me thy face, I never more ſhall eye thee.
Ah would our boys, our leſſer ſelves, were by thee!
Thoſe my live pictures to the world I give:
So ſingle only die, in them twice-two I live.

XVIII.

You little ſouls, your ſweeteſt times enjoy,
And ſoftly ſpend among your mother's kiſſes;
And with your pretty ſports and hurtleſs joy
Supply your weeping mother's grievous miſſes:
Ah, while you may, enjoy your little bliſſes,
While yet you nothing know: when back you view,
Sweet will this knowledge ſeem, when yet you nothing knew.

XIX.

For when to riper times your years arrive,
No more (ah then no more) may you go play you:
Launch'd in the deep far from the wiſhed hive,
Change of worlds tempeſts through blind ſeas will ſway you,
Till to the long-long'd haven they convey you:
Through many a wave this brittle life muſt paſs,
And cut the churliſh ſeas, ſhipt in a bark of glaſs.

XX.

How many ſhips in quickſands ſwallow'd been!
What gaping waves, whales, monſters there expect you!
How many rocks, much ſooner felt than ſeen!
Yet let no fear, no coward fright affect you:
He holds the ſtern, and he will ſafe direct you,
Who to my ſails thus long ſo gently blew,
That now I touch the ſhore, before the ſeas I knew.

XXI.

I touch the ſhore, and ſee my reſt preparing.
Oh bleſſed God! how infinite a bleſſing
Is in this thought, that through this troubled faring,
Through all the faults this guilty age depreſſing
I guiltleſs paſt, no helpleſs man oppreſſing;
And coming now to thee, life to the ſkies
Unbribed hands, cleans'd heart, and never tainted eyes!

XXII.

Life, life! how many Sylla's doſt thou hide [en!
In thy calm ſtreams, which ſooner kill than threat-
Gold, honour, greatneſs, and their daughter, pride!
More quiet lives, and leſs with tempeſts beaten,
Whoſe middle ſtate content doth richly ſweeten:
He knows not ſtrife, or brabling lawyers brawls;
His love and wiſh live pleas'd within his private walls.

XXIII.

The king he never ſees, nor fears, nor prays;
Nor ſits court promiſe and falſe hopes lamenting:
Within that houſe he ſpends and ends his days,
Where day he viewed firſt; his hearts contenting,
His wife, and babes; nor ſits new joys inventing:
Unſpotted there, and quiet he remains;
And 'mong his duteous ſons moſt lov'd and fearleſs reigns.

XXIV.

Thou God of Peace, with what a gentle tide
Through this world's raging tempeſt haſt thou brought me?
Thou, thou my open ſoul didſt ſafely hide,
When thouſand crafty foes ſo nearly fought me;
Elſe had the endleſs pit too quickly caught me;
That endleſs pit, where it is eaſier never
To fall, than being fall'n to ceaſe from falling ever.

XXV.

I never knew or want or luxury,
Much leſs their followers; or cares tormenting,
Or ranging luſt, or baſe-bred flattery:
I lov'd, and was belov'd with like conſenting:
My hate was hers, her joy my ſole contenting:
Thus long I liv'd, and yet have never prov'd
Whether I lov'd her more, or more by her was lov'd.

XXVI.

Four babes (the fifth with thee I ſoon ſhall find)
With equal grace in ſoul and body fram'd:
And leſt theſe goods might ſwell my bladder'd mind,
(Which laſt I name, but ſhould not laſt be nam'd)
A ſickneſs long my ſtubborn heart hath tam'd,
And taught me pleaſing goods are not the beſt;
But moſt unbleſt he lives, that lives here ever bleſt.

XXVII.

Ah life, once virtue's ſpring, now ſink of evil!
Thou change of pleaſing pain, and painful pleaſure;
Thou brittle painted bubble, ſhop o' th' devil;
How doſt thou bribe us with falſe guilded treaſure,
That in thy joys we find no mean or meaſure!
How doſt thou witch! I know thou doſt deceive me: [thee.
I know I ſhould, I muſt, and yet I would not leave

XXVIII.

Ah, death! once greateſt ill, now only bleſſing,
Untroubled ſleep, ſhort travel, ever reſting,
All ſickneſs cure, thou end of all diſtreſſing,
Thou one meal's faſt, uſher to endleſs feaſting;
Though hopeleſs griefs cry out thy aid requeſting,
Though thou art ſweeten'd by a life moſt hateful,
How is't, that when thou com'ſt, thy coming is ungrateful?

XXIX.

Frail fleſh, why would'ſt thou keep a hated gueſt,
And him refuſe whom thou haſt oft invited?
Life thy tormenter, death thy ſleep and reſt.
And thou, (poor ſoul!) why at his ſight art frighted,
Who clears thine eyes, and makes thee eagle-ſighted?
Mount now my ſoul, and ſeat thee in thy throne:
Thou ſhalt be one with him, by whom thou firſt waſt one.

XXX.

Why ſhould'ſt thou love this ſtar, this borrow'd light,
And not that ſun, at which thou oft haſt gueſſed,
But gueſs'd in vain? which dares thy piercing ſight,
Which never was, which cannot be expreſſed?
Why lov'ſt thy load, and joy'ſt to be oppreſſed?

Seeſt thou thoſe joys? thoſe thouſand thouſand graces? [embraces.
Mount now my ſoul, and leap to thoſe outſtretch'd

XXXI.

Dear country, I muſt leave thee; and in thee
No benefit, which moſt doth pierce and grieve me:
Yet had not haſty death prevented me,
I would repay my life, and ſomewhat give thee:
My ſons for that I leave; and ſo I leave thee:
Thus Heav'n commands; the lord outrides the page,
And is arriv'd before: death hath prevented age.

XXXII.

My deareſt Betty, my more loved heart,
I leave thee now; with thee all earthly joying:
Heav'n knows, with thee alone I ſadly part:
All other earthly ſweets have had their cloying;
Yet never full of thy ſweet loves enjoying,
Thy conſtant loves, next heav'n I did refer them:
Had not much grace prevail'd, 'fore heav'n I ſhould preſer them.

XXXIII.

I leave them, now the trumpet calls away;
In vain thine eyes beg for ſome times reprieving;
Yet in my children here immortal ſtay:
In one I die, in many ones am living: [ing:
In them, and for them ſtay thy too much griev-
Look but on them, in them thou ſtill wilt ſee
Marry'd with thee again thy twice-two Antony.

XXXIV.

And when with little hands they ſtroke thy face,
As in thy lap they ſit (ah careleſs) playing,
And ſtammering aſk a kiſs, give them a brace;
The laſt from me: and then a little ſtaying,
And in their face ſome part of me ſurveying,
In them give me a third, and with a tear
Show thy dear love to him, who lov'd thee ever dear.

XXXV.

And now our falling houſe leans all on thee;
This little nation to thy care commend them:
In thee it lies that hence they want not me;
Themſelves yet cannot, thou the more defend them;
And when green age permits, to goodneſs bend them:
A mother were you once, now both you are:
Then with this double ſtyle double your love and care.

XXXVI.

Turn their unweary ſteps into the way:
What firſt the veſſel drinks, it long retaineth;
No bars will hold, when they have us'd to ſtray:
And when for me one aſks, and weeping plaineth,
Point thou to heav'n, and ſay, he there remaineth:
And if they live in grace, grow, and perſever.
There ſhall they live with me: elſe ſhall they ſee me never.

XXXVII.

My God, oh, in thy fear here let me live!
Thy wards they are, take them to thy protection:
Thou gav'ſt them firſt, now back to thee I give;
Direct them thou, and help her weak direction;
That re-united by thy ſtrong election,
Thou now in them, they then may live in thee;
And ſeeing here thy will, may there thy glory ſee.

XXXVIII.

Betty, let theſe laſt words long with thee dwell:
If yet a ſecond Hymen do expect thee,
Though well he love thee, once I lov'd as well:
Yet if his preſence make thee leſs reſpect me,
Ah, do not in my children's good neglect me!
Let me this faithful hope departing have;
More eaſy ſhall I die, and ſleep in careleſs grave.

XXXIX.

Farewell, farewell; I feel my long long reſt,
And iron ſleep my leaden heart oppreſſing:
Night after day, ſleep after labour's beſt;
Port after ſtorms, joy after long diſtreſſing:
So weep thy loſs, as knowing 'tis my bleſſing:
Both as a widow and a Chriſtian grieve:
Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in heav'n I live.

XL.

Death, end of our joys, entrance into new,
I follow thee, I know I am thy debtor;
Not unexpect thou com'ſt to claim thy due:
Take here thine own, my ſoul's too heavy fetter;
Not life, life's place I change, but for a better:
Take thou my ſoul, that bought'ſt it: ceaſe your tears: [fears;
Who ſighing leaves the earth, himſelf and heaven

XLI.

Thus ſaid, and while the body ſlumb'ring lay,
(As Theſeus Ariadne's bed forſaking)
His quiet ſoul ſtole from her houſe of clay;
And glorious angels on their wings it taking,
Swifter than lightning flew, for heaven making;
There happy goes he, heav'nly fires admiring,
Whoſe motion is their bait, whoſe reſt is reſtleſs jeering:

XLII.

And now the courts of that thrice bleſſed King
It enters, and his preſence ſits enjoying;
While in itſelf it finds an endleſs ſpring
Of pleaſures new, and never weary joying,
Ne'er ſpent in ſpending; feeding, never cloying:
Weak pen to write! for thought can never feign them:
The mind that all can hold, yet cannot half contain them.

XLIII.

There doth it bleſſed ſit, and looking down,
Laughs at our buſy care, and idle paining;
And ſitting to itſelf that glorious crown,
Scorns earth, where even kings moſt ſerve by reigning;
Where men get wealth, and hell; ſo looſe by gaining.
Ah bleſſed ſoul! there ſit thou ſtill delighted,
Till we at length to him with thee ſhall be united.

XLIV.

But when at laſt his lady ſad eſpies
His fleſh of life, herſelf of him deprived;
Too full of grief, cloſing his quenched eyes,
As if in him, by him, for him ſhe lived,
Fell dead with him; and once again revived,
Fell once again pain weary of his paining,
And grief with too much grief felt now no grief remaining.

XLV.

Again reliev'd, all ſilent ſat ſhe long;
No word to name ſuch grief durſt firſt adventure:
Grief is but light that floats upon the tongue,
But weighty ſorrow preſſes to the centre,
And never reſts till th' heavy heart it enter;
And in life's houſe was married to life: [grief:
Grief made life grievous ſeem, and life enlivens

XLVI.

And from their bed proceeds a numerous preſs,
Firſt ſhrieks, then tears and ſighs the hearts ground renting:
In vain poor muſe would'ſt thou ſuch dole expreſs;
For thou thy ſelf lamenting her lamenting,
And with like grief transform'd to like tormenting, [verſe,
With heavy pace bring'ſt forth thy lagging
Which cloth'd with blackeſt lines attends the mournful herſe.

XLVII.

The cunning hand which that Greek princeſs drew
Ready in holy fires to be conſum'd,
Pity and ſorrow paints in divers hue; [fum'd;
One wept, he pray'd, this ſigh'd, that chaf'd and
But not to limn her father's look preſum'd:
For well he knew his ſkilful hand had fail'd:
Beſt was his ſorrow ſeen, when with a cloth 'twas veil'd.

XLVIII.

Look as a nightingale, whoſe callow young [taken,
Some boy hath mark'd, and now half nak'd hath
Which long ſhe cloſely kept, and foſter'd long,
But all in vain; ſhe now poor bird forſaken
Flies up and down, but grief no place can ſlacken;
All day and night her loſs ſhe freſh doth rue,
And where ſhe ends her plaints, there ſoon begins anew:

XLIX.

Thus ſat ſhe deſolate, ſo ſhort a good,
Such gift ſo ſoon exacted ſore complaining:
Sleep could not paſs, but almoſt ſunk i' th' flood;
So high her eye-banks ſwell'd with endleſs raining:
Surfeit of grief had bred all meats diſdaining:
A thouſand times my Antony, ſhe cried,
Irby a thouſand times; and in that name ſhe died.

L.

Thus circling in her grief it never ends,
But moving round back to itſelf inclineth;
Both day and night alike in grief ſhe ſpends:
Day ſhows her day is gone, no ſun there ſhineth:
Black night her fellow mourner ſhe defineth:
Light ſhows his want, and ſhades his picture draw: [ſhe ſaw.
Him (nothing) beſt ſhe ſees, when nothing now

I.

Thou blacker muſe, whoſe rude uncombed hairs
With fatal yew and cypreſs ſtill are ſhaded;
Bring hither all thy ſighs, hither thy tears:
As ſweet a plant, as fair a flower is faded,
As ever in the muſes garden bladed;
While th' owner (hapleſs owner) ſits lamenting,
And but in diſcontent and grief, finds no contenting.

II.

The ſweet (now ſad) Eliza weeping lies,
While fair Alicia's words in vain relieve her;
In vain thoſe wells of grief ſhe often dries:
What her ſo long, now doubled ſorrows give her,
What both their loves (which doubly double grieve her)
She careleſs ſpends without or end or meaſure;
Yet as it ſpends, it grows, poor grief can tell his treaſure.

III.

All as a turtle on a hared bough
(A widow turtle) joy and life deſpiſes,
Whoſe truſty mate (to pay his holy vow)
Some watchful eye late in his rooſt ſurpriſes,
And to his god for error ſacrifices;
She joyleſs bird ſits mourning all alone; [none:
And being one when two, would now be two, or

IV.

So ſat ſhe gentle lady weeping ſore,
Her deſert ſelf and now cold lord lamenting;
So ſat ſhe careleſs on the duſty floor,
As if her tears were all her ſoul's contenting;
So ſat ſhe, as when ſpeechleſs griefs tormenting
Locks up the heart, the captive tongue enchaining;
So ſat ſhe joyleſs down in worldleſs grief complaining.

V.

Her cheerful eye (which once the cryſtal was,
Where love and beauty dreſs'd their faireſt faces,
And fairer ſeem'd by looking in that glaſs)
Had now in tears drown'd all their former graces:
Her ſnow-white arms, whoſe warm and ſweet embraces,
Could quicken death, their now dead lord enfold,
And ſeem'd as cold and dead as was the fleſh they hold.

VI.

The roſes in her cheek grow pale and wan;
As if his pale cheeks livery they affected:
Her head, like fainting flowers oppreſs'd with rain,
On her left ſhoulder lean'd his weight neglected:
Her dark gold locks hung looſely unreſpected;
As if thoſe fairs, which he alone deſerv'd,
With him had loſt their uſe, and now for nothing ſerv'd.

VII.

Her lady ſiſter ſat cloſe by her ſide,
Alicia, in whoſe face love proudly lorded;
Where beauty's ſelf and mildneſs ſweet reſide,
Where every grace her naked ſight afforded,
And majeſty with love ſat well accorded:
A little map of heav'n, ſweet influence giving;
More perfect yet in this, it was a heaven living.

VIII.

Yet now this heav'n with melting clouds was ſtain'd:
Her ſtarry eyes with ſiſter grief infected,
Might ſeem the Pleiades, ſo faſt they rain'd:
And though her tongue to comfort ſhe directed,
Sighs waiting on each word like grief detected;
That in her face you now might plainly ſee
Sorrow to ſit for love, pity for majeſty.

IX.

At length when now thoſe ſtorms ſhe had allay'd,
A league with grief for ſome ſhort time indenting;
She 'gan to ſpeak, and ſiſter only ſaid:
The ſad Eliza ſoon her words preventing,
El. In vain you think to eaſe my heart's tormenting;
Words, comforts, hope, all med'cine is in vain:
My heart moſt hates this cure, and ſolves his pleaſing pain.

X.

Al. As vain to weep, ſince fate cannot reprieve.
El. Tears are moſt due, when there is no reprieving. [grieve.
Al. When doom is paſt, weak hearts that fondly
El. A helpleſs grief's ſole joy is joyleſs grieving.
Al. To loſſes old new loſs is no relieving:
You loſe your tears. *El.* When that I only fear
For ever now is loſt, poor loſs to loſe a tear.

XI.

Al. Nature can teach, that who is born muſt die.
El. And nature teaches tears in grief's tormenting.
Al. Paſſions are ſlaves to reaſon's monarchy.
El. Reaſon beſt ſhows her reaſon in lamenting.
Al. Religion blames impatient diſcontenting.
El. Not paſſion, but exceſs religion branded;
Nor ever countermands what nature's ſelf commanded.

XII.

Al. That hand which gave him firſt into your hand,
To his own hand doth now again receive him:
Impious and fond, to grudge at his command,
Who once by death from death doth ever reave him!
He lives by leaving life, which ſoon would leave him: [crying.
Thus God and him you wrong by too much
Who living dy'd to life, much better lives by dying.

XIII.

El. Not him I 'plain; ill would it ſit our loves,
In his beſt ſtate to ſhow my heart's repining;
To mourn at others good, fond envy proves:
I know his ſoul is now more brightly ſhining
Than all the ſtars their light in one combining:
No, deareſt ſoul; (ſo lifting up her eyes,
Which ſhow'd like wat'ry ſuns quench'd in the moiſter ſkies)

XIV.

My dear, my deareſt Irby, (at that name,
As at a well-known watch-word, forth there preſſed [qualm
Whole floods of tears, and ſtraight a ſudden
Seizing her heart, her tongue with weight oppreſſed,
And lock'd her grief within her ſoul diſtreſſed;
There all in vain he cloſe and hidden lies:
Silence is ſorrow's ſpeech; his tongue ſpeaks in her eyes:

XV.

Till grief new mounted on uneven wings [ing,
Of loud-breath'd ſighs, his leaden weight up ſend-
Back to the tongue his heavy preſence brings,
His uſher tears, deep groans behind attending,
And in his name her breath moſt gladly ſpending,
As if he gone, his name were all her joying)
Irby, I never grudg'd thee heav'n, and heav'n's enjoying.

XVI.

'Tis not thy happineſs that breeds my ſmart,
It is my loſs, and cauſe that made me loſe thee;
Which hatching firſt this tempeſt in my heart,
Thus juſtly rages; he that lately choſe thee
To live with him, where thou might'ſt ſafe repoſe thee,
Hath found ſome cauſe out of my little caring,
By ſpoiling thine to ſpare, and ſpoil my life by ſparing.

XVII.

Whither, ah whither ſhall I turn my head,
Since thou my God ſo ſore my heart haſt beaten?
Thy rods yet with my blood are warm and red:
Thy ſcourge my ſoul hath drunk, my fleſh hath eaten.
Who helps, when thou my father ſo doſt threaten?
Thou hid'ſt thy eyes; or or if thou doſt not hide them, [them.
So doſt thou frown, that beſt I hidden may abide

XVIII.

I weeping grant, whatever may be dreaded,
All ill thou canſt inflict, I have deſerved;
Thy mercy I, I mercy only pleaded.
Moſt wretched men, if all that from thee ſwerved,
By merit only in juſt weight were ſerved!
If nought thou giv'ſt, but what deſert doth get me, [rhee.
Oh! give me nothing then; for nothing I entreat

XVIII.

Ah, wherefore are thy mercies infinite!
If thou doſt hoard them up, and never ſpend them?
Mercy's no mercy hid in envious night:
The rich man's goods, while in his cheſt he penn'd them, [them.
Were then no goods; much better to miſpend
Why mak'ſt thou ſuch a rod? ſo fierce doth threat me?
Thy frowns to me were rods; thy forehead would have beat me.

XX.

Thou ſeiz'd my joy; ah! he is dead and gone,
That might have dreſs'd my wounds, when thus they ſmarted:
To all my griefs I now am left alone;
Comfort's in vain to hopeleſs grief imparted:
Hope, comfort, joy, with him are all departed.
Comfort, hope, joy, life's flatterers, moſt I fly you, [you.
And would not deign to name, but naming to defy

XXI.

Al. Siſter, too far your paſſions violent heat
And grief's too headlong in your plaint convey you; [beat;
You feel your ſtripes, but mark not who does
'Tis he that takes away, who can repay you:
This grief to other rods doth open lay you:
He binds your grief to patience, not dejection.
Who bears the firſt not well, provokes a new correction.

XXII.

El. I know 'tis true; but ſorrow's blubber'd eye
Fain would not ſee, and cannot well behold it:
My heart ſurround with grief is ſwoll'n ſo high,

It will not ſink, till I alone unfold it;
But grows more ſtrong, the more you do withhold it:
Leave me a while alone; grief's tide grows low,
And ebbs, when private tears the eye-banks overflow.

XXIII.

She quickly roſe, and ready now to go,
Remember meaſure in your griefs complaining;
His laſt, his dying words command you ſo:
So left her, and Eliza ſole remaining,
Now every grief more boldly entertaining,
They flock about her round, ſo one was gone,
And twenty freſh arriv'd. 'Lone grief is leaſt alone.

XXIV.

Thus as ſhe ſat with fix'd and ſettled eye,
Thouſand fond thoughts their wand'ring ſhapes depainted.
Now ſeem'd ſhe mounted to the cryſtal ſky,
And one with him, and with him fellow-fainted;
Straight pull'd from heav'n: and then again ſhe fainted:
Thus while their numerous thoughts each fancy brought, [thought.
The mind all idle ſat: much thinking loſt her

XXV.

And fancy, finding now the dulled ſight
Idle with buſineſs, to her ſoul preſented
(While th' heavy mind ohſcur'd his ſhaded light)
Her woful body from her head abſented;
And ſudden ſtarting, with that thought tormented,
A thing impoſſible too true ſhe found: [found.
The head was gone, and yet the headleſs body

XXVI.

Nor yet awake ſhe cries; ah! this is wrong,
To part what nature's hand ſo near hath tied;
Stay, oh my head, and take thy trunk along:
But then her mind (recall'd) her error ſpied;
And ſigh'd to ſee how true the fancy lied,
Which made the eye his inſtrument to ſee
That true, which being true itſelf muſt nothing be.

XXVII.

Vile trunk (ſays ſhe) thy head is ever gone;
Vile headleſs trunk, why art thou not engraved?
One waſt thou once with him, now art thou none,
Or if thou art, or wert, how art thou ſaved?
And liveſt ſtill, when he to death is ſlaved?
But, (ah!) when well I think, I plainly ſee,
That death to him was life, and life is death to me.

XXVIII.

Vile trunk, if yet he live; ah! then again
Why ſeek'ſt thou not with him to be combined?
But, oh! ſince he in heav'n doth living reign,
Death wert to him in ſuch knots to be twined;
And life to me with him to be confined:
So while I better think, I eas'ly ſee [to me.
My life to him were death, his death were life

XXIX.

Then die with him, vile trunk, and dying live;
Or rather with him live, his life applying,
Where thou ſhalt never die, nor ever grieve:
But ah, though death thou feel'ſt within thee lying, [dying:
Thou ne'er art dead, though ſtill in ſorrow

Moſt wretched ſoul, which haſt thy ſeat and being,
Where life with death is one, and death with life agreeing!

XXX.

He lives and joys; death life to him hath bred:
Why is he living then in earth enwombed?
But I, a walking corſe, in life am dead:
'Tis I, my friends, 'tis I muſt be entombed;
Whoſe joy with grief, whoſe life with death's benumbed?
Thou coffin art not his, nor he is thine;
Mine art thou: thou the dead, and not the living's ſhrine.

XXXI.

You few thin boards, how in ſo ſcanted room
So quiet ſuch great enemies contain ye?
All joy, all grief lies in this narrow tomb:
You contraries, how thus in peace remain ye,
That one ſmall cabin ſo ſhould entertain ye:
But joy is dead, and here entomb'd doth lie,
While grief is come to moan his dead-lov'd enemy.

XXXII.

How many virtues in this little ſpace
(This little little ſpace) lie buried ever!
In him they lie'd, and with them every grace;
In him they liv'd, and dy'd, and riſe will never.
Fond men! go now, in virtue's ſteps perſever;
Go ſweat, and toil; thus you inglorious lie:
In this old frozen age virtue itſelf can die.

XXXIII.

Thoſe petty northern ſtars do never fall,
The unwaſh'd bear the ocean wave deſpiſes;
Ever unmov'd it moves, and ever ſhall:
The ſun, which oft his head in night diſguiſes,
So often as he falls, ſo often riſes;
And ſtealing backward by ſome hidden way,
With ſelf ſame light begins and ends the year and day.

XXXIV.

The flowers, which in the abſence of the ſun
Sleep in their winter-houſes all diſarm'd,
And backward to their mothers womb do run;
Soon as the earth by Taurus' horns is warm'd,
Muſter their colour'd troops; and freſhly arm'd,
Spreading their braving colours to the ſkie,
Winter and winter's ſpite, bold little elves, defy.

XXXV.

But virtue's heav'nly and more glorious light,
Though ſeeming ever ſure, yet oft diſmounteth;
And ſinking low, ſleeps in eternal night,
Nor ever more his broken ſphere remounteth:
Her ſweeteſt flower, which other flowers ſurmounteth
As far as roſes nettles, ſooneſt fadeth: [bladeth.
Down falls her glorious leaf, and never more it

XXXVI.

And as that dainty flower, the maiden roſe,
Her ſwelling boſom to the ſun diſcloſes;
Soon as her lover hot and fiery grows,
Straight all her ſweets unto his heat expoſes,
Then ſoon diſrob'd her ſweet and beauty loſes;
While hurtful weeds, hemlocks, and nettles ſtinking [ſtinking.
Soon from the earth aſcend, late to their graves are

XXXVII.

All ſo the virtuous bud in blooming falls,
While vice long flouriſhing late ſees her ending:
Virtue once dead no gentle ſpring recalls;
But vice ſprings of itſelf, and ſoon aſcending,
Long views the day, late to his night deſcending.
Vain men, that in this life ſet up your reſt,
Which to the ill is long, and ſhort unto the beſt!

XXXVIII.

And as a dream, where th' idle fancy plays,
One thinks that fortune high his head advances;
Another ſpends in woe his weary days;
A third ſeems ſport in love, and courtly dances;
A fourth to find ſome glitt'ring treaſure chances;
Soon as they wake, they ſee their thoughts were vain.
And either quite forget, or laugh their idle brain:

XXXIX.

Such is the world, and ſuch life's quick-ſpent play:
This baſe, and ſcorn'd; that great, in high eſteeming;
This poor, and patched ſeems; that rich, and gay;
This ſick, that ſound; yet all is but a ſeeming,
So like that waking oft we fear we're dreaming;
And think we wake oft, when we dreaming play.
Dreams are as living nights; life as a dreaming day.

XL.

Go then, vain life; for I will truſt no more [me:
Thy flattering dreams; death, to thy reſting take
Thou ſleep without all dreams, life's quiet ſhore,
When wilt thou come? when wilt thou overtake me?
Enough I now have liv'd; loth'd life forſake me:
Thou good mens endleſs light, thou ill mens [feaſt;
That at the beſt art bad, and worſt art to the beſt.

XLI.

Thus as in tears ſhe drowns her ſwollen eyes,
A ſudden noiſe recalls them; backward bending
Her weary head, there all in black ſhe ſpies
Six mournful bearers, the ſad herſe attending,
Their feet and hands to that laſt duty lending:
All ſilent ſtood ſhe, trembling, pale, and wan;
The firſt grief left his ſtage, a new his part began.

XLII.

And now the coffin in their arms they take,
While ſhe with weight of grief ſat ſtill amazed;
As do ſear leaves in March, ſo did ſhe quake,
And with intented eyes upon them gazed:
But when from ground the doleful herſe they raiſed,
Down on the bier half dead ſhe careleſs fell;
While tears did talk apace, and ſighs her ſorrows tell.

XLIII.

At laſt, fond men (ſaid ſhe) you are deceiv'd;
It is not he, 'tis I muſt be interred:
Not he, but I of life and ſoul bereav'd;
He lives in heav'n, among the ſaints referred:
This trunk, this headleſs body muſt be buried.
But while by force ſome hold her, up they rear him, [him.
And weeping at her tears, away they ſoftly bear

XLIV.

But then impatient grief all paſſion proves,
She prays and weeps; with tears ſhe doth entreat them;
But when this only fellow-paſſion moves,
She ſtorms and raves, and now as faſt doth threat them; [them;
And as ſhe only could, with words doth beat
Ah cruel men, ah men moſt cruel, ſtay:
It is my heart, my life, my ſoul, you bear away.

XLV.

And now no ſooner was he out of ſight,
As if ſhe would make good what ſhe had ſpoken,
Firſt from her heart's deep centre deep ſhe ſigh'd,
Then, (as if heart, and life, and ſoul were broken)
Down dead ſhe fell; and once again awoken,
Fell once again; ſo to her bed they bore her:
While friends (no friends) hard love to life and grief reſtore me.

XLVI.

Unfriendly friends (ſaith ſhe) why do ye ſtrive
To bar wiſh'd death from his ſo juſt ingreſſion;
Your pity kills me; 'tis my death to live,
And life to die: it is as great oppreſſion
To force out death, as life from due poſſeſſion.
'Tis much more great: better that quickly ſpills
A lothed life, then he that with long torture kills.

XLVII.

And then, as if her guiltleſs bed offended; [me,
Thou trait'rous bed, when firſt thou didſt receive
Not ſingle to thy reſt I then aſcended:
Double I came, why ſhould I ſingle leave thee?
Why of my better part doſt thou bereave me?
Two preſs'd thee firſt: why ſhould but one depart? [part.
Reſtore, thou trait'rous bed, reſtore that better

XLVIII.

Thus while one grief another's place inherits,
And one yet hardly ſpent, a new complained:
Grief's leaden vapour dulls the heavy ſpirits,
And ſleep too long from ſo wiſh'd ſeat reſtrained,
Now of her eyes un'wares poſſeſſion gained;
And that ſhe might him better welcome give,
Her lord he new preſents, and makes him freſh to live.

XLIX.

She thinks he lives, and with her goes along;
And oft ſhe kiſs'd his cheek, and oft embraced;
And ſweetly aſk'd him where he ſtaid ſo long,
While he again her in his arms enlaced;
Till ſtrong delight her dream and joy defaced;
But then ſhe willing ſleeps; ſleep glad receives her;
And ſhe as glad of ſleep, that with ſuch ſhapes deceives her.

L.

Sleep widow'd eyes, and ceaſe ſo fierce lamenting;
Sleep grieved heart, and now a little reſt thee:
Sleep ſighing words, ſtop all your diſcontenting;
Sleep beaten breaſt; no blows ſhall now moleſt thee:
Sleep happy lips; in mutual kiſſes neſt ye:
Sleep weary muſe, and do not now diſeaſe her:
Fancy, do thou with dreams and his ſweet preſence pleaſe her.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE SPENCER OF THIS AGE.

DEAR FRIEND,

No more a ſtranger now: I lately paſt
Thy curious building—call'd—but then my haſte
Deny'd me a full draught; I did but taſte.

Thy wine was rich and pleaſing; did appear
No common grape: my haſte could not forbear
A ſecond ſip; I hung a garland there:

Paſt on my way; I laſh'd through thick and thin,
Diſpatch'd my buſineſs, and return'd again;
I call'd the ſecond time; unhors'd, went in:

View'd every room; each room was beautify'd
With new invention, carv'd on every ſide,
To pleaſe the common and the curious ey'd:

View'd every office; every office lay
Like a rich magazine; and did bewray
Thy treaſure, open'd with thy golden key:

View'd every orchard; every orchard did
Appear a paradiſe, whoſe fruits were hid
(*For* chance) with ſhadowing leaves, but none forbid:

View'd every plot; ſpent ſome delightful hours
In every garden, full of new-born flowers,
Delicious banks, and delectable bowers.

Thus having ſtepp'd and travell'd every ſtair
Within, and taſted every fruit that's rare
Without, I made thy houſe my thorough-fare.

Then give me leave, rare Fletcher (as before
I left a garland at thy gates), once more
To hang this ivy at thy poſtern-door.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GILES FLETCHER.

Containing

CHRIST'S VICTORY AND TRIUMPH,

IN FOUR PARTS.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Think (if thou canſt) how mounted on his ſphere,
In heaven now he ſings: thus ſung he here.
P. FLETCHER'S VERSES ON G. FLETCHER.

EDINBURGH:

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THE LIFE OF G. FLETCHER.

Of Giles Fletcher very few memorials are to be found. His contemporaries left his life unwritten, and nothing can now be known of his perſonal hiſtory, beyond what caſual mention ſupplies.

He was of a poetical family: the ſon of Dr. Giles Fletcher, author of "The Ruſſe Common-"wealth;" an excellent poet; and brother to Phineas Fletcher, the ſubject of the preceding article. Benlowes well obſerves, in his verſes to Phineas, "Thy very name's a poet."

"This Dr. Giles Fletcher," ſays Wood, "died in the pariſh of St. Catharine's in Coleman-ſtreet, London, in the month of February 1610, and was buried, I preſume, in the church of St. Catharine's there; leaving behind him a ſon of both his names, bachelor of divinity of Trinity College, Cambridge, equally beloved of the muſes and the graces, who died at Alderton in Suffolk, in 1623."

To Wood's account, brief though it be, little can be added; and perhaps the emphatic expreſſion, "equally beloved of the muſes and the graces," characteriſes Giles Fletcher more happily than the moſt ample and elaborate eulogy.

Winſtanley's account of theſe two elegant brothers blemiſhes even the unſatisfactory narratives of that biographer. "Phineas," ſays he "was alſo brother to two worthy poets, viz. George Fletcher, the author of a poem, intitled *Chriſt's Victory and Triumph over and after Death*," and Giles Fletcher, who wrote a worthy poem, intitled *Chriſt's Victory*, made by him, being but bachelor of arts, diſcovering the piety of a ſaint, and the divinity of a doctor."

Though poetry ſeems to have been hereditary in the Fletcher family, it does not appear that Phineas and Giles had a poetical brother called George; and it is certain, that Giles, who is here confounded with George, wrote *Chriſt's Victory and Triumph*, &c. without any coadjutor.

This groſs blunder is copied by Jacob, though he might eaſily have obtained a more correct account of this poetical family, from the Oxford antiquary.

G. Fletcher wrote his *Chriſt's Victory and Triumph* when he was very young, was afterwards beneficed at Alderton, and died many years before Phineas, who was his elder brother, as appears from the beautiful eulogy on the "Purple Iſland," at the concluſion of his poem.

But let the *Kentiſh* lad, that lately taught
His oaten reed the trumpet's ſilver ſound,
Young *Thyrſilis*; and for his muſic brought
The willing ſpheres from heaven, to lead around
The dancing nymphs, and ſwains that ſung and crown'd
Eclecta's Hymen with ten thouſand flowers
Of choiceſt praiſe; and hung her heavenly bowers
With ſaffron garlands dreſs'd for nuptial paramours.
Let his ſhrill trumpet, with her ſilver blaſt,
Of fair *Eclecta*, and her ſpouſal bed
Be the ſweet pipe, and ſmooth encomiaſt;
But my green muſe, hiding her younger head
Under old *Camus'* flaggy banks that ſpread

Their willow locks abroad, and all the day,
With their own wat'ry ſhadows wanton play,
Dares not thoſe high amours and love-ſick ſongs eſſay.

His *Chriſt's Victory and Triumph* was publiſhed at Cambridge in 1710, with recommendatory verſes, as was uſual in thoſe days, by his brother and F. Netherſole, and a dedication to Dr. Neville, dean of Canterbury, and maſter of Trinity College; from which it appears that he was under great obligations to him.

Speaking of the College, he ſays, "In which, being placed by your favour only, moſt freely, without either any means from other, or any deſert in myſelf; being not able to do more, I could do no leſs than acknowledge that debt."

A ſecond edition of *Chriſt's Victory and Triumph* was printed at Cambridge, by Roger Daniel, for Abraham Atſend, bookſeller in Norwich, 1640.

It was reprinted, together with the "Purple Iſland," in 8vo, 1783, and modernized according to a ridiculous plan, recommended by Hervey, (Lett. II. vol. 2.) who ſeems to have forgot that it is the indiſpenſable duty of every editor of an ancient poet, to exhibit the text of the author in the exact ſtate in which he found it; with the exception only of ſuch words as are evidently miſtakes of the preſs. In this edition, beſides innumerable alterations, which diſplay more evangelical piety than poetical taſte, eight ſtanzas are omitted in the firſt part of *Chriſt's Victory*, four in the ſecond part, two in the firſt part of *Chriſt's Triumph*, and ſeven in the ſecond part. Such unjuſtifiable liberties, for which no apology is offered, warrant the utmoſt ſeverity of critical reprehenſion.

After having been neglected for near a century and a half, and then mangled, in order to be read, it is now reprinted, from the edition 1640, and received, for the firſt time, into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

The character of G. Fletcher ſeems to have been amiable and pious. Of his fraternal affection, which appears to have been reciprocal, he has left behind him undubitable proofs In a learned and poetical age, he cultivated literature and poetry with diſtinguiſhed ſucceſs. His poetry gained him the praiſe of his contemporaries; but failed to gain him friends and readers among their ſucceſſors. The applauſe of both is rarely the lot of any one. Few indeed are they who, allied, as it were, to immortality, can boaſt of a reputation ſufficiently bulky and well-founded, to catch and to detain the eye of each ſucceeding generation as it riſes. The revolutions of language, of taſte, and of opinion, will ſhake, if not demoliſh the faireſt fabrics of the human intellect. Fame is ſeldom ſtationary; if it ceaſes to advance, it inevitably goes backward; and ſpeedy are the ſteps of its receding, when compared with thoſe of its advance.

Non poſſunt primi eſſe omnes omni in tempore:
Summum ad gradum cum claritatis veneris,
Conſiſtis ægre, et quum deſcendas decides:
Cecidi ego: cadet qui ſequitur. Laus eſt publica.
DEC. LABERIUS.

Spenſer and Shakſpeare, Milton and Dryden, are ſure heirs of immortality: But poets who do not belong to the firſt claſs, yet are of diſtinguiſhed merit, muſt reſt contented with the ſcanty praiſe of the few for the preſent, and truſt with confidence to poſterity. He who writes well, leaves an unperiſhing memorial behind him; the partial and veering gales of favour, though ſilent, perhaps, for one century, are ſure to riſe in guſts in the next. Truth, however tardy, is infallibly progreſſive; and thoſe honours which through envy or accident, are with-held in one age, are repaid with intereſt, by taſte and gratitude in another.

Merit is its own preſervative againſt the depredations of time; and thus we ſee the poetry of G. Fletcher, though ſhrouded by depreſſion, yet inſenſible, as it were, to the lapſe of years, ſurmounting, at laſt, every impediment, and reclaiming thoſe honours which it gained him during his life.

His *Chriſt's Victory and Triumph*, a poem rich and pictureſque in the higheſt degree, deſerves to be better known. It is on a much happier ſubject than that of his brother, and merits the attention of the readers of poetry, for energy of ſtyle, ſublimity of ſentiment, opulence of deſcription, and harmo-

ny of numbers. Such fertility of fancy, ſnch exuberance of imagery, ſuch felicity of diction, and ſuch facility of expreſſion, rival every thing of the kind in the poetry of his age. The *Birth, Temptation, Paſſion, Crucifixion, Reſurrection, and Aſcenſion* of our Saviour, furniſh in ſucceſſion, ſubjects of illuſtration and deſcription equally forcible and faſcinating. To compare the *Chriſt's Victory and Triumph* of G. Fletcher with the "Paradiſe Regained" of Milton, and the "Calvary" of Cumberland, would perhaps be too ſevere a trial; but they have many points of reſemblance; and it is no ſmall honour to G. Fletcher to have furniſhed hints to Milton.

In enumerating the ſigns that portended Chriſt's nativity, he has a ſimilar idea to that of Milton on the ſame occaſion.

The angels caro'd loud their ſongs of praiſe;
The curſed oracles were ſtrucken dumb.

In Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity," among other portents which are ſublimely enumerated, this of the oracles having been all ſtruck dumb, is not the moſt inconſiderable. Milton is likewiſe indebted to *Chriſt's Victory* for ſome particulars in his deſcription of our Saviour in the wilderneſs, in "Paradiſe "Regained."

Our Saviour is thus deſcribed in the wilderneſs by G. Fletcher.

Seemed that the man had them devoured all,
Whom to devour the beaſts did make pretence,
But him their ſalvage thirſt did nought appal,
Though weapons none he had for his defence.
What arms for innocence, but innocence?
For when they ſaw their Lord's bright cogniſance
Shine in his face, ſoon did they diſadvance,
And ſome unto him kneel, and ſome about him dance.
Down fell the lordly lion's angry mood,
And he himſelf fell down in congies low,
Bidding him welcome to his waſteful wood,
Sometimes he kiſt the graſs where he did go,
And as to waſh his feet he well did know,
With fawning tongue he lickt away the duſt,
And every one would neareſt to him thruſt,
And every one, with new, forgot his former luſt.
Unmindful of himſelf to mind his Lord;
The lamb ſtood gazing by the tiger's ſide,
As though between them they had made accord;
And on the lion's back the goat did ride,
Forgetful of the roughneſs of the hide;
If he ſtood ſtill, their eyes upon him baited,
If walkt, they all in order on him waited,
And when he ſlept, they as his watch themſelves conceited.

After circumſtantially deſcribing the perſon of Chriſt, *Satan* is thus introduced diſguiſed.

At length an aged ſire far off he ſaw
Come ſlowly footing, every ſtep he gueſt;
One of his feet he from the grave did draw,
Three legs he had, the wooden was the beſt;
And all the way he went, he ever bleſt
With benedicities and prayers ſtore,
But the bad ground was bleſſed ne'er the more.
And all his head with ſnow of age was waxen hoar;
A good old hermit he might ſeem to be,
That for devotion had the world forſaken
And now was travelling ſome ſaint to ſee,
Since to his beads he had himſelf betaken,
When all his former ſins he might awaken,
And them might waſh away with dropping brine,
And alms and faſts, and churches diſcipline,
And dead, might reſt his bones under the holy ſhrine.
But when he nearer came, he lowted low,
With prone obeyſance, and with curtſie kind,
That at his feet his head he ſeem'd to throw,
What needs him now another ſaint to find, &c. &c.

He thus exclaims with the moſt artful ſimplicity.

Ah! mote my humble cell ſo bleſſed be,
As heaven to welcome in his lowly roof,
And be the temple of thy deity!
Lo here my cottage worſhips thee aloof,
That under ground hath hid his head in proof.
It doth adore thee with the ceiling low,
Here honey, milk, and cheſnuts wild do grow,
The boughs a bed of leaves upon thee ſhall beſtow.
Ch. Vict. p. 2, &c.

Compare Parad. Reg. 295, &c. Where our Saviour paſſed forty days in the wilderneſs.

Nor taſted human food, nor hunger felt
Till thoſe days ended, hunger'd then at laſt
Among wild beaſts; they at his ſight grew mild,
Nor ſleeping him nor waking harm'd; his walk
The fiery ſerpent ſhunn'd, and noxious worms;
The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds
Following, as ſeem'd in queſt of ſome ſtray ewe,
Or wither'd ſticks to gather, which might ſerve
Againſt a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
To warn him wet return'd from field at eve,
He ſaw approach, who firſt with curious eye
Perus'd him; then with words thus utter'd, ſpake:

How far the following ſtanzas, which are but a continuation of what is before quoted, might have influenced Milton in his "Comus," is left to the reader to determine. He is deſcribing the Bower of *Vain Delight* to which our Saviour is introduced by *Satan*.

And all about embayed in ſoft ſleep,
A herd of charmed beaſts a-ground were ſpread,
Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
And them in willing bondage fettered;
Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,
And turn'd to beaſts; ſo fabled Homer old
That *Circe* with her potion charm'd in gold,
Us'd many ſouls in beaſtly bodies to immould.
Through this falſe Eden to his Leman's bower
(Whom thouſand ſouls devoutly idolize)
Our firſt deſtroyer led our Saviour.
There in the lower room, in ſolemn wiſe
They danc'd around, and pour'd their ſacrifice
To plump Lyæus, and among the reſt,
The jolly prieſt in ivy garlands dreſt,
Chaunted wild orgials, in honour of the feaſt.
Others within their arbours ſwilling ſat
(For all the room about was arboured),
With laughing Bacchus, that was grown ſo fat
That ſtand he could not, but was carried,
And every evening freſhly watered;
To quench his fiery cheeks, and all about
Small cocks broke through the wall, and ſallied out
Flaggons of wine, to ſet on fire that ſpuing rout.
This their inhumed ſouls eſteemed their wealths
To crown the bouzing can from day to night,
And ſick to drink themſelves with drinking healths,
Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.
Hence to a loft, carv'd all in ivory white
They came, where whiter ladies naked went
Melted in pleaſure and ſoft languiſhment,
And ſunk on beds of roſes amorous glances ſent.

After a deſcription of *Avarice* and *Ambition*, we are preſented with the throne of *Panglory*, who is thus deſcribed :

A ſilver wand the ſorcereſs did ſway,
And for a crown of gold his hair ſhe wore;
Only a garland of roſe-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand ſhe bore
A hollow globe of glaſs, that long before
She full of emptineſs had bladdered,
And all the world therein depictured.
Whoſe colours, like the rainbow, ever vaniſhed.

Thus the ſpirit in Milton, in giving directions to the brother, ſpeaking of the Hæmony which he gives him as an antidote to the charms of Comus, ſays,

——————— if you have this about you,
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly aſſault the necromancer's hall,
Where if he be, with dauntleſs hardihood
And brandiſh'd blade, ruſh on him, *break his glaſs*,
And ſhed the luſcious liquor on the ground,
But ſeize his wand.

Panglory ſings a ſong of allurement, the ſubject of which is love, " obtruding falſe rules, prankt in reaſon's garb," and endeavours to captivate our Saviour in the ſame manner as Comus does the lady. The ſong is remarkable for its elegance. The effect of it on our Saviour is as follows :

Thus fought the dire enchantreſs in his mind,
Her guileful bait to have emboſomed ;
But he her charms diſperſed into wind,
And her of inſolence admoniſhed,
And all her optic gloſſes ſhattered.

Milton uſes the very expreſſion *ſhattered*, 799, Comus.

The word *imparadiſed*, uſed by Milton, P. Loſt, B. 4. p. 506, and ſuppoſed to have been coined by him, occurs in *Chriſt's Triumph*, p. 2. St. 43.

As in his burning throne he ſits *imparadis'd*.

The word ſeems to have been not uncommon with other of our older poets; for it occurs twice in Drayton, once in Daniel, and once in P. Fletcher.

Thou ſitt'ſt *imparadis'd*, and chaunt'ſt eternal lays.
P. Iſl. C. 1. St. 14.

His taſte for allegory, he probably derived from Spenſer, together with the mellifluous yet artleſs flow of his numbers. His deſcription of the bower of *Vain Delight*, the garden of *Panglory*, the cave of *Deſpair*, and the *Idea Beatifical*, are eminently ſublime and beautiful. The two firſt may be ſuppoſed to have been ſuggeſted by Spenſer's Bower of Bliſs, F. Queen, B. 11. Can. 12. On ſuch ideal Paradiſes, the beſt poets in almoſt all ages and nations have laviſhed their deſcriptive powers. Homer has his garden of Alcinous; Virgil, his Elyſium; Arioſto, his Iſland of Alcina; Taſſo, his garden of Armida; Camoens, his garden of Venus; Marino, his garden of Adonis; and Milton, his garden of Eden. The liſt might be augmented by the " Paradiſe of Taſte," a beautiful allegorical poem, which the writer of theſe biographical prefaces has the ſatisfaction to announce, as the production of a friend, whoſe poetry is among the leaſt of his many elegant attainments.

His poetry abounds in nervous and pictureſque expreſſions, as well as deſcriptions, though the diction is ſometimes deficient in dignity and ſimplicity. His allegorical figures are well invented, though not always well marked out. Amidſt the profuſion of ornaments with which they are embelliſhed, we are ſometimes at a loſs to diſcover for whom they are deſigned. There are an opulence of al-

luſion, and a mixture of mythologies in the imagery, which diſplay more range of fancy, than chaſteneſs of ſelection. His figures of *Mercy*, *Juſtice*, *Repentance*, *Faith*, *Preſumption*, *Avarice*, *and Ambition*, are, however, delineated with ſuitable attributes, and diſplay an individual and excluſive character. In his deſcription of *Juſtice*, he has, with great ſublimity, attributed to her the power of interpreting the ſilence of thought.

———for ſhe each wiſh could find
Within the ſolid heart; and with her ears
The ſilence of the thought, loud ſpeaking hears.
Ch. Vict. p. 1. St. 10.

To accumulate yet more inſtances of ſimilar propriety of ſelection would be neither difficult nor unpleaſing;

Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus,
Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.
Virg. Geor. 3. v. 284.

The poetry of G. Fletcher is characteriſed by ſublimity, animation, and ſplendor, with an unfortunate inermixture of affectation, incongruity, and extravagance: it has many beauties and many conceits; but, after making every deduction which criticiſm requires, his *Chriſt's Victory and Triumph* is a performance of which both poetry and religion may juſtly boaſt; and the bringing it forward to the attention of the public, may be the means of doing juſtice to an elegant writer, who has never yet received the honours he deſerves.

THE WORKS OF G. FLETCHER.

To the Right Worſhipful and Reverend

MR. DOCTOR NEVILE,

Dean of Canterbury, and the Maſter of Trinity College in Cambridge.

Right Worthy and Reverend Sir,

As I have always thought the place wherein I live, after heaven, principally to be deſired; both becauſe I moſt want, and it moſt abounds with wiſdom, which is fled by ſome with as much delight, as it is obtained by others, and ought to be followed by all: ſo I cannot but next unto God, for ever acknowledge myſelf moſt bound unto the hand of God, (I mean yourſelf,) that reached down, as it were, out of heaven, unto me, a benefit of that nature and price, than which I could wiſh none (only heaven itſelf excepted) either more fruitful and contenting for the time that is now preſent, or more comfortable and encouraging for the time that is already paſt, or more hopeful and promiſing for the time that is yet to come.

For as in all mens judgments (that have any judgment) Europe is worthily deemed the queen of the world, that garland both of learning and pure religion being now become her crown, and bloſſoming upon her head, that hath long ſince lain withered in Greece and Paleſtine: ſo my opinion of this iſland hath always been, that it is the very face and beauty of all Europe; in which both true religion is faithfully profeſſed without ſuperſtition, and (if on earth) true learning ſweetly flouriſhes without oſtentation. And what are the two eyes of this land, but the two univerſities? which cannot but proſper in the time of ſuch a prince, that is, a prince of learning, as well as of people. And truly I ſhould forget myſelf, if I ſhould not call Cambridge the right eye: and I think (King Henry VIII. being the uniter, Edward III. the founder, and yourſelf the repairer of this college wherein I live) none will blame me, if I eſteem the fame, ſince your poliſhing of it, the faireſt ſight in Cambridge; in which being placed by your only favour, moſt freely, without either any means from other, or any deſert in myſelf; being not able to do more, I could do no leſs than acknowledge that debt which I ſhall never be able to pay, and with old Silenus in the poet) upon whom the boys ——*injiciunt ipſis ex vincula ſertis*, making his garland his fetters) finding myſelf bound unto you by ſo many benefits, that were given by yourſelf for ornaments, but are to me as ſo many golden chains to hold me faſt in a kind of deſired bondage, ſeek (as he doth) my freedom with a ſong: the matter whereof is as worthy the ſweeteſt ſinger as myſelf, the miſerable ſinger, unworthy ſo divine a ſubject; but the ſame favour that before rewarded no deſert, knows now as well how to pardon all faults; then which indulgence, when I regard myſelf, I can wiſh no more; when I remember you, I can hope no leſs.

So commending theſe few broken lines unto yours, and yourſelf into the hands of the beſt phyſician, Jeſus Chriſt; with whom the moſt ill-affected man, in the midſt of his ſickneſs, is in good health; and without whom the moſt luſty body, in his greateſt jollity, is but a languiſhing carcaſe: I humbly take my leave, ending with the ſame wiſh that your devoted obſerver and my approved friend doth in his verſes preſently ſequent, that your paſſage to heaven may be ſlow to us that ſhall want you here, but to yourſelf that cannot want us there, moſt ſecure and certain.

Your Worſhip's
in all duty and ſervice,
G. FLETCHER.

THOMAS NEVYLE
MOST HEAVENLY.

As when the Captain of the heavenly hoſt,
Or elſe that glorious army doth appear;
In waters drown'd, with ſurging billows toſs'd,
We know they are not, where we ſee they are;
We ſee them in the deep, we ſee them move,
We know they fixed are in heaven above:
So did the Son of righteouſneſs come down
Clouded in fleſh, and ſeem'd be in the deep:
So do the many waters ſeem to drown
The ſtars his ſaints, and they on earth to keep,
And yet this ſun from heaven never fell,
And yet theſe earthly ſtars in heaven dwell.
What if their ſouls be into priſon caſt
In earthly bodies? yet they long for heaven.
What if this worldly ſea they have not paſt?
Yet fain they would be brought into their haven,
They are not here, and yet we here them ſee,
For every man is there, where he would be.
Long may you wiſh, and yet long wiſh in vain,
Hence to depart, and yet that wiſh obtain.
Long may you here in heaven on earth remain,
And yet a heaven in heaven hereafter gain.
Go you to heaven, but yet, O make no haſte!
Go ſlowly, ſlowly, but yet go at laſt.
But when the nightingale ſo near doth ſit,
Silence the titmouſe better may befit.

F. Nethersole.

TO THE READER.

THERE are but few of many that can rightly judge of poetry, and yet there are many of those few, that carry so left-handed an opinion of it, as some of them think it half sacrilege for profane poetry to deal with divine and heavenly matters; as though David were to be sentenced by them, for uttering his grave matter upon the harp; others, something more violent in their censure, but sure less reasonable (as though poetry corrupted all good wits, when indeed bad wits corrupt poetry), banish it, with Plato, out of all well-ordered commonwealths. Both these I will strive rather to satisfy, then refute.

And of the first I would gladly know, whether they suppose it fitter, that the sacred songs in the scripture of those heroical saints, Moses, Deborah, Jeremiah, Mary, Simeon, David, Solomon, (the wisest schoolman, and wittiest poet) should be ejected from the canon for want of gravity, or rather this error erased out of their minds, for want of truth. But, it may be, they will give the Spirit of God leave to breathe through what pipe it please, and will confess, because they must needs, that all the songs dittied by him, must needs be, as their fountain is, most holy; but their common clamour is, Who may compare with God? True; and yet as none may compare without presumption, so all may imitate, and not without commendation; which made Nazianzen, one of the stars of the Greek Church, that now shines as bright in heaven, as he did then on earth, write so many divine poems of the Genealogy, Miracles, Passion of Christ, called by him his χριστὸς πάχων.—Which, when Basil, the prince of the fathers, and his chamberfellow, had seen, his opinion of them was, that he could have devised nothing either more fruitful to others, because it kindly wooed them to religion; or more honourable to himself, Οὐδὲν γὰρ μακαριώτερόν ἐστι τῆς τὴν ἀγγέλων χορείαν ἐν τῇ γῇ μιμεῖσθαι· because, by imitating the singing angels in heaven, himself became, though before his time, an earthly angel. What should I speak of Juvencus, Prosper, and the wise Prudentius? the last of which living in Hieromes time, twelve hundred years ago, brought forth in his declining age, so many, and so religious poems, straitly charging his soul, not to let pass so much as one either night or day without some divine song: *Hymnis continuet dies, nec nox ulla vacet, quin Dominum canat* And as sedulous Prudentius, so prudent Sedulius was famous in this poetical divinity, the coetan of Bernard, who sung the history of Christ with as much devotion in himself, as admiration to others; all which were followed by the choicest wits of Christendom: Nonnius translating all St. John's gospel into Greek verse, Sanazar, the late living image, and happy imitator of Virgil, bestowing ten years upon a song, only to celebrate that one day when Christ was born unto us on earth, and we (a happy change) unto God in heaven: thrice honoured Bartas, and our (I know no other name more glorious than his own) Mr. Edmund Spencer (two blessed souls) not thinking ten years enough, laying out their whole lives upon this one study. Nay, I may justly say that the princely father of our country (though in my conscience God hath made him of all the learned princes that ever were, the most religious, and of all the religious princes, the most learned; that so, by the one he might oppose him against the Pope, the pest of all religion; and by the other, against Bellarmine, the abuser of all good learning) is yet so far enamoured with this celestial muse, that it shall never repent me—*calamo trivisse labellum*, whensoever I shall remember *Hæc eade ut sciret quid non faciebat Amyntas?* To name no more in such plenty, where I may find how to begin, sooner then to end, St. Paul by the example of Christ, that went singing to mount Olivet, with his disciples, after his last supper, exciteth the Christians to solace themselves with hymns, and psalms, and spiritual songs; and therefore, by their leaves, be it an error for poets to be divines, I had rather err with the scripture, than be rectified by them: I had rather adore the steps of Nazianzen, Prudentius, Sedulius, then follow their steps to be misguided: I had rather be the devout admirer of Nonnius, Bartas, my sacred sovereign, and others, the miracles of our latter age, then the false-sectary of these, that have nothing at all to follow, but their own naked opinions: To conclude, I had rather with my Lord, and his most divine apostle, sing (though I sing sorrily) the love of heaven and earth, then praise God (as they do) with the worthy gift of silence, and sitting still, or think I disprais'd him with this poetical discourse. It seems they have either not read, or clean forgot, that it is the duty of the muses (if we may believe Pindar and Hesiod) to set always under the throne of Jupiter, *ejus et laudes, et beneficia ὑμνεῖσθαι*, which made a very worthy German writer conclude it, *Certò statuimus, proprium atque peculiare poetarum munus esse, Christi gloriam illustrare*, being good reason that the heavenly infusion of such po-

etry, ſhould end in his glory, that had beginning from his goodneſs, *ſit orator, naſcitur poeta.*

For the ſecond ſort therefore, that eliminate poets out of their city gates, as though they were now grown ſo bad, as they could neither grow worſe, nor better, though it be ſomewhat hard for thoſe to be the only men ſhould want cities, that were the only cauſers of the building of them; and ſomewhat inhumane to thruſt them into the woods, to live among the beaſts, who were the firſt that called men out of the woods, from their beaſtly, and wild life; yet ſince they will needs ſhoulder them out for the only firebrands to inflame luſt (the fault of earthly men, not heavenly poetry) I would gladly learn, what kind of profeſſions theſe men would be entreated to entertain, that ſo deride and diſaffect poeſy: would they admit of philoſophers, that after they have burnt out the whole candle of their life in the circular ſtudy of ſciences, cry out at length, *Se nihil prorſus ſcire?* or ſhould muſicians be welcome to them, that *Dant ſine mente ſonum*—bring delight with them indeed, could they as well expreſs with their inſtruments a voice, as they can a ſound? or would they moſt approve of ſoldiers that defend the life of their countrymen, either by the death of themſelves, or their enemies? If philoſophers pleaſe them, who is it that knows not, that all the lights of example, to clear their precepts are borrowed by philoſophers from poets? that without Homer's examples, Ariſtotle would be as blind as Homer? If they retain muſicians, who ever doubted, but that poets infuſed the very ſoul into the inarticulate ſounds of muſic? that without Pindar and Horace, the lyrics had been ſilenced for ever? If they muſt needs entertain ſoldiers, who can but confeſs, that poets reſtore again that life to ſoldiers, which they before loſt for the ſafety of their country? that without Virgil, Æneas had never been ſo much as heard of? How then can they for ſhame deny commonwealths to them, who were the firſt authors of them? how can they deny the blind philoſopher that teaches them, his light? the empty muſician that delights them, his ſoul? the dying ſoldier that defends their life, immortality, after his own death? Let philoſophy, let ethics, let all the arts beſtow upon us this gift, that we be not thought dead men, whilſt we remain among the living, it is only poetry that can make us be thought living men, when we lie among the dead; and therefore I think it unequal, to thruſt them out of our cities, that call us out of our graves; to think ſo hardly of them, that make us to be ſo well thought of; to deny them to live a while among us, that make us live for ever among our poſterity.

So being now weary in perſuading thoſe that hate, I commend myſelf to thoſe that love ſuch poets, as Plato ſpeaks of, that ſing divine and heroical matters. Οὐ γὰρ οὗτοι εἰσὶν οἱ ταῦτα λέγοντες, ἀλλ' ὁ Θεός, αὐτὸς ἔστιν ὁ λέγων, recommending theſe my idle hours, not idly ſpent, to good ſcholars, and good Chriſtians, that have overcome their ignorance with reaſon, and their reaſon, with religion.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

DEFUNCTO FRATRI.

THINK (if thou canſt) how mounted on his ſphere,
In heaven now he ſings: thus ſung he here.
PHIN. FLETCHER. *Regal.*

QUID ô quid Veneres, Cupidinéſque,
Turtureſque, jocóſque, paſſeréſque
Laſcivi canitis greges, poetæ?
Et jam languidutos amantum ocellos,
Et mox turgidulas ſinu pupillas
Jam fletus teneros cachinnulóſque,
Mox ſuſpiria, morſiunculáſque,
Mille baſia; mille, mille nugas?
Et vultus pueri, puellulæve
(Heu fuſci pueri, puellulæque!)
Pingitis nivibus, roſunculiſque,
(Mentitis nivibus, roſunculiſque)
Quæ vel primo hyemis rigore torpent,
Vel Phœbi intuitu ſtatim relanguent.
Heu ſtulti nimiùm greges poetæ!
Ut quas ſic nimis, (ah!) nimis ſtupetis,
Nives candidulæ, et roſæ pudentes:
Sic vobis pereunt ſtatim labores;
Et ſolem fugiunt ſeveriorem,
Vel ſaltem gelidâ rigent ſenectâ.
At tu, qui clypeo haud inane nomen
(Minerva clypeo loviſque) ſumens
Victrices reſonas Dei triumphos,
Triumphos lacrymis mixtúque plenos,
Plenos lætitiæ, et ſpei triumphos,
Dum rem carmine, Pieróque dignam
Plenos militia, labore plenos,
Tuo propitius parat labori
Quin ille ipſe tuos legens triumphos,

Plenos militia, labore plenos,
Tuò propitius parat labori
Plenos lætitiæ, et ſpei triumphos.

PHIN FLETCHER. *Regal.*

Η Μαριάμ.
Μὴ μιαρά.

BEATISSIMA virginum Maria;
Sed matérque ſimul beata. Perquam,
Qui ſemper fuit, ille cœpit eſſe;
Quæ vitæ dederiſque inire vitam;
Et Luci dederis videre lucem;
Quæ faſtidia, morſiunculaſque
Paſſa es quas gravidæ ſolent, nec unquam
Audebas propior viro venire:
Dum clauſus penetralibus latebat
Matricis tunica undique involutus,
Quem ſe poſſe negant tenere cœli:
Quæ non virgineas premi papillas
Paſſa, virgineas tamen dediſti
Lactandas puero tuo papillas.
Etu, dic age, dic, beata virgo,
Cur piam abſtineas manum timeſque
Sancta tangere, ſanctariumque
Inſolens fugias. An inquinari
Contactu metuis tuo ſacrata?
Contactu metuis ſuo ſacrata
Pollui pia: cernis (en!) ferentem,
Lenimenta Dei furentis, illa
Fœdatas ſibi ferre que jubebat.
Sis felix nova virgo-mater opto,
Quæ mollire Deum paras amicum,
Quin hîc dona licet licet relinquas,
Agnellumque repone Turturemque,
Audax ingrediare inanis ædes
Dei, tange Deo ſacrata, tange.
Quæ non concubitu coinquinata
Agnellum peperitque, Turturemque
Excluſit, facili Deo litabit
Agno cum Deus inſit, et columbæ.

NOR can I ſo much ſay as much I ought,
Nor yet ſo little can I ſay as nought,
In praiſe of this thy work, ſo heav'nly penn'd,
That ſure the ſacred dove a quill did lend
From her high ſoaring wing: certes I know
No other plumes, that makes man ſeem ſo low
In his own eyes, who to all others ſight
Is mounted to the higheſt pitch of height:
Where if thou ſeem to any of ſmall price,
The fault is not in thee but in his eyes.
But what do I thy flood of wit reſtrain
Within the narrow banks of my poor vein?
More I could ſay, and would, but that to praiſe
Thy verſes, is to keep them from their praiſe.
For them who reads, and doth them not advance,
Of envy doth it, or of ignorance.

F. NETHERSOLE.

CHRIST'S VICTORY IN HEAVEN.

The Argument.

The argument propounded in general. Our redemption by Christ, ver. 1, 2. The author's invocation for the better handling of it, ver. 3, 4. Man's redemption, from the cause. Mercy dwelling in heaven, and pleading for men now guilty; with Justice described by her qualities, ver. 5—10. Her retinue, ver. 12. Her subject, ver. 15. Her accusation of man's sin, ver. 17. And, 1st, of Adam's first sin, ver. 18, 19. Then of his posterity's, in all kind of idolatry, ver. 20—24. How hopeful any patronage of it, ver. 25—27. All the creatures having disleagued themselves with him for his extreme unthankfulness, ver. 28—33. So that being destitute of all hope and remedy, he can look for nothing but a fearful sentence, ver. 35—40. The effect of Justice her speech: the inflammation of the heavenly powers appeased by Mercy, who is described by her cheerfulness to defend man, ver. 40—42. Our inability to describe her, ver. 43, 44. Her beauty, resembled by the creatures, which are all frail shadows of her essential perfection, ver. 45, 46. Her attendants, ver. 46, 47. Her persuasive power, ver. 48—50. Her kind offices to man, ver. 51, 52. Her garments, wrought by her own hands, wherewith she clothes herself, composed of all the creatures, ver 53. The earth, ver. 54. Sea, ver. 55, 56. Air, ver. 57, 58. The celestial bodies, ver. 59, 60. The third heaven, ver. 61, 62. Her objects, ver. 63. Repentence, ver. 64—66. Faith, ver. 67—69. Her deprecative speech for man: in which she translates the principal fault unto the devil; and repeating Justice her aggravation of mens sin, mitigates it; 1st, By a contrary inference: 2d, By interceding herself in the cause, and Christ, ver. 70—75. That is as sufficient to satisfy, as man was impotent, ver. 76, 77. Whom she celebrates from the time of his nativity, ver. 78. From the effects of it in himself, ver. 79, 80. Egypt, 81. The angels and men, ver. 82, 83. The effects of Mercy's speech, 84. A transition to Christ's second victory, ver. 85.

I.

The birth of Him that no beginning knew,
Yet gives beginning to all that are born,
And how the Infinite far greater grew,
By growing less, and how the rising morn,
That shot from heav'n, and back to heav'n return,
The obsequies of him that could not die,
And death of life, end of eternity,
How worthily he died, that died unworthily;

II.

How God and man did both embrace each other,
Met in one person, heaven and earth did kiss,
And how a virgin did become a mother,
And bare that Son, who the world's Father is,
And maker of his mother, and how Bliss
Descended from the bosom of the High,
To clothe himself in naked misery,
Sailing at length to heav'n, in earth, triumphantly,

III.

Is the first flame, wherewith my whiter muse
Doth burn in heavenly love, such love to tell.
O thou that didst this holy fire infuse,
And taught'st this breast, but late the grave of hell,
Wherein a blind and dead heart liv'd, to swell
With better thoughts, send down those lights that lend
Knowledge, how to begin, and how to end
The love, that never was, nor ever can be penn'd.

IV.

Ye sacred writings in whose antique leaves
The memories of heaven entreasur'd lie,
Say, what might be the cause that mercy heaves
The dust of sin above th' industrious fly,
And lets it not to dust and ashes fly?
Could justice be of sin so over-woo'd,
Or so great ill be cause of so great good, [blood?
That bloody man to save, man's Saviour shed his

v.

Or did the lips of Mercy drop ſoft ſpeech
For trait'rous man, when at th' Eternal's throne
Incenſed Nemeſis did heav'n beſeech
With thund'ring voice, that juſtice might be ſhown
Againſt the rebels that from God were flown?
O ſay, ſay how could Mercy plead for thoſe,
That, ſcarcely made, againſt their Maker roſe?
Will any ſlay his friend, that he may ſpare his foes?

vi.

There is a place beyond that flaming hill
From whence the ſtars their thin appearance ſhed,
A place, beyond all place, where never ill,
Nor impure thought was ever harboured;
But ſaintly heroes are forever ſu'd
To keep an everlaſting Sabbath's reſt;
Still wiſhing that, of what th' are ſtill poſſeſt;
Enjoying but one joy, but one of all joys beſt.

vii.

Here, when the ruin of that beauteous frame,
Whoſe golden building ſhin'd with every rear
Of excellence, deform'd with age became;
Mercy, rememb'ring peace in midſt of war,
Lift up the muſic of her voice, to bar
Eternal fate; leſt it ſhould quite eraſe
That from the world, which was the firſt world's grace,
And all again into their (nothing) chaos chaſe.

viii.

For what had All this all, which man in one
Did not unite? the earth, air, water, fire,
Life, ſenſe, and ſpirit, nay, the pow'rful throne
Of the divineſt eſſence did retire,
And his own image into clay inſpire:
So that this creature well might called be
Of the great world the ſmall epitomy,
Of the dead world the live and quick anatomy.

ix.

But juſtice had no ſooner mercy ſeen
Smoothing the wrinkles of her father's brow,
But up ſhe ſtarts, and throws herſelf between:
As when a vapour from a muſory ſlough,
Meeting with freſh dews, that but now
Open'd the world which all in darkneſs lay,
Doth heav'n's bright face of his rays diſarray,
And ſads the ſmiling orient of the ſpringing day.

x.

She was a virgin of auſtere regard:
Not as the world eſteems her, deaf and blind;
But as the eagle, that hath oft compar'd
Her eye with heav'n's, ſo, and more brightly ſhin'd
Her lamping ſight: for ſhe the ſame could wind
Into the ſolid heart, and with her ears,
The ſilence of the thought loud ſpeaking hears,
And in one hand a pair of even ſcales ſhe wears.

xi.

No riot of affection revel kept
Within her breaſt, but a ſtill apathy
Poſſeſſed all her ſoul, which ſoftly ſlept,
Securely, without tempeſt; no ſad cry
Awakes her pity, but wrong'd poverty,
Sending his eyes to heav'n ſwimming in tears,
With hideous clamours ever ſtruck her ears,
Whetting the blazing ſword that in her hand ſhe bears.

xii.

The winged lightning is her Mercury,
And round about her mighty thunders ſound:
Impatient of himſelf lies pining by
Pale Sickneſs, with his kercher'd head up wound,
And thouſand noiſome plagues attend her round.
But if her cloudy brow but once grow foul,
The flints do melt, and rocks to water roll,
And airy mountains ſhake, and frighted ſhadows howl.

xiii.

Famine, and bloodleſs Care, and bloody War,
Want, and the want of knowledge how to uſe
Abundance, Age, and Fear, that runs afar
Before his fellow Grief, that aye purſues
His winged ſteps; for who would not refuſe
Grief's company, a dull, and raw-bon'd ſpright,
That lanks the cheeks, and pales the freſheſt ſight,
Unboſoming the cheerful breaſt of all delight?

xiv.

Before this curſed throng goes Ignorance,
That needs will lead the way he cannot ſee:
And, after all, Death doth his flag advance,
And in the midſt, Striſe ſtill would roguing be,
Whoſe ragged fleſh and clothes did well agree:
And round about amazed Horror flies,
And over all, Shame veils his guilty eyes, [lies.
And underneath, hell's hungry throat ſtill yawning

xv.

Upon two ſtony tables, ſpread before her,
She lean'd her boſom, more than ſtony hard,
There ſlept th' impartial judge, and ſtrict reſtorer
Of wrong, or right, with pain, or with reward,
There hung the ſcore of all our debts, the card
Where good, and bad, and life, and death, were painted:
Was never heart of mortal ſo untainted,
But when that ſcroll was read, with thouſand terrors fainted.

xvi.

Witneſs the thunder that mount Sinai heard,
When all the hill with fiery clouds did flame,
And wand'ring Iſrael, with the ſight afear'd,
Blinded with ſeeing, durſt not touch the ſame,
But like a wood of ſhaking leaves became.
On this dead Juſtice, ſhe, the living law,
Bowing herſelf with a majeſtic awe,
All heav'n, to hear her ſpeech, did into ſilence draw.

xvii.

Dread Lord of ſpirits, well thou didſt deviſe
To fling the world's rude dunghill, and the droſs
Of the old chaos, fartheſt from the ſkies,
And thine own ſeat, that hear the child of loſs,
Of all the lower heav'n the curſe, and croſs,
That wretch, beaſt, captive, monſter man, might ſpend,
(Proud of the mire, in which his ſoul is pen'd)
Clodded in lumps of clay, his weary life to end.

xviii.

His body duſt: where grew ſuch cauſe of pride?
His ſoul, thy image: what could he envy?)
Himſelf moſt happy, if he ſo would bide:
Now grown moſt wretched, who can remedy?
He ſlew himſelf, himſelf the enemy.

That his own foul would her own murder wreak,
If I were filent, heav'n and earth would fpeak;
And if all fail'd, thefe ftones would into clamours break.

XIX.

How many darts made furrows in his fide,
When fhe, that out of his own fide was made,
Gave feathers to their flight? where was the pride
Of their new knowledge? whither did it fade?
When, running from thy voice into the fhade,
He fled thy fight, himfelf of fight bereav'd;
And for his fhield a leavy armour weav'd,
With which, vain man, he thought God's eyes to have deceiv'd?

XX.

And well he might delude thofe eyes, that fee,
And judge by colours; for who ever faw
A man of leaves, a reafonable tree?
But thofe that from this ftock their life did draw,
Soon made their father godly, and by law
Proclaimed trees almighty: gods of wood,
Of ftocks, and ftones, with crowns of laurel ftood,
Templed, and fed by fathers with their children's blood.

XXI.

The fparkling fanes, that burn in beaten gold,
And, like the ftars of heav'n in midft of night,
Black Egypt, as her mirrors, doth behold,
Are but the dens where idol-fnakes delight
Again to cover Satan from their fight:
Yet thefe are all their gods, to whom they vie
The crocodile, the cock, the rat, the fly.
Fit gods, indeed, for fuch men to be ferved by.

XXII.

The fire, the wind, the fea, the fun, and moon,
The flitting air, and the fwift-winged hours,
And all the watchmen, that fo nimbly run,
And fentinel about the walled towers
Of the world's city, in their heavenly bowers.
And, left their pleafant gods fhould want delight,
Neptune fpues out the Lady Aphrodite, light.
And but in heaven proud Juno's peacocks fcorn to

XXIII.

The fenfelefs earth, the ferpent, dog, and cat,
And worfe than all thefe, man, and worft of men
Ufurping Jove, and fwelling Bacchus fat,
And drunk with the vine's purple blood, and then
The fiend himfelf they conjure from his den,
Becaufe he only yet remain'd to be
Worfe than the worft of men, they flee from thee, knee.
And wear his altar-ftones out with their pliant

XXIV.

All that he fpeaks (and all he fpeaks are lies)
Are oracles; 'tis he (that wounded all)
Cures all their wounds; he (that put out their eyes)
That gives them light; he (that death firft did call
Into the world) that with his orifal,
Infpirits earth: he heav'n's all-feeing eye,
He earth's great prophet, he, whom reft doth fly,
That on falt billows doth, as pillows, fleeping lie.

XXV.

But let him in his cabin reftlefs reft,
The dungeon of dark flames, and freezing fire,
Juftice in heav'n againft man makes requeft
To God, and of his angels doth require
Sin's punifhment: if what I did defire,
Or who, or againft whom, or why, or where,
Of, or before whom ignorant I were,
Then fhould my fpeech their fands of fins to mountains rear.

XXVI.

Were not the heav'ns pure, in whofe courts I fue,
The Judge, to whom I fue, juft to requite him,
The caufe for fin, the punifhment moft due,
Juftice herfelf, the plaintiff to endite him,
The angels holy, before whom I cite him,
He againft whom, wicked, unjuft, impure;
Then might he finful live, and die fecure,
Or trial might efcape, or trial might endure.

XXVII.

The judge might partial be, and over-pray'd,
The place appeal'd from, in whofe courts he fues,
The fault excus'd, or punifhment delay'd,
The parties felf accus'd, that did accufe,
Angels for pardon might their prayers ufe:
But now no ftar can fhine, no hope be got.
Moft wretched creature, if he knew his lot,
And yet more wretched far, becaufe he knows it not.

XXVIII.

What fhould I tell how barren earth is grown,
All for to ftarve her children? didft not thou
Water with heav'nly fhow'rs her womb unfown,
And drop down clouds of flow'rs? didft not thou bow
Thine eafy ear unto the ploughman's vow?
Long might he look, and look, and long in vain
Might load his harveft in an empty wain,
And beat the woods, to find the poor oak's hungry grain.

XXIX.

The fwelling fea feethes in his angry waves, [rifh;
And fmites the earth that dares the traitors nou-
Yet oft his thunder their light cork outbraves,
Mowing the mountains, on whofe temples flouriih
Whole woods of garlands; and, their pride to cherifh, [difplay
Plough through the fea's green fields, and nets
To catch the flying winds, and fteal away, [prey.
Coz'ning the greedy fea, pris'ning their nimble

XXX.

How often have I feen the waving pine,
Tofs'd on a wat'ry mountain, knock his head
At heav'n's too patient gates, and with falt brine
Quench the moon's burning horns; and fafely fled
From heav'n's revenge, her paffengers, all dead
With ftiff aftonifhment, tumble to hell?
How oft the fea all earth would overfwell,
Did not thy fandy girdle bind the mighty well?

XXXI.

Would not the air be fill'd with ftreams of death,
To poifon the quick rivers of their blood?
Did not thy winds fan, with their panting breath,
The flitting region? would not th' hafty flood
Empty itfelf into the fea's wide wood:
Didft not thou lead it wand'ring from his way,
To give men drink, and make his waters ftray,
To freih the flow'ry meadows, through whofe fields they play?

XXXII.

Who makes the sources of the silver fountains
From the flint's mouth, and rocky valleys slide,
Thick'ning the airy bowels of the mountains?
Who hath the wild herds of the forest ty'd
In their cold dens, making them hungry bide
Till man to rest be laid? can beastly he,
That should have most sense, only senseless be,
And all things else, beside himself, so awful see?

XXXIII.

Were he not wilder than the savage beast,
Prouder than haughty hills, harder than rocks,
Colder than fountains from their springs release,
Lighter than air, blinder than senseless stocks,
More changing than the river's curling locks:
If reason would not, sense would soon reprove him,
And unto shame, if not to sorrow, move him,
To see cold floods, wild beasts, dull stocks, hard stones out-love him.

XXXIV.

Under the weight of sin the earth did fall,
And swallowed Dathan, and the raging wind,
And stormy sea, and gaping whale, did call
For Jonas; and the air did bullets find,
And shot from heav'n a stony show'r, to grind:
The five proud kings, that for their idols fought,
The sun itself stood still to fight it out,
And fire from heav'n flew down, when Sin to heav'n did shout.

XXXV.

Should any to himself for safety fly?
The way to save himself, if any were,
Were to fly from himself: should he rely
Upon the promise of his wife? but there
What can he see, but that he most may fear,
A siren, sweet to death? upon his friends?
Who that he needs, or that he hath not lends?
Or wanting aid himself, aid to another sends?

XXXVI.

His strength? but dust: his pleasure? cause of pain:
His hope? false courtier: youth, or beauty? brittle:
Entreaty? fond: repentance? late and vain:
Just recompence? the world were all too little:
Thy love? he hath no title to a title:
Hell's force? in vain her furies hell shall gather:
His servants, kinsmen, or his children rather?
His child, if good, shall judge; if bad, shall curse his father.

XXXVII.

His life? that brings him to his end, and leaves him:
His end? that leaves him to begin his wo:
His goods? what good in that, that so deceives him?
His gods of wood? their feet, alas! are slow
To go to help, that must be help'd to go:
Honour, great worth? ah! little worth they be
Unto their owners: wit? that makes him see
He wanted wit, that thought he had it, wanting thee.

XXXVIII.

The sea to drink him quick? that casts his dead:
Angels to spare? they punish: night to hide?
The world shall burn in light: the heav'n's to spread
Their wings to save him? heav'n itself shall slide,
And roll away like melting stars that glide
Along their oily threads: his mind pursues him:
His house to shroud, or hills to fall, and bruise him?
As serjeants both attach, and witnesses accuse him.

XXXIX.

What need I urge what they must needs confess?
Sentence on them, condemn'd by their own lust;
I crave no more, and thou can'st give no less,
Than death to dead men, justice to unjust;
Shame to most shameful, and most shameless dust:
But if thy mercy needs will spare her friends,
Let mercy there begin, where justice ends.
'Tis cruel mercy, that the wrong from right defends.

XL.

She ended, and the heav'nly hierarchies,
Burning in zeal, thickly imbranded were;
Like to an army that alarum cries,
And every one shakes his ydreaded spear,
And the Almighty's self, as he would tear
The earth, and her firm basis quite in sunder,
Flam'd all in just revenge, and mighty thunder:
Heav'n stole itself from earth by clouds that moister'd under.

XLI.

As when the chereful sun elamping wide,
Glads all the world with his uprising ray,
And woos the widow'd earth afresh to pride,
And paints her bosom with the flow'ry May,
His silent sister steals him quite away,
Wrapt in a sable cloud, from mortal eyes,
The hasty stars at noon begin to rise,
And headlong to his early roost the sparrow flies:

XLII.

But soon as he again disshadowed is,
Restoring the blind world his blemish'd sight,
As though another day were newly his,
The coz'ned birds busily take their flight,
And wonder at the shortness of the night:
So mercy once again herself displays
Out from her sister's cloud, and open lays
Those sunshine looks, whose beams would dim a thousand days.

XLIII.

How may a worm, that crawls along the dust,
Clamber the azure mountains, thrown so high,
And fetch from thence thy fair idea just,
That in those sunny courts doth hidden lie,
Cloth'd with such light, as blinds the angels eye?
How may weak mortal ever hope to fill
His unsmooth tongue, and his deprostrate style?
O, raise thou from his corse, thy now entomb'd exile!

XLIV.

One touch would rouse me from my sluggish herse,
One word would call me to my wished home,
One look would polish my afflicted verse,
One thought would steal my soul from her thick lome,
And force it wand'ring up to heav'n to come,
There to importune, and to beg apace
One happy savour of thy sacred grace,
To see (what though it lose her eyes?) to see thy face.

XLV.

If any aſk why roſes pleaſe the ſight?
Becauſe their leaves upon thy cheeks do bow'r:
If any aſk why lilies are ſo white?
Becauſe their bleſſoms in thy hand do flow'r:
Or why ſweet plants ſo grateful odours ſhow'r?
It is becauſe thy breath ſo like they be:
Or why the orient ſun ſo bright we ſee?
What reaſon can we give, but from thine eyes, and thee?

XLVI.

Ros'd all in lively crimſon are thy cheeks,
Where beauties indeflouriſhing abide,
And, as to paſs his fellow either ſeeks,
Seems both to bluſh at one another's pride:
And on thine eyelids, waiting thee beſide,
Ten thouſand graces ſit, and when they move
To earth their amorous belgards from above,
They fly from heav'n, and on their wings convey thy love.

XLVII.

And of diſcolour'd plumes their wings are made,
And with ſo wond'rous art the quills are wrought,
That whenſoever they cut the airy glade,
The wind into their hollow pipes is caught:
As ſeems, the ſpheres with them they down have brought:
Like to the ſeven-fold reed of Arcady,
Which Pan of Syrinx made, when ſhe did fly
To Ladon ſands, and at his ſighs ſung merrily.

XLVIII.

As melting honey, dropping from the comb,
So ſtill the words, that ſpring between thy lips,
Thy lips, where ſmiling ſweetneſs keeps her home,
And heav'nly eloquence pure manna ſips.
He that his pen but in that fountain dips,
How nimbly will the golden phraſes fly,
And ſhed forth ſtreams of choiceſt rhetory,
Waling celeſtial torrents out of poeſy?

XLIX.

Like as the thirſty land, in ſummer's heat,
Calls to the clouds, and gapes at every ſhow'r,
As though her hungry cliffs all heav'n would eat;
Which if high God unto her boſom pour,
Though much refreſh'd, yet more ſhe could devour:
So hang the greedy ears of angels ſweet,
And every breath a thouſand Cupids meet,
Some flying in, ſome out, and all about her fleet.

L.

Upon her breaſt delight doth ſoftly ſleep,
And of eternal joy is brought abed;
Thoſe ſnowy mountlets, through which do creep
The milky rivers, that are inly bred
In ſilver ciſterns, and themſelves do ſhed
To weary travellers, in heat of day,
To quench their fiery thirſt, and to allay
With dropping nectar floods, the fury of their way.

LI.

If any wander, thou doſt call him back:
If any be not forward, thou incit'ſt him:
Thou doſt expect, if any ſhould grow ſlack:
If any ſeem but willing, thou invit'ſt him:
Or if he do offend thee, thou acquitt'ſt him:
Thou find'ſt the loſt, and follow'ſt him that flies,
Healing the ſick, and quick'ning him that dies:
Thou art the lame man's friendly ſtaff, the blind man's eyes.

LII.

So fair thou art, that all would thee behold;
But none can thee behold, thou art ſo fair:
Pardon, O pardon then thy vaſſal bold,
That with poor ſhadows ſtrives thee to compare,
And match the things which he knows matchleſs are.
O thou vile mirror of celeſtial grace,
How can frail colours pourtray out thy face,
Or paint in fleſh thy beauty, in ſuch ſemblance baſe?

LIII.

Her upper garment was a ſilken lawn,
With needle-work richly embroidered;
Which ſhe herſelf with her own hand had drawn,
And all the world therein had pourtrayed,
With threads ſo freſh and lively coloured,
That ſeem'd the world ſhe new created there;
And the miſtaken eye would raſhly ſwear
The ſilken trees did grow, and the beaſts living were.

LIV.

Low at her feet the earth was caſt alone
(As though no kiſs her foot it did aſpire,
And gave itſelf for her to tread upon)
With ſo unlike and different attire,
That every one that ſaw it, did admire
What it might be, was of ſo various hue;
For to itſelf it oft ſo diverſe grew, [new.
That ſtill it ſeem'd the ſame, and ſtill it ſeem'd a

LV.

And here and there few men ſhe ſcattered,
(That in their thought the world eſteem but ſmall,
And themſelves great) but ſhe with one fine thread
So ſhort, and ſmall, and ſlender wove them all,
That like a ſort of buſy ants that crawl
About ſome mole-hill, ſo they wandered;
And round about the waving ſea was ſhed:
But, for the ſilver ſands, ſmall pearls were ſprinkled.

LVI.

So curiouſly the underwork did creep,
And curling circlets ſo well ſhadowed lay,
That afar off the waters ſeem'd to ſleep;
But thoſe that near the margin pearl did play,
Hoarſely enwaved were with haſty ſway,
As though they meant to rock the gentle car,
And huſh the former that enſlumber'd were:
And here a dangerous rock the flying ſhips did fear.

LVII.

High in the airy element there hung
Another cloudy ſea, that did diſdain
(As though his purer waves from heaven ſprung)
To crawl on earth, as doth the ſluggiſh main:
But it the earth would water with his rain, [would,
That ebb'd, and flow'd, as wind, and ſeaſon
And oft the ſun would cleave the limber mould
To alabaſter rocks, that in the liquid roll'd.

LVIII.

Beneath thoſe ſunny banks, a darker cloud,
Dropping with thicker dew, did melt apace,
And bent itſelf into a hollow ſhroud:
On which, if mercy did but caſt her face,
A thouſand colours did the bow enchace,

That wonder was to see the silk distain'd
With the resplendence from her beauty gain'd,
And Iris paint her locks with beams, so lively feign'd.

LIX.

About her head a cypress heav'n she wore,
Spread like a veil, upheld with silver wire,
In which the stars so burnt in golden ore,
As seem'd the azure web was all on fire:
But hastily, to quench their sparkling ire,
A flood of milk came rolling up the shore,
That on his curded wave swift Argus wore,
And the immortal swan, that did her life deplore.

LX.

Yet strange it was, so many stars to see
Without a sun, to give their tapers light:
Yet strange it was not that it so should be:
For, where the sun centres himself by right,
Her face, and locks did flame, that at the sight,
The heav'nly veil, that else should nimbly move,
Forgot his flight, and all incens'd with love,
With wonder, and amazement, did her beauty prove.

LXI.

Over her hung a canopy of state,
Not of rich tissue, nor of spangled gold,
But of a substance, though not animate,
Yet of a heav'nly and spiritual mould,
That only eyes of spirits might behold:
Such light as from main rocks of diamond,
Shooting their sparks at Phœbus, would rebound,
And little angels, holding hands, danc'd all around.

LXII.

Seemed those little sp'rits, through nimbles bold,
The stately canopy bore on their wings;
But them itself, as pendants, did uphold,
Besides the crowns of many famous kings:
Among the rest, there David ever sings:
And now, with years grown young, renews his lays
Unto his golden harp, and ditties plays, [praise.
Psalming aloud in well-tun'd songs his Maker's

LXIII.

Thou self-idea of all joys to come,
Whose love is such, would make the rudest speak,
Whose love is such, would make the wisest dumb;
O when wilt thou thy too long silence break,
And overcome the strong to save the weak!
If thou no weapons hast, thine eyes will wound
Th' Almighty's self, that now stick on the ground, [impound.
As though some blessed object there did them

LXIV.

Ah, miserable object of disgrace,
What happiness is in thy misery!
I both must pity, and envy thy case;
For she, that is the glory of the sky,
Leaves heaven blind to fix on thee her eye:
Yet her (though mercy's self esteems not small)
The world despis'd, they her repentance call.
And she herself despises, and the world, and all.

LXV

Deeply, alas! empassioned she stood,
To see a flaming brand tos'd up from hell,
Boiling her heart in her own lustful blood,
That oft for torment she would loudly yell,
Now she would sighing sit, and now she fell
Crouching upon the ground, in sackcloth trust:
Early and late she pray'd; and fast she must,
And all her hair hung full of ashes, and of dust.

LXVI.

Of all most hated, yet hated most of all
Of her own self she was; disconsolate
(As though her flesh did but infuneral
Her buried ghost) she in an arbour sat
Of thorny briar, weeping her cursed state:
And her before a hasty river fled,
Which her blind eyes with faithful penance fed,
And all about, the grass with tears hung down his head.

LXVII.

Her eyes, though blind abroad, at home kept fast,
Inwards they turn'd, and look'd into her head,
At which she often started, as aghast,
To see so fearful spectacles of dread;
And with one hand her breast she martyred,
Wounding her heart, the same to mortify,
The other a fair damsel held her by:
Which if but once let go, she sunk immediately.

LXVIII

But faith was quick, and nimble as the heav'n,
As if of love and life she all had been:
And though of present sight her sense were reav'n,
Yet she could see the things could not be seen.
Beyond the stars, as nothing were between,
She fix'd her sight, disdaining things below:
Into the sea she could a mountain throw,
And make the sun to stand, and waters backwards flow.

LXIX.

Such when as Mercy her beheld from high,
In a dark valley, drown'd with her own tears,
One of her graces she sent hastily,
smiling Eyrene, that a garland wears
Of guilded olive on her fairer hairs,
To crown the fainting soul's true sacrifice:
Whom when as sad repentance coming spies,
The holy desperado wip'd her swollen eyes.

LXX.

But Mercy felt a kind remorse to run
Through her soft veins, and therefore hying fast
To give an end to silence, thus begun;
Aye honour'd father, if no joy thou hast
But to reward desert, reward at last
The devil's voice, spoke with a serpent's tongue,
Fit to hiss out the words so deadly stung, [sung,
And let him die, death's bitter charms so sweetly

LXXI.

He was the father of that hopeless season,
That, to serve other gods, forgot their own.
The reason was, thou wast above their reason.
They would have any gods, rather than none,
A beastly serpent, or a senseless stone:
And these, as Justice hates, so I deplore.
But the up-plowed heart, all rent and tore,
Though wounded by itself, I gladly would restore.

LXXII.

He was but dust: why fear'd he not to fall?
And being fall'n, how can he hope to live?
Cannot the hand destroy him, that made all?

Could he not take away as well as give?
Should man deprave, and should not God deprive?
Was it not all the world's deceiving spirit,
(That, bladder'd up with pride of his own merit,
Fell in his rise) that him of heav'n did disinherit?

LXXIII.

He was but dust: how could he stand before him?
And being fall'n, why should he fear to die?
Cannot the hand that made him first restore him?
Deprav'd of sin, should he deprived lie
Of grace? can he not find infirmity, [saking,
That gave him strength? unworthy the for-
He is, who ever weighs, without mistaking,
Or maker of the man, or manner of his making.

LXXIV.

Who shall thy temple incense any more;
Or to thy altar crown the sacrifice;
Or strew with idle flow'rs the hallow'd floor?
Or what should prayer deck with herbs, and spice,
Her vials, breathing orisons of price?
If all must pay that which all cannot pay,
O first begin with me, and mercy slay, [doth stray.
And thy thrice-honour'd Son, that now beneath

LXXV.

But if or he, or I may live, and speak,
And heav'n can joy to see a sinner weep;
Oh! let not justite' iron sceptre break
A heart already broke, that low doth creep,
And with prone humbless her feet's dust doth
sweep.
Must all go by desert? is nothing free?
Ah! if but those that only worthy be, [see.
None should thee ever see, none should thee ever

LXXVI.

What hath man done, that man shall not undo,
Since God to him is grown so near a-kin?
Did his foe slay him? he shall slay his foe:
Hath he lost all? he all again shall win:
Is sin his master? he shall master sin:
Too hardy soul, with sin the field to try:
The only way to conquer, was to fly;
But thus long death hath liv'd, and now death's
self shall die.

LXXVII.

He is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is he?
To dead men life he is, to sick men health:
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth;
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

LXXVIII.

Who can forget, never to be forgot,
The time, that all the world in slumber lies:
When, like the stars, the singing angels shot
To earth, and heav'n awaked all his eyes,
To see another sun at midnight rise
On earth? was never sight of peril fame:
For God before, man like himself did frame,
But God himself now like a mortal man became.

LXXIX.

A child he was, and had not learn'd to speak,
That with his word the world before did make:
His mother's arms him bore, he was so weak,
That with one hand the vaults of heav'n could
shake.
See how small room my infant Lord doth take,
Whom all the world is not enough to hold.
Who of his years, or of his age hath told?
Never such age so young, never a child so old.

LXXX.

And yet but newly he was infanted,
And yet already he was sought to die;
Yet scarcely born, already banished;
Not able yet to go, and forc'd to fly:
But scarcely fled away, when by and by,
The tyrant's sword with blood is all defil'd,
And Rachel, for her sons with fury wild,
Cries, O thou cruel king, and O my sweetest child!

LXXXI.

Egypt his nurse became, where Nilus springs,
Who straight, to entertain the rising sun,
The hasty harvest in his bosom brings;
But now for drought the fields were all undone,
And now with waters all is overrun:
So fast the Cynthian mountains pour'd their
snow,
When once they felt the sun so near them glow,
That Nilus Egypt lost, and to a sea did grow.

LXXXII.

The angels caroll'd loud their song of peace,
The curfed oracles were strucken dumb,
To see their Shepherd, the poor Shepherd's press,
To see their king, the kingly sophies come,
And them to guide unto his Master's home,
A star comes dancing up the orient,
That springs for joy over the strawy tent,
Where gold, to make their prince a crown, they
all present.

LXXXIII.

Young John, glad child, before he could be born,
Leapt in the womb, his joy to prophesy:
Old Anna, though with age all spent and worn,
Proclaims her Saviour to posterity:
And Simeon fast his dying notes doth ply.
Oh, how the blessed souls about him trace!
It is the fire of heav'n thou dost embrace:
Sing Simeon, sing, sing Simeon, sing apace.

LXXXIV.

With that the mighty thunder dropt away
From God's unwary arm, now milder grown,
And melted into tears; as if to pray
For pardon, and for pity, it had known,
That should have been for sacred vengeance
thrown:
There to the armies angelic devow'd
Their former rage, and all to mercy bow'd,
Their broken weapons at her feet they gladly
strow'd.

LXXXV.

Bring, bring, ye Graces, all your silver flaskets,
Painted with every choicest flow'r that grows,
That I may soon unflow'r your fragrant baskets,
To strow the fields with odours where he goes,
Let whatsoe'er he treads on be a rose.
So down she let her eyelids fall, to shine
Upon the rivers of bright Palestine,
Whose woods drop honey, and her rivers skip
with wine.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH ON EARTH.

The Argument.

Chriſt brought into the place of combat, the wilderneſs, among the wild beaſts, Mark i. 13. ver. 1. Deſcribed by his proper attribute, the mercy of God, ver. 2, 3.; whom the creatures cannot but adore, ver. 4. 5. By his unity with the Godhead, ver. 6. His proper place, ver. 7. The beauty of his body, Cant. v. 11. Pſal. xlv. 2. Gen. xlix. 12. Cant. v. 10. and Iſa. liii. 2., ver. 8—13. By preparing himſelf to the combat with his adverſary, that ſeemed what he was not, ver. 14, 15. Some devout eſſence, ver. 18—19. (Cloſely tempting him to deſpair of God's Providence, and provide for himſelf), ver. 20. But was what he ſeemeth not, Satan, and would fain have led him, 1ſt, To deſperation; charactered by his place, countenance, apparel, horrible apparitions, &c. ver. 21—30. 2d, To Preſumption; charactered by her place, attendants, &c. ver. 31—36.; and by her temptation, 37.; to vain glory, ver. 38.; poetically deſcribed from the place where her court ſtood.; a garden, ver. 39—49.; from her court, and courtiers, ver. 0.; pleaſure in drinking, ver. 51.; in luxury, ver. 52. 2d, Avarice, ver. 53—55. 3d, Ambitious honour, ver. 56.; from her throne, and from her tempation, ver. 57—59. The effect of this victory in Satan, ver. 60.; the angels, ver. 61.; the creatures, ver. 62.

THERE, all alone, ſhe ſpy'd, alas the while!
In ſhady darkneſs a poor deſolate,
That now had meaſur'd many a weary mile,
Through a waſte deſert, whither heav'nly fate,
And his own will him brought: he praying ſat,
And him to prey, as he to pray began,
The citizens of the wild foreſt ran,
And all with open throat would ſwallow whole the man.

II.

Soon did the lady to her graces cry,
And on their wings herſelf did nimbly ſtrow.
After her coach a thouſand loves did fly,
So down into the wilderneſs they throw:
Where ſhe, and all her train that with her flow
Thorough the airy wave, with fails ſo gay,
Sinking into his breaſt that weary lay,
Made ſhipwreck of themſelves, and vaniſh'd quite away.

III.

Seemed that man had them devoured all,
Whom to devour the beaſts did make pretence;
But him their ſalvage thirſt did nought appal,
Though weapons none he had for his defence:
What arms for innocence, but innocence?
For when they ſaw their Lord's bright cognizance
Shine in his face, ſoon did they diſadvance,
And ſome unto him kneel, and ſome about him dance.

IV.

Down fell the lordly lions angry mood,
And he himſelf fell down in congies low;
Bidding him welcome to his waſteful wood.
Sometime he kiſt the graſs where he did go,
And, as to waſh his feet he well did know,
With fawning tongue he lickt away the duſt,
And every one would neareſt to him thruſt,
And every one, with new, forgot his former luſt.

V.

Unmindful of himſelf, to mind his Lord,
The lamb ſtood gazing by the tyger's ſide,
As though between them they had made accord,
And on the lions back the goat did ride,
Forgetful of the roughneſs of the hide.
If he ſtood ſtill, their eyes upon him baited,
If walkt, they all in order on him waited,
And when he ſlept, they as his watch themſelves conceited.

VI.

Wonder doth call me up to ſee; O no,
I cannot ſee, and therefore ſink in wonder,
The man that ſhines as bright as God, not ſo,
For God he is himſelf, that cloſe lies under
That man, ſo cloſe, that no time can diſſunder

That band; yet not so close, but from him break
Such beams, as mortal eyes are all too weak
Such sight to see, or it, if they should see, to speak.

VII.

Upon a grassy hillock he was laid,
With woody primroses bedeckled:
Over his head the wanton shadows played
Of a wild olive, that her boughs so spread,
As with her leaves she seem'd to crown his head,
And her green arms t' embrace the Prince of Peace:
The sun so near, needs must the winter cease,
The sun so near, another spring seem'd to increase.

VIII.

His hair was black, and in small curls did twine,
As though it were the shadow of some light,
And underneath his face, as day, did shine;
But sure the day shined not half so bright,
Nor the sun's shadow made so dark a night.
Under his lovely locks her head to shroud,
Did make humility herself grow proud:
Hither, to light their lamps, did all the graces crowd.

IX.

One of ten thousand souls I am, and more,
That of his eyes, and their sweet wounds complain;
Sweet are the wounds of love, never so sore,
Ah, might he often slay me so again!
He never lives, that thus is never slain.
What boots it watch? those eyes, for all my art,
Mine own eyes looking on, have stole my heart:
In them love bends his bow, and dips his burning dart.

X.

As when the sun, caught in an adverse cloud,
Flies cross the world, and there anew begets,
The watry picture of his beauty proud,
Throws all abroad his sparkling spanglets,
And the whole world in dire amazement sets,
To see two days abroad at once, and all
Doubt whether now he rise, or now will fall:
So flam'd the godly flesh, proud of his heav'nly thrall.

XI.

His cheeks, as snowy apples sopt in wine,
Had their red roses quencht with lilies white,
And like to garden strawberries did shine,
Washt in a bowl of milk, or rose-buds bright
Unbosoming their breasts against the light.
Here love-sick souls did eat, there drank, and made
Sweet smelling posies, that could never fade,
But worldly eyes him thought more like some living shade.

XII.

For laughter never look'd upon his brow,
Though in his face all smiling joys did bide:
No silken banners did about him flow,
Fools made their fetters ensigns of their pride:
He was best cloth'd when naked was his side.
A Lamb he was, and woollen fleece he bore,
Wove with one thread, his feet low sandals wore:
But bared were his legs, so went the times of yore.

XIII.

As two white marble pillars that uphold
God's holy place where he in glory sets,
And rise with goodly grace and courage bold,
To bear his temple on their ample jets,
Veiu'd every where with azure rivulets,
Whom all the people on some holy morn,
With boughs and flowry garlands do adorn:
Of such, though fairer far, this temple was upborn.

XIV.

Twice had Diana bent her golden bow,
And shot from heav'n her silver shafts, to rouse
The sluggish salvages, that den below,
And all the day in lazy covert drouse,
Since him the silent wilderness did house:
The heav'n his roof, and arbour harbour was,
The ground his bed, and his moist pillow grass:
But fruit there none did grow, nor rivers none did pass.

XV.

At length an aged sire far off he saw
Come slowly footing, every step he gueſt
One of his feet he from the grave did draw.
Three legs he had, the wooden was the best,
And all the way he went, he ever blest
With benedicities, and prayers store,
But the bad ground was blessed ne'er the more,
And all his head with snow of age was waxen hoar.

XIV.

A good old hermit he might seem to be,
That for devotion had the world forsaken,
And now was travelling some saint to see,
Since to his beads he had himself betaken,
Where all his former sins he might awaken,
And them might wash away with dropping brine,
And alms, and fasts, and churches discipline;
And dead, might rest his bones under the holy shrine.

XVII.

But when he nearer came, he lowted low
With prone obeisance, and with curtsey kind,
That at his feet his head he seem'd to throw:
What needs him now another saint to find?
Affections are the sails, and faith the wind,
That to this saint a thousand souls convey
Each hour: O happy pilgrims thither stray!
What caren they for beasts, or for the weary way?

XVIII.

Soon the old palmer his devotions sung,
Like pleasing anthems modelled in time;
For well that aged sire could tip his tongue
With golden foil of eloquence, and lime,
And lick his rugged speech with phrases prime.
Ay me, quoth he, how many years have been,
Since these old eyes the Sun of heav'n have seen!
Certes the Son of heav'n they now behold I ween.

XIX

Ah, mote my humble cell ſo bleſſed be
As Heav'n to welcome in his lowly roof,
And be the temple for thy deity!
Lo how my cottage worſhips thee aloof,
That under ground hath hid his head, in proof
It doth adore thee with the cidling low,
Here honey, milk, and cheſnuts wild do grow,
The boughs a bed of leaves upon thee ſhall beſtow.

XX.

But oh, he ſaid, and therewith ſigh'd full deep,
The heav'ns, alas, too envious are grown,
Becauſe our fields thy preſence from them keep;
For ſtones do grow where corn was lately ſown:
(So ſtooping down, he gather'd up a ſtone)
But thou with corn canſt make this ſtone to ear.
What needen we the angry heav'ns to fear?
Let them envy us ſtill, ſo we enjoy thee here.

XXI.

Thus on they wandred; but thoſe holy weeds
A monſtrous ſerpent, and no man did cover.
So under greeneſt herbs the adder feeds:
And round about that ſtinking corps did hover
The diſmal prince of gloomy night, and over
His ever-damned head the ſhadows err'd
Of thouſand peccant ghoſts, unſeen, unheard,
And all the tyrant fears, and all the tyrant fear'd.

XX.

He was the ſon of blackeſt Acheron,
Where many frozen ſouls do chatt'ring lie,
And rul'd the burning waves of Phlegethon,
Where many more in flaming ſulphur fry.
At once compell'd to live, and forc'd to die,
Where nothing can be heard for the loud cry
Of oh, and ah, and out alas, that I
Or once again might live, or once at length might die.

XXIII.

Ere long they came near to a baleful bower,
Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,
That gaping ſtood all comers to devour,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That ſtill for carrion carcaſes doth crave.
The ground no herbs, but venomous' did bear,
Nor ragged trees did leave; but every where
Dead bones, and ſkulls were caſt, and bodies hanged were.

XXIV.

Upon the roof the bird of ſorrow ſat
Elonging joyful day with her ſad note,
And through the ſhady air the fluttering bat
Did wave her leather ſails, and blindly float,
While with her wings the fatal ſcreech owl ſmote
Th' unbleſſed houſe, there on a craggy ſtone
Celeno hung, and made his direful moan,
And all about the murdered ghoſts did ſhriek, and groan.

XXV.

Like cloudy moonſhine in ſome ſhadowy grove,
Such was the light in which Deſpair did dwell;
But he himſelf with night for darkneſs ſtrove.
His black uncombed locks diſhevell'd fell
About his face; through which, as brands of hell,
Sunk in his ſkull, his ſtaring eyes did glow,
That made him deadly look, their glimpſe did ſhow
Like cockatrice's eyes, that ſparks of poiſon throw.

XXIV [faſt:

His clothes were ragged clouts, with thorns pin'd
And as he muſing lay, to ſtony fright
A thouſand wild chimeras would him caſt:
As when a fearful dream, in midſt of night,
Skips to the brain, and phanſies to the ſight
Some winged fury, ſtraight the haſty foot,
Eager to fly, cannot pluck up his root;
The voice dies in the tongue, and mouth gapes without boot.

XXVII.

Now he would dream that he from heaven fell,
And then would ſnatch the air, afraid to fall;
And now he thought he ſinking was to hell,
And then would graſp the earth, and now his ſtall
Him ſeemed hell, and then he out would craul:
And ever, as he crept, would ſquint aſide,
Leſt him, perhaps, ſome fury had eſpied,
And then, alas, he ſhould in chains for ever bide.

XXVIII.

Therefore he ſoftly ſhrunk, and ſtole away,
He ever durſt to draw his breath for fear,
Till to the door he came, and there he lay
Panting for breath, as though he dying were;
And ſtill he thought he felt their craples tear
Him by the heels back to his ugly den:
Out fain he would have leapt abroad, but then
The heav'n, as hell, he fear'd, that puniſh guilty men.

XXIX.

Within the gloomy hole of this pale wight
The ſerpent woo'd him with his charms to inn,
There he might bait the day, and reſt the night:
But under that ſame bait a fearful grin
Was ready to entangle him in ſin,
But he upon ambroſia daily fed,
That grew in Eden thus he anſwered:
So both away were caught, and to the temple fled.

XXX.

Well knew our Saviour this the ſerpent was,
And the old ſerpent knew our Saviour well;
Never did any this in falſehood paſs,
Never did any him in truth excell:
With him we fly to heav'n, from heav'n we fell
With him: but now they both together met
Upon the ſacred pinnacles, that threat,
With their aſpiring tops, Aſtræa's ſtarry ſeat.

XXXI.

Here did Preſumption her pavilion ſpread
Over the temple, the bright ſtars among,
(Ah that her foot ſhould trample on the head
Of that moſt reverend place!) and a lewd throng
Of wanton boys ſung her a pleaſant ſong
Of love, long life, of mercy, and of grace,
And every one her dearly did embrace,
And ſhe herſelf enamour'd was of her own face.

XXXII.

A painted face, belied with vermeyl ſtore,
Which light Eudipis every day did trim,
That in one hand a gilded anchor wore,
Not fixed on the rock, but on the brim
Of the wide air, ſhe let it looſely ſwim!

Her other hand a ſprinkle carried,
And ever when her lady wavered,
Court-holy water all upon her ſprinkled.

XXXIII.

Poor fool, ſhe thought herſelf in wondrous price
With God, as if in Paradiſe ſhe were:
But, were ſhe not in a fool's paradiſe,
She might have ſeen more reaſon to deſpair:
But him ſhe, like ſome ghaſtly fiend, did fear.
And therefore as that wretch hew'd out his cell
Under the bowels, in the heart of hell; [dwell.
So ſhe above the moon, amid the ſtars would

XXXIV.

Her tent with ſunny clouds was ciel'd aloft,
And ſo exceeding ſhone with a falſe light,
That heav'n itſelf to her it ſeemed oft,
Heav'n without clouds to her deluded ſight;
But clouds withouten heav'n it was aright:
And as her houſe was built, ſo did her brain
Build caſtles in the air, with idle pain,
But heart ſhe never had in all her body vain.

XXXV.

Like as a ſhip, in which no balance lies,
Without a pilot on the ſleeping waves,
Fairly along with wind and water flies,
And painted maſts with ſilken ſails embraves,
That Neptune's ſelf the bragging veſſel ſaves,
To laugh a while at her ſo proud array;
Her waving ſtreamers looſely ſhe lets play,
And flagging colours ſhine as bright as ſmiling day:

XXXVI.

But all ſo ſoon as Heav'n his brows doth bend,
She veils her banners, and pulls in her beams,
The empty bark the raging billows ſend
Up to th' Olympic waves, and Argus ſeems
Again to ride upon our lower ſtreams:
Right ſo Preſumption did herſelf behave,
Toſſed about with every ſtormy wave,
And in white lawn ſhe went, moſt like an angel brave.

XXXVII.

Gently our Saviour ſhe began to ſhrive,
Whether he were the Son of God, or no;
For any other ſhe diſdain'd to wife:
And if he were, ſhe bid him fearleſs throw
Himſelf to ground; and therewithal did ſhow
A flight of little angels, that did wait
Upon their glittering wings, to latch him ſtraight;
And longed on their backs to feel his glorious weight.

XXXVIII.

But when ſhe ſaw her ſpeech prevailed nought,
Herſelf ſhe tumbled headlong to the floor:
But him the angels on their feathers caught,
And to an airy mountain nimbly bore,
Whoſe ſnowy ſhoulders, like ſome chalky ſhore,
Reſtleſs Olympus ſeem'd to reſt upon
With all his ſwimming globes: ſo both are gone, [ragon.
The Dragon with the Lamb. Ah, unmeet pa-

XXXIX.

All ſuddenly the hill his ſnow devours,
In lieu whereof a goodly garden grew,
As if the ſnow had melted into flow'rs,
Which their ſweet breath in ſubtle vapours threw,
That all about perfumed ſpirits flew.
For whatſoever might aggrate the ſenſe,
In all the world, or pleaſe the appetence,
Here it was poured out in laviſh affluence.

XL.

Not lovely Ida might with this compare,
Though many ſtreams his banks beſilvered,
Though Xanthus with his golden ſands he bare:
Nor Hybla, though his thyme depaſtured,
As faſt again with honey bleſſomed:
No Rhodope, no Tempe's flowry plain:
Adonis' garden was to this but vain,
Though Plato on his beds a flood of praiſe did rain.

XLI.

For in all theſe ſome one thing moſt did grow,
But in this one grew all things elſe beſide;
For ſweet variety herſelf did throw
To every bank, here all the ground ſhe did
In lily white, there pinks eblazed white,
And damaſk all the earth; and here ſhe ſhed
Blue violets, and there came roſes red:
And every ſight the yielding ſenſe as captive led.

XLII.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if ſhe ſlumbered'd in delight,
And to the open ſkies her eyes did ſhut;
The azure fields of heav'n were 'ſembled right
In a large round, ſet with the flow'rs of light:
The flow'rs-de-luce, and the round ſparks of dew,
That hung upon their azure leaves, did ſhew
Like twinkling ſtars, that ſparkle in the evening blue.

XLIII.

Upon a hilly bank her head ſhe caſt,
On which the bower of vain-delight was built.
White, and red roſes for her face were plac't,
And for her treſſes marigolds were ſpilt:
Them broadly ſhe diſplayed, like flaming gilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day were drown'd:
Then up again her yellow locks ſhe wound,
And with green fillets in their pretty cauls them bound.

XLIV.

What ſhould I here depaint her lily hand,
Her veins of violets, her ermine breaſt,
Which there in orient colours living ſtand:
Or how her gown with ſilken leaves is dreſt,
Or how her watchman, arm'd with boughy creſt,
A wall of prim hid in his buſhes bears,
Shaking at every wind their leavy ſpears,
While ſhe ſupinely ſleeps ne to be waked fears?

XLV.

Over the hedge depends the graping elm,
Whoſe greener head, empurpuled in wine,
Seemed to wonder at his bloody helm,
And half ſuſpect the bunches of the vine,
Leſt they perhaps his wit ſhould undermine,
For well he knew ſuch fruit he never bore:
But her weak arms embraced him the more,
And her with ruby grapes laugh'd at her paramour.

XLVI.

Under the shadow of these drunken elms
A fountain rose, where Pangloretta uses
When her some flood of saucy overwhelms,
And one of all her favourites she chooses)
To bathe herself, whom she in lust abuses,
And from his wanton body sucks his soul,
Which drown'd in pleasure, in that shallow bowl,
And swimming in delight, doth amorously roll.

XLVII.

The font of silver was, and so his showers
In silver fell, only the gilded bowls
Like to a furnace, that the min'ral powers)
Seem'd to have mol't it in their shining holes:
And on the water, like to burning coals,
On liquid silver leaves of roses lay:
But when Panglory here did list to play,
Rose-water then it ran, and milk it rain'd they say.

XLVIII.

The roof thick clouds did paint, from which three boys
Three gaping mermaids with their eawrs did seed,
Whose breasts let fall the streams, with sleepy noise,
To lions mouths, from whence it leapt with speed,
And in the rosy laver seem'd to bleed,
The naked boys unto the waters fall,
Their stony nightingales had taught to call,
When zephyr breath'd into their wat'ry interail.

XLIX.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
A herd of charmed beasts a-ground were spread,
Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
And them in willing bondage fettered:
Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,
And turn'd to beasts, so fabled Homer old,
That Circe with her potion, charm'd in gold,
Us'd manly souls in beastly bodies to immould.

L.

Through this false Eden, to his leman's bow'r,
(Whom thousand souls devoutly idolize)
Our first destroyer led our Saviour,
There in the lower room, in solemn wise,
They danc'd a round, and pour'd their sacrifice
To plump Lyæus, and among the rest,
The jolly priest, in ivy garlands dress't,
Chaunted wild orgials, in honour of the feast.

LI.

Others within their arbours swilling sat
(For all the room about was arboured).
With laughing Bacchus, that was grown so fat,
That stand he could not, but was carried,
And every evening freshly watered.
To quench his fiery cheeks, and all about
Small cocks broke through the wall, and sallied out
Flaggons of wine, to set on fire that spuing rout.

LII.

This their inhumed souls esteem'd their wealths,
To crown the bouzing can from day to night,
And sick to drink themselves with drinking healths,
Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.
Hence to a loft carv'd all in ivory white
They came, where whiter ladies naked went,
Melted in pleasure, and soft languishment,
And sunk in beds of roses, amorous glances sent.

LIII.

Fly, fly, thou holy Child, that wanton room,
And thou, my chaster muse, those harlots shun,
And with him to a higher story come,
Where mounts of gold, and floods of silver run,
The while the owners, with their wealth undone,
Starve in their store, and in their plenty pine,
Tumbling themselves upon their heaps of mine,
Glutting their famish'd souls with the deceitful shine.

LIV.

Ah! who was he such precious perils found?
How strongly nature did her treasures hide,
And threw upon them mountains of thick ground,
To dark their ory lustre! but quaint pride
Hath taught her sons to wound their mother's side,
And gage the depth, to search for flaring shells,
In whose bright bosom spuny Bacchus swells,
That neither heaven nor earth henceforth in safety dwells.

LV.

O sacred hunger of the greedy eye,
Whose need hath end, but no end covetise,
Empty in fulness, rich in poverty,
That having all things, nothing can suffice,
How thou befancicst the men most wise!
The poor man would be rich, the rich man great,
The great man king, the king in God's own seat
Enthron'd, with mortal arm dares flames, and thunder threat.

LVI.

Therefore above the rest ambition sate,
His court with glitterant pearl was all inwall'd,
And round about the wall, in chairs of state,
And most majestic splendor were installd
A hundred kings, whose temples were impall'd
In golden diadems, set here and there
With diamonds, and gemmed every where,
And of their golden virges none disceptred were.

LVII.

High over all, Panglory's blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of crystal wrought,
Like Phœbus' lamp, in midst of heaven, shone:
Whose starry top, with pride infernal fraught,
Self-arching columns to uphold were taught:
In which her image still reflected was
By the smooth crystal, that most like her glass,
In beauty and in frailty did all others pass.

LVIII.

A silver wand the sorcerces did sway,
And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore;
Only a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glass, that long before
She full of emptiness had bladdered,
And all the world therein depictured:
Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever vanished.

LIX.

Such wat'ry orbicles young boys do blow
Out from their sopy shells, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they row
With easy breath till it be waved higher:
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,

The painted bubble inſtantly doth fall.
Here when ſhe came, ſhe 'gan for muſic call,
And ſung this wooing ſong, to welcome him withal.

Love is the bloſſom where there blows
Every thing that lives or grows:
Love doth make the heav'ns to move,
And the ſun doth burn in love:
Love the ſtrong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whoſe ſhadows lions wild,
Soften'd by love, grow tame and mild:
Love no mid'cine can appeaſe,
He burns the fiſhes in the ſeas;
Not all the ſkill his wounds can ſtench,
Not all the ſea his fire can quench:
Love did make the bloody ſpear
Once a leavy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there ſhrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love, that ſing and play:
And of all loves joyful flame,
I the bud, and bloſſom am.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing ſhall thy winning be.

See, ſee the flowers that below,
Now as freſh as morning blow,
And of all, the virgin roſe,
That as bright Aurora ſhows:
How they all unleaved die,
Loſing their virginity;
Like unto a ſummer-ſhade,
But now born, and now they fade.
Every thing doth paſs away,
There is danger in delay:
Come, come gather then the roſe,
Gather it, or it you loſe.
All the ſand of Tagus ſhore
Into my boſom caſts his ore;
All the valleys ſwimming corn
To my houſe is yearly borne:
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine,
While ten thouſand kings, as proud,
To carry up my train have bow'd,
And a world of ladies ſend me
In my chambers to attend me.
All the ſtars in heav'n that ſhine,
And ten thouſand more, are mine:
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing ſhall thy winning be.

LX.

Thus ſought the dire enchauntreſs in his mind
Her guileful bait to have emboſomed:
But he her charms diſperſed into wind,
And her of inſolence admoniſhed,
And all her optic glaſſes ſhattered.
So with her fire to hell ſhe took her flight,
The ſtarting air flew from the damned ſpright)
Where deeply both aggriev'd, plunged themſelves in night.

LXI.

But to their Lord, now muſing in his thought,
A heavenly volley of light angels flew,
And from his father him a banquet brought,
Through the fine element: for well they knew,
After his Lenten faſt, he hungry grew:
And, as he fed, the holy quires combine
To ſing a hymn of the celeſtial trine;
All thought to paſs, and each was paſt all thought divine.

LXII.

The birds ſweet notes, to ſonnet out their joys,
Attemper'd to the lays angelical;
And to the birds, the winds attune their noiſe;
And to the winds, the waters hoarſely call,
And echo back again revoiced all;
That the whole valley rung with victory.
But now our Lord to reſt doth homewards fly:
See how the night comes ſtealing from the mountains high.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

The Argument.

Christ's triumph over death on the croſs, expreſſed, 1ſt, In general by his joy to undergo it; ſinging before he went to the garden, ver. 1, 2, 3. Mat. 26. 30; by his grief in the undergoing it, ver. 4.—6.; by the obſcure fables of the Gentiles typing it, ver. 7, 8.; by the cauſe of it in him, his love, ver. 9.; by the effect it ſhould have in us, ver. 10.—12.; by the inſtrument, the curſed tree, ver. 13. 2d, Expreſſed in particular; 1ſt, By his fore-paſſion in the garden, ver. 14.—25.; by his paſſion itſelf, amplified, 1ſt, From the general cauſes, ver. 26, 27.; parts, and effects of it, ver. 28, 29. 2d, From the particular cauſes, ver. 30, 31; parts, and effects of it in heaven, ver. 32.—36; in the heavenly ſpirits, ver. 37; in the creatures ſubceleſtial, ver. 38; in the wicked Jews, ver. 39; in Judas, ver. 40.—51; in the bleſſed ſaints, Joſeph, &c. ver. 52.—67.

I.

So down the ſilver ſtreams of Eridan,
On either ſide bank't with a lily wall,
Whiter than both, rides the triumphant ſwan,
And ſings his dirge, and prophecies his fall,
Diving into his watry funeral!
But Eridan to Cedron muſt ſubmit
His flowery ſhore; nor can he envy it,
If when Apollo ſings, his ſwans do ſilent ſit.

II.

That heav'nly voice I more delight to hear,
Than gentle airs to breathe, or ſwelling waves
Againſt the ſounding rocks their boſoms tear,
Or whiſtling reeds, that rutty Jordan laves,
And with their verdure his white head embraves,
To chide the winds, or hiving bees, that fly
About the laughing bloſſoms of fallowy,
Rocking aſleep the idle grooms that lazy ly.

III.

And yet how can I hear thee ſinging go,
When men, incens'd with hate, thy death foreſet?
Or elſe, why do I hear thee ſighing ſo,
When thou, inflam'd with love, their life doſt get!
That love and hate, and ſighs and ſongs are met?
But thus, and only thus thy love did crave,
To ſend thee ſinging for us to thy grave,
While we ſought thee to kill, and thou ſought'ſt us to ſave.

IV.

When I remember Chriſt our burden bears,
I look for glory, but find miſery;
I look for joy, but find a ſea of tears;
I look that we ſhould live, and find him die;
I look for angels ſongs, and hear him cry:
Thus what I look, I cannot find ſo well;
Or rather, what I find I cannot tell,
Theſe banks ſo narrrow are, thoſe ſtreams ſo highly ſwell.

V.

Chriſt ſuffers, and in this his tears begin,
Suffers for us, and our joy ſprings in this;
Suffers to death, here is his manhood ſeen;
Suffers to riſe, and here his Godhead is,
For man, that could not by himſelf have riſe,
Out of the grave doth by the Godhead riſe,
And God, that could not die, in manhood dies,
That we in both might live by that ſweet ſacrifice.

VI.

Go giddy brains, whoſe wits are thought ſo freſh,
Pluck all the flow'rs that nature forth doth throw;
Go ſtick them on the cheeks of wanton fleſh:
Poor idol (forc'd at once to fall and grow)
Of fading roſes, and of melting ſnow:
Your ſongs exceed your matter, this of mine,
The matter which it ſings ſhall make divine;
As ſtars dull puddles gild, in which their beauties ſhine.

VII.

Who doth not ſee drown'd in Deucalion's name
(When earth his men, and ſea had loſt his ſhore)
Old Noah? and in Niſus lock the fame
Of Samſon yet alive? and long before
In Phaethon's, mine own fall I deplore;
But he that conquer'd hell, to fetch again
His virgin widow, by a ſerpent ſlain,
Another Orpheus was then dreaming poets feign.

VIII.

That taught the ſtones to melt for paſſion,
And dormant ſea, to hear him, ſilent lie;
And at his voice, the watry nation
To flock, as if they deem'd it cheap, to buy
With their own death's his ſacred harmony:
The while the waves ſtood ſtill to hear his ſong,
And ſteady ſhore wav'd with the reeling throng
Of thirſty ſouls, that hung upon his fluent tongue.

IX.

What better friendſhip then to cover ſhame?
What greater love, than for a friend to die?
Yet this is better to aſſelf the blame,
And this is greater for an enemy:
But more than this, to die, not ſuddenly,
Not with ſome common death, or eaſy pain,
But ſlowly, and with torments to be ſlain:
O depth without a depth, far better ſeen than ſay'n!

X.

And yet the Son is humbled for the ſlave,
And yet the ſlave is proud before the Son:
Yet the Creator for his creature gave
Himſelf, and yet the creature haſtes to run
From his Creator, and ſelf-good doth ſhun:
And yet the Prince, and God himſelf doth cry
To man, his traitor, pardon not to fly;
Yet man is God, and traitor doth his Prince defy.

XI.

Who is it ſees not that he nothing is,
But he that nothing ſees? what weaker breaſt,
Since Adam's armour fail'd, dares warrant his?
That made by God of all his creatures beſt,
Straight made himſelf the worſt of all the reſt.
"If any ſtrength we have, it is to ill,
"But all the good is God's, both pow'r and
"will:" [may kill.
The dead man cannot riſe, though he himſelf

XII.

But let the thorny ſchool theſe punctuals
Of wills, all good, or bad, or neuter diſs;
Such joy we gained by our parentals,
That good, or bad, whether I cannot wiſh,
To call it a miſhap, or happy miſs
That fell from Eden, and to heav'n did riſe:
Albe the mitred card'nal more did prize
His part in Paris, than his part in paradiſe.

XIII.

A tree was firſt the inſtrument of ſtrife,
Where Eve to ſin her ſoul did proſtitute;
A tree is now the inſtrument of life,
Though all that trunk, and this fair body ſuit:
Ah curſed tree, and yet O bleſſed fruit!
That death to him, this life to us doth give:
Strange is the cure, when things paſt cure revive,
And the Phyſician dies, to make his patient live.

XIV.

Sweet Eden was the arbour of delight,
Yet in his honey flow'rs our poiſon blew;
Sad Gethſeman the bow'r of baleful night,
Where Chriſt a health of poiſon for us drew,
Yet all our honey in that poiſon grew:
So we from ſweeteſt flow'rs could ſuck our bane,
And Chriſt from bitter venom could again
Extract life out of death, and pleaſure out of pain.

XV.

A man was firſt the author of our fall,
A man is now the author of our riſe;
A garden was the place we periſh'd all,
A garden is the place he pays our price:
And the old ſerpent with a new device,
Hath found a way himſelf for to beguile:
So he that all men tangled in his wile,
Is now by one man caught, beguil'd with his own guile.

XVI.

The dewy night had with her froſty ſhade
Immantled all the world, and the ſtiff ground
Sparkled in ice, only the Lord, that made
All for himſelf, himſelf diſſolved found,
Sweat without heat, and bled without a wound:
Of heav'n, and earth, and God, and man forlore,
Thrice begging help of thoſe, whoſe ſins he bore,
And thrice denied of thoſe, not to deny had ſwore.

XVII.

Yet had he been alone of God forſaken,
Or had his body been embroil'd alone
In fierce aſſault; he might, perhaps, have taken
Some joy in ſoul, when all joy elſe was gone,
But that with God, and God to heav'n is flown;
And hell itſelf out from her grave doth riſe,
Black as the ſtarleſs night, and with them flies,
Yet blacker than they both, the ſon of blaſphemies.

XVIII.

As when the planets, with unkind aſpect,
Call from her caves the meagre peſtilence;
The ſacred vapour, eager to infect,
Obeys the voice of the ſad influence,
And vomits up a thouſand noiſome ſcents,
The well of life, flaming his golden flood
With the ſick air, fevers the boiling blood,
And poiſons all the body with contagious food.

XIX.

The bold phyſician, too incautelous,
By thoſe he cures himſelf is murdered:
Kindneſs infects, pity is dangerous,
And the poor infant, yet not fully bred,
There where he ſhould be born lies buried:
So the dark prince, from his infernal cell,
Caſts up his griſly torturers of hell, [ſpell.
And whets them to revenge with this inſulting

XX.

See how the world ſmiles in eternal peace,
While we, the harmleſs brats, and ruſty throng
Of night, our ſnakes in curls do prank and dreſs:
Why ſleep our drowſy ſcorpions ſo long?
Where is our wonted virtue to do wrong?
Are we ourſelves? or are we graces grown?
The ſons of hell, or heav'n? was never known
Our whips ſo over-moſs'd, and brands ſo deadly blown.

XXI.

O long desired, never hop'd-for hour,
When our tormentor shall our torments feel!
Arm, arm yourselves, sad dires of my pow'r,
And make our judge for pardon to us kneel:
Slice, launch, dig, tear him with your whips of steel,
Myself in honour of so noble prize, [cries
Will pour you reeking blood, shed with the
Of hasty heirs, who their own fathers sacrifice.

XXII.

With that a flood of poison, black as hell,
Out from his filthy gorge the beast did spue,
That all about his blessed body fell,
And thousand flaming serpents hissing flew
About his soul, from hellish sulphur threw,
And every one brandish'd his fiery tongue,
And worming all about his soul they clung;
But he their stings tore out, and to the ground
them flung.

XXIII.

So have I seen a rock's heroic breast,
Against proud Neptune, that his ruin threats,
When all his waves he hath to battle prest,
And with a thousand swelling billows beats
The stubborn stone, and foams, and chafs, and frets
To heave him from his root, unmoved stand;
And more in heaps the barking surges band,
The more in pieces beat, fly weeping to the strand.

XXIV.

So may we oft a vent'rous father see,
To please his wanton son, his only joy,
Coast all about, to catch the roving bee,
And stung himself, his busy hands employ
To save the honey for the gamesome boy:
Or from the snake her ranc'rous teeth eraze,
Making his child the toothless serpent chace,
Or, with his little hands her tim'rous gorge embrace.

XXV.

Thus Christ himself to watch and sorrow gives,
While, dew'd in easy sleep, dead Peter lies:
Thus man in his own grave securely lives,
While Christ alive, with thousand horrors dies,
Yet more for theirs, then his own pardon cries:
No sins he had, yet all our sins he bare,
So much doth God for others evils care,
And yet so careless men for their own evils are.

XXVI.

See drowsy Peter, see where Judas wakes,
Where Judas kisses him whom Peter flies:
O kiss more deadly than the sting of snakes!
False love more hurtful than true injuries!
Aye me! how dearly God his servant buys?
For God his man at his own blood doth hold,
And man his God for thirty-pence hath sold.
So tin for silver goes, and dunghill dross for gold.

XXVII.

Yet was it not enough for Sin to choose
A servant, to betray his Lord to them;
But that a subject must his king accuse,
But that a Pagan must his God condemn,
But that a Father must his Son contemn,
But that the Son must his own death desire,
That prince, and people, servant, and the sire,
Gentile, and Jew, and he against himself conspire?

XXVIII.

Was this the oil, to make thy saints adore thee,
The frothy spittle of the rascal throng?
Are these the virges, that are borne before thee,
Base whips of cord, and knotted all along?
Is this thy golden sceptre, against wrong,
A reedy cane? is that the crown adorns
Thy shining locks, a crown of spiny thorns?
Are these the angels hymns, the priests blasphemous scorns?

XXIX.

Who ever saw honour before asham'd;
Afflicted majesty, debased height,
Innocence guilty, honesty defam'd;
Liberty bound, health sick, the sun in night?
But since such wrong was offer'd unto right,
Our night is day, our sickness health is grown,
Our shame is veil'd, this now remains alone
For us, since he was ours, that we be not our own.

XXX.

Night was ordain'd for rest, and not for pain;
But they, to pain their Lord, their rest contemn,
Good laws to save, what bad men would have slain,
And not bad judges, with one breath, by them
The innocent to pardon, and condemn:
Death for revenge of murderers, not decay
Of guiltless blood, but now all headlong sway
Man's murderer to save, man's Saviour to slay.

XXXI.

Frail multitude! whose giddy law is lift,
And best applause is windy flattering,
Most like the breath of which it doth consist,
No sooner blown, but as spon vanishing,
As much desir'd, as little profiting,
That makes the men that have it oft as light,
As those that give it, which the proud invite,
And fear; the bad man's friend, the good man's hypocrite.

XXXII.

It was but now their sounding clamours sung,
Blessed is he that comes from the Most High,
And all the mountains with hosannah rung;
And now, "Away with him, away," they cry,
And nothing can be heard but "Crucify:"
It was but now, the crown itself they save,
And golden name of king unto him gave;
And now, no king, but only Cæsar, they will have.

XXXIII.

It was but now they gathered blooming May,
And of his arms disrob'd the branching tree,
To strow with boughs and blossoms all thy way;
And now the branchless trunk a cross for thee,
And May, dismay'd, thy coronet must be:
It was but now they were so kind to throw
Their own best garments, where thy feet should go;
And now thyself they strip, and bleeding wounds they show.

XXXIV.

See where the Author of all life is dying:
O fearful day! he dead, what hope of living?
See where the hopes of all our lives are buying:
O cheerful day! they bought, what fear of grieving?
Love, love for hate, and death for life is giving:

Lo, how his arms are ſtretch'd abroad to grace thee,
And, as they open ſtand, call to embrace thee:
Why ſtay'ſt thou then, my ſoul! O fly, fly, thither haſte thee.

XXXV.

His radious head with ſhameful thorns they tear,
His tender back with bloody whips they rent,
His ſide and heart they furrow with a ſpear,
His hands and feet with riving nails they tent,
And, as to diſentrail his ſoul they meant,
They jolly at his grief, and make their game,
His naked body to expoſe to ſhame,
That all might come to ſee, and all might ſee that came.

XXXVI.

Whereat the heav'n put out his guilty eye,
That durſt behold ſo execrable ſight,
And ſabled all in black the ſhady ſky,
And the pale ſtars, ſtruck with unwonted fright,
Quenched their everlaſting lamps in night:
And at his birth as all the ſtars heav'n had,
Were not enow, but a new ſtar was made;
So now both new, and old, and all away did fade.

XXXVII.

The mazed angels ſhook their fiery wings,
Ready to lighten vengeance from God's throne;
One down his eyes upon the manhood flings,
Another gazes on the Godhead, none
But ſurely thought his wits were not his own.
Some flew to look if it were very he:
But when God's arm unarmed they did ſee,
Albe they ſaw it was, they vow'd it could not be.

XXXVIII.

The ſadded air hung all in cheerleſs black,
Through which the gentle winds ſoft ſighing flew,
And Jordan into ſuch huge ſorrow brake,
(As if his holy ſtream no meaſure knew)
That all his narrow banks he overthrew;
The trembling earth with horror inly ſhook,
And ſtubborn ſtones, ſuch grief unus'd to brook,
Did burſt, and ghoſts awaking from their graves 'gan look.

XXXIX.

The wiſe philoſopher cried all aghaſt,
The God of nature ſurely languiſhed;
The ſad Centurion cried out as faſt,
The Son of God, the Son of God was dead;
The headlong Jew hung down his penſive head,
And homewards far'd; and ever, as he went,
He ſmote his breaſt, half deſperately bent;
The very woods and beaſts did ſeem his death lament.

XL.

The graceleſs traitor round about did look,
(He look'd not long, the devil quickly met him)
To find a halter, which he found, and took,
Only a gibbet now he needs muſt get him;
So on a wither'd tree he fairly ſet him;
And help'd him fit the rope, and in his thought
A thouſand furies, with their whips, he brought;
So there he ſtands, ready to hell to make his vault,

XLI.

For him a waking bloodhound, yelling loud,
That in his boſom long had ſleeping laid,
A guilty conſcience, barking after blood,
Purſued eagerly, nay, never ſtay'd,
Till the betrayer's ſelf it had betray'd.
Oft chang'd he place in hope away to wind;
But change of place could never change his mind:
Himſelf he flies to loſe, and follows for to find.

XLII.

There is but two ways for this ſoul to have,
When parting from the body, forth it purges;
To flie to heav'n, or fall into the grave,
Where whips of ſcorpions, with the ſtinging ſcourges,
Feed on the howling ghoſts, and fiery ſurges
Of brimſtone roll about the cave of night,
Where flames do burn, and yet no ſpark of light,
And fire both fries, and freezes the blaſpheming ſpright.

XLIII.

There lies the captive ſoul, aye-ſighing ſore,
Reck'ning a thouſand years ſince her firſt bands;
Yet ſtays not there, but adds a thouſand more,
And at another thouſand never ſtands,
But tells to them the ſtars, and heaps the ſands:
And now the ſtars are told, and ſands are run,
And all thoſe thouſand thouſand myriads done,
And yet but now, alas! but now all is begun?

XLIV.

With that a flaming brand a fury catch'd,
And ſhook, and toſs'd it round in his wild thought,
So from his heart all joy, all comfort ſnatch'd,
With every ſtar of hope; and as he ſought
(With preſent fear, and future grief diſtraught)
To fly from his own heart, and aid implore
Of him, the more he gives, that hath the more,
Whoſe ſtorehouſe is the heav'ns, too little for his ſtore.

XLV.

Stay wretch on earth, cried Satan, reſtleſs reſt:
Know'ſt thou not juſtice lives in heav'n? or can
The worſt of creatures live among the beſt:
Among the bleſſed angels curſed man?
Will Judas now become a Chriſtian? [mind?
Whither will hope's long wings tranſport thy
Or canſt thou not thyſelf a ſinner find?
Or cruel to thyſelf, wouldſt thou have mercy kind?

XLVI.

He gave thee life; why ſhould thou ſeek to ſly him?
He lent thee wealth; to feed thy avarice?
He call'd thee friend; what, that thou ſhouldſt betray him?
He kiſs'd thee, though he knew his life the price;
He waſh'd thy feet: ſhould'ſt thou his ſacrifice?
He gave thee bread, and wine, his body, blood,
And at thy heart to enter in he ſtood;
But then I enter'd in, and all my ſnaky brood.

XLVII.

As when wild Pentheus grown mad with fear,
Whole troops of helliſh hags about him ſpies,
Two bloody ſuns ſtalking the duſky ſphere,
And twofold Thebes runs rolling in his eyes:
Or through the ſcene ſtaring Oreſtes flies,
With eyes flung back upon his mother's ghoſt,
That, with infernal ſerpents all embroſs'd,
And torches quench'd in blood, doth her ſtern ſon accoſt.

XLVIII.

Such horrid gorgons, and misformed forms
Of damned fiends, flew dancing in his heart,
That now, unable to endure their storms,
Fly, fly, he cries, thyself, whate'er thou art,
Hell, hell already burns in every part.
So down into his torturers arms he fell,
That ready stood his funerals to yell,
And in a cloud of night to waft him quick to hell.

XLIX.

Yet oft he snatch'd, and started as he hung:
So when the senses half enslumber'd lie,
The headlong body, ready to be flung
By the deluding fancy from some high
And craggy rock, recovers greedily,
And clasps the yielding pillow, half asleep,
And, as from heav'n it tumbled to the deep,
Feels a cold sweat through every trembling member creep.

L.

There let him hang embowelled in blood,
Where never any gentle shepherd feed
His blessed flocks, nor ever heav'nly flood
Fall on the cursed ground, nor wholesome seed,
That may the least delight or pleasure breed:
Let never spring visit his habitation,
But nettles, kix, and all the weedy nation,
With empty elders grow, sad signs of desolation.

LI.

There let the dragon keep his habitance,
And stinking carcases be thrown avaunt,
Fauns, sylvans, and deformed satyrs dance, [chant;
Wild cats, wolves, toads, and screech-owls direly
There ever let some restless spirit haunt,
With hollow sound, and clashing chains, to scar
The passenger, and eyes like to the star,
That sparkles in the crest of angry Mars afar.

LII.

But let the blessed dews for ever show'r
Upon that ground, in whose fair fields I spy
The bloody ensign of our Saviour.
Strange conquest where the conqueror must die,
And he is slain, that wins the victory:
But he, that living, had no house to owe it,
Now had no grave, but Joseph must bestow it:
O run ye saints apace, and with sweet flowers bestrow it.

LIII.

And ye glad spirits, that now sainted sit
On your celestial thrones, in beauty dress,
Though I your tears recount, O let it not
With after-sorrow wound your tender breast,
Or with new grief unquiet your soft rest:
Enough is me your plaints to sound again,
That never could enough myself complain.
Sing then, O sing aloud thou Arimathean swain.

LIV.

But long he stood, in his faint arms upholding
The fairest spoil heav'n ever forfeited,
With such a silent passion grief unfolding,
That, had the sheet but on himself been spread
He for the corse might have been buried:
And with him stood the happy thief that stole
By night his own salvation, and a shoal
Of Maries drown'd, round about him, sat in dole.

LV.

At length, (kissing his lips before he spake,
As if from thence he fetch'd again his ghost)
To Mary thus with tears his silence brake:
Ah, woful soul! what joy in all our coast,
When him we hold, we have already lost?
Once didst thou lose thy Son, but foundst again;
Now find'st thy Son, but find'st him lost, and slain. [life sustain?
Ah me! though he could death, how can'st thou

LVI.

Where'er, dear Lord, thy shadow hovereth,
Blessing the place, wherein it deigns abide;
Look how the earth dark horror covereth,
Clothing in mournful black her naked side,
Willing her shadow up to heav'n to glide,
To see and if it meet thee wand'ring there,
That so, and if herself must miss thee here,
At least her shadow may her duty to thee bear.

LVII.

See how the sun in daytime clouds his face,
And lagging Vesper, loosing his late team,
Forgets in heaven to run his nightly race:
But, sleeping on bright Oeta's top, doth dream
The world a chaos is, no joyful beam [moan,
Looks from his starry bower, the heav'ns do
And trees drop tears, lest we should grieve alone,
The winds have learn'd to sigh, and waters hoarsely groan.

LVIII.

And you sweet flow'rs, that in this garden grow,
Whose happy states a thousand souls envy,
Did you your own felicities but know,
Yourselves uplock'd would to his funeral hie,
You never could in better season die:
O that I might into your places slide!
The gate of heav'n stands gaping in his side,
There in my soul should steal, and all her faults should hide.

LIX.

Are these the eyes, that made all others blind?
Ah! why are they themselves now blemished!
Is this the face, in which all beauty shin'd?
What blast hath thus his flowers debellished?
Are these the feet, that on the wat'ry head
Of the unfaithful ocean passage found?
Why go they now so lowly under ground,
Wash'd with our worthless tears, and their own precious wound?

LX.

One hem but of the garments that he wore,
Could medicine whole countries of their pain:
One touch of this pale hand could life restore,
One word of these cold lips revive the slain:
Well the blind man thy Godhead might maintain,
What though the fullen Pharisees repin'd?
He that should both compare, at length would find
The blind man only saw, the seers all were blind.

LXI.

Why should they think thee worthy to be slain?
Was it because thou gav'st their blind men eyes?
Or that thou mad'st their lame to walk again?
Or for thou heal'st their sick mens maladies?
Or mad'st their dumb to speak, and dead to rise!

O could all these but any grace have won,
What would they not to save thy life have done?
The dumb man would have spoke, and lame man would have run.

LXII.

Let me, O let me near some fountain lie,
That through the rock heaves up his sandy head,
Or let me dwell upon some mountain high,
Whose hollow root, and baser parts are spread
On fleeting waters, in his bowels bred,
That I their streams, and they my tears may feed:
Or clothed in some hermit's ragged weed,
Spend all my days in weeping for this cursed deed.

LXIII.

The life, the which I once did love, I leave;
The love, in which I once did live, I lothe;
I hate the light, that did my light bereave;
Both love, and life, I do despise you both.
O that one grave might both our ashes clothe!
A love, a life, a light I now obtain,
Able to make my age grow young again,
Able to save the sick, and to revive the slain.

LXIV.

Thus spend we tears, that never can be spent,
On him, that sorrow now no more shall see;
Thus send we sighs, that never can be sent,
To him that died to live, and would not be,
To be there where he would: here bury we
This heav'nly earth; here let it softly sleep,
The fairest Shepherd of the fairest sheep. [weep.
So all the body kiss'd, and homewards went to

LXV.

So home their bodies went to seek repose;
But at the grave they left their souls behind:
O who the force of love celestial knows!
That can the chains of nature's self unbind,
Sending the body home without the mind.
Ah, blessed virgin! what high angels art
Can ever count thy tears, or sing thy smart,
When every nail, that pierc'd his hand did pierce thy heart?

LXVI.

So Philomel, perch'd on an aspin sprig,
Weeps all the night her lost virginity,
And sings her sad tale to the merry twig,
That dances at such joyful misery,
Ne ever lets sweet rest invade her eye:
But leaning on a thorn her dainty chest,
For fear soft sleep should steal into her breast,
Expresses in her song grief not to be express'd.

LXVII.

So when the lark (poor bird!) afar espy'th
Her yet unfeather'd children (whom to save
She strives in vain) slain by the fatal scythe,
Which from the meadow her green locks doth shave,
That their warm nest is now become their grave;
The woful mother up to heaven springs,
And all about her plaintive notes she flings,
And their untimely fate most pitifully sings.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH AFTER DEATH.

The Argument.

Chriſt's triumph after death, 1ſt, In his reſurrection, manifeſted by its effects in the creatures, ver. 1.—7.; in himſelf, ver. 8.—12. 2d. In his aſcenſion into heaven, whoſe joys are deſcribed, ver. 13.—16.; 1ſt, by the acceſs of all good, the bleſſed ſociety of the ſaints, angels, &c. ver. 17.—19. The ſweet quiet and peace enjoyed under God, ver. 20.; ſhadowed by the peace we enjoy under our ſovereign, ver. 21.—26. The beauty of the place, ver. 27.; the carity (as the ſchool calls it) of the ſaints bodies, ver. 28.—31.; the impletion of the appetite, ver. 32, 33.; the joy of the ſenſes, &c. ver. 34. 2d, By the amotion of all evil, ver. 35, 36.; by the acceſs of all good again, ver. 37.; in the glory of the holy city, ver. 38.; in the beatifical viſion of God, ver. 39.

I.

But now the ſecond morning from her bow'r
Began to gliſter in her beams, and now
The roſes of the day began to flow'r
In th' eaſtern garden; for heav'ns ſmiling brow
Half inſolent for joy begun to ſhow;
The early ſun came lively dancing out,
And the brag lambs ran wantoning about,
That heav'n and earth might ſeem in triumph both to ſhout.

II.

Th' engladden'd ſpring, forgetful now to weep,
Began t' eblazon from her leavy bed:
The waking ſwallow broke her half year's ſleep,
And eve y buſh lay deeply purpured
With violets, the woods late wint'ry head
Wide flaming primroſes ſet all on fire,
And his bald trees put on their green attire,
Among whoſe infant leaves the joyous birds conſpire.

III.

And now the taller ſons (whom Titan warms)
Of unſhorn mountains, blown with eaſy winds,
Dandled the morning's childhood in their arms,
And, if they chanc'd to ſlip the prouder pines,
The under corylets did catch the ſhines,
To gild their leaves; ſaw never happy year
Such joyful triumph, and triumphant cheer,
As though the aged world anew created were.

IV.

Say, earth, why haſt thou got thee new attire,
And ſtick'ſt thy habit full of daiſies red?
Seems that thou doſt to ſome high thought aſpire,
And ſome new-found-out bridegroom mean'ſt to wed:
Tell me, ye trees, ſo freſh apparelled,
So never let the ſpiteful canker waſte you,
So never let the heav'ns with lightning blaſt you:
Why go you now ſo trimly dreſt, or whither haſte you?

V.

Anſwer me, Jordan, why thy crooked tide
So often wanders from his neareſt way,
As though ſome other way thy ſtream would ſlide,
And fain ſalute the place where ſomething lay.
And you ſweet birds, that ſhaded from the ray,
Sit carolling, and piping grief away,
The while the lambs to hear you dance and play,
Tell me, ſweet birds, what is it you ſo fain would ſay?

VI.

And thou, fair ſpouſe of earth, that every year
Gett'ſt ſuch a numerous iſſue of thy bride,
How chance thou hotter ſhin'ſt, and draw'ſt more near?
Sure thou ſomewhere ſome worthy ſight haſt ſpy'd,
That in one place for joy thou can'ſt not hide;
And you, dead ſwallows, that ſo lively now
Through the fleet air your winged paſſage row,
How could new life into your frozen aſhes flow?

VII.

Ye primroſes, and purple violets,
Tell me, why blaze ye from your leavy bed,
And woo mens hands to rent you from your ſets,
As though you would ſomewhere be carried,
With freſh perfumes, and velvets garniſhed?
But ah! I need not aſk, 'tis ſurely ſo,
You all would to your Saviour's triumphs go,
There would ye all await, and humble homage do.

VIII.

There ſhould the earth herſelf with garlands new
And lovely flow'rs embelliſhed adore :
Such roſes never in her garland grew,
Such lilies never in her breaſt ſhe wore,
Like beauty never yet did ſhine before :
There ſhould the ſun another Sun behold,
From whence himſelf borrows his locks of gold,
That kindle heav'n and earth with beauties manifold.

IX.

There might the violet, and primroſe ſweet
Beams of more lively, and more lovely grace,
Ariſing from their beds of incenſe meet ;
There ſhould the ſwallow ſee new life embrace
Dead aſhes, and the grave unheal his face,
To let the living from his bowels creep,
Unable longer his own dead to keep :
There heav'n and earth ſhould ſee their Lord awake from ſleep.

X.

Their Lord, before by others judg'd to die,
Now Judge of all himſelf; before forſaken
Of all the world, that from his aid did fly,
Now by the ſaints into their armies taken ;
Before for an unworthy man miſtaken,
Now worthy to be God confeſs'd ; before
With blaſphemies by all the baſeſt tore,
Now worſhipped by angels, that him low adore.

XI.

Whoſe garment was before indipt in blood,
But now, imbright'ned into heav'nly flame,
The ſun itſelf outglitters, though he ſhould
Climb to the top of the celeſtial frame,
And force the ſtars go hide themſelves for ſhame :
Before, that under earth was buried,
But now above the heav'ns is carried,
And there forever by the angels heried.

XII.

So faireſt Phoſphor, the bright morning ſtar,
But newly waſh'd in the green element,
Before the drowſie night is half aware,
Shooting his flaming locks with dew beſprent,
Springs lively up into the orient,
And the bright drove, fleec'd all in gold, he chaces
To drink, that on the Olympic mountain grazes,
The while the minor planets forfeit all their faces.

XIII.

So long he wand'red in our lower ſphere,
That heav'n began his cloudy ſtars deſpiſe,
Half envious, to ſee on earth appear
A greater light than flam'd in his own ſkies :
At length it burſt for ſpite, and out there flies
A globe of winged angels, ſwift as thought,
That on their ſpotted feathers lively caught
The ſparkling earth, and to their azure fields it brought.

XIV.

The reſt, that yet amazed ſtood below,
With eyes caſt up, as greedy to be fed,
And hands upheld, themſelves to ground did throw ;
So when the Trojan boy was raviſhed,
As through th' Idalian woods they ſay he fled,
His aged guardians ſtood all diſmay'd,
Some left he ſhould have fallen back afraid,
And ſome their haſty vows, and timely prayers ſaid.

XV.

Toſs up your heads ye everlaſting gates,
And let the Prince of Glory enter in :
At whoſe brave volley of ſiderial ſtates,
The ſun to bluſh, and ſtars grow pale were ſeen ;
When, leaping firſt from earth, he did begin
To climb his angels' wings, then open hang
Your cryſtal doors ; ſo all the chorus ſang
Of heav'nly birds, as to the ſtars they nimbly ſprang.

XVI.

Hark how the floods clap their applauding hands,
The pleaſant valleys ſinging for delight,
And wanton mountains dance about the lands,
The while the fields, ſtruck with the heav'nly light,
Set all their flow'rs a ſmiling at the ſight;
The trees laugh with their bloſſoms, and the ſound
Of the triumphant ſhout of praiſe, that crown'd
The flaming Lamb, breaking through heav'n, hath paſſage found.

XVII.

Out leap the antique patriarchs all in haſte,
To ſee the pow'rs of hell in triumph lead,
And with ſmall ſtars a garland intercha'ſt
Of olive-leaves they bore, to crown his head,
That was before with thorns degloried :
After them flew the prophets, brightly ſtol'd
In ſhining lawn, and wimpled manifold,
Striking their ivory harps, ſtrung all in cords of gold.

XVIII.

To which the ſaints victorious carols ſung,
Ten thouſand ſaints at once, that with the ſound
The hollow vaults of heav'n for triumph rung :
The cherubims their clamours did confound
With all the reſt, and clapt their wings around :
Down from their thrones the dominations flow.
And at his feet their crowns and ſcepters throw
And all the princely ſouls fell on their faces low.

XIX.

Nor can the martyrs wounds them ſtay behind,
But out they ruſh among the heav'nly crowd,
Seeking their heav'n out of their heav'n to find,
Sounding their ſilver trumpets out ſo loud,
That the ſhrill noiſe broke through the ſtarry cloud,
And all the virgin ſouls, in pure array,
Came dancing forth and making joyous play ;
So him they led along into the courts of day.

XX.

So him they led into the courts of day,
Where never war, nor wounds abide him more,
But in that houſe eternal peace doth play,
Acquieting the ſouls, that new before
Their way to heav'n through their own blood did ſcore,
But now, eſtranged from all miſery,
As far as heav'n and earth diſcoaſted lie,
Swelter in quiet waves of immortality.

XXI.

And if great things by ſmaller may be gueſt,
So, in the mid'ſt of Neptune's angry tide,
Our Britain iſland, like the weedy neſt
Of true halcyon, on the waves doth ride,
And ſoftly ſailing, ſcorns the water's pride:
While all the reſt, drown'd on the continent,
And toſt in bloody waves, their wounds lament,
And ſtand, to ſee our peace, as ſtruck with wonderment.

XXII.

The ſhip of France religious waves do toſs,
And Greece itſelf is now grown barbarous;
Spain's children hardly dare the ocean croſs,
And Belge's field lies waſte, and ruinous;
That unto thoſe, the heav'ns are envious,
And unto them, themſelves are ſtrangers grown,
And unto theſe, the ſeas are faithleſs known,
And unto her, alas! her own is not her own.

XXIII.

Here only ſhut we Janus iron gates,
And call the welcome muſes to our ſprings,
And are but pilgrims from our heav'nly ſtates,
The while the truſty earth ſure plenty brings,
And ſhips through Neptune ſafely ſpread their wings.
Go bleſſed iſland, wander where thou pleaſe,
Unto thy God, or men, heav'n, lands, or ſeas:
Thou canſt not loſe thy way, thy King with all hath peace.

XXIV.

Dear prince, thy ſubjects joy, hope of their heirs,
Picture of peace, or breathing image rather,
The certain argument of all our pray'rs,
Thy Harries, and thy country's lovely father,
Let peace in endleſs joys forever bathe her
Within thy ſacred breaſt, that at thy birth
Brought'ſt her with thee from heav'n, to dwell on earth,
Making our earth a heav'n, and paradiſe of mirth.

XXV.

Let not my liege miſdeem theſe humble lays,
As lick't with ſoft and ſupple blandiſhment,
Or ſpoken to diſparagon his praiſe;
For though pale Cynthia, near her brother's tent,
Soon diſappears in the white firmament,
And gives him back the beams, before were his;
Yet when he verges, or is hardly ris,
She the vive image of her abſent brother is.

XXVI.

Nor let the Prince of Peace his beadſman blame,
That with his ſteward dares his Lord compare,
And heav'nly peace with earthly quiet ſhame:
So pines to lowly plants compared are,
And lightning Phœbus to a little ſtar:
And well I wot, my rhyme, albe unſmooth,
Ne ſays but what it means, ne means but ſooth,
Ne harms the good, ne good to harmful perſon doth.

XXVII.

Gaze but upon the houſe where man embow'rs:
With flow'rs and ruſhes paved is his way,
Where all the creatures are his ſervitours,
The winds do ſweep his chambers every day,
And clouds do waſh his rooms, the cieling gay,
Starred aloft the gilded knobs embrave:
If ſuch a houſe God to another gave,
How ſhine thoſe glittering courts, he for himſelf will have?

XXVIII.

And if a ſullen cloud, as ſad as night,
In which the ſun may ſeem embodied,
Depur'd of all his droſs, we ſee ſo white,
Burning in melted gold his watery head,
Or round with ivory edges ſilvered;
What luſtre ſuper-excellent will he
Lighten on thoſe that ſhall his ſunſhine ſee
In that all-glorious court, in which all glories be?

XXIX.

If but one ſun, with his diffuſive fires,
Can paint the ſtars, and the whole world with light,
And joy and life into each heart inſpires,
And every ſaint ſhall ſhine in heav'n, as bright
As doth the ſun in his tranſcendent might,
(As faith may well believe, what truth once ſays)
What ſhall ſo many ſuns united rays,
But dazzle all the eyes, that now in heav'n we praiſe?

XXX.

Here let my Lord hang up his conquering lance,
And bloody armour with late ſlaughter warm,
And looking down on his weak militants,
Behold his ſaints, mid'ſt of their hot alarm,
Hang all their golden hopes upon his arm.
And in this lower field diſpacing wide,
Through windy thoughts, that would their ſails miſguide,
Anchor their heſhly ſhips faſt in his wounded ſide.

XXXI.

Here may the band, that now in triumph ſhines,
And that (before they were inveſted thus)
In earthly bodies carried heav'nly minds,
Pitcht round about in order glorious,
Their ſunny tents, and houſes luminous,
All their eternal day in ſongs employing,
Joying their end, without end of their joying,
While their Almighty Prince deſtruction is deſtroying.

XXXII.

Full, yet without ſatiety, of that
Which whets and quiets greedy appetite,
Where never ſun did riſe, nor ever ſat,
But one eternal day, and endleſs light
Gives time to thoſe, whoſe time is infinite,
Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee,
Beholding him, whom never eye could ſee,
And magniſying him, that cannot greater be.

XXXIII.

How can ſuch joy as this want words to ſpeak?
And yet what words can ſpeak ſuch joy as this?
Far from the world, that might their quiet break,
Here the glad ſouls the face of beauty kiſs,
Pour'd out in pleaſure, on their beds of bliſs.
And drunk with nectar torrents, ever hold
Their eyes on him, whoſe graces manifold
The more they do behold, the more they would behold.

XXXIV.

Their ſight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes,
Their brain ſweet incenſe with fine breath accloys,
That on God's ſweating altar burning lies;
Their hungry ears feed on their heav'nly noiſe,
That angels ſing, to tell their untold joys;
Their underſtanding naked truth, their wills
The all, and ſelf ſufficient goodneſs fills,
That nothing here is wanting, but the want of ills.

XXXV.

No ſorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
No bloodleſs malady empales their face,
No age droops on their hairs his ſilver ſnow,
No nakedneſs their bodies doth embaſe,
No poverty themſelves, and theirs diſgrace,
No fear of death the joy of life devours,
No unchaſte ſleep their precious time deflowers,
No loſs, no grief, no change, wait on their winged hours.

XXXVI.

But now their naked bodies ſcorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain;
The infant wonders how he came ſo old,
And old man how he came ſo young again;
Still reſting, though from ſleep they ſtill reſtrain,
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe;
And all are kings, and yet no ſubjects know;
All full, and yet no time on food they do beſtow.

XXXVII.

For things that paſs are paſt, and in this field
The indeficient ſpring no winter fears;
The trees together fruit and bloſſom yield,
Th' unfading lily leaves of ſilver bears,
And crimſon roſe a ſcarlet garment wears:
And all of theſe on the ſaints bodies grow,
Not, as they wont, on baſer earth below;
Three rivers here of milk, and wine, and honey flow.

XXXVIII.

About the holy city rolls a flood
Of molten cryſtal, like a ſea of glaſs,
On which weak ſtream a ſtrong foundation ſtood,
Of living diamonds the building was
That all things elſe, beſides itſelf, did paſs:
Her ſtreets, inſtead of ſtones, the ſtars did pave,
And little pearls, for duſt, it ſeem'd to have,
On which ſoft-ſtreaming manna, like pure ſnow, did wave.

XXXIX.

In mid'ſt of this city celeſtial,
Where the eternal temple ſhould have roſe,
Light'ned th' idea beatifical:
End, and beginning of each thing that grows,
Whoſe ſelf no end, nor yet beginning knows,
That hath no eyes to ſee, nor ears to hear;
Yet ſees, and hears, and is all eye, all ear,
That nowhere is contain'd, and yet is every where.

XL.

Changer of all things, yet immutable;
Before, and after all, the firſt, and laſt:
That moving all is yet immoveable;
Great without quantity, in whoſe forecaſt,
Things paſt are preſent, things to come are paſt;
Swift without motion, to whoſe open eye
The hearts of wicked men unbreaſted lie;
At once abſent, and preſent to them, far, and nigh.

XLI.

It is no flaming luſtre, made of light;
No ſweet conſent; or well-tim'd harmony;
Ambroſia, for to feaſt the appetite;
Or flow'ry odour, mixt with ſpicery;
No ſoft embrace, or pleaſure bodily:
And yet it is a kind of inward feaſt;
A harmony, that ſounds within the breaſt;
An odour, light, embrace, in which the ſoul doth reſt.

XLII.

A heav'nly feaſt no hunger can conſume;
A light unſeen, yet ſhines in ev'ry place;
A ſound no time can ſteal; a ſweet perfume
No winds can ſcatter; an entire embrace,
That no ſatiety can e'er unlace:
Ingrac'd into ſo high a favour, there
The ſaints, with their beau-peers, whole worlds outwear;
And things unſeen do ſee, and things unheard do hear.

XLIII.

Ye bleſſed ſouls, grown richer by your ſpoil,
Whoſe loſs, though great, is cauſe of greater gains;
Here may your weary ſpirits reſt from toil,
Spending your endleſs evening that remains,
Amongſt thoſe white flocks, and celeſtial trains,
That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes; and frame
That heav'nly muſic of ſo wond'rous fame,
Pſalming aloud the holy honours of his name!

XLIV.

Had I a voice of ſteel to tune my ſong;
Were every verſe as ſmooth as ſmootheſt glaſs;
And every member turned to a tongue;
And every tongue were made of ſounding braſs;
Yet all that ſkill, and all this ſtrength, alas!
Should it preſume t' adorn (were miſadvis'd)
The place, where David hath new ſongs devis'd,
As in his burning throne he ſits emparadis'd.

XLV.

Moſt happy prince, whoſe eyes thoſe ſtars behold,
Treading ours under feet, now may'ſt thou pour
That overflowing ſkill, wherewith of old
Thou wont'ſt to ſmooth rough ſpeech; now may'ſt thou ſhow'r
Freſh ſtreams of praiſe upon that holy bow'r,
Which well we heav'n call, not that it rolls,
But that it is the heaven of our ſouls: [beholds!
Moſt happy prince, whoſe ſight ſo heav'nly ſight

XLVI.

Ah fooliſh ſhepherds! who were wont t' eſteem,
Your God all rough, and ſhaggy-hair'd to be;
And yet far wiſer ſhepherds than ye deem,
For who ſo poor (though who ſo rich) as he,
When ſojourning with us in low degree.
He waſh'd his flocks in Jordan's ſpotleſs tide;
And that his dear remembrance might abide,
Did to us come, and with us liv'd, and for us died.

XLVII.

But now ſuch lively colours did embeam
His ſparkling forehead; and ſuch ſhining rays
Kindled his flaming locks, that down did ſtream

In curls along his neck, where ſweetly plays
(Singing his wounds of love in ſacred lays)
His deareſt Spouſe, Spouſe of the deareſt Lover,
Knitting a thouſand knots over and over,
And dying ſtill for love, but they her ſtill recover.

XLVIII.

Faireſt of Fairs, that at his eyes doth dreſs
Her glorious face; thoſe eyes, from whence are ſhed
Attractions infinite; where to expreſs
His love, High God! all heav'n as captive leads,
And all the banners of his grace diſpreads,
And in thoſe windows doth his arms englaze,
And on thoſe eyes, the angels all do gaze,
And from thoſe eyes, the lights of heav'n obtain their blaze.

XLIX.

But let the Kentiſh lad *, that lately taught
His oaten reed the trumpet's ſilver ſound,
Young Thyrſilis; and for his muſic brought
The willing ſpheres from heav'n, to lead around
The dancing nymphs and ſwains, that ſung, and crown'd ———

* *The author of the Purple Iſland.*

Eclecta's Hymen with ten thouſand flow'rs
Of choiceſt praiſe; and hung her heav'nly bow'rs
With ſaffron garlands, dreſs'd for nuptial paramours.

L.

Let his ſhrill trumpet, with her ſilver blaſt
Of fair Eclecta, and her ſpouſal bed,
Be the ſweet pipe, and ſmooth encomiaſt:
But my green muſe, hiding her younger head,
Under old Camus' flaggy banks, that ſpread
Their willow locks abroad, and all the day
With their own wat'ry ſhadows wanton play;
Dares not thoſe high amours, and love-ſick ſongs affay.

LI.

Impotent words, weak lines, that ſtrive in vain;
In vain, alas, to tell ſo heav'nly ſight!
So heav'nly ſight, as none can greater feign,
Feign what he can, that ſeems of greateſt might:
Could any yet compare with Infinite?
Infinite ſure thoſe joys; my words but light;
Light is the palace where ſhe dwells.—O then, how bright!

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

BENJAMIN JONSON.

Containing his

EPIGRAMS,	ODES,
EPITAPHS,	EPISTLES,
ELEGIES,	EPITHALAMIUMS,
SONGS,	TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Then JONSON came, inſtructed from the ſchool,
To pleaſe in method, and invent by rule.
His ſtudious patience, and laborious art,
With regular approach aſſail'd the heart.
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays;
For thoſe who durſt not cenſure, ſcarce could praiſe.

DR. JOHNSON'S PROLOGUE.

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THE LIFE OF JONSON.

BENJAMIN JONSON, one of the greateſt dramatic poets of the laſt age, was deſcended, as he has himſelf told us, from an ancient family in Scotland. His grandfather was originally of Annandale, from whence he removed to Carliſle in the reign of Henry VIII under whom he held ſome employment. His father was impriſoned and loſt his eſtate in the time of Queen Mary; probably, on account of religion. After the death of Mary, he entered into orders; but whether he then lived at Carliſle, or at what time he left it, is uncertain. He reſided at Weſtminſter at the time of his death, which happened, according to the beſt accounts, in 1574, about a month before the birth of the poet.

The preciſe year, however, of his birth has not been aſcertained; nor has it been determined in what part of Weſtminſter he was born. Fuller tells us, that "with all his induſtry he could not find him in his cradle, but that he could fetch him from his long coats; when a little child, he lived in Hartſhorn-lane, near Charing-croſs." The regiſters of St. Margaret's, Weſtminſter, and St. Martin's in the Fields, have been examined in vain for the time of his baptiſm. There is a *lacuna* in the latter regiſter from February to December 1574; he was therefore probably born in that year; and he himſelf has told us that he was born on the 11th of June. Aubrey (*MS. Muſ. Aſhmol. Oxon.*) ſays, "I remember when I was a ſcholar at Trinity College, Oxford, 1646, I heard Mr. Ralph Bathurſt ſay, that Ben. Jonſon was a Warwickſhireman." Conjecture, however, would lead us to imagine that he was born in the pariſh of St. Martin's in the Fields; for there was then a private ſchool in that church, and to that he was firſt ſent for education. It is certain that he was afterwards a Weſtminſter ſcholar, while Camden was maſter; for in the dedication to *Every Man in his Humour*, he calls him "the inſtructor of his ſtudies;" and in his *Epigrams*, acknowledges that "all he had in arts, and all that he knew, he owed to him."

"From the College ſchool of Weſtminſter," ſays Wood, "his ſilly mother, who had married to her ſecond huſband, a bricklayer, took him home, and made him, as is ſaid, work at her huſband's trade." In the regiſter of St. Martin's it appears, that a Mrs. Margaret Jonſon was married in November 1575, to Mr. Thomas Fowler; he was, perhaps, the poet's ſtepfather. There is ſome little difference in the accounts of his biographers, with regard to the time he continued to work at his ſtepfather's trade.

Fuller ſays, that he ſoon left his father; and went to the Univerſity of Cambridge: but being unable to continue there for want of a proper maintenance, he returned to his father in a few weeks, and was employed in the new ſtructure of Lincoln's Inn, with a trowel in his hand, and a book in his pocket; and this book Gildon has found out to be Horace. Wood tells us, that when he worked with his father, he was pitied by ſome generous gentlemen, and received aſſiſtance from them; and that he was recommended by Camden to Sir Walter Raleigh, whoſe ſon he attended on his travels abroad: On his return to England, he and his pupil parted, not in cold blood:—that he then went to Cambridge, and was ſtatutably elected into St. John's College; and after a ſhort ſtay there, went to London, and became an actor in the Curtain playhouſe; and ſoon afterwards, "having improved his fancy by keeping ſcholaſtic company, he betook himſelf to writing plays."

Aubrey says, that " his mother married a bricklayer, and 'tis generally said that he wrought some time with his father-in-law, and particularly in the garden wall of Lincoln's Inn, next to Chancery-lane; and that a knight, a Bencher, walking through and hearing him repeat some Greek verses out of Homer, discoursing with him, and finding him to have a wit extraordinary, gave him some exhibition to maintain him at *Trinity College*, in Cambridge, where he was—then he went into the Low Countries, and spent some time, not very long, in the army, not to the disgrace of [it], as you may find in his epigrams. Then he came into England, and acted and wrote at the Green Curtain, but both ill; a kind of nursery, or obscure playhouse, somewhere in the suburbs,- (I think towards Shoreditch, or Clerkenwell.) Then he undertook again to write a play, and did hit it admirably well, viz. *Every Man*—which was his first good one."

If he ever worked with his stepfather at his trade in Lincoln's Inn, it must have been either in 1588, or 1593; in each of which years, as appears from Dugdale's *Origines Judiciales*, some new buildings were erected by that Society: He could not have been taken from thence to accompany young Raleigh on his travels, who was not born till 1594, nor ever went abroad, except with his father in 1617, to Guiana, where he lost his life. He might, indeed, about 1610, or 1611, have been private tutor to him, and it is probable that their connection was about that time, as he mentions that he furnished Sir Walter Raleigh with a portion of his " History of the World," on which Sir Walter must have been then employed; but if the tutor and pupil then parted in ill humour, it was rather too late for Jonson to enter into St. John's College at the age of 34 or 35 years. That at some period he was tutor to young Raleigh, is ascertained by a ludicrous account of his dismission, preserved in Oldys's manuscript.

The truth probably is, that he was admitted as a sizar in 1588, at which time he was fourteen years old, (the usual time then of going to the University); and after staying there a few weeks, was obliged, from poverty, to return to his father's trade, with whom he might have been employed in the building in Lincoln's Inn, in 1593, when he was nineteen. Not being able to endure this situation, he went, as he has himself told us, to the Low Countries, where he served a campaign, and distinguished himself in the field. On his return, perhaps in 1594, being now used to a life of adventure, he probably begun his theatrical career, and after having " ambled by a play waggon in the country," repaired to London, and endeavoured at the Curtain to obtain a livelihood as an actor; till, as Decker informs us, " not being able to set a *good face* upon't, he could not get a service among the mimicks."

Between that year and 1598, when his *Every Man in his Humour* was acted, he probably produced those unsuccessful pieces mentioned by Wood and Aubrey. It is remarkable that Meres, in his " Wit's Treasury," in that year enumerates Jonson among the writers of *tragedy*, though no tragedy of his writing of so early a date, is now extant; a fact which none of his biographers have noticed, and none of them but Aubrey, appear to have known that he went to the Low Countries in his younger years: the fact was communicated by himself to Drummond, but not published till eleven years after Aubrey's death.

Aubrey says he was of *Trinity College*, Cambridge; but it has been a constant tradition that he was a member of St. John's College, in the library of which there are several books with his name in them, and which were given by him to that College; but his name does not occur in the public or private registers of the University.

While he was a retainer to the stage, he had the misfortune to be engaged in a duel, in which he killed his opponent, a player, who had challenged him; and he himself was wounded in the arm by his adversary's sword, ten inches longer than his own. For this offence he was committed to prison; and during his confinement he was visited by a Popish priest, who, taking the advantage of his melancholy and dejection of spirits, made him a convert to the Church of Rome. He continued twelve years in the Romish communion; but afterwards recanted, and was reconciled to the Church of England. It is unknown how long he was kept in prison, and equally uncertain by what method he obtained his liberty.

About the twenty-fourth year of his age he began to be distinguished as a dramatic writer. About this time also his acquaintance commenced with Shakspeare, who began it, as we are told,

with a remarkable piece of humanity, and good nature. He had offered one of his plays to the players, who, after running it over in a careleſs, ſupercilious manner, were returning it to him, with anſwer, that it could be of no ſervice to their company; when Shakſpeare happened luckily to caſt his eye upon it, and found ſomething ſo good in it, as to engage him to read it through, and afterwards to recommend the poet and his writings to the public: the name of the play is nowhere mentioned, and is not ſuppoſed to have been any of thoſe we now have.

In 1598, his *Every Man in his Humour* was acted by the Lord Chamberlain's ſervants, at the theatre called the Globe, in Southwark. Shakſpeare belonged to it, and was a performer in this comedy. It is the firſt dramatic performance in the ſeveral editions of his works, and is perhaps, in point of the redundance of characters, and power of language, not inferior to any of his dramas. It was revived by Mr. Garrick in 1749; ſince which time it has continued to be performed very frequently every ſeaſon.

In 1559, his *Every Man out of his Humour* was repreſented at the ſame theatre, by the ſame performers. There is much leſs deſign and action in this, than in the preceding comedy; but the characters are very ſtrongly marked, and ſome of them have been thought to glance at particular perſons of his acquaintance.

Cynthia's Revels, a comical ſatire, was acted in 1600, by the children of Queen Elizabeth's chapel. This too has little or no plot; and the perſons of the play are rather vices or paſſions perſonized, than characters copied from real life.

His next performance was the *Poetaſter*, a comical ſatire, repreſented by the ſame performers in 1601. It is a ſatire on the poets of that age, more particularly Decker, who is ſeverely laſhed under the character of *Criſpinus*, yet has very ſpiritedly returned it, in his "Satiromaſtix," repreſented ſoon after by the children of St. Paul's. Theſe children of the *Chapel*, and *St. Paul's*, were the choriſters belonging to thoſe places; and their reputation for acting enabled them to vie with the moſt celebrated players of that age. Shakſpeare has hinted in Hamlet, that the public opinion was divided between them.

In 1603, his *Sejanus*, a tragedy, was acted by the King's ſervants, who were the company belonging to the Globe, and were at firſt the ſervants of the Chamberlain, but in the beginning of this year had obtained a licence from King James I. who at the ſame time honoured them with the title of his ſervants. It appears from the preface, that Shakſpeare, who was an actor in it, wrote alſo ſome parts of the tragedy, which were omitted when it was publiſhed in 1605. It was uſhered into the world by nine copies of commendatory verſes: It has, indeed, a great ſhare of merit, but it has alſo defects, which are indefenſible. He has diſcovered great art and ſpirit in deſigning and ſupporting the characters; but the incidents are copied with too cloſe an attachment to hiſtoric compoſition, and what is tranſlated from the Latin, is expreſſed with too exact a conformity to the mode and letter of the original expreſſion. The play ſhould have ended with the death of *Sejanus*.

In 1605, his *Volpone, or the Fox*, a comedy, was acted by the King's ſervants. It is, perhaps, the beſt of his comedies. It is ſcarcely poſſible to conceive a piece more highly finiſhed, both in point of language and character, than this play. The plot is perfectly original, and the circumſtance of *Volpone's* taking advantage of the viciouſneſs and depravity of the human mind in others, yet being himſelf made a dupe to the ſubtlety of his creature *Moſca*, is admirably conceived, and as inimitably executed.

About this time he joined with Chapman and Marſton in writing a comedy, called *Eaſtward Hoe*, wherein they were accuſed of reflecting on the Scots. It is ſaid they were committed to priſon, and in danger of loſing their ears and noſes; they were, however, releaſed, and Jonſon gave an entertainment on the occaſion to his friends, among whom were Camden and Selden. In the midſt of the entertainment, his mother, more an ancient Roman than a Briton, drank to him, and ſhowed him a paper of poiſon, which ſhe intended to have given him in his liquor, having firſt taken a potion of it herſelf, if the ſentence for his puniſhment had paſſed. The offenſive paſſages are omitted in all but a few copies. Hogarth took the plan of his "Induſtrious and Idle Prentices," from this play.

In 1609, his *Epicœne, or the Silent Woman*, a comedy, was acted by his Majeſty's ſervants. This is juſtly eſteemed one of the beſt comedies in our language, and is always acted with univerſal ap-

plauſe. The *Alchymiſt* followed in 1610; a comedy too well known and admired, to need any comment on, or account of it. The tragedy of *Cataline* was his next labour, which appeared in 1611. It has great merit, but is too declamatory for the preſent dramatic taſte. The author he copied after in *Sejanus* and *Cataline*, was Seneca the tragedian; a model unworthy of himſelf, and even not agreeable to his own taſte.

There was now an interruption of three years before the appearance of his next play, *Bartholomew Fair*, acted in 1614. It has an infinite deal of low humour in it, and is, perhaps, the greateſt aſſemblage of characters that ever was brought together within the compaſs of one ſingle play. But he had full employment for his muſe in providing *Maſques* and *Entertainments* for the Court. We have a ſucceſſion of theſe pieces, ſome of them without date, from 1609 to 1615. In the ſcenal decorations, he had Inigo Jones for an aſſociate; and the devices ſeem to have been deſigned by him with delicacy and magnificence. Diſcord, however, ſubſiſted between the Britiſh Vitruvius and the Cato of poets, during the greateſt part of thirty years, in which they adminiſtered to the pleaſures of two ſucceſſive ſovereigns.

It appears, that in 1613, he was in France; but the occaſion of his going, and the ſtay he made, are alike uncertain.

In 1616, he publiſhed his works, one volume in folio, including all his plays, except the laſt, and the *Devil is an Aſs*, acted that year, with his *Maſques*, *Epigrams*, and the *Foreſt*.

Soon after, he was invited to Oxford, by Dr. Corbet and other wits of the univerſity, and reſided ſome time in Chriſt Church College. In July 1619, he received a very ample and honourable teſtimony to his merit, being created in a full houſe of convocation, a Maſter of Arts of that univerſity. On the death of Daniel, in October following, he ſucceeded to the vacant laurel. The laureat's ſalary was originally one hundred marks per annum; but, in 1630, he preſented a petition to King Charles, requeſting him to make thoſe marks as many pounds; which was granted, together with the addition of a tierce of Canary Spaniſh wine yearly during his life, out of his Majeſty's cellars at Whitehall. The ſame ſalary is continued to the preſent day. This penſion, and a preſent of one hundred pounds ſent to Jonſon by the king, in 1629, render the ſtory improbable, which has been recorded, on doubtful authority, that Jonſon in that year, being reduced to great diſtreſs, and living in an obſcure alley, petitioned his Majeſty to aſſiſt him in his poverty and ſickneſs; and, on receiving ten guineas, ſaid to the meſſenger who brought him the donation, "His Majeſty has ſent me ten guineas, becauſe I am poor, and live in an alley: go and tell him that his ſoul lives in an alley."

At the latter end of 1616, he went on foot into Scotland to viſit Drummond of Hawthornden. His adventures in this journey he wrought into a poem; the copy of which, with many other pieces, was accidentally burnt, as appears from his *Execration of Vulcan*. During his ſtay with Drummond, he gave him an account of his family, and ſeveral particulars relating to his life, which has been followed here. Nor was he leſs communicative of his ſentiments with regard to the poets of his time; which were preſerved by Drummond, and printed among his works.

From 1615 to 1625, the *Maſques* and Chriſtmas *Entertainments*, go on in the ſame order as before. In this laſt year was exhibited his *Staple of News*; and from thence to 1629, the writing of *Maſques* was the chief employment of his pen, except poſſibly ſome ſhorter pieces to which there is no date.

In that year, his *New Inn*, or the *The Light Heart*, was attempted to be acted; but a ſtrong oppoſition was formed againſt it; and it was "moſt negligently played, and more ſqueamiſhly beheld and cenſured" He expreſſed his indignation at the reception it met with, in a magiſterial *Ode to Himſelf*, as a diſſuaſive to leave the ſtage; which was anſwered by Owen Feltham, with great ſatiric acerbity, in an Ode written in the ſame meaſure. To conſole him for this juſt reprimand, Randolph his adopted poetical ſon, addreſſed him with all that warmth of grateful affection, which a man of genius ſhould have felt on the occaſion.

The *Magnetical Lady*, and the *Tale of a Tub*, ſucceeded the *New Inn*; but both are without a date, and may be juſtly called his dotages. The malevolence of criticiſm could not be perſuaded to reverence his age. Alexander Gill, maſter of St. Paul's ſchool, a poetaſter of the times, attacked him with a brutal fury on the appearance of the *Magnetical Lady*. Jonſon revenged himſelf by a ſhort, but cauſtic reply.

There are two other pieces which are left unfiniſhed, the *Sad Shepherd*, a paſtoral tragedy, and *Mortimer's Fall*, a tragedy. Of the laſt, there is only the plan of the drama and two ſcenes, written

with classical spirit and simplicity. The *Sad Shepherd* is carried on almost to the end of the third act. The loss of the remaining part of this delightful Pastoral is much to be lamented. There is no account how it came to us in this mutilated condition. Possibly the fate of Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," on its first appearance, and revival under the patronage of Charles I., deterred him from going through with the performance. As his composition was of a kindred nature to that of Fletcher, he might presage the same unfortunate event, should he ever introduce it on the stage: So that posterity can only bewail the perversity of taste in their injudicious ancestors, whose discouragement of the first contributed to deprive us of the second pastoral drama, that could do honour to the nation. A commendable attempt to complete this beautiful fragment, has been made by Mr. Waldron, in his "Continuation of the Sad Shepherd," &c. 8vo. 1783.

His last masque was personated in July 1634, which closed his dramatic labours. From this time he appears to have written nothing for the stage. Besides the dramas here enumerated, he joined with Fletcher and Middleton in writing a comedy, called the *Widow*, which was not published till 1652. His smaller poems were most of them occasional; the greatest part are without date. His translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry*, was made very early, as were his Epigrams, and the poems which he intituled the *Forest*.

In the decline of his life, he was seized with the palsy, which, it is supposed, afflicted him till the time of his death. He died at his house in Aldersgate-street, at the corner of Jewin-street, on the 6th of August 1637, in the 63d year of his age, and was buried at the north west end of the belfry, in Westminster-Abbey. Over his grave is a common pavement stone, given, says Wood, by Jack Young, of Great Milton, in Oxfordshire, afterwards knighted by Charles II., with this inscription, O RARE BEN. JONSON!—The bust, in bas-relief, with the same inscription under it, that is now fixed to the wall in the Poet's Corner, was given by the second Earl of Oxford, of the Harley family.

A collection of elegies on his death, was published by Dr. Duppa, Bishop of Winchester, in 1638, under the title of *Jonsonius Virbius*; or, *the Memory of Ben Jonson revived by the Friends of the Muses*. Most of the men of genius of that age contributed to the collection; Lord Falkland, Lord Buckhurst, Sir John Beaumont, Sir Thomas Hawkins, Waller, Mayne, Cartwright, King, May, Howel, with many others; among the rest Owen Feltham.

Jonson was married, and had seven children, but none survived him; of his wife nothing is known. His eldest son Benjamin, died Nov. 20. 1635. He was a dramatic author, having, in company with Broome, produced a play, called "A Fault in Friendship," which was acted at the Curtain in 1623; and in 1672, a collection of his poems was published. It should seem that he was not on good terms with his father.

In 1640 the volume of plays and poems, which were published in his lifetime, were reprinted, and then was added to it another volume in folio, containing the rest of his *Plays*, *Masques*, *Underwoods*; a translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry*, *English Grammar*, and *Discoveries*.

An edition of his works was printed in 6 vols. 8vo. 1716; and another in 7 vols. 8vo. 1756, with notes by the Rev. Peter Whalley, LL. B. who inserted *The Case is Altered*, a comedy, not in any former edition. This edition is executed with much taste and judgment, and deserves well of our literature and language. A new edition, prepared for the press by the same judicious and classical commentator before his death, is announced by Mr. Waldron, the continuator of the *Sad Shepherd*. His miscellaneous poems and translations, together with several songs and lyric pieces, selected by the compiler of this collection, from his plays, are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry,

The character of Jonson, like that of most celebrated wits, has been drawn with great diversity of lights and shades, according as affection or envy guided the pencil. His person, as he has himself told us, was corpulent and large. His disposition seems to have been reserved and saturnine, and sometimes not a little oppressed with the gloom of a splenetic imagination. He has been often represented as of an envious, arrogant, and overbearing temper, and insolent and haughty in his converse; but what his enemies condemns as vanity or conceit, might be only the exertions of conscious and insulted merit. He was laborious and indefatigable in his studies; his reading was copious and extensive; his memory tenacious and strong; his judgment accurate and solid. In his friendships

he was cautious and ſincere, yet accuſed of levity and ingratitude; but his accuſers were the criminals. With men of virtue and learning, he was connected by the ties of intimacy and affection. Randolph and Cartwright revered him as the great reformer, and as the father of the Britiſh ſtage, and gloried in the title of his adopted ſons. He was frequently called the *learned* Ben, the *judicious* Ben, the *Great* Ben, the *immortal* Ben. Stern and rigid as his virtue was, he was eaſy and ſocial in the convivial meetings of his friends; and the laws of his *Sympoſia*, inſcribed over the chimney of the Apollo, a room in the Devil Tavern, near Temple-Bar, where he kept his club, ſhow that he was neither averſe to the pleaſures of converſation, nor ignorant of what would render it agreeable and improving. From the attention ſhown to him by his contemporaries, it might be ſuſpected that the charge of ſurlineſs and moroſeneſs, imputed to him by the writers of the preſent time, was not well founded. The opinions of thoſe who lived in or near the time when he flouriſhed, merit obſervation. They ſometimes elicit a ray of intelligence, which later opinions do not always give.

" Ben. Jonſon," ſays Drummond, " was a great lover and praiſer of himſelf, a contemner and ſcoffer of others, given rather to loſe a friend than a jeſt, jealous of every word and action of thoſe about him, eſpecially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived; a diſſembler of the parts which reign in him; a bragger of ſome good that he wanted, thinketh nothing well done, but what he himſelf, or ſome of his friends have ſaid or done; he is paſſionately kind and angry, careleſs either to give or keep; vindictive, but if he be well anſwered, at himſelf: interprets bad ſayings and deeds often to the worſt; he was for any religion, being verſed in both; oppreſſed with fancy which hath overmaſtered his reaſon, a general diſeaſe in many poets; his inventions are ſmooth and eaſy; but above all he excelleth in tranſlation. He had a deſign to write an epic poem, and was to call it *Chrologia*, of the worthies of his country, raiſed by fame: He had alſo a deſign to write a Fiſher, or Paſtoral play, and to make the ſtage of it the *Lomond Lake*, and alſo to write his own pilgrimage hither, and to call it a Diſcovery. In a poem, he calleth Edinburgh

The heart of Scotland, Britain's other eye."

Aubrey ſays " he was of a clear and fair ſkin; his habit was very plain: I have heard Mr. Lacey the player ſay, that he was wont to wear a coat like a coachman's coat, with ſlits under the armpits. He would many times exceed in drink; Canary was his beloved liquor: then he would tumble home to bed, and when he had thoroughly perſpired, then to ſtudy. I have ſeen his ſtudying chair, which was of ſtraw, ſuch as old women uſed, and as Aulus Gellius is drawn in. When I was in Oxon, Biſhop Skinner, who lay at our hall, was wont to ſay that he underſtood an author as well as any man in England."

" His parts," ſays Fuller, " were not ſo ready *to run of themſelves*, as able to anſwer the ſpur; ſo that it may be truly ſaid of him that he had an *elaborate wit*, wrought out by his own induſtry. He would ſit ſilent in learned company, and ſuck in *(beſides wine)* their ſeveral humours into his obſervations; what was *ore* in *others*, he was able to *refine* himſelf. He was paramount in the dramatic part of poetry, and taught the ſtage an exact conformity to the laws of comedians. His comedies were above the *Volge*, (which are only tickled with downright obſcenity) and took not ſo well at the *firſt ſtroke* as at the *rebound*; yea, they will endure reading ſo long as either ingenuity or learning are faſhionable in our nation. If his latter be not ſo ſpriteful and vigorous as his firſt pieces, all that are old will, and all who deſire to be old, ſhould excuſe him therein. Many were the wit-combats between him and Shakſpeare, which two I beheld like a *Spaniſh great galleon*, and an *Engliſh man of war*: Maſter *Jonſon* (like the former) was built far higher in learning; ſolid, but ſlow in his performances. *Shakſpeare*, with the Engliſh man of war, leſſer in *bulk*, but lighter in *ſailing*, could *turn with all tides*, and take advantage of *all winds*, by the quickneſs of his wit and invention."

It is obſervable, that none of his contemporaries charge him with depreciating the merits of Shakſpeare, or with want of gratitude or eſteem for his friend. Dryden and Pope are divided in their ſentiments of the teſtimony which Jonſon gives to his genius. Dryden calls it invidious and ſparing, and of his opinion is Mr. Malone and the other editors of Shakſpeare. The writer of theſe biographical prefaces inclines to Pope's opinion, in thinking it an ample and honourable panegyric, to the memory of his friend.

Jonſon, like moſt ſucceſsful writers, was very unfortunate in conciliating the affections of the inferior poets of his time. They cenſured his inordinate vanity, and accuſed him of a deſire of ruling the realms of Parnaſſus with a deſpotic ſceptre. But their cenſure was his fame; while he could number in the liſt of his friends the prodigies of poetry, and miracles of learning and ſcience.

Shakſpeare had cheriſhed his infant muſe; Beaumont and Fletcher eſteemed and revered him; Donne had recommended his merit; and Camden, the Strabo of Britain, and Selden, a living library, knew how to prize his literature and judgment.

Jonſon is univerſally allowed to have been the moſt learned and judicious poet of his age. He was familiarly acquainted with the beſt ancient authors, from whom he has freely borrowed, and was the firſt that brought critical learning into vogue. His learning is to be ſeen in every thing he wrote; yet a juſt decorum and preſervation of character, with propriety of circumſtance and of language, are his ſtriking excellencies, and eminently diſtinguiſh his correctneſs and art. What he borrows from the ancients, he generally improves by the uſe and application. In his imitations and tranſlations from claſſic authors, he thinks and expreſſes his thoughts like them; but he commonly borrows with the air of a conqueror, and adorns himſelf in their dreſs, as with the ſpoils and trophies of victory. His tranſlation of *Horace's Art of Poetry* is ſo cloſe as to be comprehended in the ſame number of lines. His occaſional poems are chiefly encomiaſtic or ſatirical. They abound in maſculine ſenſe and poignant wit, with an unfortunate intermixture of puerile conceit, and coarſe raillery His *Epigrams* are ſometimes happily turned; but more frequently pointleſs. His *Epitaphs* are univerſally admired, and juſtly entitled to the higheſt praiſe. His Songs are ſprightly and elegant, and deſervedly popular. The merit of his *Lyric pieces* is much greater than has yet been allowed. His *Hymn to Diana* is delicate both in the ſentiment and the expreſſion, the images are picturesque; the verſe eaſy and flowing. His *Ode Pindaric* is a true and regular Pindaric; and the firſt, if not the only one in our language, that has a juſt claim to that title. He has followed the manner of Pindar with great exactneſs. The terms of art, denoted by the *turn*, the *counter-turn*, and the *ſtand*, are a tranſlation of the *Strophe*, *Antiſtrophe*, and *Epode*, which divided the Greek odes.

The *Charm* in the *Maſque of the Queens*, may bear a compariſon with the witches ſong in "Macbeth." His *Elegy on the death of the Marchioneſs of Wincheſter* has been imitated by Pope, in his pathetic Elegy "to the memory of an unfortunate Lady." His poetry has more ſtrength than ſmoothneſs: His verſification is ſometimes flowing and eaſy; but more frequently harſh, and even deficient in meaſure. In all his pieces are to be found marks of good ſenſe, a ſtrong, and ſometimes a ſublime vein of poetry, ſterling wit, moral ſatire, and unrivalled erudition.

As a dramatiſt, Shakſpeare, Beaumont, and Fletcher, are the only contemporary writers that can be put in competition with him; and, as they have excellencies of genius ſuperior to thoſe of Jonſon, they have weakneſſes and defects, which are proportionably greater. In the power to touch the heart, he muſt indiſputably yield to them. But if they tranſcend him in the creative powers and the aſtoniſhing flights of imagination, their judgment is much inferior to his: and if he does not at any time riſe ſo high, neither perhaps does he ſink ſo low as they have done. He reformed the extravagancies which had univerſally prevailed in the times before him. His plays were real plays of five acts, in which the continuity of the ſcenes, and the unities of time and place were regularly obſerved. He borrowed not his fable from an exotic ſtory, but formed his plot, and drew his characters from the ſtores of his imagination, and his obſervations upon men and manners In his deſign and exhibition of characters, he was particularly happy in delineating thoſe which are generally known by the name of characters of humour, a ſubject which he perfectly underſtood, and which he executed with equal felicity and perfection. It is greatly to be wiſhed that he had poſſeſſed that poetic paſſion which could have made his dramas univerſal, equally felt and underſtood in all ages. In this point he muſt yield to Shakſpeare, yet his fancy had exerted itſelf, perhaps, with greater energy and ſtrength, had he been leſs a poet, or leſs acquainted with the ancient models. Struck with the correctneſs and truth of compoſition in the old claſſics, and influenced by a paſſionate admiration to emulate their beauties, he was inſenſibly led to imagine that equal honours were due to ſucceſsful imitation, as to original and unborrowed thinking.

He was naturally turned to induſtry and reading: and, as to treaſure up knowledge muſt be the exerciſe and work of memory by the aſſiduous employment of that faculty, he would neceſſarily be

leſs diſpoſed to exert the native inborn ſpirit of genius and invention; and as his memory was thus fraught with the ſtores of ancient poetry, the ſentiments impreſſed upon his mind would eaſily intermix and aſſimilate with his own, and when transfuſed into the language of his country, would appear to have all the graces and the air of novelty. Hence he became conſtrained in his imagination, and leſs original in his ſentiments and thoughts; but he obtained that ſeverity of collected judgment, and that praiſe of art, which have given his authority the greateſt weight in the deciſions and laws of criticiſm.

The character of Jonſon, as a poet, is given by Dr. Hurd, with an evident attention to his character and diſpoſition as a man.

"His nature," ſays that elegant critic, "was ſevere and rigid; and this, in giving ſtrength and manlineſs, gave at times too, an intemperance to his ſatire. His taſte for ridicule was ſtrong, but indelicate, which made him not over curious in the choice of his topics; and, laſtly, his ſtyle in picturing characters, though maſterly, was without that elegance of hand, which is required to correct and allay the force of ſo bold a colouring. Thus the bias of his nature, leading him to Plautus rather than Terence for his model, it is not to be wondered at, that his wit is too frequently cauſtic, his raillery coarſe, and his humour exceſſive."

"By the death of Jonſon," ſays Mr. Whalley, "his family itſelf became extinct, the only iſſue he left being his plays and poems; and their fate has, in ſome meaſure, reſembled his. Yet, ſuch is the felicity of their better fortunes, that, ſurviving the attacks of envious contemporary rivals, they have received from the juſtice of diſcerning unprejudiced poſterity, a fair and an increaſing fame. With thoſe, whoſe taſte for ſimple and ſtriking copies of nature, is yet uninterrrupted by the faſtidious delicacy of faſhionable refinements, the works of Jonſon ſtand high in eſteem; and as they are read from age to age, they will perpetuate his name, with all the honours which his genius and his learning deſerve."

To the great Example of Honour and Virtue,

THE MOST NOBLE, WILLIAM EARL OF PEMBROKE,

Lord Chamberlain, &c.

My Lord,

While you cannot change your merit, I dare not change your title: it was that made it, and not I. Under which name, I here offer to your Lordſhip the ripeſt of my ſtudies, my Epigrams; which, though they carry danger in the ſound, do not therefore ſeek your ſhelter: for, when I made them, I had nothing in my conſcience, to expreſſing of which I did need a cypher. But, if I be fallen into thoſe times, wherein, for the likeneſs of vice, and facts, every one thinks another's ill deeds objected to him; and that in their ignorant and guilty mouths, the common voice is (for their ſecurity) "Beware the poet," confeſſing therein ſo much love to their diſeaſes, as they would rather make a party for them, than be either rid, or told of them: I muſt expect, at your Lordſhip's hand, the protection of truth and liberty, while you are conſtant to your own goodneſs. In thanks whereof, I return you the honour of leading forth ſo many good and great names (as my verſes mention on the better part) to their remembrance with poſterity. Amongſt whom, if I have praiſed unfortunately, any one, that doth not deſerve; or, if all anſwer not, in all numbers, the pictures I have made of them, I hope it will be forgiven me, that they are no ill pieces, though they be not like the perſons. But I foreſee a nearer fate to my book than this, that the vices therein will be owned before the virtues (though there I have avoided all particulars, as I have done names), and ſome will be ſo ready to diſcredit me, as they will have the impudence to belie themſelves. For if I meant them not, it is ſo. Nor I can hope otherwiſe. For why ſhould they remit any thing of their riot, their pride, their ſelf-love, and other inherent graces, to conſider truth or virtue; but, with the trade of the world, lend their long ears againſt men they love not: and hold their dear mountebank, or jeſter, in far better condition than all the ſtudy, or ſtudiers of humanity? For ſuch, I would rather know them by their viſards ſtill, than they ſhould publiſh their faces, at their peril, in my theatre, where Cato, if he lived, might enter without ſcandal.

By your Lordſhip's moſt faithful honourer,

Ben. Jonson.

EPIGRAMS.

BOOK I.

I. *To the Reader.*

Pray thee, take care, that tak'ſt my book in hand,
To read it well: that is, to underſtand.

II. *To my Book.*

It will be lock'd for, book, when ſome but ſee
Thy title, Epigrams, and nam'd of me,
Thou ſhould'ſt be bold, licentious, full of gall;
Wormwood, and ſulphur, ſharp, and tooth'd withal,
Become a petulant thing, hurl ink, and wit
As madmen ſtones; not caring whom they hit.
Deceive their malice, who could wiſh it ſo;
And by thy wiſer temper, let men know
Thou art not covetous of leaſt ſelf-fame,
Made from the hazard of another's ſhame:
Much leſs, with lewd, profane, and beaſtly phraſe,
To catch the world's looſe laughter, or vain gaze.
He that departs with his own honeſty
For vulgar praiſe, doth it too dearly buy.

III. *To my Bookſeller.*

Thou that mak'ſt gain thy end, and wiſely well,
Call'ſt a book good, or bad, as it doth ſell,
Uſe mine ſo too: I give thee leave; but crave
For the luck's ſake it thus much favour have,
To lie upon thy ſtall, till it be ſought;
Not offer'd, as it made ſuit to be bought;
Nor have my title-leaf on poſts, or walls,
Or in cleft ſticks, advanced to make calls
For termers, or ſome clerk-like ſerving man,
Who ſcarce can ſpell th' hard names: whoſe knight leſs can.
If, without theſe vile arts, it will not ſell,
Send it to Bucklerſbury, there 'twill well.

IV. *To King James.*

How, beſt of kings, doſt thou a ſceptre bear!
How, beſt of poets, doſt thou laurel wear!
But two things rare, the fates had in their ſtore,
And gave thee both, to ſhow they could no more.
For ſuch a poet, while thy days were green,
Thou wert, as chief of them are ſaid t'have been:
And ſuch a prince thou art we daily ſee,
As chief of thoſe ſtill promiſe they will be.
Whom ſhould my muſe then fly to, but the beſt
Of kings, for grace; of poets, for my teſt.

V. *On the Union.*

When was there contract better driv'n by fate?
Or celebrated with more truth of ſtate?
The world the temple was, the prieſt a king,
The ſpouſed pair two realms, the ſea the ring.

VI. *To Alchymiſts.*

If all you boaſt of your great art be true;
Sure, willing poverty lives moſt in you.

VII. *On the new Hot-houſe.*

Where lately harbour'd many a famous whore,
A purging bill, now fix'd upon the door,
Tells you it is a hot-houſe: ſo it may,
And ſtill be a whore-houſe. They're *ſynonima.*

VIII. *On a Robbery.*

Redway robb'd Duncote of three hundred pound,
Redway was ta'en, arraign'd, condemn'd to die;
But for his money was a courtier found, [cry;
Begg'd Ridway's pardon. Duncote now doth
Robb'd both of money, and the law's relief;
The courtier is become the greater thief.

IX. *To all to whom I write.*

May none whoſe ſcatter'd names honour my book,
For ſtrict degrees of rank or title look.
'Tis 'gainſt the manners of an epigram:
And I poet here, no herald am.

X. *To my Lord Ignorant.*

Thou call'ſt me poet, as a term of ſhame;
But I have my revenge made, in thy name.

XI. *On Something, that walks somewhere.*

At court I met it, in clothes brave enough
To be a courtier; and looks grave enough
To ſeem a ſtateſman: as I near it came,
It made me a great face: I aſk'd the name.
A lord, it cry'd, buried in fleſh and blood [good,
And ſuch from whom let no man hope leaſt
For I will do none: and as little ill,
For I will dare none: good lord, walk dead ſtill.

XII. *On Lieutenant Shift.*

Shift, here in town, not meaneſt amongſt 'ſquires
That haunt Pickt-hatch, Merſh-Lambeth, and White-fryers,
Keeps himſelf, with half a man, and defrays [pays.
The charge of that ſtate, with this charm, God
By that one ſpell he lives, eats, drinks, arrays
Himſelf: his whole revenue is, God pays.
The quarter-day is come; the hoſteſs ſays,
She muſt have money: he returns, God pays.
The taylor brings a ſuit home; he it 'ſſays, [pays.
Looks o'er the bill, likes it: and ſays, God
He ſteals to ordinaries; there he plays
At dice his borrow'd money: which God pays.
Then takes up freſh commodities, for days;
Signs to new bonds; forfeits, and cries, God pays.
That loſt, he keeps his chamber, reads eſſays,
Takes phyſic, tears the papers: ſtill, God pays.
Or elſe by water goes, and ſo to plays;
Calls for his ſtool, adorns the ſtage: God pays.
To ev'ry cauſe he meets, this voice he brays:
His only anſwer is to all, God pays.
Not his poor cuckatrice but he betrays:
Thus: and for his letchery, ſcores, God pays.
But ſee! th' old bawd hath ſerv'd him in his trim,
Lent him a pocky whore. She hath paid him.

XIII. *The Doctor Empirick.*

When men a dang'rous diſeaſe did 'ſcape,
Of old, they gave a cock to Æſculape:
Let me give two; that doubly am got free,
From my diſeaſe's danger, and from thee.

XIV. *To William Camden.*

Camden, moſt rev'rend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know;
(How nothing's that:) to whom my country owes
The great renown, and name wherewith ſhe goes.
Than thee the age ſees not that thing more grave,
More high, more holy, that ſhe more would crave. [things!
What name, what ſkill, what faith haſt thou in
What ſight in ſearching the moſt antique ſprings!
What weight, and what authority in thy ſpeech!
Man ſcarce can make that doubt, but thou canſt teach.
Pardon free truth, and let thy modeſty,
Which conquers all, be once o'ercome by thee.
Many of thine, this better could, than I,
But for their pow'rs, accept my piety.

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XV. *On Court-worm.*

All men are worms: but this no man. In ſilk
'Twas brought to court firſt wrapt, and white as milk;
Where, afterwards, it grew a butterfly:
Which was a caterpillar. So 'twill die.

XVI. *To Brain-hardy.*

Hardy, thy brain is valiant, 'tis confeſt;
Thou more; that with it every day dar'ſt jeſt
Thyſelf into freſh brawls: when, call'd upon. [one
Scarce thy week's ſwearing brings thee off, of
So in ſhort time, th' art in arrearage grown
Some hundred quarrels, yet doſt thou fight none;
Nor need'ſt thou; for thoſe few, by oath releaſt,
Make good what thou dar'ſt do in all the reſt.
Keep thyſelf there, and think thy valour right;
He that dares damn himſelf, dares more than fight.

XVII. *To the learned Critic.*

May others fear, fly, and traduce thy name,
As guilty men do magiſtrates: glad I,
That wiſh my poems a legitimate fame,
Charge them, for crown, to thy ſole cenſure hie.
And but a ſprig of bays given by thee,
Shall outlive garlands, ſtol'n from the chaſte tree.

XVIII. *To my mere Engliſh Cenſurer.*

To thee, my way in epigrams ſeems new,
When both it is the old way, and the true.
Thou ſay'ſt, that cannot be; for thou haſt ſeen
Davis, and Weever, and the beſt have been,
And mine come nothing like. I hope ſo. Yet,
As theirs did with thee, mine might credit get,
If thoud'ſt but uſe thy faith, as thou didſt then;
When thou wert wont t' admire, not cenſure men.
Prythee believe ſtill, and not judge ſo faſt,
Thy faith is all the knowledge that thou haſt.

XIX. *On Sir Cod the perfumed.*

That Cod can get no widow, yet a knight,
I ſcent the cauſe: he woos with an ill ſprite.

XX. *To the ſame.*

Tu' expence in odours is a moſt vain ſin,
Except thou could'ſt, Sir Cod, wear them within.

XXI. *On Reformed Gameſter.*

Lord, how is Gam'ſter chang'd! his hair cloſe cut!
His neck fenc'd round with ruff! his eyes half ſhut!
His clothes two faſhions off, and poor! his ſword
Forbid his ſide! and nothing, but the word
Quick in his lips! who hath this wonder wrought?
The late ta'en baſtinado. So I thought.
What ſev'ral ways men to their calling have!
The body's ſtripes, I ſee, the ſoul may ſave.

XXII. *On my first Daughter.*

Here lies to each her parents ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth:
Yet all heav'n's gifts, being heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months end she parted hence
With safety of her innocence;
Whose soul heav'n's queen (whose name she bears),
In comfort of her mother's tears,
Hath plac'd among her virgin-train:
Where, while that sever'd doth remain,
This grave partakes the fleshly birth;
Which cover lightly, gentle earth.

XXIII. *To John Donne.*

Donne, the delight of Phœbus, and each Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse;
Whose ev'ry work, of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remains so yet:
Longer a knowing, than most wits do live,
And which no affection praise enough can give!
To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life, [strife;
Which might with half mankind maintain a
All which I meant to praise, and yet I would;
But leave, because I cannot as I should!

XXIV. *To the Parliament.*

There's reason good, that you good laws should make:
Mens manners ne'er were viler, for your sake.

XXV. *On Sir Voluptuous Beast.*

While Beast instructs his fair and innocent wife,
In the past pleasures of his sensual life,
Telling the motions of each petticoat, [goat,
And how his Ganymede mov'd, and how his
And now, her (hourly) her own cucquean makes,
In varied shapes, which for his lust she takes:
What doth he else, but say, leave to be chaste,
Just wife, and to change me, make woman's haste.

XXVI. *On the same Beast.*

Than his chaste wife, though Beast now know no more,
He adulters still: his thoughts lie with a whore.

XXVII. *On Sir John Roe.*

In place of scutcheons, that should deck thy herse,
Take better ornament, my tears, and verse.
If any sword could save from fates, Roe's could;
If any muse outlive their spight, his can;
If any friends tears could restore, his would;
If any pious life e'er lifted man
To heav'n, his hath: O happy state! wherein
We, sad for him, may glory, and not sin.

XXVIII. *On Don Surly.*

Don Surly to aspire the glorious name
Of a great man, and to be thought the same,
Makes serious use of all great trade he knows.
He speaks to men with a rhinocerote's nose,
Which he thinks great; and so reads verses too:
And that is done, as he saw great men do.
H' has tympanies of business, in his face,
And can forget mens names, with a great grace.
He will both argue, and discourse in oaths,
Both which are great. And laugh at ill-made clothes;
That's greater yet: to cry his own up neat.
He doth, at meals, alone his pheasant eat,
Which is main greatness. And, at his still board,
He drinks to no man: that's, too, like a lord.
He keeps another's wife, which is a spice
Of solemn greatness. And he dares, at dice,
Blaspheme God greatly. Or some poor hind beat,
That breathes in his dog's way: and this is great.
Nay more, for greatness' sake, he will be one
May hear my epigrams, but like of none.
Surly, use other arts, these only can
Style thee a most great fool, but no great man.

XXIX. *To Sir Annual Tilter.*

Tilter, the most may admire thee, though not I:
And thou, right guiltless, may'st plead to it; why?
For thy late sharp device. I say 'tis fit
All brains, at times of triumph, should run wit.
For then our water-conduits do run wine;
But that's put in, thou'lt say. Why? so is thine.

XXX. *To Person Guilty.*

Guilty, be wise; and though thou know'st the crimes
Be thine, I tax, yet do not own my rhymes:
'Twere madness in thee, to betray thy fame
And person to the world, ere I thy name.

XXXI. *On Bank the Usurer.*

Bank feels no lameness of his knotty gout,
His monies travel for him, in and out!
And though the soundest legs go ev'ry day,
He toils to be at hell as soon as they.

XXXII. *On Sir John Roe.*

What two brave perils of the private sword
Could not effect, nor all the furies do,
That self-divided Belgia did afford;
What not the envy of the seas reach'd too,
The cold of Mosco, and fat Irish air,
His often change of clime (though not of mind)
What could not work; at home in his repair
Was his blest fate, but our hard lot to find.
Which shows, where'er death doth please t' appear
Seas, serenes, swords, shot, sickness, all are there.

XXXIII. *To the same.*

I'll not offend thee with a vain tear more,
Glad-mention'd Roe: thou art but gone before,
Whither the world must follow. And I, now,
Breathe to expect my when, and make my how.

Which if moſt gracious heaven grant me like thine,
Who wets my grave can be no friend of mine.

XXXIV. *Of Death.*

He that fears death, or mourns it, in the juſt,
Shows of the reſurrection little truſt.

XXXV. *To King James.*

Who would not be thy ſubject, James, t' obey
A prince, that rules by example, more than ſway?
Whoſe manners draw, more than thy powers conſtrain.
And in this ſhort time of thy happieſt reign,
Haſt purg'd thy realms, as we have now no cauſe
Left us of fear, but firſt our crimes, then laws.
Like aids 'gainſt treaſons who hath found before?
And then in them, how could we know God more?
Firſt thou preſerved wert our king to be,
And ſince; the whole land was preſerv'd for thee.

XXXVI. *To the Ghoſt of Martial.*

Martial, thou gav'ſt far nobler epigrams
To thy Domitian, than I can my James:
But in my royal ſubject I paſs thee;
Thou flatter'dſt thine, mine cannot flatter'd be.

XXXVII. *On Cheverill the Lawyer.*

No cauſe, nor client fat, will Chev'rill leeſe,
But as they come, on both ſides he takes fees,
And pleaſeth both. For while he melts his greaſe
For this, that wins, for whom he holds his peace.

XXXVIII. *To Perſon Guilty.*

Guilty, becauſe I bade you late be wiſe,
And to conceal your ulcers, did adviſe,
You laugh when you are touch'd, and long before
Any man elſe, you clap your hands and roar,
And cry good! good! this quite perverts my ſenſe,
And lies ſo far from wit, 'tis impudence.
Believe it, Guilty, if you loſe your ſhame,
I'll loſe my modeſty, and tell your name.

XXXIX. *On old Colt.*

For all night-ſins, with other's wives unknown,
Colt now doth daily penance in his own.

XL. *On Margaret Ratcliffe,*

Marble, weep, for thou doſt cover
A dead beauty underneath thee,
Rich as nature could bequeath thee:
Grant then, no rude hand remove her.
All the gazers on the ſkies
Read not in fair heaven's ſtory,
Expreſſer truth, or truer glory,
Than they might in her bright eyes.
Rare as wonder was her wit;
And, like nectar, ever flowing:
Till time, ſtrong by her beſtowing,
Conquer'd hath both life and it;
Life, whoſe grief was out of faſhion
In theſe times. Few ſo have ru'd
Fate in a brother. To conclude,
For wit, feature, and true paſſion,
Earth, thou haſt not ſuch another.

XLI. *On Gipſie.*

Gipsie, new bawd, is turn'd phyſician,
And gets more gold than all the college can:
Such her quaint practice is, ſo it allures,
For what ſhe gave a whore, a bawd ſhe cures.

XLII. *On Giles and Jone.*

Who ſays that Giles and Jone at diſcord be?
Th' obſerving neighbours no ſuch mood can ſee.
Indeed, poor Giles repents he married ever; [ver,
But that his Jone doth too. And Giles would ne-
By his free will, be in Jone's company. [early,
No more would Jone he ſhould. Giles riſeth
And having got him out of doors, is glad.
The like is Jone. But turning home is ſad.
And ſo is Jone. Oftimes when Giles doth find
Harſh ſights at home, Giles wiſheth he were blind.
All this doth Jone. Or that his long-earn'd life
Were quite out-ſpun. The like wiſh hath his wife.
The children that he keeps, Giles ſwears are none
Of his begetting. And ſo ſwears his Jone.
In all affections ſhe concurreth ſtill.
If now, with man and wife, to will and nill
The ſelf ſame things, a note of concord be,
I know no couple better can agree!

XLIII. *To Robert Earl of Saliſbury.*

What need haſt thou of me, or of my muſe,
Whoſe actions ſo themſelves do celebrate?
Which ſhould thy country's love to ſpeak refuſe,
Her foes enough would fame thee in their hate.
'Tofore, great men were glad of poets; now
I, not the worſt, am covetous of thee.
Yet dare not to my thought leaſt hope allow
Of adding to thy fame; thine may to me,
When in my book men read but Cecil's name,
And what I write thereof find far, and free
From ſervile flatt'ry (common poets ſhame)
As thou ſtand'ſt clear of the neceſſity.

XLIV. *On Chuffe, Banks the Uſurer's Kinſman.*

Chuffe, lately rich in name, in chattels, goods,
And rich in iſſue to inherit all,
Ere blacks were bought for his own funeral,
Saw all his race approach the blacker floods:
He meant they thither ſhould make ſwift repair,
When he made him executor, might be heir.

XLV. *On my first Son.*

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
My sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy:
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate on the just day.
O, could I lose all father now! for why
Will man lament the state he should envy?
To have so soon 'scap'd world's and flesh's rage,
And if no other misery, yet age?
Rest in soft peace, and ask'd, say here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry.
For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such,
As what he loves may never like too much.

XLVI. *To Sir Luckless Woo-all.*

Is this the Sir, who, some waste wife to win,
A knighthood bought, to go a wooing in?
'Tis Luckless he, that took up one on band
To pay at's day of marriage. By my hand
The knight-wright's cheated then: he'll never pay.
Yes, now he wears his knighthood every day.

XLVII. *To the same.*

Sir Luckless, troth, for luck's sake pass by one;
He that woes every widow, will get none.

XLVIII. *On Mungril Esquire.*

His bought arms Mung' not lik'd; for his first day
Of bearing them in field, he threw 'em away;
And hath no honour lost, our duellists say.

XLIX. *To Play-wright.*

Play-wright me reads, and still my verses damns:
He says I want the tongue of epigrams;
I have no salt: no bawdry he doth mean;
For witty, in his language, is obscene.
Play-wright, I loath to have thy manners known
In my chaste book: profess them in thine own.

L. *To Sir Cod.*

Leave Cod, tobacco-like, burnt gums to take,
Or sumy clysters, thy moist lungs to bake:
Arsenic would thee fit for society make.

LI. *To King James.—Upon the happy false Rumour of his Death, the 22d of March 1607.*

That we thy loss might know, and thou our love,
Great heav'n did well, to give ill fame free wing;
Which though it did but panic terror prove,
And far beneath least pause of such a king:
Yet give thy jealous subjects leave to doubt.
Who this thy 'scape from rumour gratulate
No less than if from peril; and devout
Do beg thy care unto thy after-state.
For we, that have our eyes still in our ears,
Look not upon thy dangers, but our fears.

LII. *To Censorious Courtling.*

Courtling, I rather thou should'st utterly
Dispraise my work, than praise it frostily:
When I am read, thou feign'st a weak applause,
As if thou wert my friend, but lack'dst a cause.
This but thy judgment fools: the other way
Would both thy folly and thy spite betray.

LIII. *To Old-end Gatherer.*

Long-gathering Old-end, I did fear thee wise,
When having pill'd a book which no man buys,
Thou wert content the author's name to lose:
But when (in place) thou didst the patron's choose,
It was as if thou printed hadst an oath,
To give the world assurance thou wert both;
And that, as puritans at baptism do,
Thou art the father, and the witness too.
For but thyself, where out of motly, 's he
Could save that line to dedicate to thee?

LIV. *On Cheveril.*

Chev'ril cries out, my verses libels are;
And threatens the Star-chamber, and the Bar.
What are thy petulant pleadings, Chev'ril, then,
That quit'st the cause so oft, and rail'st at men?

LV. *To Francis Beaumont.*

How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy muse,
That unto me dost such religion use!
How I do fear myself, that am not worth
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st:
And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st!
What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves?
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?
When even there, where most thou praisest me,
For writing better, I must envy thee.

LVI. *On Poet-ape.*

Poor Poet-ape, that would be thought our chief,
Whose works are ev'n the frippery of wit,
From bocage is become so bold a thief,
As we, the robb'd, leave rage, and pity it.
At first he made low shifts, would pick and glean;
By the reversion of old plays now grown
To a little wealth, and credit in the scene,
He takes up all, makes each man's wit his own.
And told of this, he slights it. Tut, such crimes
The sluggish gaping auditor devours;
He marks not whose 'twas first: and after-times
May judge it to be his, as well as ours.
Fool, as if half eyes will not know a fleece
From locks of wool, or shreds from the whole piece?

LVII. *On Bawds and Usurers.*

If, as their ends, their fruits were so the same,
Bawdry and usury were one kind of game.

LVIII. *To Groom Ideot.*

Ideot, last night I pray'd thee but forbear
To read my verses; now I must to hear:
For off'ring with thy smiles my wit to grace,
Thy ignorance still laughs in the wrong place.
And so my sharpness thou no less disjoints,
Than thou didst late my sense, loosing my points.
So have I seen at Christmas sports, one lost
And hood-wink'd, for a man embrace a post.

LIX. *On Spies.*

Spies, you are lights in state, but base of stuff,
Who, when you've burnt yourselves down to the snuff,
Stink, and are thrown away. End fair enough.

LX. *To William Lord Mounteagle.*

Lo, what my country should have done (have rais'd
An obelisk, or column to thy name,
Or, if she would but modestly have prais'd
Thy fact, in brass or marble writ the same)
I, that am glad of thy great chance, here do!
And proud, my work shall out-last common deeds,
Durst think it great, and worthy wonder too,
But thine, for which I do't, so much exceeds!
My country's parents I have many known;
But favour of my country thee alone.

LXI. *To Fool, or Knave.*

Thy praise or dispraise is to me alike;
One doth not stroak me, nor the other strike.

LXII. *To fine Lady Would-be.*

Fine madam Would-be, wherefore should you fear,
That love to make so well, a child to bear?
The world reputes you barren: but I know
Your 'pothecary, and his drug, says no.
Is it the pain affrights? that's soon forgot.
Or your complexion's loss? you have a pot,
That can restore that. Will it hurt your feature?
To make amends, you're thought a wholesome creature.
What should the cause be? oh, you live at court:
And there's both loss of time, and loss of sport,
In a great belly. Write then on thy womb;
Of the not born, yet buried, here's the tomb.

LXIII. *To Robert, Earl of Salisbury.*

Who can consider thy right courses run,
With what thy virtue on the times hath won,
And not thy fortune? who can clearly see
The judgment of the king so shine in thee;
And that thou seek'st reward of thy each act,
Not from the public voice, but private fact?
Who can behold all envy so declin'd
By constant stuff'ring of thy equal mind;
And can to these be silent, Salisbury,
Without his, thine, and all time's injury?
Curst be his muse, that could lie dumb, or hid
To so true worth, though thou thyself forbid.

LXIV. *To the same—Upon the accession of the Treasurership to him.*

Not glad, like those that have new hopes, or suits,
With thy new place, bring I these early fruits
Of love, and, what the golden age did hold
A treasure, art: contemn'd in th' age of gold.
Nor glad as those, that old dependents be,
To see thy father's rites new laid on thee.
Nor glad for fashion. Nor to show a fit
Of flattery to thy titles. Nor of wit.
But I am glad to see that time survive,
Where merit is not sepulcher'd alive.
Where good men's virtues them to honours bring,
And not to dangers. When so wise a king
Contends t' have worth enjoy, from his regard,
As her own conscience, still, the same reward.
These (noblest Cecil) labour'd in my thought,
Wherein what wonder see thy name hath brought?
That whilst I meant but thine to gratulate,
I've sung the greater fortunes of our state.

LXV. *To my Muse.*

Away, and leave me, thou thing most abhorr'd,
That hast betray'd me to a worthless lord;
Made me commit most fierce idolatry
To a great image through thy luxury.
Be thy next master's more unlucky muse,
And, as thou'ast mine, his hours, and youth abuse. [will;
Get him the time's long grudge, the court's ill
And reconcil'd, keep him suspected still.
Make him lose all his friends; and, which is worse,
Almost all ways, to any better course.
With me thou leav'st an happier muse than thee,
And which thou brought'st me, welcome poverty:
She shall instruct my after thoughts to write
Things manly, and not smelling parasite.
But I repent me: stay Whoe'er is rais'd,
For worth he has not, he is tax'd, not prais'd.

LXVI. *To Sir Henry Cary.*

That neither fame, nor love, might wanting be
To greatness; Cary, I sing that, and thee,
Whose house, if it no other honour had,
In only thee, might be both great and glad.
Who, to upbraid the sloth of this our time,
Durst valour make, almost, but not a crime.
Which deed I know not, whether were more high,
Or thou more happy, it to justify
Against thy fortune: when no foe that day,
Could conquer thee, but chance, who did betray.
Love thy great loss, which a renown hath won,
To live when Broeck not stands, nor Roor doth run.
Love honours, which of best example be,
When they cost dearest, and are done most free.
Though ev'ry fortitude deserves applause,
It may be much, or little in the cause.
He's valiant'st, that dares fight, and not for pay;
That virtuous is, when the reward's away.

LXVII. *To Thomas, Earl of Suffolk.*

Since men have left to do praise-worthy things,
Most think all praises flat'ries. But truth brings
That sound, and that authority with her name,
As, to be rais'd by her, is only fame.
Stand high, then, Howard, high in eyes of men,
High in thy blood, thy place; but highest then,
When, in mens wishes, so thy virtues wrought,
As all thy honours were by them first sought:
And thou design'd to be the fame thou art,
Before thou wert it, in each good man's heart.
Which, by no less confirm'd, than thy king's choice,
Proves, that is God's, which was the people's voice.

LXVIII. *On Play-wright.*

Play-wright convict of public wrongs to men,
Takes private beatings, and begins again.
Two kinds of valour he doth show at once;
Active in's brain, and passive in his bones.

LXIX. *To Pertinax Cob.*

Cob, thou nor soldier, thief, nor fencer art;
Yet by thy weapon liv'st: th' hast one good part.

LXX. *To William Roe.*

When nature bids us leave to live, 'tis late
Then to begin, my Roe. He makes a state
In life, that can employ it; and takes hold
On the true causes, ere they grow too old.
Delay is bad, doubt worse, depending worst;
Each best day of our life escapes us, first.
Then since we (more than many) these truths know;
Though life be short, let us not make it so.

LXXI. *On Court Parrot.*

To pluck down mine, Poll sets up new wits still;
Still 'tis his luck to praise me 'gainst his will.

LXXII. *To Courtling.*

I grieve not, Courtling, thou art started up
A chamber critic, and doth dine and sup
At madam's table, where thou mak'st all wit
Go high, or low, as thou wilt value it.
'Tis not thy judgment breeds thy prejudice,
Thy person only, Courtling, is the vice.

LXXIII. *To Fine Grand.*

What is't, fine Grand, makes thee my friendship fly,
Or take an epigram so fearfully,
As't were a challenge, or a borrower's letter?
The world must know your greatness is my debtor.
Imprimis, Grand, you owe me for a jest,
I lent you, on mere acquaintance, at a feast.
Item, a tale or two, some fortnight after;
That yet maintains you, and your house in laughter.
Item, the Babylonian song you sing;
Item, a fair Greek poesy for a ring,
With which a learned madam you belie.
Item, a charm surrounding fearfully
Your *partie-per-pale* picture, one half drawn
In solemn cypress, th' other cobweb lawn.
Item, a gulling impress for you, at tilt.
Item, your mistress' anagram, i' your hilt.
Item, your own, sew'd in your mistress' smock.
Item, an epitaph on my lord's cock,
In most vile verses, and cost me more pain,
Than had I made 'em good, to fit your vein.
Forty things more, dear Grand, which you know true,
For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay you.

LXXIV. *To Thomas, Lord Chancellor.*

Whilst thy weigh'd judgments, Egerton, I hear,
And know thee then a judge, not of one year;
Whilst I behold thee live with purest hands;
That no affection in thy voice commands;
That still thou'rt present to the better cause;
And no less wise, than skilful in the laws;
Whilst thou art certain to thy words, once gone,
As is thy conscience, which is always one:
The virgin, long since fled from earth, I see, [thee.
T' our times return'd, hath made her heav'n in

LXXV. *On Lippe the Teacher.*

I cannot think there's that antipathy
'Twixt puritans and players, as some cry;
Though Lippe, at Paul's, ran from his text away,
T' inveigh 'gainst plays: what did he then but play?

LXXVI. *On Lucy, Countess of Bedford.*

This morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous muse,
What kind of creature I could most desire,
To honour, serve, and love; as poets use.
I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned, and a manly soul
I purpos'd her; that should, with even pow'rs,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears controul
Of destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such when I meant to feign, and wish to see,
My muse bad, Bedford write, and that was she.

LXXVII. *To one that desired me not to name him.*

Be safe, nor fear to thyself so good a fame,
That any way my book should speak thy name:
For, if thou shame, rank'd with my friends, to go,
I'm more asham'd to have thee thought my foe.

LXXVIII. *To Hornet.*

Hornet, thou hast thy wife drest for the stall,
To draw thee custom: but herself gets all.

LXXIX. *To Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland.*

That poets are far rarer births than kings,
Your noblest father prov'd: like whom, before,
Or then, or since, about our muses springs,
Came not that soul exhausted to their store.
Hence was it, that the destinies decreed
(Save that most masculine issue of his brain)
No male unto him: who could so exceed
Nature, they thought, in all that he would feign.
At which, she happily displeas'd, made you:
On whom, if he were living now, to look,
He should those rare, and absolute numbers view,
As he would burn, or better sar his book.

LXXX. *Of Life and Death.*

The ports of death are sins; of life, good deeds;
Through which our merit leads us to our meeds.
How wilful blind is he then, that should stray,
And hath it in his pow'r to make his way!
This world death's region is, the other life's:
And here, it should be one of our first strifes,
So to front death, as men might judge us past it:
For good men but see death, the wicked taste it.

LXXXI. *To Proule the Plagiary.*

Forbear to tempt me, Proule, I will not show
A line unto thee, till the world it know;
Or that I've by two good sufficient men,
To be the wealthy witness of my pen:
For all thou hear'st, thou swear'st thyself didst do,
Thy wit lives by it, Proule, and belly too.
Which, if thou leave not soon (though I am loth)
I must a libel make, and cozen both.

LXXXII. *On cashier'd Captain Surly.*

Surly's old whore in her new silks doth swim:
He cast, yet keeps her well! No, she keeps him.

LXXXIII. *To a Friend.*

To put out the word, whore, thou dost me woo,
Throughout my book. 'Troth, put out woman too.

LXXXIV. *To Lucy, Countess of Bedford.*

Madam, I told you late, how I repented,
I ask'd a lord a buck, and he deny'd me;
And, ere I could ask you, I was prevented:
For your most noble offer had supply'd me.
Straight went I home; and there, most like a poet,
I fancied to myself, what wine, what wit [it,
I would have spent: how ev'ry muse should know
And Phœbus' self should be at eating it.
O madam, if your grant did thus transfer me,
Make it your gift. See whither that will bear me.

LXXXV. *To Sir Henry Goodyere.*

Goodyere, I'm glad, and grateful to report,
Myself a witness of thy few days sport;
Where I both learn'd, why wise men hawking follow,
And why that bird was sacred to Apollo:
She doth instruct men by her gallant flight,
That they to knowledge, so should tow'r upright,
And never stoop, but to strike ignorance:
Which, if they miss, yet they should re-advance
To former height, and there in circle tarry,
Till they be sure to make the fool their quarry.
Now, in whose pleasures I have this discerned,
What would his serious actions me have learned?

LXXXVI. *To the same.*

When I would know thee, Goodyere, my thought looks [books;
Upon thy well-made choice of friends, and
Then do I love thee, and behold thy ends [friends
In making thy friends books, and thy books
Now, I must give thy life, and deed, the voice
Attending such a study, such a choice. [move,
Where, though 't be love, that to thy praise doth
It was a knowledge, that begat that love.

LXXXVII. *On Captain Hazard, the Cheater.*

Touch'd with the sin of false-play in his punk,
Hazard a month forswore his; and grew drunk,
Each night, to drown his cares: but when the gain
Of what she had wrought came in, and wak'd his brain,
Upon th' account, hers grew the quicker trade.
Since when he's sober again, and all play's made.

LXXXVIII. *On English Monsieur.*

Would you believe, when you this monsieur see,
That his whole body should speak French, not he,
That so much scarf of France, and hat, and feather,
And shoe, and tie, and garter should come hither?
And land on one, whose face durst never be
Toward the sea, farther than half-way tree?
That he, untravell'd, should be French so much,
As Frenchmen in his company should seem Dutch?
Or had his father, when he did him get,
The French disease, with which he labours yet?
Or hung some monsieur's picture on the wall,
By which his dam conceiv'd him, clothes and all?
Or is it some French statue? no: 't doth move,
And stoop, and cringe. O then, it needs must prove
The new French taylor's motion, monthly made,
Daily to turn in Paul's, and help the trade.

LXXXIX. *To Edward Allen.*

If Rome so great, and in her wisest age,
Fear'd not to boast the glories of her stage,
As skilful Roscius, and grave Æsop, men,
Yet crown'd with honours, as with riches, then;
Who had no less a trumpet of their name,
Than Cicero, whose ev'ry breath was fame:
How can so great example die in me,
That, Allen, I should pause to publish thee?
Who both their graces in thyself hast more
Outstript, than they did all that went before:
And present worth in all dost so contract,
As others speak, but only thou dost act.
Wear this renown. 'Tis just, that who did give
So many poets life, by one should live.

XC. *On Mill, my Lady's Woman.*

When Mill first came to court, th' unprofiting fool,
Unworthy such a mistress, such a school,
Was dull, and long, ere she would go to man:
At last, ease, appetite, and example wan
The nicer thing to taste her lady's page;
And, finding good security in his age,
Went on: and proving him still, day by day,
Discern'd no difference of his years or play.
Not though that hair grew brown, which once was amber, [chamber;
And he grown youth, was call'd to his lady's
Still Mill continu'd: nay, his face growing worse,
And he remov'd to gentl'man of the horse,
Mill was the same. Since, both his body and face
Blown up; and he (too unwieldy for that place)
Hath got the steward's chair; he will not tarry
Longer a day, but with his Mill will marry.
And it is hop'd, that she, like Milo, will
First bearing him a calf, bear him a bull.

XCI. *To Sir Horace Vere.*

Which of thy names I take, not only bears
A Roman sound, but Roman virtue wears,
Illustrious Vere, or Horace; fit to be
Sung by a Horace, or a muse as free;
Which thou art to thyself: whose fame was won
In th' eye of Europe, where thy deeds were done,
When on thy trumpet she did sound a blast,
Whose relish to eternity shall last.
I leave thy acts, which should I prosecute
Throughout, might flatt'ry seem; and to be mute
To any one, were envy: which would live
Against my grave, and time could not forgive.
I speak thy other graces, not less shown,
Nor less in practice; but less mark'd, less known
Humanity, and piety, which are
As noble in great chiefs, as they are rare;
And best become the valiant man to wear,
Who more should seek mens reverence, than fear.

XCII. *The New Cry.*

Ere cherries ripe, and strawberries be gone;
Unto the cries of London I'll add one;
Ripe statesmen, ripe: they grow in ev'ry street;
At six-and-twenty, ripe. You shall 'em meet,
And have him yield no favour, but of state.
Ripe are their ruffs, their cuffs, their beards, their gate,
And grave as ripe, like mellow as their faces.
They know the states of Christendom, not the places:
Yet have they seen the maps, and bought 'em too,
And understand 'em, as most chapmen do.
The counsels, projects, practices they know,
And what each prince doth for intelligence owe,
And unto whom; they are the almanacks
For twelve years yet to come, what each state lacks
They carry in their pockets Tacitus,
And the Gazette, or Gallo-Belgicus:
And talk reserv'd, lock'd up, and full of fear;
Nay, ask you how the day goes, in your ear.
Keep a star-chamber sentence close twelve days:
And whisper what a proclamation says.
They meet in sixes, and at ev'ry mart,
Are sure to con the catalogue by heart;
Or ev'ry day, some one at Rimee's looks,
Or bills, and there he buys the name of books.
They all get Porta, for the sundry ways
To write in cypher, and the several keys,
To ope the character. They've found the slight
With juice of lemons, onions, piss, to write;
To break up seals, and close 'em. And they know,
If the states make peace, how it will go
With England. All forbidden books they get,
And of the powder-plot, they will talk yet.
At naming the French king, their heads they shake,
And at the Pope, and Spain, slight faces make.
Or 'gainst the bishops, for the brethren rail,
Much like those brethren; thinking to prevail
With ignorance on us, as they have done
On them: and therefore do not only shun
Others more modest, but contemn us too, [do.
That know not so much state, wrong, as they

XCIII. *To Sir John Radcliffe.*

How like a column, Radcliffe, left alone
For the great mark of virtue, those being gone
Who did, alike with thee, thy house upbear,
Stand'st thou, to show the times what you all were?
Two bravely in the battle fell, and dy'd, [*In Ireland.*
Upbraiding rebels arms, and barbarous pride:
And two that would have fall'n as great, as they,
The Belgic fever ravished away.
Thou, that art all their valour, all their spirit,
And thine own goodness to increase thy merit,
Than those I do not know a whiter soul,
Nor could I, had I seen all nature's roll,
Thou yet remain'st unhurt, in peace or war, [are
Though not unprov'd; which shows thy fortunes
Willing to expiate the fault in thee,
Wherewith, against thy blood, they offenders be.

XCIV. *To Lucy, Countess of Bedford, with Mr. Donne's Satires.*

Lucy, you brightness of our sphere, who are
Like of the muses day, their morning star!
If works (not th' authors) their own grace should look,
Whose poems would not wish to be your book?
But these, desir'd by you, the maker's ends
Crown with their own. Rare poems ask rare friends.
Yet satires, since the most of mankind be
Their unavoided subject, fewest see:
For none e'er took that pleasure in sin's sense,
But, when they heard it tax'd, took more offence.
They then, that living where the matter is bred,
Dare for these poems, yet but ask, and read,
And like them too; must needfully, though few,
Be of the best, and 'mongst those best are you;

Lucy, you brightneſs of our ſphere, who are
The muſes ev'ning, as their morning-ſtar.

XCV. *To Sir Henry Savile.*

If, my religion ſafe, I durſt embrace
That ſtranger doctrine of Pythagoras,
I ſhould believe, the ſoul of Tacitus
In thee, moſt weighty Savile, liv'd to us:
So haſt thou render'd him in all his bounds,
And all his numbers, both of ſenſe and ſounds.
But when I read that ſpecial piece reſtor'd,
Where Nero falls, and Galba is ador'd,
To thine own proper I aſcribe then more:
And gratulate the breach I griev'd before;
Which fate (it ſeems) caus'd in the hiſtory,
Only to boaſt thy merit in ſupply.
O, wouldſt thou add like hand to all the reſt!
Or, better work! were thy glad countrybl eſt
To have her ſtory woven in thy thread;
Minerva's loom was never richer ſpread.
For who can maſter thoſe great parts like thee,
That liv'ſt from hope, from fear, from faction free?
Thou haſt thy breaſt ſo clear of preſent crimes,
Thou need'ſt not ſhrink at voice of after-times:
Whoſe knowledge claimeth at the helm to ſtand;
But wiſely thruſts not forth a forward hand,
No more than Saluſt in the Roman ſtate:
As then his cauſe, his glory emulate.
Although to write be leſſer than to do,
It is the next deed, and a great one too.
We need a man that knows the ſeveral graces
Of hiſtory, and how to apt their places;
Where brevity, where ſplendour, and where height,
Where ſweetneſs is requir'd, and where weight,
We need a man can ſpeak of the intents,
The counſels, actions, orders, and events
Of ſtate, and cenſure them: we need his pen
Can write the things, the cauſes, and the men.
But moſt we need his faith (and all have you)
That dares not write things falſe, nor hide things true.

XCVI. *To John Donne.*

Who ſhall doubt, Donne, whe'r I a poet be,
When I dare ſend my epigrams to thee?
That ſo alone canſt judge, ſo alone doſt make:
And in thy cenſures, evenly, doſt take
As free ſimplicity, to diſavow,
As thou haſt beſt authority t' allow.
Read all I ſend, and if I find but one
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better ſtone,
My title's ſeal'd. Thoſe that for claps do write,
Let pui'nees, porters, players praiſe delight,
And till they burſt, their backs, like aſſes, load:
A man ſhould ſeek great glory, and not broad.

XCVII. *On the New Motion.*

See you yond' motion? not the old fa-ding,
Nor Captain Pod, nor yet the Eltham thing;
But one more rare, and in the caſe ſo new:
His cloak with orient velvet quite lin'd through;
His roſy ties and garters ſo o'erblown,
By his each glorious parcel to be known!
He wont was to encounter me aloud,
Where'er he met me; now he's dumb, or proud.
Know you the cauſe? he 'as neither land, nor leaſe,
Nor bawdy ſtock, that travels for increaſe,
Nor office in the town, nor place in court,
Nor 'bout the bears, nor noiſe to make lords ſport.
He is no fav'rite's fav'rite, no dear truſt
Of any madam, hath need o' ſquires, and muſt.
Nor did the king of Denmark him ſalute,
When he was here. Nor hath he got a ſuit,
Since he was gone, more than the one he wears.
Nor are the queen's moſt honour'd maids by th' ears
About his form. What then ſo ſwells each limb?
Only his clothes have over-leaven'd him.

XCVIII. *To Sir Thomas Roe.*

Thou haſt begun well, Roe, which ſtand well to,
And I know nothing more thou haſt to do.
He that is round within himſelf, and ſtraight,
Need ſeek no other ſtrength, no other height;
Fortune upon him breaks herſelf. if ill,
And what would hurt his virtue, makes it ſtill.
That thou at once then nobly may'ſt defend
With thine own courſe the judgment of thy friend,
Be always to thy gather'd ſelf the ſame: [fame.
And ſtudy conſcience more than thou would'ſt
Though both be good, the latter yet is worſt,
And ever is ill got without the firſt.

XCIX. *To the ſame.*

That thou haſt kept thy love, increas'd thy will,
Better'd thy truſt to letters: that thy ſkill
Haſt taught thyſelf worthy thy pen to tread,
And that to write things worthy to be read:
How much of great example wert thou, Roe,
If time to facts, as unto men would owe?
But much it now avails, what's done, of whom:
The ſelf-ſame deeds, as diverſely they come,
From place, or fortune, are made high, or low,
And e'en the praiſer's judgment ſuffers ſo.
Well, though thy name leſs than our great ones be,
Thy fact is more: let truth encourage thee.

C. *On Play-wright.*

Play-wright, by chance, hearing ſome toys I'd writ,
Cry'd to my face, they were th' elixir of wit:
And I muſt now believe him; for to-day,
Five of my jeſts, then ſtol'n, paſt him a play.

CI. *Inviting a Friend to Supper.*

To-night, grave Sir, both my poor houſe and I
Do equally deſire your company:
Not that we think us worthy ſuch a gueſt,
But that your worth will dignify our feaſt,

With thoſe that come; whoſe grace may make that ſeem
Something, which elſe could hope for no eſteem.
It is the fair acceptance, Sir, creates
The entertainment perfect, not the cates.
Yet ſhall you have, to rectify your palate,
An olive, capers, or ſome better ſallad
Uſh'ring the mutton; with a ſhort-legg'd hen,
If we can get her, full of eggs, and then,
Lemons, and wine for ſauce: to theſe, a coney
Is not to be deſpair'd of, for our money;
And though fowl now be ſcarce, yet there are clerks,
The ſky not falling, think we may have larks,
I'll tell you of more, and lie, ſo you will come:
Of partridge, pheaſant, woodcock, of which ſome
May yet be there: and godwit if we can:
Knat, rail, and ruff too. Howſoe'er my man
Shall read a piece of Virgil, Tacitus,
Livy, or of ſome better book to us,
Of which we'll ſpeak our minds, amidſt our meat;
And I'll profeſs no verſes to repeat:
To this if ought appear, which I not know of,
That will the paſtry, not my paper, ſhow of.
Digeſtive cheeſe, and fruit there ſure will be; [me,
But that, which moſt doth take my muſe and
Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the Mermaid's now, but ſhall be mine:
Of which had Horace, or Anacreon taſted,
Their lives, as do their lines, till now had laſted.
Tobacco, nectar, or the Theſpian ſpring,
Are all but Luther's beer, to this I ſing.
Of this we will ſup free, but moderately,
And we will have no Pooly, or Parrot by;
Nor ſhall our cups make any guilty men:
But at our parting, we will be, as when
We innocently met. No ſimple word,
That ſhall be utter'd at our mirthful board,
Shall make us ſad next morning, or affright
The liberty that we'll enjoy to-night.

CII. *To William, Earl of Pembroke.*

I po but name thee, Pembroke, and I find
It is an epigram on all mankind;
Againſt the bad, but of, and to the good:
Both which are aſk'd, to have thee underſtood.
Nor could the age have miſs'd thee, in this ſtrife
Of vice, and virtue, wherein all great life
Almoſt is exercis'd: and ſcarce one knows,
To which, yet, of the ſide himſelf he owes.
They follow virtue, for reward, to-day;
To-morrow vice, if ſhe give better pay:
And are ſo good, or bad, juſt at a price,
As nothing elſe diſcerns the virtue or vice.
But thou, whoſe nobleſs keeps one ſtature ſtill,
And one true poſture, though beſieg'd with ill
Of what ambition, faction, pride can raiſe;
Whoſe life, ev'n they that envy it, muſt praiſe;
That are ſo reverenc'd, as thy coming in,
But in the view, doth interrupt their ſin;
Thou muſt draw more: and they that hope to ſee
The commonwealth ſtill ſafe, muſt ſtudy thee.

CIII. *To Mary, Lady Wroth.*

How well, fair crown of your fair ſex, might he
That but the twilight of your ſp'rit did ſee,
And noted for what fleſh ſuch ſouls were fram'd,
Know you to be a Sidney, though unnam'd?
And being nam'd, how little doth that name
Need any muſe's praiſe to give it fame?
Which is itſelf the impreſs of the great,
And glory of them all, but to repeat!
Forgive me then, if mine but ſay you are
A Sidney: but in that extend as far
As loudeſt praiſes, who perhaps would find
For every part a character aſſign'd.
My praiſe is plain, and whereſoe'er profeſt,
Becomes none more than you, who need it leaſt.

CIV. *To Suſan, Counteſs of Montgomery.*

Were they that nam'd you, prophets? did they ſee,
Ev'n in the dew of grace, what you would be?
Or did our times require it, to behold
A new Suſanna, equal to that old?
Or, becauſe ſome ſcarce think that ſtory true,
To make thoſe faithful did the fates ſend you?
And to your ſcene lent no leſs dignity
Of birth, of match, of form, of chaſtity?
Or, more than born for the compariſon
Or former age, or glory of our own,
Were you advanced, paſt thoſe times to be
The light and mark unto poſterity?
Judge they that can: here I have rais'd to ſhow
A picture, which the world for yours muſt know,
And like it too; if they look equally:
If not, 'tis fit for you, ſome ſhould envy.

CV. *To Mary, Lady Wroth.*

Madam, had all antiquity been loſt,
All hiſtory ſeal'd up, and fables croſt,
That we had left us, nor by time, nor place,
Leaſt mention of a nymph, a muſe, a grace,
But ev'n their names were to be made anew,
Who could not but create them all, from you?
He, that but ſaw you wear the wheaten hat,
Would call you more than Ceres, if not that:
And dreſt in ſhepherd's tire, who would not ſay,
You were the bright Œnone, Flora, or May?
If dancing, all would cry, th' Idalian queen
Were leading forth the Graces on the green:
And armed to the chaſe, ſo bare her bow,
Diana alone, ſo hit, and ſo hunted ſo.
There's none ſo dull, that for your ſtyle would aſk,
That ſaw you put on Pallas' plumed caſk;
Or keeping your due ſtate, that would not cry,
There Juno ſat, and yet no peacock by.
So are you nature's index, and reſtore,
I' yourſelf, all treaſure loſt of th' age before.

CVI. *To Sir Edward Herbert.*

If men get name for ſome one virtue; then,
What man art thou, that art ſo many men;

All-virtuous Herbert! on whose every part
Truth might spend her voice, fame all her art.
Whether thy learning they would take, or wit,
Or valour, or thy judgment seasoning it,
Thy standing upright to thyself, thy ends
Like straight, thy piety to God, and friends:
Their latter praise would still the greatest be,
And yet they altogether less than thee.

CVII. *To Captain Hungry.*

Do what you come for, Captain, with your news;
That's sit and eat: do not my ears abuse.
I oft look on false coin, to know't from true:
Not that I love it more, than I will you.
Tell the gross Dutch those grosser tales of yours,
How great you were with their two emperors;
And yet are with their princes: fill them full
Of your Moravian horse, Venetian bull. [away,
Tell them, what parts you've ta'en, whence run
What states you've gull'd, and which yet keeps you in pay.
Give them your services, and embassies
Ireland, Holland, Sweden; pompous lies!
In Hungry, and Poland, Turky too;
What at Leghorn, Rome, Florence you did do:
And in some years, all these together heap'd
For which there must more sea and land be leap'd,
If but to be believ'd you have the hap,
Than can a flea at twice skip i' the map.
Give your young statesmen (that first make you drunk;
And then lie with you, closer than a punk,
For news) your Villeroys, and Sillerics,
Ianins your Nuncios, and your Thuilleries,
Your archdukes agents, and your Beringhams,
That are your words of credit. Keep your names
Of Hannow, Shieter-huissen, Popenheim,
Hans-speigle, Rotteinberg, and Boutersheim,
For your next meal; this you are sure of. Why
Will you part with them here unthriftily?
Nay, now you puff, tusk, and draw up your chin,
Twirl the poor chain you run a-feasting in.
Come, be not angry, you are Hungry; eat:
Do what you come for, Captain, there's your meat.

CVIII. *To true Soldiers.*

Strength of my country, whilst I bring to view
Such as are miscall'd captains, and wrong you;
And your high names: I do desire that thence
Be not put on you, nor you take offence.
I swear by your true friend, my muse, I love
Your great profession; which I once did prove;
And did not shame it with my actions then,
No more than I dare now do with my pen.
He that not trusts me, having vow'd thus much,
But's angry for the captain still, is such.

CIX. *To Sir Henry Nevil.*

Who now calls on thee, Nevil, is a muse,
That serves not fame, nor titles; but doth choose
Where virtue makes them both, and that's in thee:
Where all is fair beside thy pedigree.
Thou art not one seek'st miseries with hope,
Wrestleth with dignities, or feign'st a scope
Of service to the public, when the end
Is private gain, which hath long guilt to friend.
Thou rather strivest the matter to possess,
And elements of honour than the dress;
To make thy lent life good against the fates:
And first to know thine own state, then the state's,
To be the same in root, thou art in height;
And that thy soul should give thy flesh her weight.
Go on, and doubt not, what posterity,
Now I have sung thee thus, shall judge of thee.
Thy deeds unto thy name will prove new wombs,
Whilst others toil for titles to their tombs.

CX. *To Clement Edmonds, on his Cæsar's Commentaries observed and translated.*

Not Cæsar's deeds, nor all his honours won,
In these west parts, nor when that war was done,
The name of Pompey for an enemy,
Cato's to boot, Rome, and her liberty,
All yielding to his fortune, nor, the while,
To have engrav'd these acts with his own style,
And that so strong and deep, as't might be thought
He wrote with the same spirit that he fought,
Nor that his work liv'd in the hands of foes,
Unargued then, and yet hath fame from those;
Not all these, Edmonds, or what else put too,
Can so speak Cæsar, as thy labours do.
For where his person liv'd scarce one just age,
And that midst envy and parts; then fell by rage:
His deeds too dying, but in books (whose good
How few have read! how fewer understood!)
Thy learned hand, and true Promethean art
(As by a new creation) part by part
In every counsel, stratagem, design,
Action, or engine, worth a note of thine,
T' all future time not only doth restore
His life, but makes, that he can die no more.

CXI. *To the same, on the same.*

Who, Edmonds, reads thy book, and doth not see
What th' antique soldiers were, the modern be?
Wherein thou show'st, how much the latter are
Beholden to this master of the war;
And in that action there is nothing new,
More, than to vary what our elders knew:
Which all but ignorant captains will confess:
Nor to give Cæsar this, makes ours the less.
Yet you, perhaps, shalt meet some tongues will grutch,
That to the world thou should'st reveal so much,
And thence deprave thee and thy work, To those
Cæsar stands up, as from his late urn rose,
By thy great help: and doth proclaim by me,
They murder him again, that envy thee.

CXII. *To a weak Gamester in Poetry.*

With thy small stock, why art thou vent'ring still,
At this so subtle sport, and play'st so ill?
Think'st thou it is mere fortune, that can win?
Or thy rank setting? that thou dar'st put in
Thy all, at all: and whatsoe'er I do,
Art still at that, and think'st to blow me up too!
I cannot for the stage a drama lay,
Tragic, or comic; but thou writ'st the play.
I leave thee there, and giving, way intend
An epic poem; thou hast the same end.
I modestly quit that, and think to write
Next morn, an ode; thou mak'st a song ere night.
I pass to elegies; thou meet'st me there;
To satires; and thou dost pursue me. Where,
Where shall I 'scape thee? in an epigram?
O (thou cry'st out) that is thy proper game.
Troth if it be, I pity thy ill luck;
That both for wit and sense so oft dost pluck,
And never art encounter'd, I confess:
Nor scarce dost colour for it, which is less.
Pr'ythee, yet save thy rest; give o'er in time:
There's no vexation, that can make thee prime.

CXIII. *To Sir Thomas Overbury.*

So Phœbus make me worthy of his bays,
As but to speak thee, Overbury's praise:
So where thou liv'st, thou mak'st life understood!
Where, what makes other great, doth keep thee good!
I think, the fate o' th' court thy coming crav'd,
That the wit there, and manners might be sav'd:
For since, what ignorance, what pride is fled!
And letters and humanity in the stead!
Repent thee not of thy fair precedent,
Could make such men, and such a place repent:
Nor may any fear, to lose of their degree,
Who in such ambition can but follow thee.

CXIV. *To Mrs. Phil. Sidney.*

I must believe some miracles still be,
When Sidney's name I hear, or face I see:
For Cupid, who (at first) took vain delight
In mere out-forms, until he lost his sight,
Hath chang'd his soul, and made his object you:
Where finding so much beauty met with virtue,
He hath not only gain'd himself his eyes,
But in your love made all his servants wise.

CXV. *On the Town's honest Man.*

You wonder who this is! and why I name
Him not aloud, that boasts so good a fame;
Naming so many too! but this is one,
Suffers no name, but a description:
Being no vicious person, but the vice
About the town and known too, at the price.
A subtle thing that doth affections win
By speaking well o' th' company it's in.
Talks loud and bawdy, has a gather'd deal
Of news and noise, to sow out a long meal.
Can come from Tripoly, leap stools, and wink,
Do all that 'longs to th' anarchy of drink,
Except the duel. Can sing songs and catches;
Give every one his dose of mirth; and watches
Whose name's unwelcome to the present ear,
And him it lays on; if he be not there.
Tells of him all the tales, itself then makes;
But if it shall be question'd, undertakes,
It will deny all; and forswear it too;
Not that it fears, but will not have to do
With such a one. And therein keeps its word.
'Twill see its sister naked, ere a sword.
At every meal where it doth dine or sup,
The cloth's no sooner gone, but it gets up,
And shifting of its faces, doth play more
Parts than th' Italian could do, with his door.
Acts old Iniquity, and in the fit
Of miming, gets th' opinion of a wit.
Executes men in picture. By defect,
From friendship, is its own fame's architect.
An engineer, in flanders, of all fashions,
That seeming praises are yet accusations.
Describ'd it thus: defin'd would you it have;
Then the town's honest man's her arrantest knave.

CXVI. *To Sir William Jephson.*

Jephson, thou man of men, to whose lov'd name
All gentry, yet, owe part of their best flame!
So did thy virtue inform, thy wit sustain
That age, when thou stoodst up the master-brain:
Thou wert the first mad'st merit know her strength,
And those that lack'd it, to suspect at length,
'Twas not entail'd on title. That some word
Might be found out as good, and not my lord:
That nature no such difference had impress
In men, but ev'ry bravest was the best:
That blood not minds, but minds did blood adorn:
And to live great is better than great born.
These were thy knowing arts: which who doth now
Virtuously practise, must at least allow
Them in, if not from thee, or must commit
A desperate solecism in truth and wit.

CXVII. *On Groyne.*

Groyne, come of age, his 'state sold out of hand
For's whore: Groyne doth still occupy his land.

CXVIII. *On Gut.*

Gut eats all day, and lechers all the night,
So all his meat he tasteth over, twice:
And striving so to double his delight,
He makes himself a thorough-fare of vice.
Thus, in his belly, can he change a sin,
Lust it comes out, that gluttony went in.

CXIX. *To Sir Ralph Shelton.*

Not that he flies the court for want of clothes,
At hunting rails, having no gift in oaths,

Cries out 'gainſt cocking, ſince he cannot bet,
Shuns preaſe *, for two main cauſes, pox and debt,
With me can merit more than that good man,
Whoſe dice not doing well t' a pulpit ran.
No, Shelton, give me thee, canſt want all theſe,
But doſt it out of judgment, not diſeaſe;
Dar'ſt breathe in any air; and with ſafe ſkill,
Till thou canſt find the beſt, chooſe the leaſt ill.
That to the vulgar canſt thyſelf apply,
Treading a better path, not contrary;
And in their error's maze thine own way know:
Which is to live to conſcience, not to ſhow.
He that, but living half his age, dies ſuch, [much.
Makes the whole longer than 'twas given him,

CXX. *An Epitaph on S. P. a Child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel.*

Weep with me, all you that read
This little ſtory;
And know, for whom a tear you ſhed
Death's ſelf is ſorry.
'Twas a child that ſo did thrive
In grace and feature,
As heaven and nature ſeem'd to ſtrive
Which own'd the creature.
Years he number'd ſcarce thirteen
When fates turn'd cruel,
Yet three fill'd zodiacs had he been
The ſtage's jewel;
And did act (what now we moan)
Old men ſo duly,
As, ſoothe, the Parcæ thought him one,
He play'd ſo truly.
So, by error to his fate
They all conſented;
But viewing him ſince (alas, too late)
They have repented;
And have ſought (to give new birth)
In baths to ſteep him;
But being ſo much too good for earth,
Heav'n vows to keep him.

CXXI. *To Benjamin Rudyerd.*

Rudyerd, as leſſer dames to great ones uſe,
My lighter comes to kiſs thy learned muſe;
Whoſe better ſtudies while ſhe emulates,
She learns to know long diff'rence of their ſtates,
Yet is the office not to be deſpis'd,
If only love ſhould make the action priz'd:
Nor he for friendſhip can be thought unfit,
That ſtrives his manners ſhould precede his wit.

CXXII. *To the ſame.*

If I would wiſh for truth, and not for ſhow,
The aged Saturn's age, and rites to know;
If I would ſtrive to bring back times, and try
The world's pure gold, and wiſe ſimplicity;
If I would virtue ſet, as ſhe was young, [tongue;
And hear her ſpeak with one, and her firſt
If holieſt friendſhip, naked to the touch,
I would reſtore, and keep it ever ſuch;
I need no other arts, but ſtudy thee:
Who prov'ſt, all theſe were, and again may be.

* *Shuns* preaſe] i. e. *A crowd: it is more uſual, and perhaps ſhould be here, wrote* preſs.

CXXIII. *To the ſame.*

Writing thyſelf, or judging others writ,
I know not which thou'ſt moſt, candour or wit:
But both thou'ſt ſo, as who affects the ſtate
Of the beſt writer and judge ſhould emulate.

CXXIV. *Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H.*

Would'ſt thou hear, what man can ſay
In a little? reader, ſtay.
Underneath this ſtone doth lie
As much beauty as could die:
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
If, at all, ſhe had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth,
Th' other let it ſleep with death;
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it liv'd at all. Farewell,

CXXV. *To Sir William Uvedale.*

Uvedale, thou piece of the firſt times, a man
Made for what nature could, or virtue can;
Both whoſe dimenſions loſt, the world might find
Reſtored in thy body, and thy mind!
Who ſees a ſoul in ſuch a body ſet,
Might love the treaſure for the cabinet.
But I, no child, no fool, reſpect the kind,
The full, the flowing graces there enſhrin'd;
Which (would the world not miſcall't flattery)
I could adore, almoſt t' idolartry.

CXXVI. *To his Lady, then Mrs. Cary,*

Retir'd, with purpoſe your fair worth to praiſe,
'Mong'ſt Hampton ſhades, and Phœbus' grove of bays,
I pluck'd a branch; the jealous god did frown,
And bade me lay th' uſurped laurel down:
Said I wrong'd him, (and which was more), his love.
I anſwer'd, Daphne now no pain can prove.
Phœbus reply'd, Bold head, it is not ſhe:
Cary my love is, Daphne but my tree.

CXXVII. *To Eſme Lord Aubigny.*

Is there a hope, that man would thankful be,
If I ſhould fail in gratitude to thee,
To whom I am ſo bound, lov'd Aubigny?
No, I do therefore call poſterity
Into the debt; and reckon on her head,
How full of want, how ſwallow'd up, how dead
I and this muſe had been, if thou hadſt not
Lent timely ſuccours, and new life begot:
So all reward or name, that grows to me
By her attempt, ſhall ſtill be owing thee.
nd than this fame I know no abler way
To thank thy benefits; which is to pay.

CXXVIII. *To William Roe.*

Roe, (and my joy to name), th' art now to go,
Countries and climes, manners and men to know,

T' extract and choose the best of all these known,
And those to turn to blood, and make thine own.
May winds, as soft as breath of kissing friends,
Attend thee hence, and there may all thy ends,
As the beginnings here, prove purely sweet,
And perfect in a circle always meet
So when we, blest with thy return, shall see
Thyself, with thy first thoughts brought home by thee;
We each to other may this voice inspire;
This is that good Æneas, past through fire,
Through seas, storms, tempests, and embark'd for hell, [well.
Came back untouch'd. This man hath travell'd

CXXIX. *To Edward Filmer, on his Musical Work dedicated to the Queen.* Anno 1629 *.

What charming peals are these,
That while they bind the senses do so please!
They are the marriage-rites
Of two, the choicest pair of man's delights,
Music and Poesy:
French air, and English verse here wedded lie.
Who did this knot compose,
Again hath brought the lily to the rose;
And with their chained dance.
Recelebrates the joyful match with France.
They are a school to win
The fair French daughter to learn English in;
And graced with her song,
To make the language sweet upon her tongue.

CXXX. *To Mime.*

That not a pair of friends each other see,
But the first question is, When one saw thee?
That there's no journey set or thought upon,
To Brentford, Hackney, Bow, but thou mak'st one;
That scarce the town designeth any feast
To which thou'rt not a week bespoke a guest;
That still thou'rt made the supper's flag, the drum,
The very call, to make all others come: [strive
Think'st thou, Mime, this is great? or that they
Whose noise shall keep thy miming most alive,
Whilst thou dost raise some player from the grave,
Out-dance the Babioun, or out-boast the brave;
Or (mounted on a stool) thy face doth hit
On some new gesture, that's imputed wit?

O, run not proud of this. Yet take thy due.
Thou dost out-zany Cokely, Pod, nay, Gue:
And thine own Coriat too, but (would'st thou see)
Men love thee not for this: they laugh at thee.

CXXXI. *To Alphonso Ferrabosco, on his Book* *.

To urge, my lov'd Alphonso, that bold fame,
Of building towns, and making wild beasts tame,
Which music had; or speak her own effects,
That she removeth cares, sadness ejects,
Declineth anger, persuades clemency,
Doth sweeten mirth, and heighten piety,
And is t' a body, often ill inclin'd,
No less a sov'reign cure, than to the mind;
T' allege, that greatest men were not asham'd
Of old, ev'n by her practice to be fam'd;
To say indeed, she were the soul of heav'n,
That the eighth sphere no less than planets seven,
Mov'd by her order, and the ninth more high,
Including all, were thence call'd harmony:
I yet had utter'd nothing on thy part,
When these were but the praises of the art.
But when I have said, the proofs of all these be
Shed in thy songs, 'tis true; but short of thee.

CXXXII. *To the same.*

When we do give, Alphonso, to the light,
A work of ours, we part with our own right;
For then, all mouths will judge, and their own way;
The learn'd have no more privilege than the lay.
And though we could all men, all censures hear,
We ought not give them taste, we had an ear.
For if the hum'rous world will talk at large,
They should be fools for me, at their own charge.
Say this or that man they to thee prefer; [err:
Even those for whom they do this, know they
And would (being ask'd the truth) ashamed say,
They were not to be nam'd on the same day.
Then stand unto thyself, nor seek without [out
For fame, with breath soon kindled, soon blown

CXXXIII. *To Mr. Joshua Silvester.*

If to admire were to commend, my praise
Might then both thee, thy work and merit raise:
But as it is, (the child of ignorance,
And utter stranger to all air of France)
How can I speak of thy great pains, but err?
Since they can only judge, that can confer.
Behold! the reverend shade of Bartas stands
Before my thought, and (in thy right) commands
That to the world I publish for him this;
Bartas doth wish thy English now were his.

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* To Edward Filmer, on his Musical Work, &c.] *This epigram first appeared in the folio of* 1640, *after the death of our poet. It is not certainly known who had the care of that edition, or into whose hands our author's papers fell after his decease. Possibly this epigram might have been prefixed to the work it celebrates, and from thence transcribed into the edition above mentioned. Though no date is set to any of the epigrams, this being excepted, yet circumstances will assist us to guess at the time of those copies addressed to the greatest persons then living. In general, they were wrote before* 1616, *as most of them are contained in the edition of Jonson's Works, which was published in that year.*

* To Alphonso Ferrabosco, on his Book.] *This person, descended of italian parents, was born at Greenwich in Kent: He was much admired, both at home and abroad, for his excellent compositions and fancies, as they were then called, in music; he was principally employed in setting the songs to music in our poet's masques.*

So well in that are his inventions wrought,
As his will now be the tranſlation thought,
Thine the original; and France ſhall boaſt,
No more thoſe maiden glories ſhe hath loſt.

CXXXIV. *On the famous Voyage.*

No more let Greece her bolder fables tell
Of Hercules, or Theſeus going to hell,
Orpheus, Ulyſſes; or the Latian muſe, [abuſe.
With tales of Troy's juſt knight, our faiths
We have a Shelton, and a Heyden got,
Had power to act, what they to feign had not.
All that they boaſt of Styx, of Acheron,
Cocytus, Phlegethon, ours have prov'd in one;
The filth, ſtench, noiſe: ſave only what was there
Subtly diſtinguiſh'd, was confuſed here.
Their wherry had no ſail too; ours had ne'er one:
And in it, two more horrid knaves than Charon.
Arſes were heard to croak, inſtead of frogs;
And for one Cerberus, the whole coaſt was dogs.
Furies there wanted not: each ſcold was ten.
And for the cries of ghoſts, women, and men,
Laden with plague-ſores, and their ſins, were heard,
Laſh'd by their conſciences, to die afear'd.
Then let the former age, with this content her,
She brought the poets forth, but ours th' adventure.

The Voyage itſelf.

I SING the brave adventure of two wights,
And pity 'tis, I cannot call 'em knights:
One was; and he, for brawn, and brain, right able
To have been ſtyled of king Arthur's table.
The other was a ſquire, of fair degree;
But in the action, greater man than he,
Who gave, to take at his return from hell,
His three for one. Now, lordlings, liſten well.

It was the day, what time the powerful moon
Makes the poor bankſide creature wet its ſhoon,
In its own hall; when theſe (in worthy ſcorn
Of thoſe, that put out monies, on return
From Venice, Paris, or ſome inland paſſage
Of ſix times to and fro, without embaſſage,
Or he that Backward went to Berwick, or which
Did dance the famous Morris unto Norwich)
At Bread-ſtreet's mermaid, having din'd, and merry,
Propos'd to go to Holborn in a wherry:
A harder taſk, than either his to Briſto',
Or his to Antwerp. Therefore, once more, liſt ho'.

A dock there is, that called is Avernus,
Of ſome Bridewell, and may, in time concern us
All, that are readers: but, methinks, 'tis odd,
That all this while I have forgot ſome god,
Or goddeſs to invoke, to ſtuff my verſe;
And with both bombaſt ſtyle, and phraſe, rehearſe
The many perils of this port, and how
Sans help of Sibyl, or a golden bough,
Or magic ſacrifice, they paſt along!
Alcides, be thou ſuccouring to my ſong.
Thou haſt ſeen hell (ſome ſay) and know'ſt all nooks there,
Canſt tell me beſt, how ev'ry fury looks there,
And art a god, if fame thee not abuſes,
Always at hand, to aid the merry muſes.
Great club-fiſt, though thy back and bones be ſore,
Still, with thy former labours; yet, once more,
Act a brave work, call it thy laſt adventry:
But hold my torch, while I deſcribe the entry
To this dire paſſage. Say thou ſtop thy noſe:
'Tis but light pains: indeed this dock's no roſe.

In the firſt jaws appear'd that ugly monſter,
Ycleped mud, which, when their oars did once ſtir,
Belch'd forth an air, as hot, as at the muſter
Of all your night-tubs, when the carts do cluſter,
Who ſhall diſcharge firſt his merd-urinous load:
Thorough her womb they make their famous road,
Between two walls; where, on one ſide, to ſcare men,
Were ſeen your ugly centaurs, ye call carmen,
Gorgonian ſcolds, and Harpies: on the other
Hung ſtench, diſeaſes, and old filth, their mother,
With famine, wants, and ſorrows many a dozen,
The leaſt of which was to the plague a cozen.
But they unfrighted paſs, though many a privy
Spake to them louder, than the ox in Livy;
And many a ſink pour'd out her range auenſt 'em;
But ſtill their valour and their virtue fenc'd 'em,
And on they went, like Caſtor brave, and Pollux,
Ploughing the main. When, ſee (the worſt of all lucks)
They met the ſecond prodigy, would fear a
Man, that never heard of a chimera.
One ſaid, 'twas bold Briareus, or the headle,
(Who hath the hundred hands when he doth meddle)
The other thought it Hydra, or the rock
Made of the trull that cut her father's lock:
But coming near, they found it but a lighter,
So huge, it ſeem'd, they could by no means quit her.
Back cry'd their brace of Charons: they cry'd, No,
No going back; on ſtill you rogues, and row.
How hight the place? A voice was heard, Cocytus.
Row cloſe then ſlaves. Alas, they will beſhite us.
No matter, ſtinkards, row. What croaking ſound
Is this we hear? of frogs? No, guts wind-bound,
Over your heads: well, row. At this a loud
Crack did report itſelf, as if a cloud
Had hurſt with ſtorm, and down fell, *ab excelſis*,
Poor Mercury, crying out on Paracelſus,
And all his followers, that had ſo abus'd him:
And in ſo ſhitten ſort, ſo long had us'd him:
For (where he was the god of eloquence,
And ſubtilty of metals) they diſpenſe
His ſpirits, now, in pills, and eke in potions,
Suppoſitories, cataplaſms, and lotions.
But many moons there ſhall not wane (quoth he)
(In the mean time, let 'em impriſon me)
But I will ſpeak (and know I ſhall be heard)
Touching this cauſe, where they will be afear'd
To anſwer me. And ſure, it was th' intent
Of the grave fart, late let in parliament,
Had it been ſeconded, and not in fume
Vaniſh'd away: as you muſt all preſume
Their Mercury did now. By this, the ſtem
Of the hulk touch'd, and as by Polypheme

The fly Ulyſſes ſtole in a ſheep-ſkin,
The well-greas'd wherry now had got between,
And bade her farewell ſough unto the lurden:
Never did bottom more betray her burden;
The meat-boat of bear's-college, Paris-garden,
Stunk not ſo ill; nor when ſhe kiſs'd Kate Arden.
Yet one day in the year, for ſweet 'tis voic'd,
And that is when it is the Lord Mayor's foiſt.

By this time had they reach'd the Stygian pool,
By which the maſters ſwear, when on the ſtool
Of worſhip, they their nodding chins do hit
Againſt their breaſts. Here ſev'ral ghoſts did flit
About the ſhore of farts, but late departed,
White, black, blue, green, and in more forms outſtarted,
Than all thoſe Atomi ridiculous,
Whereof old Democrite, and Hill Nicholas,
One ſaid, the other ſwore, the world conſiſts.
Theſe be the cauſe of thoſe thick frequent miſts
Ariſing in that place, through which who goes,
Muſt try th' unuſed valour of a noſe:
And that ours did. For yet no nare was tainted,
Nor thumb, nor finger to the ſtop acquainted,
But open, and unarm'd, encounter'd all:
Whether it languiſhing ſtuck upon the wall,
Or were precipitated down the jakes,
And after, ſwam abroad in ample flakes,
Or that it lay heap'd like an uſurer's maſs,
All was to them the ſame, they were to paſs,
And ſo they did, from Styx to Acheron:
The ever-boiling flood; whoſe banks upon
Your Fleet-lane furies, and hot cooks do dwell,
That with ſtill-ſcalding ſteams, make the place hell.
The ſinks ran greaſe, and hair of meazled hogs,
The heads, houghs, entrails, and the hides of dogs:
For, to ſay truth, what ſcullion is ſo naſty,
To put the ſkins and offal in a paſty?
Cats there lay divers had been flea'd and roaſted,
And after mouldy grown, again were toaſted,
Then ſelling not, a diſh was ta'en to mince 'em,
But ſtill, it ſeem'd, the rankneſs did convince 'em.
For here they were thrown in with th' melted pewter,
Yet drown'd they not. They had five lives in future.

But 'mongſt theſe * tiberts, who do you think there was?
Old Banks the jugler, our Pythagoras,
Grave tutor to the learned horſe. Both which,
Being beyond ſea, burned for one witch;
Their ſpirits tranſmigrated to a cat:
And now, above the pool, a face right fat,
With great grey eyes, are liſted up, and mew'd;
Thrice did it ſpit; thrice div'd. At laſt it view'd
Our braver heroes with a milder glare,
And in a piteous tune, began. How dare
Your dainty noſtrils (in ſo hot a ſeaſon,
When every clerk eats artichokes and peaſon,
Laxative lettuce, and ſuch windy meat),
Tempt ſuch a paſſage? When each privy's ſeat
Is fill'd with buttock? and the walls do ſweat
Urine and plaiſters? when the noiſe doth beat
Upon your ears, of diſcords ſo unſweet?
And outcries of the damned in the Fleet?
Cannot the plague-bill keep you back? nor bells
Of loud Sepulchre's, with their hourly knells,
But you will viſit grilly Pluto's hall?
Behold where Cerberus, rear'd up on the wall
Of Holborne (three ſerjeants heads) looks o'er,
And ſtays but till you come unto the door!
Tempt not his fury, Pluto is away:
And Madam Cæſar, great Proſerpina,
Is now from home. You loſe your labours quite,
Were you Jove's ſons, or had Alcides' might.
They cry'd out, Puſs. He told them he was Banks,
That had ſo often ſhow'd 'em merry pranks.
They laugh'd at his laugh-worthy fate. And paſt
The triple-head without a ſop. At laſt,
Calling for Rhadamanthus, that dwelt by,
A ſoap-boiler; and Æacus him nigh,
Who kept an ale-houſe; with my little Minos,
An ancient pur-blind fletcher, with a high noſe;
They took 'em all to witneſs of their action:
And ſo went bravely back without protraction.

In memory of which moſt liquid deed,
The city ſince hath rais'd a pyramid.
And I could wiſh for their eterniz'd ſakes,
My muſe had plough'd with his, that ſung A-jax.

* *Cats.*

CXXXVI. *An Expoſtulation with Inigo Jones.*

Mr. Surveyor, you that firſt began
From thirty pounds in pipkins, to the man
You are: from them leap'd forth an architect,
Able to talk of Euclid, and correct,
Both him and Archimede; damn Archytas,
The nobleſt engincer that ever was:
Control Cteſippus overbearing us
With miſtook names, out of Vitruvius;
Drawn Ariſtotle on us, and thence ſhown
How much Architectonice is your own:
Whether the building of the ſtage, or ſcene,
Or making of the properties it mean,
Vizors, or antics; or it comprehend
Something your ſur-ſhip doth not yet intend.
By all your titles, and whole ſtyle at once,
Of tireman, mountebank, and Juſtice Jones,
I do ſalute you: are you fitted yet?
Will any of theſe expreſs your place, or wit?
Or are you ſo ambitious 'bove your peers,
You'd be an Aſſinigo by your years?
Why, much good do't you; be what part you will,
You'll be, as Langley ſaid, "an Inigo ſtill."
What makes your wretchedneſs to bray ſo loud,
In town and court? are you grown rich, and proud?
Your trappings will not change you, change your mind;
No velvet ſuit you wear will alter kind.
A wooden dagger is a dagger of wood,
Nor gold, nor ivory haſt can make it good.
What is the cauſe you pomp it ſo, I aſk,
And all men echo, you have made a maſque;
I chime that too, and I have met with thoſe
That do cry up the machine, and the ſhows;
The majeſty of Juno in the clouds,
And peering forth of Iris in the ſhrouds

Th' aſcent of lady Fame, which none could ſpy,
Not they that ſided her, dame Poetry,
Dame Hiſtory, dame Architecture too,
And goody Sculpture, brought with much ado
To hold her up: O ſhows, ſhows, mighty ſhows,
The eloquence of maſques! what need of proſe,
Or verſe or proſe, t' expreſs immortal you?
You are the ſpectacles of ſtate, 'tis true,
Court-hieroglyphics, and all arts afford,
In the mere perſpective of an inch-board;
You aſk no more than certain politic eyes,
Eyes, that can pierce into the myſteries
Of many colours, read them, and reveal
Mythology, there painted on ſlit-deal.
O, to make boards to ſpeak! there is a taſk!
Painting and carpentry are the ſoul of maſque.
Pack with your pedling poetry to the ſtage,
This is the money-got, mechanic age.
To plant the muſic, where no ear can reach,
Attire the perſons, as no thought can teach
Senſe, what they are; which by a ſpecious, fine
Term of architects, is call'd deſign;
But in the practis'd truth, deſtruction is
Of any art, beſide what he calls his.
Whither, O whither will this tireman grow?
His name is Σκηνοποιος, we all know,
The maker of the properties; in ſum
The ſcene, the engine; but he now is come
To be the muſic-maſter; tabler too;
He is, or would be, the main *Dominus Do* ——
All of the work, and ſo ſhall ſtill for Ben,
Be Inigo, the whiſtle, and his men.
He's warm on his feet, now he ſays; and can
Swim without cork: why, thank the good Queen Anne.
I am too fat to envy, he too lean
To be worth envy; henceforth I do mean
To pity him, as ſmiling at his feat
Of Lantern-lerry, with ſuliginous heat
Whirling his whimſies, by a ſubtilty
Suck'd from the veins of ſhop-philoſophy.
What would he do now, giving his mind that way,
In preſentation of ſome puppet-play?
Should but the king his juſtice-hood employ,
In ſetting forth of ſuch a ſolemn toy,
How would he firk, like Adam Overdo,
Up, and about; dive into cellars too,
Diſguis'd, and thence drag forth enormity,
Diſcover vice, commit abſurdity:
Under the moral, ſhow he had a pate
Moulded or ſtrok'd up to ſurvey a ſtate.
O wiſe ſurveyor, wiſer architect,
But wiſeſt Inigo; who can reflect
On the new priming of thy old ſign-poſts,
Reviving with freſh colours the pale ghoſts
Of thy dead ſtandards; or with marvel ſee
Thy twice conceiv'd, thrice paid for imagery;
And not fall down before it, and confeſs
Almighty architecture, who no leſs
A goddeſs is, than painted cloth, deal board,
Vermilion, lake, or crimſon can afford
Expreſſion for; with that unbounded line,
Aim'd at in thy omnipotent deſign.
What poeſy e'er was painted on a wall,
That might compare with thee; what ſtory ſhall,
Of all the worthies, hope outlaſt thy own,
So the materials be of Purbeck ſtone.
Live long the feaſting-room, and e'er thou burn
Again, thy architect to aſhes turn;
Whom not ten fires, nor a parliament, can
With all remonſtrance, make an honeſt man.

To a Friend, an Epigram of him.

Sir, Inigo doth fear it, as I hear,
And labours to ſeem worthy of this fear;
That I ſhould write upon him ſome ſharp verſe,
Able to eat into his bones, and pierce
The marrow. Wretch! I quit thee of thy pain,
Thou'rt too ambitious, and doſt fear in vain:
The Lybian lion hunts no butterflies;
He makes the camel and dull aſs his prize.
If thou be ſo deſirous to be read,
Seek out ſome hungry painter, that for bread,
With rotten chalk, or coal, upon the wall,
Will well deſign thee to be view'd of all,
That ſit upon the common draught or ſtrand;
Thy forehead is too narrow for my brand.

To Inigo Marquis Would-be. A Corollary.

But 'cauſe thou hear'ſt the mighty king of Spain
Hath made his Inigo marquis, would'ſt thou fain
Our Charles ſhould make thee ſuch? 'twill not become
All kings to do the ſelf-ſame deeds with ſome:
Beſides, his man may merit it, and be
A noble honeſt ſoul: what's this to thee?
He may have ſkill, and judgment to deſign
Cities and temples, thou a cave for wine,
Or ale; he build a palace, thou the ſhop,
With ſliding windows, and falſe lights a-top:
He draw a forum, with quadrivial ſtreets;
Thou paint a lane where Tom Thumb Geffrey meets.
He ſome Coloſſus, to beſtride the ſeas,
From the fam'd pillars of old Hercules:
Thy canvas giant at ſome channel aims,
Or Dowgate torrents falling into Thames;
And ſtradling ſhows the boys brown paper fleet
Yearly ſet out there, to ſail down the ſtreet:
Your works thus differing, much leſs ſo your ſtyle,
Content thee to be Pancridge earl the while,
An earl of ſhow; for all thy worth is ſhow:
But when thou turn'ſt a real Inigo,
Or canſt of truth the leaſt entrenchment pitch,
We'll have thee ſtyl'd the Marquis of Town-ditch.

On the honoured Poems of his honoured Friend, Sir John Beaumont, Baronet.

This book will live, it hath a genius; this
Above his reader or his praiſer is.
Hence, then, profane: here needs no words expence
In bulwarks, rav'lins, ramparts for defence:
Such as the creeping common poineers uſe,
When they do ſweat to fortify a muſe.
Though I confeſs a Beaumont's book to be
The bound and frontier of our poetry;
And doth deſerve all muniments of praiſe,
That art, or engine, or the ſtrength can raiſe,

Yet who dares offer a redoubt to rear?
To cut a dike? or stick a stake up here
Before this work? where envy hath not cast
A trench against it, nor a batt'ry plac'd?
Stay till she make her vain approaches; then,
If maimed she come off, 'tis not of men
This fort of so impregnable access;
But higher pow'r, as spight could not make less,
Nor flatt'ry; but secur'd by th' author's name
Defies what's cross to piety, or good fame:
And like a hollowed temple, free from taint
Of ethnicism, makes his muse a saint.

To Mr. John Fletcher, upon his Faithful Shepherdess.

The wise and many-headed bench that sits
Upon the life and death of plays and wits,
(Compos'd of gamester, captain, knight, knight's man,
Lady or pucelle, that wears mask or fan,
Velvet, or taffeta cap, rank'd in the dark
With the shop's foreman, or some such brave spark
That may judge for his sixpence) had, before
They saw it half, damn'd thy whole play and more:
Their motives were, since it had not to do
With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.
I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,
And wish that all the muses blood were spilt
In such a martyrdom, to vex their eyes,
Do crown thy murder'd poem: which shall rise
A glorified work to time, when fire
Or moths shall eat what all these fools admire.

Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke, Sister to Sir Philip Sidney.

Underneath this marble herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

A Vision on the Muses, of his Friend M. Drayton.

It hath been question'd, Michael, if I be
A friend at all; or, if at all, to thee:
Because who make the question, have not seen
Those ambling visits pass in verse between
Thy muse and mine, as they expect: 'tis true,
You have not writ to me, nor I to you.
And though I now begin, 'tis not to rub
Haunch against haunch, or raise a rhyming club
About the town; this reck'ning I will pay,
Without conferring symbols; this 's my day.
It was no dream! I was awake, and saw.
Lend me thy voice, O Fame, that I may draw
Wonder to truth, and have my vision hurl'd
Hot from thy trumpet round about the world.
I saw a beauty, from the sea to rise,
That all earth look'd on, and that earth all eyes!
It cast a beam, as when the cheerful sun
Is fair got up, and day some hours begun:
And fill'd an orb as circular as heav'n!
The orb was cut forth into regions seven,
And those so sweet, and well-proportion'd parts,
As it had been the circle of the arts;
When, by thy bright ideas standing by,
I found it pure and perfect poesy.
There read I, straight, thy learned legends three,
Heard the soft airs, between our swains and thee,
Which made me think the old Theocritus,
Or rural Virgil come to pipe to us.
But then thy Epistolar Heroic Songs,
Their loves, their quarrels, jealousies, and wrongs,
Did all so strike me, as I cried, who can
With us be call'd the Naso, but this man?
And looking up, I saw Minerva's fowl,
Perch'd over head, the wise Athenian owl:
I thought thee then our Orpheus, that would'st try,
Like him, to make the air one volary.
And I had styl'd thee Orpheus, but before
My lips could form the voice, I heard that roar,
And rouse the marching of a mighty force,
Drums against drums, the neighing of the horse,
The fights, the cries, and wond'ring at the jars,
I saw and read it was the Barons Wars.
O how in those dost thou instruct these times,
That rebels actions are but valiant crimes.
And carried, though with shout and noise, confess
A wild and an unauthoris'd wickedness!
Say'st thou so, Lucan? but thou scorn'st to stay
Under one title: thou hast made thy way
And flight about the isle, well near, by this
In thy admired Periegesis,
Or universal circumduction
Of all that read thy Poly-Olbion.
That read it; that are ravish'd; such was I,
With every song, I swear, and so would die.
But that I hear again thy drum to beat
A better cause, and strike the bravest heat
That ever yet did fire the English blood,
Our right in France, if rightly understood.
There thou art Homer; pray thee use the style
Thou hast deserv'd, and let me read the while
Thy catalogue of ships, exceeding his,
Thy list of aids and force, for so it is:
The poet's act, and for his country's sake,
Brave are the musters that the muse will make.
And when he ships them, where to use their arms.
How do his trumpets breathe! what loud alarms!
Look how we read the Spartans were inflam'd
With hold Tyrtæus' verse, when thou art nam'd,
So shall our English youth urge on, and cry
An Agincourt, an Agincourt, or die.
This book, it is a catechism to fight,
And will be bought of every lord or knight
That can but read; who cannot, may in prose
Get broken pieces, and fight well by those.
The miseries of Margaret the queen,
Of tender eyes will more be wept than seen.
I feel it by mine own, that overflow
And stop my sight in every line I go.
But then, refreshed by thy Fairy court,
I look on Cynthia, and Syrena's sport,
As on two flow'ry carpets, that did rise,
And with their grassy green restor'd mine eyes.
Yet give me leave to wonder at the birth
Of thy strange Moon-calf, both thy strain of mirth,
And gossip-got acquaintance, as to us
Thou hast brought Lapland, or old Cobalus,

Empuſa, Lamia, or ſome monſter more,
Than Afric knew, or the full Grecian ſtore.
I gratulate it to thee, and thy ends,
To all thy virtuous and well-choſen friends;
Only my loſs is, that I am not there,
And till I worthy am to wiſh I were,
I call the world that envies me, to ſee
If I can be a friend, and friend to thee.

On Michael Drayton, buried in Weſtminſter-Abbey.*

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
What they, and what their children owe
To Drayton's ſacred name; whoſe duſt
We recommend unto thy truſt.
Protect his memory, preſerve his ſtory,
And be a laſting monument of his glory.
And when thy ruins ſhall diſclaim,
To be the treaſury of his name;
His name, which cannot fade, ſhall be
An everlaſting monument to thee.

To the Memory of my beloved Mr. William Shakſpeare, and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, Shakſpeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame:
While I confeſs thy writings to be ſuch,
As neither man nor muſe can praiſe too much.
'Tis true, and all men's ſuffrage. But theſe ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praiſe,
For ſilliеſt ignorance on theſe may light,
Which, when it ſounds at beſt, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance,
The truth but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or craſty malice might pretend this praiſe,
And think to ruin, where it ſeem'd to raiſe.
Theſe are, as ſome infamous bawd or whore,
Should praiſe a matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof againſt them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
Th' applauſe! delight! the wonder of our ſtage!
My Shakſpeare riſe! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenſer, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive ſtill, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praiſe to give.
That I not mix thee ſo, my brain excuſes,
I mean with great, but diſproportion'd muſes:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I ſhould commit thee ſurely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didſt our Lily outſhine,
Or ſporting kid, or Marlow's mighty line.
And though thou hadſt ſmall Latin and leſs Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I will not ſeek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Eſchylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy buſkin tread,
And ſhake a ſtage: or when thy ſocks were on,
Leave thee alone for the compariſon
Of all, that inſolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or ſince did from their aſhes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou haſt one to ſhow
To whom all ſcenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the muſes ſtill were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herſelf was proud of his deſigns,
And joy'd to wear the dreſſing of his lines!
Which were ſo richly ſpun, and woven ſo fit,
As, ſince ſhe will vouchſafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Ariſtophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not pleaſe;
But antiquated and deſerted lie,
As they were not of nature's family.
Yet muſt I not give nature all: thy art,
My gentle Shakſpeare, muſt enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the faſhion. And that he,
Who caſts to write a living line, muſt ſweat,
(Such as thine are) and ſtrike the ſecond heat
Upon the muſes anvil; turn the ſame,
And himſelf with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel, he may gain a ſcorn,
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And ſuch wert thou. Look how the father's face
Lives in his iſſue, even ſo the race
Of Shakſpeare's mind and manners brightly ſhines
In his well-turned, and true filed lines:
In each of which he ſeems to ſhake a lance,
As brandiſh'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet ſwan of Avon! what a ſight it were
To ſee thee in our water yet appear,
And make thoſe flights upon the banks of Thames,
That ſo did take Eliza, and our James!
But ſtay, I ſee thee in the hemiſphere
Advanc'd, and made a conſtellation there!
Shine forth, thou ſtar of poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping ſtage,
Which, ſince thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And deſpairs day, but for thy volumes light.

* *This epitaph, which has been given to Jonſon, was written by Quarles.*

THE FOREST.

BOOK II.

I. *Why I write not of Love.*

Some act of Love's bound to rehearse,
I thought to bind him in my verse:
Which when he felt, away, (quoth he)
Can poets hope to fetter me?
It is enough they once did get
Mars and my mother in their net:
I wear not these my wings in vain,
With which he fled me; and again,
Into my rhymes could ne'er be got
By any art. Then wonder not,
That since my numbers are so cold,
When love is fled, and I grow old.

II. *To Penshurst.*

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
Of touch or marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polish'd pillars, or a roof of gold:
Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told;
Or stair, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And these grudg'd at, are reverenc'd the while.
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,
Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair.
Thou hast thy walks for health, as well as sport:
Thy mount to which thy Dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
Beneath the broad beech, and the chestnut shade;
That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, where all the muses met.
There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names
Of many a Sylvan, taken with his flames,
And thence the ruddy Satyrs oft provoke
The lighter Fawns, to reach thy lady's oak.
Thy copse too, nam'd of Gamage, thou hast there,
That never fails to serve thee season'd deer,
When thou would'st feast, or exercise thy friends.
The lower land, that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed;
The middle grounds thy mares, and horses breed.
Each bank doth yield thee conies; and the tops
Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sydneys copse,
To crown, thy open table doth provide
The purpled pheasant, with the speckled side:
The painted partridge lies in ev'ry field;
And for thy mess is willing to be kill'd.
And if the high-swoll'n Medway fail thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds, that pay thee tribute fish,
Fat aged carps, that run into thy net,
And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,
As loth the second draught, or cast to stay,
Officiously at first themselves betray.
Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on land,
Before the fisher, or into his hand.
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flow'rs,
Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.
The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come:
The blushing apricot, and woolly peach
Hang on thy walls, that ev'ry child may reach,
And though thy walls be of the country stone,
They're rear'd with no man's ruin, no man's groan;
There's none that dwell about them wish them down;
But all come in, the farmer and the clown;
And no one empty handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make
The better cheeses, bring 'em; or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to husbands; and whose baskets bear
An emblem of themselves in plum or pear.
But what can this (more than express their love)
Add to thy free provisions, far above
The need of such? whose liberal board doth flow,
With all that hospitality doth know!
Where comes no guest, but is allow'd to eat,
Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat:
Where the same beer and bread, and self same wine
That is his lordship's, shall be also mine.
And I not fain to sit (as some this day,
At great mens tables) and yet dine away.
Here no man tells my cups; nor standing by,
A waiter, doth my gluttony envy:
But gives me what I call, and lets me eat,
He knows, below, he shall find plenty of meat;

Thy tables hoard not up for the next day,
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray
For fire, or lights, or livery: all is there;
As if thou then wert mine, or I reign'd here:
There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.
That found King James, when hunting late this way
With his brave son the prince, they saw thy fires
Shine bright on ev'ry hearth, as the desires
Of thy Penates had been set on flame
To entertain them; or the country came,
With all their zeal, to warm their welcome here.
What (great, I will not say, but) sudden cheer
Didst thou then make 'em! and what praise was heap'd
On thy good lady, then! who therein reap'd
The just reward of her high housewifry;
To have her linen, plate, and all things nigh,
When she was far: and not a room but dress't,
As if it had expected such a guest!
These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all;
Thy lady's noble, fruitful, chaste withal.
His children thy great lord may call his own:
A fortune, in this age, but rarely known.
They are, and have been taught religion: thence
Their gentler spirits have suck'd innocence.
Each morn, and even, they are taught to pray
With the whole household, and may, ev'ry day,
Read in their virtuous parents noble parts,
The mysteries of manners, arms, and arts.
Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
With other edifices, when they see
Those proud ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
May say, their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

III. *To Sir Robert Wroth.*

How blest art thou, canst love the country, Wroth,
Whether by choice, or fate, or both!
And though so near the city, and the court,
Are ta'en with neither's vice nor sport:
That at great times, art no ambitious guest,
Of sheriff's dinner, or mayor's feast;
Nor com'st to view the better cloth of state,
The richer hangings, or crown-plate;
Nor throng'st (when masquing is) to have a sight
Of the short bravery of the night;
To view the jewels, stuffs, the pains, the wit
There wasted, some not paid for yet!
But canst at home, in thy securer rest,
Live, with unbought provision blest;
Free from proud porches, or the gilded roofs,
'Mongst lowing herds, and solid hoofs:
Along the curled woods, and painted meads,
Through which a serpent river leads
To some cool courteous shade, which he calls his,
And makes sleep softer than it is!
Or if thou list the night in watch to break,
A-bed canst hear the loud stag speak,
In spring, oft roused for thy master's sport,
Who for it makes thy house his court;
Or with thy friends, the heart of all the year,
Divid'st, upon the lesser deer:
In autumn, at the patridge mak'st a flight,
And giv'st thy gladder guests the sight;
And in the winter hunt'st the flying hare,
More for thy exercise than fare;
While all that follow, their glad ears apply
To the full greatness of the cry:
Or hawking at the river, or the bush,
Or shooting at the greedy thrush,
Thou dost with some delight the day outwear,
Although the coldest of the year!
The whil'st the several seasons thou hast seen
Of flow'ry fields, of cop'ces green,
The mowed meadows, with the fleeced sheep,
And feasts, that either shearers keep;
The ripened ears, yet humble in their height,
And furrows laden with their weight;
The apple-harvest, that doth longer last;
The hogs return'd home fat from mast;
The trees cut out in log, and those boughs made
A fire now, that lent a shade!
Thus Pan and Sylvan having had their rites,
Comus puts in for new delights;
And fills thy open hall with mirth and cheer,
As if in Saturn's reign it were;
Apollo's harp, and Hermes' lyre resound,
Nor are the muses strangers found:
The rout of rural folk come thronging in,
(Their rudeness then is thought no sin),
Thy noblest spouse affords them welcome grace;
And the great heroes of her race
Sit mix'd with lots of state, or reverence.
Freedom doth with degree dispense.
The jolly wassal walks the often round;
And in their cups their cares are drown'd:
They think not then, which side the cause shall leese,
Nor how to get the lawyer fees.
Such and no other was that age of old,
Which boasts t' have had the head of gold.
And such, since thou canst make thine own content,
Strive, Wroth, to live long innocent.
Let others watch in guilty arms, and stand
The fury of a rash command,
Go enter breaches, meet the cannons rage,
That they may sleep with scars in age;
And show their feathers shot, and colours torn,
And brag that they were therefore born.
Let this man sweat, and wrangle at the bar,
For ev'ry price in ev'ry jar,
And change possessions oft'ner with his breath,
Than either money, war, or death:
Let him, than hardest sires, more disinherit,
And each where boast it as his merit,
To blow up orphans, widows, and their states,
And think his power doth equal fate's.
Let that go heap a mass of wretched wealth,
Purchas'd by rapine, worse than stealth,
And brooding o'er it sit, with broadest eyes,
Not doing good, scarce when he dies.
Let thousands more go flatter vice, and win,
By being organs to great sin,
Get place and honour, and be glad to keep
The secrets that shall break their sleep:
And so they ride in purple, eat in plate,
Though poison, think it a great fate.
But thou, my Wroth, if I can truth apply,
Shalt neither that, nor this envy:

Thy peace is made; and when man's ſtate is well,
'Tis better, if he there can dwell.
God wiſheth none ſhould wreck on a ſtrange ſhelf:
To him man's dearer, than t' himſelf.
And howſoever we may think things ſweet,
He always gives what he knows meet;
Which who can uſe is happy: Such be thou.
Thy morning's and thy evening's vow
Be thanks to him, and earneſt pray'r, to find
A body ſound, with ſounder mind;
To do thy country ſervice, thyſelf right;
That neither want do thee affright,
Nor death; but when thy lateſt ſand is ſpent,
Thou may'ſt think life a thing but lent.

IV. *To the World. A farewell for a Gentlewoman, virtuous and noble.*

False world, good night, ſince thou haſt brought
That hour upon my morn of age,
Henceforth I quit thee from my thought,
My part is ended on thy ſtage.
Do not once hope, that thou canſt tempt
A ſpirit ſo reſolv'd to tread
Upon thy throat, and live exempt
From all the nets that thou canſt ſpread.
I know thy forms are ſtudied arts,
Thy ſubtil ways be narrow ſtraits;
Thy curteſy but ſudden ſtarts,
And what thou call'ſt thy gifts, are baits.
I know too, though thou ſtrut and paint,
Yet art thou both ſhrunk up, and old;
That only fools make thee a ſaint,
And all thy good is to be ſold.
I know thou whole art but a ſhop
Of toys, and trifles, traps, and ſnares,
To take the weak, or make them ſtop:
Yet art thou falſer than thy wares.
And knowing this ſhould I yet ſtay,
Like ſuch as blow away their lives,
And never will redeem a day,
Enamour'd of their golden gyves?
Or having 'ſcap'd, ſhall I return,
And thruſt my neck into the nooſe,
From whence ſo lately I did burn
With all my powers, myſelf to looſe?
What bird or beaſt is known ſo dull,
That fled his cage, or broke his chain,
And taſting air and freedom, wull
Render his head in there again?
If theſe who have but ſenſe, can ſhun
The engines, that have them annoy'd;
Little for me had reaſon done,
If I could not thy gins avoid.
Yes, threaten, do. Alas, I fear
As little, as I hope from thee:
I know thou canſt nor ſhow, nor bear
More hatred, than thou haſt to me.
My tender firſt and ſimple years
Thou didſt abuſe, and then betray;
Since ſtirr'dſt up jealouſies and fears,
When all the cauſes were away.
Then in a ſoil haſt planted me,
Where breathe the baſeſt of thy fools;
Where envious arts profeſſed be,
And pride and ignorance the ſchools:
Where nothing is examin'd, weigh'd,
But as 'tis rumour'd, ſo believ'd;
Where ev'ry freedom is betray'd,
And ev'ry goodneſs tax'd or griev'd.
But what we're born for, we muſt bear:
Our frail condition it is ſuch,
That what to all may happen here,
If't chance to me, I muſt not grutch.
Elſe I my ſtate ſhould much miſtake,
To harbour a divided thought
From all my kind: that for my ſake,
There ſhould a miracle be wrought.
No! I do know, that I was born
To age, misfortune, ſickneſs, grief:
But I will bear theſe, with that ſcorn,
As ſhall not need thy falſe relief.
Nor for my peace will I go far,
As wand'rers do, that ſtill do roam;
But make my ſtrengths, ſuch as they are,
Here in my boſom, and at home.

V. *Song. To Celia.*

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the ſports of love;
Time will not be ours for ever:
He at length our good will ſever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain.
Suns that ſet, may riſe again:
But if once we loſe this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why ſhould we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor houſehold ſpies?
Or his eaſier ears beguile,
So removed by our wile?
'Tis no ſin love's fruit to ſteal,
But the ſweet theft to reveal:
To be taken, to be ſeen,
Theſe have crimes accounted been.

VI. *To the ſame.*

Kiss me, ſweet: the wary lover
Can your favours keep, and cover,
When the common courting jay
All your bounties will betray.
Kiſs again: no creature comes.
Kiſs and ſcore up wealthy ſums
On my lips, thus hardly ſundred,
While you breathe. Firſt give a hundred,
Then a thouſand, then another
Hundred, then unto the other
Add a thouſand, and ſo more:
Till you equal with the ſtore,
All the graſs that Rumney yields,
Or the ſands in Chelſea fields,
Or the drops in ſilver Thames,
Or the ſtars that gild his ſtreams,
In the ſilent ſummer nights,
When youths ply their ſtol'n delights;
That the curious may not know
How to tell 'em as they flow,
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pin'd.

VII. *Song. That Women are but Men's Shadows.*

Follow a ſhadow, it ſtill flies you,
Seem to fly it, it will purſue:
So court a miſtreſs, ſhe denies you;
Let her alone, ſhe will court you.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styl'd but the ſhadows of us men?
At morn and even, ſhades are longeſt;
At noon they are or ſhort, or none:
So men at weakeſt, they are ſtrongeſt,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styl'd but the ſhadows of us men?

VIII. *Song. To Sickneſs.*

Why, diſeaſe, doſt thou moleſt
Ladies, and of them the beſt?
Do not men, enow of rites
To thy altars, by their nights
Spent in ſurfeits; and their days,
And nights too, in worſer ways?
Take heed, Sickneſs, what you do,
I ſhall fear, you'll ſurfeit too.
Live not we, as all thy ſtalls,
Spittles, peſt-houſe, hoſpitals,
Scarce will take our preſent ſtore?
And this age will build no more:
'Pray thee, feed contented then,
Sickneſs, only on us men.
Or if it needs thy luſt will taſte
Womankind, devour the waſte
Livers, round about the town.
But, forgive me, with thy crown
They maintain the trueſt trade,
And have more diſeaſes made.
What ſhould yet thy palate pleaſe?
Daintineſs, and ſofter eaſe,
Sleeked limbs, and fineſt blood?
If thy leanneſs love ſuch food,
There are thoſe, that for thy ſake,
Do enough; and who would take
Any pains, yea, think it price,
To become thy ſacrifice?
That diſtil their huſband's land
In decoctions; and are man'd
With ten emp'rics, in their chamber,
Lying for the ſpirit of amber.
That for the oil of talc dare ſpend
More than citizens dare lend
Them, and all their officers.
That to make all pleaſure theirs,
Will by coach and water go,
Every ſtew in town to know;
Dare entail their loves on any,
Bald, or blind, or ne'er ſo many:
And for thee at common game,
Play away health, wealth, and fame.
Theſe, Diſeaſe, will thee deſerve:
And will long, ere thou ſhould'ſt ſtarve,
On their beds, moſt proſtitute,
Move it, as their humbleſt ſuit,
In thy juſtice to moleſt
None but them, and leave the reſt.

IX. *Song. To Celia.*

Drink to me, only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiſs but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirſt, that from the ſoul doth riſe,
Doth aſk a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar ſup,
I would not change for thine.
I ſent thee late a roſy wreath,
Not ſo much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didſt only breathe,
And ſent'ſt it back to me:
Since when it grows, and ſmells, I ſwear,
Not of itſelf, but thee.

X.

And muſt I ſing? what ſubject ſhall I chooſe?
Or whoſt great name in poets heaven uſe?
For the more countenance to my active muſe?

Hercules? alas, his bones are yet ſore,
With his old earthly labours. T' exact more,
Of his dull godhead, were ſin. I'll implore

Phœbus? No, tend thy cart ſtill. Envious day
Shall not give out, that I have made thee ſtay,
And founder'd thy hot team, to tune my lay.

Nor will I beg of thee, lord of the vine,
To raiſe my ſpirits with thy conjuring wine,
In the green circle of thy ivy twine.

Pallas, nor thee, I call on, mankind maid,
That at thy birth, mad'ſt the poor ſmith afraid,
Who with his ax, thy father's midwife play'd.

Go cramp dull Mars, light Venus, when he ſnorts,
Or with thy tribade trine, invent new ſports.
Thou nor thy looſeneſs with my making ſorts.

Let the old boy, your ſon, ply his old taſk,
Turn the ſtale prologue to ſome painted maſk;
His abſence in my verſe is all I aſk.

Hermes, the cheater, ſhall not mix with us,
Though he would ſteal his ſiſter's Pegaſus,
And riffle him; or pawn his Petaſus.

Nor all the ladies of the Theſpian lake, [make
(Though they were cruſh'd into one form) could
A beauty of that merit, that ſhould take

My muſe up by commiſſion: no, I bring
My own true fire. Now my thought takes wing,
And now an epode to deep ears I ſing.

XI. *Epode.*

Not to know vice at all, and keep true ſtate,
Is virtue and not fate:
Next to that virtue, is to know vice well,
And her black ſpite expel.

Which to effect (since no breast is so sure,
Or safe, but she'll procure
Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard
Of thoughts to watch, and ward
At th' eye and ear (the ports unto the mind)
That no strange, or unkind
Object arrive there, but the heart (our spy)
Give knowledge instantly,
To wakeful reason, our affections king:
Who (in th' examining)
Will quickly taste the treason, and commit
Close, the close cause of it.
'Tis the securest policy we have,
To make our sense our slave.
But this true course is not embrac'd by many:
By many? scarce by any.
For either our affections do rebel,
Or else the sentinel
(That should ring larum to the heart) doth sleep,
Or some great thought doth keep
Back the intelligence, and falsely swears,
They're base, and idle fears
Whereof the loyal conscience so complains.
Thus by these subtle trains,
Do several passions invade the mind,
And strike our reason blind;
Of which usurping rank, some have thought love
The first; as prone to move
Most frequent tumults, horrors, and unrests,
In our enflamed breasts.
But this doth from the cloud of error grow,
Which thus we overblow.
The thing they here call love, is blind desire,
Arm'd with bow, shafts, and fire;
Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 'tis born,
Rough, swelling, like a storm:
With whom who sails, rides on the surge of fear,
And boils, as if he were
In a continual tempest. Now, true love,
No such effects doth prove;
That is an essence far more gentle, fine,
Pure, perfect, nay divine;
It is a golden chain let down from heaven,
Whose links are bright and even.
That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines
The soft, and sweetest minds
In equal knots: this bears no brands, nor darts,
To murther different hearts,
But in a calm, and godlike unity,
Preserves community.
O, who is he, that (in this peace) enjoys
Th' elixir of all joys?
A form more fresh, than are the Eden bow'rs,
And lasting, as her flow'rs:
Richer than time, and as time's virtue rare:
Sober, as saddest care:
A fixed thought, an eye untaught to glance;
Who (blest with such high chance)
Would, at suggestion of a steep desire,
Cast himself from the spire
Of all his happiness? But soft: I hear
Some vicious fool draw near,
That cries, we dream, and swears there's no such thing,
As this chaste love we sing.
Peace, luxury, thou art like one of those
Who, being at sea, suppose,
Because they move, the continent doth so.
No, vice, we let thee know, [fly,
Though thy wild thoughts with sparrows wings do
Turtles can chastely die;
And yet (in this t' express ourselves more clear)
We do not number here
Such spirits as are only continent,
Because lust's means are spent:
Or those, who doubt the common mouth of fame,
And for their place and name,
Cannot so safely sin. Their chastity
Is mere necessity.
Nor mean we those, whom vows and conscience
Have fill'd with abstinence:
Though we acknowledge, who can so abstain,
Makes a most blessed gain.
He that for love of goodness hateth ill,
Is more crown-worthy still,
Than he, which for sin's penalty forbears;
His heart sins, though he fears.
But we propose a person like our dove,
Grac'd with a phœnix love;
A beauty of that clear, and sparkling light,
Would make a day of night,
And turn the blackest sorrows to bright joys:
Whose od'rous breath destroys
All taste of bitterness, and makes the air
As sweet as she is fair.
A body so harmoniously compos'd,
As if nature disclos'd
All her best symmetry in that one feature!
O, so divine a creature,
Who could be false to? chiefly when he knows
How only she bestows
The wealthy treasure of her love on him;
Making his fortunes swim
In the full flood of her admir'd perfection?
What savage, brute affection,
Would not be fearful to offend a dame
Of this excelling frame?
Much more a noble, and right gen'rous mind
(To virtuous moods inclin'd)
That knows the weight of guilt: he will refrain
From thoughts of such a strain,
And to his sense object this sentence ever,
"Man may securely sin, but safely never."

XII. *Epistle. To Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland.*

MADAM,

Whilst that, for which all virtue now is sold,
And almost ev'ry vice, almighty gold,
That which, to boot with hell, is thought worth heav'n,
And for it, life, conscience, yea souls are giv'n,
Toils, by grave custom, up and down the court,
To ev'ry squire, or groom, that will report
Well or ill, only all the following year,
Just to the weight their this day's presents bear;
While it makes huishers serviceable men,
And some one apteth to be trusted then,
Though never after; whiles it gains the voice
Of some grand peer, whose air doth make rejoice

The fool that gave it; who will want, and weep,
When his proud patron's favours are aſleep;
While thus it buys great grace, and hunts poor fame;
Runs between man and man; 'tween dame and dame;
Solders crack'd friendſhip; makes love laſt a day;
Or perhaps leſs: whilſt gold bears all this ſway,
I, that have none to ſend you, ſend you verſe;
A preſent which (if elder writs rehearſe
The truth of times) was once of more eſteem,
Than this our gilt, nor golden age can deem,
When gold was made no weapon to cut throats,
Or put to flight Aſtrea, when her ingots
Were yet unfound, and better plac'd in earth,
Than here, to give pride fame, and peaſants birth.
But let this droſs carry what price it will
With noble ignorants, and let them ſtill
Turn upon ſcorned verſe their quarter-face:
With you, I know, my off'ring will find grace.
For what a ſin 'gainſt your great father's ſpirit,
Were it to think, that you ſhould not inherit
His love unto the muſes, when his ſkill
Almoſt you have, or may have when you will?
Wherein wiſe nature you a dowry gave,
Worth an eſtate, triple to that you have.
Beauty I know is good, and blood is more;
Riches thought moſt; but, madam, think what ſtore
The world hath ſeen, which all theſe had in truſt,
And now lie loſt in their forgotten duſt.
It is the muſe alone, can raiſe to heaven,
And at her ſtrong arms end, hold up, and even,
The ſouls ſhe loves. Thoſe other glorious notes,
Inſcrib'd in touch or marble, or the coats
Painted, or carv'd upon our great mens tombs,
Or in their windows, do but prove the wombs
That bred them, graves: when they were born they dy'd,
That had the muſe to make their fame abide.
How many equal with the Argive queen,
Have beauty known, yet none ſo famous ſeen?
Achilles was not firſt, that valiant was,
Or, in an army's head, that lock'd in braſs
Gave killing ſtrokes. There were brave men before
Ajax, or Idomen, or all the ſtore
That Homer brought to Troy; yet none ſo live,
Becauſe they lack'd the ſacred pen, could give
Like life unto 'em. Who heav'd Hercules
Unto the ſtars? or the Tyndarides?
Who placed Jaſon's Argo in the ſky?
Or ſet bright Ariadne's crown ſo high?
Who made a lamp of Berenice's hair?
Or lifted Caſſiopeia in her chair?
But only poets, rapt with rage divine? [ſhine.
And ſuch, or my hopes fail, ſhall make you
You, and that other ſtar, that pureſt light
Of all Lucina's train, Lucy the bright.
Than which a nobler heav'n itſelf knows not;
Who though ſhe have a better verſer got,
(Or poet, in the court-account) than I,
And who doth me (though I not him) envy,
Yet for the timely favours ſhe hath done,
To my leſs ſanguine muſe, wherein ſhe hath won
My grateful ſoul, the ſubject of her pow'rs,
I have already us'd ſome happy hours
To her remembrance which when time ſhall bring
To curious light, to notes, I then ſhall ſing,
Will prove old Orpheus' act no tale to be:
For I ſhall move ſtocks, ſtones, no leſs than he.
Then all that have but done my muſe leaſt grace,
Shall throngingly come, and boaſt the happy place
They hold in my ſtrange poems, which, as yet,
Had not their form touch'd by an Engliſh wit.
There, like a rich and golden pyramid,
Born up by ſtatues, ſhall I rear your head,
Above your under carved ornaments,
And ſhow how to the life my ſoul preſents
Your form impreſt there: not with tickling rhymes,
Or common places, filch'd, that take theſe times,
But high, and noble matter, ſuch as flies
From brains entranc'd, and fill'd with exſtaſies,
Moods, which the godlike Sidney oft did prove,
And your brave friend and mine ſo well did love.
Who, whereſoe'er he be——

[*The reſt is loſt.*]

XIII. *Epiſtle to Katharine, Lady Aubigney.*

'Tis grown almoſt a danger to ſpeak true
Of any good mind, now: there are ſo few.
The bad, by number, are ſo fortify'd,
As what they've loſt, t' expect they dare deride;
So both the prais'd and praiſers ſuffer: yet,
For others ill ought none their good forget.
I therefore, who profeſs myſelf in love
With ev'ry virtue, whereſoe'er it move,
And howſoever; as I am at feud
With ſin and vice, though with a throne endu'd;
And in this name am given out dangerous
By arts, and practice of the vicious,
Such as ſuſpect themſelves, and think it fit
For their own capital crimes, t' indict my wit;
I that have ſuffer'd this; and though forſook
Of fortune, have not alter'd yet my look,
Or ſo myſelf abandon'd, as becauſe
Men are not juſt, or keep no holy laws
Of nature and ſociety, I ſhould faint;
Or fear to draw true lines, 'cauſe others paint;
I, madam, am become your praiſer; where,
If it may ſtand with your ſoft bluſh, to hear
Yourſelf but told unto yourſelf, and ſee
In my character what your features be,
You will not from the paper ſlightly paſs:
No lady but at ſome time loves her glaſs.
And this ſhall be no falſe one, but as much
Remov'd, as you from need to have it ſuch.
Look then, and ſee yourſelf. I will not ſay
Your beauty; for you ſee that ev'ry day;
And ſo do many more. All which can call
It perfect, proper, pure, and natural,
Not taken up o' th' doctors, but as well
As I, can ſay and ſee it doth excel.
That aſks but to be cenſur'd by the eyes;
And in thoſe outward forms, all fools are wiſe,
Nor that your beauty wanted not a dow'r,
Do I reflect. Some alderman has pow'r,
Or coz'ning farmer of the cuſtoms ſo,
T' advance his doubtful iſſue, and o'erflow
A prince's fortune: theſe are gifts of chance,
And raiſe not virtue; they may vice enhance.

My mirror is more ſubtle, clear, reſin'd,
And takes and gives the beauties of the mind;
Though it reject not thoſe of fortune: ſuch
As blood, and match. Wherein, how more than much
Are you engaged to your happy fate,
For ſuch a lot! that mixt you with a ſtate
Of ſo great title, birth, but virtue moſt,
Without which all the reſt were ſounds, or loſt.
'Tis only that can time and chance defeat:
For he that once is good, is ever great.
Wherewith then, madam, can you better pay
This bleſſing of your ſtars, than by that way
Of virtue, which you tread? What if alone,
Without companions? 'tis ſafe to have none.
In ſingle paths, dangers with eaſe are watch'd:
Contagion in the preſs is ſooneſt catch'd.
This makes, that wiſely you decline your life
Far from the maze of cuſtom, error, ſtrife,
And keep an even, and unalter'd gait;
Not looking by, or back, (like thoſe that wait
Times and occaſions, to ſtart forth, and ſeem)
Which though the turning world may diſeſteem,
Becauſe that ſtudies ſpectacles and ſhows,
And after varied, as freſh objects, goes,
Giddy with change, and therefore cannot ſee
Right, the right way; yet muſt your comfort be
Your conſcience, and not wonder if one aſks
For truth's complexion, where they all wear maſks.
Let who will follow faſhions and attires,
Maintain their liegers forth, for foreign wires
Melt down their huſbands lands, to pour away
On the cloſe groom and page, on New-year's day,
And almoſt all days after, while they live;
(They find it both ſo witty, and ſafe to give)
Let 'em on powders, oils, and paintings ſpend,
Till that no uſurer, nor his bawds dare lend
Them or their officers: and no man know,
Whether it be a face they wear or no.
Let 'em waſte body and 'ſtate; and after all,
When their own paraſites laugh at their fall,
May they have nothing left, whereof they can
Boaſt, but how oft they have done wrong to man,
And call it their brave ſin. For ſuch there be
That do ſin only for the infamy:
And never think, how vice doth ev'ry hour,
Eat on her clients, and ſome one devour.
You, madam, young have learn'd to ſhun theſe ſhelves, [ſelves,
Whereon the moſt of mankind wreck them-
And keeping a juſt courſe, have early put
Into your harbour, and all paſſage ſhut
'Gainſt ſtorms or pirates, that might charge your peace;
For which you worthy are the glad increaſe
Of your bleſt womb, made fruitful from above,
To pay your lord the pledges of chaſte love,
And raiſe a noble ſtem, to give the ſame
To Clifton's blood, that is deny'd their name.
Grow, grow, fair tree, and as thy branches ſhoot,
Hear what the muſes ſing above thy root,
By me, their prieſt (if they can ought divine)
Before the moons have fill'd their triple trine,
To crown the burden which you go withal,
It ſhall a ripe and timely iſſue fall,
T'expect the honours of great Aubigny:
And greater rites, yet writ in myſtery,
But which the fates forbid me to reveal.
Only thus much out of a raviſh'd zeal
Unto your name, and goodneſs of your life,
They ſpeak; ſince you are truly that rare wife,
Other great wives may bluſh at, when they ſee
What your try'd manners are, what theirs ſhould be;
How you love one, and him you ſhould, how ſtill
You are depending on his word and will;
Not faſhion'd for the court, or ſtrangers eyes;
But to pleaſe him, who is the dearer prize
Unto himſelf, by being ſo dear to you.
This makes, that your affections ſtill he new,
And that your ſouls conſpire, as they were gone
Each into other, and had now made one.
Live that one ſtill; and as long years do paſs,
Madam, be bold to uſe this trueſt glaſs:
Wherein your form you ſtill the ſame ſhall find;
Becauſe nor it can change, nor ſuch a mind.

XIV. *Ode. To Sir William Sidney, on his Birth-day.*

Now, that the hearth is crown'd with ſmiling fire,
And ſome do drink, and ſome do dance,
Some ring,
Some ſing,
And all do ſtrive t' advance
The gladneſs higher:
Wherefore ſhould I
Stand ſilent by,
Who not the leaſt,
Both love the cauſe, and authors of the feaſt?

Give me my cup, but from the Theſpian well,
That I may tell to Sidney what
This day
Doth ſay,
And he may think on that
Which I do tell:
When all the noiſe
Of theſe forc'd joys,
Are fled and gone,
And he with his beſt genius left alone.

This day ſays, then, the number of glad years
Are juſtly ſumm'd that make you man;
Your vow
Muſt now
Strive all right ways it can,
T' outſtrip your peers:
Since he doth lack
Of going back
Little, whoſe will
Doth urge him to run wrong, or to ſtand ſtill.

Nor can a little of the common ſtore,
Of nobles virtue, ſhow in you;
Your blood
So good

And great, muſt ſeek for new,
And ſtudy more:
Nor weary, reſt
On what's deceas'd,
For they, that ſwell
With duſt of anceſtors, in graves but dwell.

'Twill be exacted of your name, whoſe ſon,
Whoſe nephew, whoſe grandchild you are;
And men
Will then
Say you have follow'd far,
When well begun:
Which muſt be now,
They teach you how.
And he that ſtays [days.
To live until to mo-morrow, hath loſt two

So may you live in honour, as in name,
If with this truth you be inſpir'd;
So may
This day
Be more, and long deſir'd?
And with the flame
Of love be bright,
As with the light
Of bonfires. Then
The birth-day ſhines, when logs not burn, but men.

XV. - *To Heaven.*

Good and great God! can I not think of thee,
But it muſt ſtraight my melancholy be?
Is it interpreted in me diſcaſe,
That, laden with my ſins, I ſeek for eaſe?
O be thou witneſs, that the reins doſt know,
And hearts of all, if I be ſad for ſhow;
And judge me after: if I dare pretend
To ought but grace, or aim at other end.
As thou art all, ſo be thou all to me,
Firſt, midſt, and laſt, converted one and three,
My faith, my hope, my love; and in this ſtate,
My judge, my witneſs, and my advocate
Where have I been this while exil'd from thee?
And whither rapt, now thou but ſtoop'ſt to me?
Dwell, dwell here ſtill: O, being ev'ry-where,
How can I doubt to find thee ever here?
I know my ſtate, both full of ſhame and ſcorn,
Conceiv'd in ſin, and unto labour born,
Standing with fear, and muſt with horror fall.
And deſtin'd unto judgment after all.
I feel my griefs too, and there ſcarce is ground
Upon my fleſh to inflict another wound.
Yet dare I not complain, or wiſh for death
With holy Paul, leſt it be thought the breath
Of diſcontent: or that theſe prayers be
For wearineſs of life, not love of thee.

UNDER-WOODS.

CONSISTING OF DIVERS POEMS.

Cineri, gloria ſera venit.——MART.

TO THE READER.

WITH the ſame leave the ancients called that kind of body *Sylva*, or ὕλη in which there were works of divers nature and matter congeſted; as the multitude call timber-trees, promiſcuouſly growing, a wood or foreſt; ſo I am bold to entitle theſe leſſer poems, of later growth, by this of UNDERWOOD, out of the analogy they hold to the Foreſt in my former book, and no otherwiſe.

BEN. JONSON.

POEMS OF DEVOTION.

THE SINNERS SACRIFICE.

TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

I.

O HOLY, bleſſed, glorious Trinity
Of perſons, ſtill one God in Unity.
The faithful man's believed myſtery,
Help, help to lift

II.

Myſelf up to thee, harrow'd, torn and bruis'd
By ſin and Satan; and my fleſh miſus'd,
As my heart lies in pieces, all confus'd,
O take my gift.

III.

All-gracious God, the ſinner's ſacrifice,
A broken heart, thou wert not wont deſpiſe;
But 'bove the fat of rams, or bulls, to prize
An off'ring meet,

IV.

For thy acceptance. O, behold me right,
And take compaſſion on my grievous plight.
What odour can be, than a heart contrite,
To thee more ſweet?

V.

Eternal Father, God, who didſt create
This all of nothing, gav'ſt it form and ſtate,
And breath'ſt into it, life and light, with ſtate
To worſhip thee.

VI.

Eternal God the Son, who not deny'dſt
To take our nature; becam'ſt man, and dy'dſt,
To pay our debts, upon thy croſs, and cry'dſt
All's done in me.

VII.

Eternal Spirit, God from both proceeding,
Father and Son; the Comforter, in breeding
Pure thoughts in man: with fiery zeal them feeding
For acts of grace.

VIII.

Increaſe thoſe acts, O glorious Trinity
Of perſons, ſtill one God in unity;
Till I attain the long'd for myſtery
Of ſeeing your face.

IX.

Beholding one in three, and three in one,
A Trinity, to ſhine in unity;
The gladdeſt light dark man can think upon;
O grant it me!

X.

Father, and Son, and Holy Ghoſt, you three,
All co-eternal in your majeſty,
Diſtinct in perſons, yet in unity
One God to ſee.

XI.

My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier:
To hear, to meditate, ſweeten my deſire,

With grace, with love, with cherishing entire
O then how blest!

XII.

Among thy saints elected to abide,
And with thy angels placed, side by side,
But in thy presence, truly glorify'd
Shall I there rest!

An Hymn to God the Father.

HEAR me, O God!
A broken heart
Is my best part:
Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein thy love.

If thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and thee,

For sin 's so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than thou hast done?
That gav'st a Son
To free a slave:
First made of nought;
Withal since bought.

Sin, death, and hell,
His glorious name
Quite overcame;
Yet I rebel,
And slight the same.

But I'll come in
Before my loss
Me farther toss,
As sure to win
Under his cross.

An Hymn on the Nativity of my Saviour.

SING the birth was born to-night,
The Author both of life and light;
The angels so did sound it.
And like the ravish'd shepherds said,
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
Yet search'd, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' Eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger;
He whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which heaven and earth did make,
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom will'd it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that Wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made flesh indeed,
And took on him our nature.

What comfort by him do we win,
Who made himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory.
To see this babe, all innocence;
A martyr born in our defence:
Can man forget the story?

A CELEBRATION OF CHARIS,

IN TEN LYRIC PIECES.

I. *His excuse for Loving*

LET it not your wonder move,
Less your laughter, that I love.
Though I now write fifty years,
I have had, and have my peers;
Poets, though divine, are men:
Some have lov'd as old again.
And it is not always face,
Clothes, or fortune, gives the grace;
Or the feature, or the youth:
But the language, and the truth,
With the ardour, and the passion,
Gives the lover weight and fashion.
If you then will read the story,
First, prepare you to be sorry,
That you never knew till now,
Either whom to love, or how:
But be glad, as soon with me,
When you know that this is she
Of whose beauty it was sung,
She shall make the old man young,
Keep the middle age at stay,
And let nothing high decay,
Till she be the reason why
All the world for love may die.

II. *How he saw her.*

I BEHELD her on a day
When her look out-flourish'd May;
And her dressing did outbrave
All the pride the fields then have:
Far I was from being stupid,
For I ran and call'd on Cupid;
Love, if thou wilt ever see
Mark of glory, come with me;
Where's thy quiver, bend thy bow;
Here's a shaft, thou art too slow!
And, withal, I did untie
Every cloud about his eye;
But he had not gain'd his sight
Sooner than he lost his might,
Or his courage; for away
Straight he ran, and durst not stay,
Letting bow and arrow fall;
Nor for any threat or call
Could be brought once back to look,
I, fool-hardy, there up took
Both the arrow he had quit
And the bow, which thought to hit

This my object: but she threw
Such a lightning (as I drew)
At my face, that took my sight
And my motion from me quite;
So that there I stood a stone,
Mock'd of all, and call'd of one
(Which with grief and wrath I heard)
Cupid's statue with a beard;
Or else one that played his ape,
In a Hercules his shape.

III. *What he Suffered.*

After many scorns like these,
Which the prouder beauties please;
She content was to restore
Eyes and limbs, to hurt me more,
And, would, on conditions, be
Reconcil'd to love and me.
First, that I must kneeling yield
Both the bow and shaft I held
Unto her; which Love might take
At her hand, with oaths, to make
Me the scope of his next draught,
Aimed with that self-same shaft.
He no sooner heard the law,
But the arrow home did draw,
And (to gain her by his art)
Left it sticking in my heart:
Which when she beheld to bleed,
She repented of the deed,
And would fain have chang'd the fate,
But the pity comes too late.
Loser-like, now, all my wreak
Is, that I have leave to speak.
And in either prose, or song,
To revenge me with my tongue;
Which how dexterously I do,
Hear, and make example too.

IV. *Her Triumph.*

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty,
And enamour'd, do wish so they might
But enjoy such a sight;
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Ha' you mark'd but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Ha' you felt the wool of bever?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

V. *His Discourse with Cupid.*

Noblest Charis, you that are
Both my fortune and my star!
And do govern more my blood,
Than the various moon the flood!
Hear what late discourse of you
Love and I have had, and true.
'Mongst my muses finding me,
Where he chanc'd your name to see
Set, and to this softer strain;
Sure, said he, if I have brain,
This here sung can be no other,
By description, but my mother!
So hath Homer prais'd her hair;
So Anacreon drawn the air
Of her face, and made to rise
Just about her sparkling eyes,
Both her brows bent like my bow.
By her looks I do her know,
Which you call my shafts. And see!
Such my mother's blushes be,
As the bath your verse discloses
In her cheeks, of milk and roses,
Such as oft I wanton in!
And, above her even chin,
Have you plac'd the bank of kisses,
Where, you say, men gather blisses,
Ripen'd with a breath more sweet
Than when flow'rs and west-winds meet.
Nay, her white and polish'd neck,
With the lace that doth it deck,
Is my mother's! hearts of slain
Lovers, made into a chain!
And between each rising breast,
Lies the valley call'd my nest,
Where I sit and proyn my wings
After flight; and put new stings
To my shafts! her very name
With my mother's is the same.
I confess all, I reply'd,
And the glass hangs by her side,
And the girdle 'bout her waist,
All is Venus, save unchaste.
But alas, thou feest the least
Of her good, who is the best
Of her sex: but couldst thou, Love,
Call to mind the forms that strove
For the apple, and those three
Make in one, the same were she.
For this beauty yet doth hide
Something more than thou hast spy'd.
Outward grace weak love beguiles:
She is Venus when she smiles;
But she's Juno when she walks,
And Minerva when she talks.

VI. *Claiming a Second Kiſs by Deſert.*

CHARIS, gueſs, and do not miſs,
Since I drew a morning kiſs
From your lips, and ſuck'd an air
Thence, as ſweet as you are fair.
What my muſe and I have done;
Whether we have loſt or won,
If by us the odds were laid,
That the bride (allow'd a maid)
Look'd not half ſo freſh and fair,
With th' advantage of her hair,
And her jewels to the view
Of th' aſſembly, as did you!
Or that did you ſit or walk,
You were more the eye and talk
Of the court, to-day, than all
Elſe that gliſter'd in Whitehall,
So, as thoſe that had your ſight,
Wiſh'd the bride were chang'd to-night,
And did think ſuch rites were due
To no other grace but you!
Or, if you did move to-night,
In the dances, with what ſpite
Of your peers you were beheld,
That at every motion ſwell'd
So to ſee a lady tread,
As might all the Graces lead,
And was worthy (being ſo ſeen)
To be envy'd of the queen,
Or if you would yet have ſtay'd,
Whether any would upbraid
To himſelf his loſs of time;
Or have charg'd his ſight of crime,
To have left all ſight for you.
Gueſs, of theſe, which is the true;
And, if ſuch a verſe as this,
May not claim another kiſs.

VII. *Begging another, on colour of Mending the former.*

FOR Love's ſake, kiſs me once again,
I long, and ſhould not beg in vain.
Here's none to ſpy, or ſee;
Why do you not doubt or ſtay?
I'll taſte as lightly as the bee,
That doth but touch his flower, and flies away.
Once more, and (faith) I will be gone,
Can he that loves aſk leſs than one?
Nay, you may err in this,
And all your bounty wrong:
This could be call'd but half a kiſs;
What we're but once to do, we ſhould do long.
I will but mend the laſt, and tell
Where, how it would have reliſh'd well;
Join lip to lip, and try:
Each ſuck others breath,
And whilſt our tongues perplexed lie,
Let who will think us dead, or wiſh our death.

VIII. *Urging her of a Promiſe.*

CHARIS one day in diſcourſe
Had of love, and of his force,
Lightly promis'd ſhe would tell
What a man ſhe could love well:
And that promiſe ſet on fire
All that heard her with deſire.
With the reſt I long expected
When the work would be effected:
But we find that cold delay,
And excuſe ſpun every day,
As, until ſhe tell her one,
We all fear, ſhe loveth none.
Therefore, Charis, you muſt do't,
For I will ſo urge you to't,
You ſhall neither eat nor ſleep,
No, nor forth your window peep,
With your emiſſary eye,
To fetch in the forms go by:
And pronounce, which band or lace
Better fits him than his face;
Nay, I will not let you ſit
'Fore your idol glaſs a whit,
To ſay over every purl
There, or to reform a curl;
Or with ſecretary Cis
To conſult, if ſucus this
Be as good, as was the laſt:
All your ſweet of life is paſt,
Make account, unleſs you can,
(And that quickly) ſpeak your man.

IX. *Her Man Deſcribed by her own Dictamen.*

OF your trouble, Ben, to eaſe me,
I will tell what man would pleaſe me.
I would have him, if I could,
Noble, or of greater blood;
Titles, I confeſs, do take me,
And a woman God did make me;
French to boot, at leaſt in faſhion,
And his manners of that nation.
Young I'd have him too, and fair,
Yet a man, with criſped hair,
Caſt in thouſand ſnares and rings,
For Love's fingers, and his wings:
Cheſnut colour, or more ſlack,
Gold, upon a ground of black.
Venus and Minerva's eyes,
For he muſt look wanton-wiſe.
Eyebrows bent, like Cupid's bow,
Front, an ample field of ſnow;
Even noſe, and cheek (withal)
Smooth as is the billiard-ball:
Chin as woolly as the peach;
And his lip ſhould kiſſing teach,
Till he cheriſh'd too much beard,
And make love or me afear'd.
He would have a hand as ſoft
As the down, and ſhow it oft;
Skin as ſmooth as any ruſh,
And ſo thin to ſee a bluſh
Riſing through it, e'er it came;
All his blood ſhould be a flame,
Quickly fir'd, as in beginners
In Love's ſchool, and yet no ſinners.
'Twere too long to ſpeak of all,
What we harmony do call
In a body, ſhould be there.
Well he ſhould his clothes to wear;
Yet no taylor help to make him,
Dreſt, you ſtill for man ſhould take him.

And not think he had cat a ſtake,
Or were ſet up in a brake.
Valiant he ſhould be as fire,
Showing danger more than ire.
Bounteous as the clouds to earth,
And as honeſt as his birth.
All his actions to be ſuch,
As to do no thing too much.
Nor o'erpraiſe, nor yet condemn;
Nor out-value, nor contemn;
Nor do wrongs, nor wrongs receive;
Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave;
And from baſeneſs to be free,
As he durſt love truth and me.
Such a man, with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one if ſhort he came,
I can reſt me where I am.

X. *Another Lady's exception, preſent at the hearing.*

For his mind, I do not care,
That's a toy that I could ſpare:
Let his title be but great,
His clothes rich, and band ſit neat,
Himſelf young, and face be good,
All I wiſh is underſtood.
What you pleaſe, you parts may call,
'Tis one good part I'd lie withal.

The Muſical Strife: in a Paſtoral Diologue.

She. Come, with our voices, let us war,
And challenge all the ſpheres,
Till each of us be made a ſtar,
And all the world turn ears.

He. At ſuch a call, what beaſt or fowl,
Of reaſon empty is!
What tree or ſtone doth want a ſoul?
What man but muſt loſe his?

She. Mix then your notes, that we may prove
To ſtay the running floods;
To make the mountain quarries move;
And call the walking woods.

He. What need of me? do you but ſing,
Sleep, and the grave will wake:
No tunes are ſweet, nor words have ſting,
But what thoſe lips do make.

She. They ſay, the angels mark each deed,
And exerciſe below,
And out of inward pleaſure feed
On what they viewing know.

He. O ſing not you then, leſt the beſt
Of angels ſhould be driven
To fall again, at ſuch a feaſt;
Miſtaking earth for heaven.

She. Nay, rather both our ſouls be ſtrain'd
To meet their high deſire;
So they in ſtate of grace retain'd,
May wiſh us of their quire.

A Song.

Oh do not wanton with thoſe eyes,
Leſt I be ſick with ſeeing;
Nor caſt them down, but let them riſe,
Leſt ſhame deſtroy their being.
O be not angry with thoſe fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my deſires,
For then my hopes will ſpill me.
O do not ſteep them in thy tears,
For ſo will ſorrow ſlay me;
Nor ſpread them as diſtract with fears;
Mine own enough betray me.

In the perſon of Womankind. A Song Apologetic.

Men, if you love us, play no more
The fools or tyrants with your friends,
To make us ſtill ſing o'er and o'er,
Our own falſe praiſes, for your ends:
We have both wits and fancies too,
And if we muſt, let's ſing of you.

Nor do we doubt, but that we can,
If we would ſearch with care and pain,
Find ſome one good, in ſome one man;
So going thorough all your ſtrain,
We ſhall at laſt, of parcels make
One good enough for a ſong's ſake.

And as a cunning painter takes
In any curious piece you ſee,
More pleaſure while the thing he makes,
Than when 'tis made; why, ſo will we.
And having pleas'd our art, we'll try
To make a new, and hang that by.

Another, in Defence of their Inconſtancy.

Hang up thoſe dull and envious fools
That talk abroad of woman's change,
We were not bred to ſit on ſtools,
Our proper virtue is to range:
Take that away, you take our lives,
We are no women then, but wives.

Such as in valour would excel,
Do change, though men, and often fight,
Which we in love muſt do as well,
If ever we will love aright.
The frequent varying of the deed,
Is that which doth perfection breed.

Nor is't inconſtancy to change
For what is better, or to make
(By ſearching) what before was ſtrange,
Familiar, for the uſes ſake:
The good from bad is not deſcry'd,
But as 'tis often vext and try'd.

And this profeſſion of a ſtore
In love, doth not alone help forth
Our pleaſure; but preſerves us more
From being forſaken, than doth worth:
For were the worthieſt woman curſt
To love one man, he'd leave her firſt.

A Nymph's Paſſion.

I LOVE, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not to tell who;
For if the nymphs ſhould know my ſwain,
I fear they'd love him too;
Yet if he be not known,
The pleaſure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow joy is but our own.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me:
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
It were a plague 'bove ſcorn,
And yet it cannot be forborn,
Unleſs my heart would as my thought be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
And freſh and fragrant too,
As ſummer's ſky, or purged air,
And looks as lilies do
That are this morning blown;
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more, that more of him be ſhown.

But he hath eyes ſo round, and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his torches light,
Though Hate had put them out:
But then t' increaſe my fears,
What nymph ſoe'er his voice but hears,
Will be my rival, though ſhe have but ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet no
One unbecoming thought doth move
From either heart I know;
But ſo exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a fame,
If love or fear would let me tell his name.

On a Lover's Duſt, made Sand for an Hour-glaſs *.

Do but conſider this ſmall duſt,
Here running in the glaſs,
By atoms mov'd:
Could you believe that this
The body was
Of one that lov'd?

---

* *In the edition* 1640, *the title of this epigram is,* On a Gentlewoman working by an Hour-glaſs. *The verſes are likewiſe of a different meaſure.*

On a Gentlewoman working by an Hour-glaſs.

" Do but conſider this ſmall duſt,
" Here running in the glaſs;
" Would you believe that it the body was
" Of one that lov'd? [fly,
" And in his miſtreſs' flames playing like a
" Was turned into cinders by her eye?
" Yes; as in life, ſo in their deaths unbleſt,
" A lovers aſhes never can find reſt."

The above is copied from the Latin of Jerome Amal-

And in his miſtreſs' flame, playing like a fly,
Turn'd to cinders by her eye?
Yes, and in death, as life unbleſt,
To have't expreſt,
Ev'n aſhes of lovers find no reſt,

My Picture left in Scotland.

I NOW think, love is rather deaf than blind,
For elſe it could not be
That ſhe,
Whom I adore ſo much, ſhould ſo ſlight me,
And caſt my love behind;
I'm ſure my language to her was as ſweet,
And every cloſe did meet
* In ſentence of as ſubtil feet,
As hath the youngeſt he,
That ſits in ſhadow of Apollo's tree.
Oh, but my conſcious fears,
That fly my thoughts between,
Tell me that ſhe hath ſeen
My hundreds of gray hairs,
Told ſeven and forty years.
Read ſo much waſte, as ſhe cannot embrace
My mountain belly, and my rocky face,
And all theſe through her eyes, have ſtopt her ears.

Againſt Jealouſy.

WRETCHED and fooliſh Jealouſy,
How cam'ſt thou thus to enter me?
I ne'er was of thy kind:
Nor have I yet the narrow mind
To vent that poor deſire,
That others ſhould not warm them at my fire:
I wiſh the ſun ſhould ſhine
On all mens fruits and flowers, as well as mine.

But under the diſguiſe of love,
Thou ſay'ſt, thou only cam'ſt to prove
What my affections were.
Think'ſt thou that love is help'd by fear?
Go, get thee quickly forth,
Love's ſickneſs, and his noted want of worth,

---

theus, one of the moſt ingenious and elegant of the modern Italian poets:

Horologium pulvereum, tumulus Alcippi.

Perſpicuo in vitro pulvis qui dividit horas,
Dum vagus anguſtam ſæpe recurrit iter,
Olim erat Alcippus, qui Gallæ ut vidit ocellos,
Arſit, et eſt cæco factus ab igne cinis.
Irrequiete cinis, miſeros teſtabere amantes
More tuo nulla poſſe quiete frui.

Idem, tolæ tumulus.

Horarum in vitro pulvis nunc menſor, Iolæ
Sunt cineres, urnam condidit acer amor.
Ut, ſi quæ extincto remanent in amore favillæ,
Nec jam tutus eat, nec requietus amet.

* *This, and the preceding copy, were written in Scotland, when Jonſon paid a viſit to Drummond of Hawthornden, in the year* 1619; *and are printed in Drummond's works, without any diviſion, and with the title here given to the firſt, and a long inſcription to Drummond.*

Seek doubting men to pleaſe,
I ne'er will owe my health to a diſeaſe.

The Dream.

Or ſcorn, or pity, on me take,
I muſt the true relation make,
I am undone to-night:
Love in a ſubtil dream diſguiſ'd,
Hath both my heart and me ſurpris'd,
Whom never yet he durſt attempt awake;
Nor will he tell me for whoſe ſake
He did me the delight,
Or ſpight,
But leaves me to inquire
In all my wild deſire
Of ſleep again, who was his aid,
And ſleep ſo guilty and afraid,
As ſince he dares not come within my ſight.

An Epitaph on Maſter Vincent Corbet.

I have my piety too, which, could
It vent itſelf, but as it would,
Would ſay as much as both have done
Before me here, the friend and ſon:
For I both loſt a friend and father,
Of him whoſe bones this grave doth gather;
Dear Vincent Corbet, who ſo long
Had wreſtled with diſeaſes ſtrong,
That though they did poſſeſs each limb,
Yet he broke them, ere they could him,
With the juſt canon of his life;
A life that knew nor noiſe, nor ſtrife;
But was by ſweetning ſo his will,
All order and diſpoſure ſtill.
His mind as pure, and neatly kept,
As were his nurſeries, and ſwept
So of uncleanneſs or offence,
That never came ill odour thence!
And add his actions unto theſe,
They were as ſpecious as his trees.
'Tis true he could not reprehend,
His very manners taught t' amend,
They were ſo even, grave, and holy;
No ſtubbornneſs ſo ſtiff, nor folly
To licence ever was ſo light,
As twice to treſpaſs in his ſight;
His looks would ſo correct it, when
It chid the vice, yet not the men.
Much from him, I profeſs, I won,
And more, and more, I ſhould have done,
But that I underſtood him ſcant,
Now I conceive him by my want;
And pray who ſhall my ſorrows read,
That they for me their tears will ſhed;
For truly, ſince he left to be,
I feel, I'm rather dead than he!

Reader, whoſe life and name did e'er become
An epitaph, deſerv'd a tomb:
Nor wants it here through penury or ſloth,
Who makes the one, ſo it be the firſt, makes both.

An Epiſtle to Sir Edward Sackville, now Earl of Dorſet.

If Sackville, all that have the power to do
Great and good turns, as well could time them too,
And knew their how and where, we ſhould have then
Leſs liſt of proud, hard, or ungrateful men.
For benefits are ow'd with the ſame mind
As they are done, and ſuch returns they find:
You then, whoſe will not only, but deſire
To ſuccour my neceſſities, took fire
Not at my prayers, but your ſenſe, which laid
The way to meet, what others would upbraid,
And in the act did ſo my bluſh prevent,
As I did feel it done, as ſoon as meant:
You cannot doubt, but I who freely know
This good from you, as freely will it owe;
And though my fortune humble me to take
The ſmalleſt courteſies with thanks, I make
Yet choice from whom I take them; and would ſhame
To have ſuch do me good, I durſt not name:
They are the nobleſt benefits, and ſink
Deepeſt in man, of which, when he doth think,
The memory delights him more, from whom
Than what he hath receiv'd. Gifts ſtink from ſome,
They are ſo long a coming, and ſo hard;
Where any deed is forc'd, the grace is marr'd.
Can I owe thanks for courteſies receiv'd
Againſt his will that does 'em? that hath weav'd
Excuſes or delays? or done 'em ſcant,
That they have more oppreſt me than my want?
Or if he did it not to ſuccour me,
But by mere chance? for intereſt? or to free
Himſelf of farther trouble, or the weight
Of preſſure, like one taken in a ſtrait?
All this corrupts the thanks: leſs hath he won,
That puts it in his debt-book ere't be done;
Or that doth ſound a trumpet, and doth call
His grooms to witneſs; or elſe lets it fall
In that proud manner, as a good ſo gain'd,
Muſt make me ſad for what I have obtain'd. [face,
No! gifts and thanks ſhould have one cheerful
So each that's done, and ta'en, becomes a brace.
He neither gives, or does, that doth delay
A benefit: or that doth throw't away.
No more than he doth thank, that will receive
Nought but in corners, and is loth to leave
Leaſt air, or print, but flies it: ſuch men would
Run from the conſcience of it, if they could.
As I have ſeen ſome infants of the ſword
Well known, and practis'd borrowers on their word,
Give thanks by ſtealth, and whiſpering in the ear,
For what they ſtraight would to the world forſwear;
And ſpeaking worſt of thoſe from whom they went
But then fiſt-fill'd, to put me off the ſcent.
Now, dam'me, Sir, if you ſhall not command
My ſword ('tis but a poor ſword underſtand)
As far as any poor ſword i' the land;
Then turning unto him is next at hand,
Damns whom he damn'd too, is the veriеſt gull,
H'as feathers, and will ſerve a man to pull.

Are they not worthy to be anſwer'd ſo,
That to ſuch natures let their full hands flow,
And ſeek no wants to ſuccour: but inquire,
Like money-brokers, after names, and hire
Their bounties forth, to him that laſt was made,
Or ſtands to be'n commiſſion o' the blade?
Still, ſtill the hunters of falſe fame apply
Their thoughts and means to making loud the cry:
But one is bitten by the dog he fed,
And hurt, ſeeks cure; the ſurgeon bids take bread,
And ſpunge-like with it dry up the blood quite:
Then give it to the hound that did him bite:
Pardon, ſays he, that were a way to ſee
All the town-curs take each their ſnatch at me.
O, is it ſo? knows he ſo much? and will
Feed thoſe, at whom the table points at ſtill?
I not deny it, but to help the need
Of any, is a great and gen'rous deed:
Yea, of th' ungrateful; and he forth muſt tell
Many a pound, and piece will place one well;
But theſe men ever want: their very trade
Is borrowing; that but ſtopt, they do invade
All as their prize, turn pirates here at land.
Ha' their Bermudas, and their Streights i' th' Strand;
Man out their boats to th' Temple, and not ſhift
Now, but command; make tribute what was gift,
And it is paid 'em with a trembling zeal,
And ſuperſtition, I dare ſcarce reveal,
If it were clear; but being ſo in cloud
Carried and wrapt, I only am allow'd
My wonder! why the taking a clown's purſe,
Or robbing the poor market-folks, ſhould nurſe
Such a religious horror in the breaſts
Of our town-gallantry! or why there reſts
Sure worſhip due to kicking of a punk!
Or ſwaggering with the watch, or drawer drunk;
Or feats of darkneſs acted in mid-ſun,
And told of with more licence than th' were done!
Such there is myſtery in it I not know,
That men ſuch reverence to ſuch actions ſhow!
And almoſt deify the authors! make
Loud ſacrifice of drink, for their health's ſake:
Rear ſuppers in their names! and ſpend whole nights
Unto their praiſe in certain ſwearing rites:
Cannot a man be reck'ned in the ſtate
Of valour, but at this idolatrous rate?
I thought that fortitude had been a mean
'Twixt fear and raſhneſs; not a luſt obſcene
Or appetite of offending, but a ſkill
Or ſcience of diſcerning good and ill,
And you, Sir, know it well, to whom I write,
That with theſe mixtures we put out her light;
Her ends are honeſty, and public good!
And where they want, ſhe is not underſtood.
No more are theſe of us, let them then go,
I have the liſt of mine own faults to know,
Look to and cure: he's not a man hath none,
But like to be, that every day mends one,
And feels it: elſe he tarries by the beaſt;
Can I diſcern how ſhadows are decreaſt,
Or grown by height or lowneſs of the ſun?
And can I leſs of ſubſtance? when I run,
Ride, ſail, am coach'd, know I how far I have gone;
And my mind's motion not? or have I none;
No! he muſt feel and know, that will advance.
Men have been great, but never good by chance,
Or on the ſudden. It were ſtrange that he
Who was this morning ſuch a one, ſhould be
Sydney ere night? or that to go to bed
Coriat, ſhould riſe the moſt ſufficient head
Of Chriſtendom; and neither of theſe know,
Were the rack offer'd them, how they came ſo:
'Tis by degrees that men arrive at glad
Profit, in ought each day ſome little add,
In time 'twill be a heap: this is not true
Alone in money, but in manners too.
Yet we muſt more than move ſtill, or go on,
We muſt accompliſh: 'tis the laſt key-ſtone
That makes the arch; the reſt that there were put
Are nothing till that comes to bind and ſhut
Then ſtands it a triumphal mark! then men
Obſerve the ſtrength, the height, the why, and when
It was erected; and ſtill walking under,
Meet ſome new matter to look up and wonder!
Such notes are virtuous men! they live as faſt
As they are high; are rooted, and will laſt.
They need no ſtilts, nor riſe upon their toes,
As if they would bely their ſtature; thoſe
Are dwarfs of honour, and have neither weight
Nor faſhion; if they chance aſpire to height,
'Tis like light canes, that firſt riſe big and brave,
Shoot forth in ſmooth and comely ſpaces; have
But few and fair diviſions; but being got
Aloft, grow leſs and ſtreightned: full of knot,
And laſt, go out in nothing: you that ſee
Their difference, cannot chooſe which you will be.
You know (without my flattering you) too much
For me to be your indice. Keep you ſuch,
That I may love your perſon (as I do)
Without your gift, though I can rate that too,
By thanking thus the courteſy to life,
Which you will bury, but therein the ſtrife
May grow ſo great to be example, when
(As their true rule or leſſon) either men,
Donnors or Donnees, to their practice ſhall
Find you to reckon nothing, me owe all.

An Epiſtle to Mr. John Selden.

I KNOW to whom I write here, I am ſure,
Though I am ſhort, I cannot be obſcure:
Leſs ſhall I for the art or dreſſing care,
Truth, and the Graces beſt, when naked are.
Your book, my Selden, I have read *, and much
Was truſted, that you thought my judgment ſuch
To aſk it: though in moſt of works it be
A penance where a man may not be free;
Rather than office, when it doth, or may
Chance that the friend's affections prove allay
Unto the cenſure. Yours all need doth fly
Of this ſo vicious humanity.
Than which there is not unto ſtudy, a more
Pernicious enemy: we ſee before
A many of books, even good judgments wound
Themſelves, through favouring what is there not found;

* *Titles of Honour.*

But I on yours far otherwiſe ſhall do.
Not fly the crime, but the ſuſpicion too:
Though I confeſs (as every muſe hath err'd,
And mine not leaſt) I have too oft preferr'd
Men paſt their terms, and prais'd ſome names too much,
But 'twas with purpoſe to have made them ſuch;
Since being deceiv'd, I turn a ſharper eye
Upon myſelf, and aſk to whom? and why?
And what I write? and vex it many days
Before men get a verſe; much leſs a praiſe:
So that my reader is aſſur'd, I now
Mean what I ſpeak, and ſtill will keep that vow.
Stand forth my object, then, you that have been
Ever at home; yet have all countries ſeen:
And like a compaſs, keeping one foot ſtill
Upon your centre, do your circle fill
Of general knowledge; watch'd men, manners too,
Heard what times paſt have ſaid, ſeen what ours do:
Which grace ſhall I make love to firſt? your ſkill,
Or faith in things? or is't your wealth and will
T' inſtruct and teach? or your unweary'd pain
Of gathering? bounty in pouring out again?
What fables have you vext! what truth redeem'd!
Antiquities ſearch'd! opinions diſeſteem'd!
Impoſtures branded! and authorities urg'd!
What blots and errors have you watch'd and purg'd
Records and authors of! how rectified,
Times, manners, cuſtoms! innovations ſpied!
Sought out the fountains, ſources, creeks, paths, ways,
And noted the beginnings and decays!
Where is that nominal mark, or real rite,
Form, act or enſign, that hath 'ſcap'd your ſight?
How are traditions there examin'd! how
Conjectures retriev'd! and a ſtory now
And then of times (beſides the bare conduct
Of what it tells us) weav'd into inſtruct.
I wonder'd at the richneſs, but am loſt,
To ſee the workmanſhip ſo exceed the coſt!
To mark the excellent ſeas'ning of your ſtyle
And manly elocution! not one while
With horror rough, then rioting with wit!
But to the ſubject ſtill the colours fit,
In ſharpneſs of all ſearch, wiſdom of choice,
Newneſs of ſenſe, antiquity of voice!
I yield, I yield, the matter of your praiſe
Flows in upon me, and I cannot raiſe
A bank againſt it. Nothing but the round
Large claſp of nature ſuch a wit can bound.
Monarch in letters! 'mongſt their titles ſhown
Of others honours, thus enjoy thy own.
I firſt ſalute thee ſo; and gratulate
With that thy ſtyle, thy keeping of thy ſtate;
In offering this thy work to no great name,
That would, perhaps, have prais'd and thank'd the ſame,
But nought beyond. He thou haſt giv'n it to,
Thy learned chamber-fellow, knows to do
It true reſpects. He will not only love,
Embrace, and cheriſh, but he can approve
And eſtimate thy pains, as having wrought
In the ſame mines of knowledge; and thence brought
Humanity enough to be a friend,
And ſtreng'h to be a champion, and defend
Thy gift 'gainſt envy. O how I do count
Among my comings in, and ſee it mount,
The grain of your two friendſhips! Hayward and Selden! two names that ſo much underſtand!
On whom I could take up, and ne'er abuſe
The credit, what would furniſh a tenth muſe!
But here's no time nor place my wealth to tell,
You both are modeſt. So am I. Farewell.

An Epiſtle to a Friend to perſuade him to the Wars.

WAKE, friend, from forth thy lethargy. the drum
Beats brave and loud in Europe, and bids come
All that dare rouſe: or are not loth to quit
Their vicious eaſe, and be o'erwhelm'd with it.
It is a call to keep the ſpirits alive
That gaſp for action, and would yet revive
Man's buried honour, in his ſleepy life:
Quickning dead nature to her nobleſt ſtrife.
All other acts of worldlings are but toil
In dreams, begun in hope, and end in ſpoil.
Look on th' ambitious man, and ſee him nurſe
His unjuſt hopes, with praiſes begg'd, (or worſe)
Bought flatteries, the iſſue of his purſe,
Till he become both their and his own curſe!
Look on the falſe and cunning man, that loves
No perſon, nor is lov'd: what ways he proves
To gain upon his belly; and at laſt
Cruſh'd in the ſnaky brakes that he had paſt!
See the grave, ſour and ſupercilious ſir,
In outward face, but inward, light as fur,
Or feathers; lay his fortune out to ſhow,
Till envy wound or maim it at a blow!
See him that's call'd, and thought the happieſt man,
Honour'd at once, and envy'd (if it can
Be, honour is ſo mix'd) by ſuch as would
For all their ſpite, be like him, if they could:
No part or corner man can look upon,
But there are objects bid him to be gone
As far as he can fly, or follow day,
Rather than here ſo bogg'd in vices ſtay:
The whole world here leaven'd with madneſs ſwells;
And being a thing blown out of nought, rebels
Againſt his Maker, high alone with weeds,
And impious rankneſs of all ſects and ſeeds:
Not to be check'd or frighted now with fate,
But more licentious made and deſperate!
Our delicacies are grown capital,
And ev'n our ſports are dangers! what we call
Friendſhip, is now maſk'd hatred! juſtice fled,
And ſhamefac'dneſs together! all laws dead
That kept man living! pleaſures only ſought!
Honour and honeſty, as poor things thought
As they are made! pride and ſtiff clownage mixt [fix'd
To make up greatneſs! and man's whole good
In bravery, or gluttony, or coin,
All which he makes the ſervants of the groin,
Thither it flows; how much did Stallion ſpend
To have his court-bred filley there commend
His lace and ſtarch; and fall upon her back
In admiration, ſtretch'd upon the rack

Of luſt, to his rich ſuit, and title, lord?
I, that's a charm and half! ſhe muſt afford
That all reſpect; ſhe muſt lie down: nay more,
'Tis there civility to be a whore:
He's one of blood and faſhion! and with theſe
The bravery makes, ſhe can no honour leeſe.
To do't with cloth, or ſtuffs, luſt's name might merit;
With velvet, pluſh, and tiffues, it is ſpirit.
O theſe ſo ignorant monſters! light, as proud,
Who can behold their manners, and not cloud-
Like upon them lighten? If nature could
Not make a verſe, anger or laughter would,
To ſee 'em aye diſcourſing with their glaſs,
How they may make ſome one that day an aſs,
Planting their purls, and curls, ſpread forth like net,
And every dreſſing for a pit-fall ſet
To catch the fleſh in, and to pound a ———
Be at their viſits, ſee 'em ſqueamiſh, ſick,
Ready to caſt at one whoſe band ſits ill,
And then leap mad on a neat pickardill;
As if a brize were gotten i' their tail,
And firk, and jerk, and for the coachman rail,
And jealous each of other, yet think long
To be abroad chanting ſome bawdy ſong,
And laugh, and meaſure thighs, then ſqueak, ſpring, itch,
Do all the tricks of a ſalt lady bitch:
For t'other pound of ſweetmeats, he ſhall feel
That pays, or what he will. The dame is ſteel:
For theſe with her young company ſhe'll enter,
Where Pittes or Wright, or Modet would not venture,
And comes by theſe degrees the ſtyle t'inherit
Of woman of faſhion, and a lady of ſpirit:
Nor is the title queſtion'd with our proud,
Great, brave and faſhion'd folk, theſe are allow'd;
Adulteries now, are not ſo hid, or ſtrange,
They're grown commodity upon exchange;
He that will follow but another's wife,
Is lov'd, though he let out his own for life:
The huſband now's call'd churliſh, or a poor
Nature, that will not let his wife be a whore;
Or uſe all arts, or haunt all companies
That may corrupt her even in his eyes.
The brother trades a ſiſter, and the friend
Lives to the lord, but to the lady's end.
Leſs muſt not be thought on than miſtreſs: or
If it be thought, kill'd like her embrions; for
Whom no great miſtreſs, hath as yet infam'd
A fellow of coarſe letchery, is nam'd
The ſervant of the ſerving woman in ſcorn,
Ne'er came to taſte the plenteous marriage-horn.
Thus they do talk And are theſe objects fit
For man to ſpend his money on? his wit?
His time? health? ſoul? Will he for theſe go throw
Thoſe thouſands on his back, ſhall after blow
His body to the Counters, or the Fleet?
Is it for theſe that fine man meets the ſtreet [day,
Coach'd, or on foot-cloth, thrice chang'd every
To teach each ſuit he has the ready way
From Hyde-park to the ſtage, where at the laſt
His dear and borrow'd bravery he muſt caſt?
When not his combs, his curling-irons, his glaſs,
Sweet bags, ſweet powders, nor ſweet words will paſs
For leſs ſecurity? O——for theſe
Is it that man pulls on himſelf diſeaſe?
Surfeit and quarrel? drinks the other health?
Or by damnation voids it? or by ſtealth?
What fury of late is crept into our feaſts?
What honour given to the drunkeneſt gueſts?
What reputation to bear one glaſs more?
When oft the bearer is born out of door?
This hath our ill us'd freedom, and loſt peace
Brought on us, and will every hour increaſe,
Our vices do not tarry in a place,
But being in motion ſtill, (or rather in a race)
Tilt one upon another, and now bear
This way, now that, as if their number were
More than themſelves, or than our lives could take,
But both fell preſt under the load they make.
I'll bid thee look no more, but flee, flee, friend,
This precipice, and rocks that have no end,
Or ſide, but threatens ruin. The whole day
Is not enough, now, but the nights to play:
And whilſt our ſtates, ſtrength, body and mind we waſte;
Go make ourſelves the uſurers at a caſt.
He that no more for age, cramps, palſies can
Now uſe the bones, we ſee doth hire a man
To take the box up for him; and purſues
The dice with glaſſen eyes, to the glad views
Of what he throws: like letchers grow content
To be beholders when their powers are ſpent.
Can we not leave this worm? or will we not?
Is that the truer excuſe? or have we got
In this, and like an itch of vanity,
That ſcratching now's our beſt felicity?
Well, let it go. Yet this is better than
To loſe the forms and dignities of men,
To flatter my good lord, and cry his bowl
Runs ſweetly, as it had his lordſhip's ſoul:
Although, perhaps it has, what's that to me,
That may ſtand by, and hold my peace? will he
When I am hoarſe with praiſing his each caſt,
Give me but that again, that I muſt waſte
In ſugar candied, or in butter'd beer,
For the recovery of my voice? No, there
Pardon his lordſhip, flatt'ry's grown ſo cheap
With him, for he is followed with that heap,
That watch and catch, at what they may applaud,
As a poor ſingle flatterer, without bawd
Is nothing, ſuch ſcarce meat and drink he'll give,
But he that's both, and ſlave to both, ſhall live,
And be belov'd, while the whores laſt. O times!
Friend, fly from hence, and let theſe kindled rhymes [ſpies,
Light thee from hell on earth; where flatterers,
Informers, maſters both of arts and lies:
Lewd ſlanderers, ſoft whiſperers, that let blood
The life, and fame-veins (yet not underſtood
Of the poor ſufferers) where the envious, proud,
Ambitious, factious, ſuperſtitious, loud
Boaſters, and perjur'd, with the infinite more
Prevaricators ſwarm: of which the ſtore
(Becauſe they're every where amongſt mankind
Spread through the world) is eaſier far to find,

Than once to number, or bring forth to hand,
Though thou wert muſter-maſter of the land.
Go quit 'em all. And take along with thee.
Thy true friend's wiſhes, Colby, which ſhall be,
That thine be juſt and honeſt, that thy deeds
Not wound thy conſcience, when thy body bleeds;
That thou doſt all things more for truth than glory,
And never but for doing wrong be ſorry;
That by commanding firſt thyſelf, thou mak'ſt
Thy perſon fit for any charge thou tak'ſt,
That fortune never make thee to complain,
But what ſhe gives, thou dar'ſt give her again:
That whatſoever face thy fate puts on,
Thou ſhrink or ſtart not; but be always one;
That thou think nothing great, but what is good;
And from that thought ſtrive to be underſtood.
So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preſerve a fame
Still precious with the odour of thy name.
And laſt, blaſpheme not; we did never hear
Man thought the valianter, 'cauſe he durſt ſwear:
No more, than we ſhould think a lord had had
More honour in him, 'cauſe we've known him mad:
Theſe take, and now go ſeek thy peace in war,
Who falls for love of God, ſhall riſe a ſtar.

An Epitaph on Maſter Philip Gray.

Reader, ſtay,
And if I had no more to ſay,
But here doth lie till the laſt day,
All that is left of Philip Gray,
It might thy patience richly pay:
For if ſuch men as he could die,
What ſurety of life have thou and I?

Epiſtle to a Friend.

They are not, Sir, worſt owers that do pay [day;
Debts when they can: good men may break their
And yet the noble nature never grudge,
'Tis then a crime, when the uſurer is judge,
And he is not in friendſhip. Nothing there
Is done for gain: if 't be, 'tis not ſincere.
Nor ſhould I at this time proteſted be,
But that ſome greater names hath broke with me,
And their words too: where I but break my band;
I add that (but) becauſe I underſtand
That as the leſſer breach: for he that takes
Simply my band, his truſt in me forſakes,
And looks unto the forfeit. If you be
Now ſo much friend, as you would truſt in me,
Venture a longer time, and willingly:
All is not barren land doth fallow lie:
Some grounds are made the richer for the reſt;
And I will bring a crop, if not the beſt.

An Elegy.

Can beauty, that did prompt me firſt to write,
Now threaten, with thoſe means ſhe did invite
Did her perfections call me on to gaze!
Then like, then love; and now would they amaze!
Or was ſhe gracious afar off? but near
A terror? or is all this but my fear?
That as the water makes things, put in't, ſtrait,
Crooked appear; ſo that doth my conceit;
I can help that with boldneſs; and Love ſware,
And Fortune once, t' aſſiſt the ſpirits that dare.
But which ſhall lead me on? both theſe are blind:
Such guides men uſe not, who their way would find.
Except the way be error to thoſe ends:
And then the beſt are ſtill the blindeſt friends!
Oh how a lover may miſtake! to think,
Or love, or fortune blind, when they but wink
To ſee men fear: or elſe for truth and ſtate,
Becauſe they would free juſtice imitate,
Veil their own eyes, and would impartially
Be brought by us to meet our deſtiny.
If it be thus; come Love and Fortune go,
I'll lead you on; or if my fate will ſo,
That I muſt ſend one firſt, my choice aſſigns
Love to my heart, and Fortune to my lines.

Another.

By thoſe bright eyes, at whoſe immortal fires
Love lights his torches to inflame deſires;
By that fair ſtand, your forehead, whence he bends
His double bow, and round his arrow ſends;
By that tall grove, your hair, whoſe globy rings
He flying curls, and criſpeth with his wings;
By thoſe pure baths your either cheek diſcloſes,
Where he doth ſteep himſelf in milk and roſes;
And laſtly, by your lips, the bank of kiſſes,
Where men at once may plant and gather bliſſes:
Tell me (my lov'd friend) do you love or no?
So well as I may tell in verſe 'tis ſo?
You bluſh, but do not: friends are either none,
(Though they may number bodies) or but one.
I'll therefore aſk no more, but bid you love,
And ſo that either may example prove
Unto the other; and live patterns, how
Others, in time, may love as we do now.
Slip no occaſion; as Time ſtands not ſtill,
I know no beauty, nor no youth that will.
To uſe the preſent, then, is not abuſe,
You have a huſband is the juſt excuſe
Of all that can be done him; ſuch a one
As would make ſhift, to make himſelf alone
That which we can; who both in you, his wife,
His iſſue, and all circumſtance of life,
As in his place, becauſe he would not vary,
Is conſtant to be extraordinary.

A Satirical Sbrub.

A woman's friendſhip! God, whom I truſt in,
Forgive me this one fooliſh deadly ſin,
Amongſt my many other, that I may
No more, I am ſorry for ſo fond cauſe, ſay
At fifty years, almoſt, to value it,
That ne'er was known to laſt above a fit!
Or have the leaſt of good, but what it muſt
Put on our faſhion, and take up on truſt:
Knew I all this afore? had I perceiv'd, [weav'd
That their whole life was wickedneſs, though
Of many colours; outward, freſh from ſpots,
But their whole inſide full of ends, and knots.
Knew I that all their dialogues and diſcourſe
Were ſuch as I will now relate, or worſe.

[*Here ſomething is wanting.*]

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* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Knew I this woman? yes, and do you see,
How penitent I am, or I should be.
Do not you ask to know her, she is worse
Than all ingredients made into one curse,
And that pour'd out upon mankind, can be!
Think but the sin of all her sex, 'tis she!
I could forgive her being proud! a whore!
Perjur'd! and painted! if she were no more——
But she is such, as she might yet forestal
The devil, and be the damning of us all.

A Little Shrub Growing by.

Ask not to know this man. If Fame should speak
His name in any metal, it would break.
Two letters were enough the plague to tear
Out of his grave, and poison every ear.
A parcel of court dirt, a heap, and mass
Of all vice hurl'd together, there he was,
Proud, false and treacherous, vindictive, all
That thought can add, unthankful, the lay-stall
Of putrid flesh! of blood the sink!
And so I leave to stir him, lest he stink.

An Elegy.

Though beauty be the mark of praise,
And yours of whom I sing, be such,
As not the world can praise too much,
Yet is't your virtue now I raise.

A virtue, like allay, so gone
Throughout your form; as though that move,
And draw, and conquer all mens love,
This subjects you to love of one.

Wherein you triumph yet; because
'Tis of yourself, and that you use
The noblest freedom, not to choose
Against, or faith, or honour's laws.

But who should less expect from you,
In whom alone Love lives agen?
By whom he is restor'd to men:
And kept, and bred, and brought up true?

His falling temples you have rear'd,
The wither'd garlands ta'en away;
His altars kept from the decay,
That envy wish'd, and nature fear'd.

And on them burn so chaste a flame,
With so much loyalty's expence,
As love t' acquit such excellence,
Is gone himself into your name.

And you are he: the deity
To whom all lovers are design'd:
That would their better objects find:
Among which faithful troop am I.

Who, as an offering at your shrine,
Have sung this hymn, and here entreat
One spark of your diviner heat
To light upon a love of mine.

Which, if it kindle not, but scant
Appear, and that to shortest view,
Yet give me leave t' adore in you
What I, in her, am griev'd to want.

An Ode. To Himself.

Where dost thou careless lie
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge, that sleeps, doth die;
And this security,
It is the common moth [them both,
That eats on wits and arts, and quite destroys

Are all th' Aonian springs
Dry'd up? lies Thespia waste?
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings?
Or droop they as disgrac'd, [defac'd?
To see their seats and bowers by chatt'ring pies

If hence thy silence be,
As 'tis too just a cause;
Let this thought quicken thee:
Minds that are great and free,
Should not on Fortune pause, plause.
'Tis crown enough to Virtue still, her own ap-

What though the greedy fry
Be taken with false baits
Of worded balladry,
And think it poesy?
They die with their conceits,
And only piteous scorn upon their folly waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre,
Strike in thy proper strain,
With Japhet's line, aspire
Sol's chariot for new fire,
To give the world again:
Who aided him, will thee, the issue of Jove's brain.

And since our dainty age
Cannot endure reproof,
Make not thyself a page,
To that strumpet the stage,
But sing high and aloof, [hoof.
Safe from the wolves black jaw, and the dull asses

The Mind of the Frontispiece to a Book.

From death, and dark oblivion, near the fame,
The mistress of man's life, grave history
Raising the world to good and evil fame
Doth vindicate it to eternity.
Wise Providence would so: that nor the good
Might be defrauded, nor the great secur'd,
But both might know their ways were understood,
When vice alike in time with virtue dur'd:
Which makes that (lighted by the beamy hand
Of Truth, that searcheth the most secret springs,
And guided by Experience, whose straight wand
Doth mete, whose line doth sound the depth of things:)
She cheerfully supporteth what she rears,
Assisted by no strengths but are her own,
Some note of which each varied pillar bears,
By which, as proper titles, she is known
Time's witness, herald of Antiquity,
The light of Truth, and life of Memory.

An Ode to James Earl of Desmond, writ in Queen Elizabeth's time, since lost, and recovered.

WHERE art thou, genius? I should use
Thy present aid: arise Invention,
Wake, and put on the wings of Pindar's muse,
To tower with my intention
High, as his mind, that doth advance
Her upright head above the reach of Chance,
Or the times envy.
Cynthius, I apply
My bolder numbers to thy golden lyre:
O then inspire
Thy priest in this strange rapture! heat my brain
With Delphic fire,
That I may sing my thoughts in some invulgar strain.

Rich beam of honour, shed your light
On these dark rhymes, that my affection
May shine (through every chink) to every sight,
Graced by your reflection!
Then shall my verses, like strong charms,
Break the knit circle of her stony arms,
That holds your spirit:
And keeps your merit
Lock'd in her cold embraces, from the view
Of eyes more true,
Who would with judgment search, searching conclude,
(As prov'd in you)
True nobleness. Palm grows straight, though handled ne'er so rude.

Nor think yourself unfortunate,
If subject to the jealous errors
Of politic pretext, that wries a state,
Sink not beneath these terrors:
But whisper; O glad Innocence!
Where only a man's birth is his offence;
Or the dis-favour
Of such as favour
Nothing, but practice upon Honour's thrall.
O Virtue's fall!
When her dead essence (like the anatomy
In surgeon's hall)
Is but a statist's theme to read phlebotomy.

Let Brontes, and black Steropes,
Sweat at the forge, their hammers beating;
Pyracmon's hour will come to give them ease,
Though but while the metals heating:
And, after all the Ætnean ire,
Gold, that is perfect, will outlive the fire.
For fury wasteth,
As patience lasteth.
No armour to the mind! he is shot-free
From injury,
That is not hurt; not he, that is not hit;
So fools we see,
Oft 'scape an imputation, more through luck than wit.

But to yourself, most loyal lord,
(Whose heart in that bright sphere flames clearest,
Though many gems be in your bosom stor'd,
Unknown which is the dearest)
If I auspiciously divine,
(As my hope tells) that our fair Phœbus' shine,
Shall light those places,
With lustrous graces,
Where Darkness, with her gloomy-sceptred hand,
Doth now command.
O then (my best best lov'd) let me importune,
That you will stand,
As far from all revolt, as you are now from fortune.

An Ode.

HIGH-spirited friend,
I send nor balms, nor cor'sives to your wound,
Your faith hath found
A gentler, and more agile hand, to tend
The cure of that which is but corporal,
And doubtful days (which were nam'd critical)
Have made their fairest flight,
And now are out of sight.
Yet doth some wholesome physic for the mind,
Wrapt in this paper lie,
Which in the taking if you misapply,
You are unkind.

Your covetous hand,
Happy in that fair honour it hath gain'd,
Must now be rein'd.
True valour doth her own renown command
In one full action; nor have you now more
To do, than be a husband of that store.
Think but how dear you bought
This fame which you have caught,
Such thoughts will make you more in love with truth:
'Tis wisdom, and that high,
For men to use their fortune reverently,
Even in youth.

Another.

HELEN, did Homer never see
Thy beauties, yet could write of thee?
Did Sappho, on her seven-tongu'd lute,
So speak (as yet it is not mute)
Of Phaon's form? or doth the boy,
In whom Anacreon once did joy,
Lie drawn to life in his soft verse,
As he whom Maro did rehearse?
Was Lesbia sung by learn'd Catullus?
Or Delia's graces by Tibullus?
Doth Cynthia, in Propertius' song,
Shine more than she the stars among?
Is Horace his each love so high
Rapt from the earth as not to die?
With bright Lycoris, Gallus' choice,
Whose fame hath an eternal voice?
Or hath Corinna, by the name
Her Ovid gave her, dim'd the fame
Of Cæsar's daughter, and the line
Which all the world then styl'd divine
Hath Petrarch since his Laura rais'd
Equal with her? or Ronsart prais'd
His new Cassandra 'bove the old,
Which all the fate of Troy foretold?
Hath our great Sidney, Stella set
Where never star shone brighter yet?

Or Conſtable's ambroſiac muſe
Made Dian not his notes refuſe?
Have all theſe done (and yet I miſs
The ſwan, ſo reliſh'd Pancharis)
And ſhall not I my Celia bring,
Where men may ſee whom I do ſing?
Though I, in working of my ſong,
Come ſhort of all this learned throng,
Yet ſure my tunes will be the beſt,
So much my ſubject drowns the reſt.

A Sonnet, to the noble Lady, the Lady Mary Wroth.

I THAT have been a lover, and could ſhow it,
Though not in theſe, in rhymes not wholly dumb,
Since I exſcribe your ſonnets, am become
A better lover, and much better poet.
Nor is my muſe or I aſham'd to owe it
To thoſe true numerous graces, whereof ſome
But charm the ſenſes, others overcome [it;
Both brains and hearts; and mine now beſt do know
For in your verſe all Cupid's armory,
His flames, his ſhafts, his quiver, and his bow,
His very eyes are yours to overthrow.
But then his mother's ſweets you ſo apply,
Her joys, her ſmiles, her loves, as readers take
For Venus' Ceſton every line you make.

A fit of Rhyme againſt Rhyme.

RHYME, the rack of fineſt wits,
That expreſſeth but by fits
True conceit,
Spoiling ſenſes of their treaſure,
Cozening judgment with a meaſure,
But falſe weight.
Wreſting words from their true calling;
Propping verſe for fear of falling
To the ground.
Jointing ſyllables, drowning letters,
Faſt'ning vowels, as with fetters
They were bound!
Soon as lazy thou wert known,
All good poetry hence was flown,
And was baniſh'd.
For a thouſand years together,
All Parnaſſus' green did wither,
And wit vaniſh'd.
Pegaſus did fly away,
At the wells no muſe did ſtay,
But bewailed.
So to ſee the fountain dry,
And Apollo's muſic die,
All light failed!
Starveling rhymes did fill the ſtage,
Not a poet in an age
Worthy crowning.
Not a work deſerving bays,
Nor a line deſerving praiſe,
Pallas frowning:
Greek was free from rhyme's infection,
Happy Greek by this protection!
Was not ſpoiled.
Whilſt the Latin, queen of tongues,
Is not yet free from rhyme's wrongs,
But reſts foiled.
Scarce the hill again doth flouriſh,
Scarce the world a wit doth nouriſh,
To reſtore
Phœbus to his crown again;
And the muſes to their brain;
As before.
Vulgar languages that want
Words, and ſweetneſs, and be ſcant
Of true meaſure,
Tyrant rhyme hath ſo abuſed,
That they long ſince have refuſed
Other ceſure
He that firſt invented thee,
May his joints tormented be,
Cramp'd for ever;
Still may ſyllables jar with time,
Still may reaſon war with rhyme,
Reſting never.
May his ſenſe, when it would meet
The cold tumour in his feet,
Grow unſounder.
And his title be long fool,
That in rearing ſuch a ſchool
Was the founder.

An Epigram on William Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treaſurer of England; preſented upon a plate of gold to his Son Robert Earl of Saliſbury, when he was alſo Treaſurer.

IF thou wouldſt know the virtues of mankind,
Read here in one, what thou in all canſt find,
And go no further: let this circle be
Thy univerſe, though his epitome.
Cecil, the grave, the wiſe, the great, the good,
What is there more that can enoble blood?
The orphan's pillar, the true ſubject's ſhield,
The poor's full ſtore-houſe, and juſt ſervant's field.
The only faithful watchman for the realm,
That in all tempeſts never quit the helm,
But ſtood unſhaken in his deeds and name,
And labour'd in the work, not with the fame,
That ſtill was good for goodneſs-ſake, nor thought
Upon reward, till the reward him ſought.
Whoſe offices and honours did ſurpriſe,
Rather than meet him: and before his eyes,
Clos'd to their peace, he ſaw his branches ſhoot,
And in the nobleſt families took root,
Of all the land; who now at ſuch a rate
Of divine bleſſing, would not ſerve a ſtate?

(*For a poor Man.*) *An Epigram to Thomas Lord Elſmere, the laſt term he ſat Chancellor, in* 1616.

So, juſteſt lord, may all your judgments be
Laws; and no change e'er come to one decree:
So may the king proclaim your conſcience is
Law to his law; and think your enemies his:
So, from all ſickneſs, may you riſe to health,
The care and wiſh ſtill of the public wealth:
So may the gentler muſes, and good fame,
Still fly about the odour of your name;
As with the ſafety and honour of the laws,
You favour truth and me in this man's cauſe.

(*For the ſame.*) *Another to him.*

THE judge his favour timely then extends,
When a good cauſe is deſtitute of friends,

Without the pomp of counsel; or more aid,
Than to make falsehood blush, and fraud afraid:
When those good few, that her defenders be,
Are there for charity, and not for fee.
Such shall you hear to-day, and find great foes
Both arm'd with wealth and slander to oppose,
Who thus long safe, should gain upon the times
A right by the prosperity of their crimes;
Who, though their guilt and perjury they know,
Think, yea, and boast, that they have done it so,
As though the court pursues them on the scent,
They will come off, and 'scape the punishment:
When this appears, just lord, to your sharp sight,
He does you wrong, that craves you to do right.

An Epigram to the Counsellor that pleaded, and carried the Cause.

That I hereafter do not think the bar,
The feat made of a more than civil war,
Or the great hall at Westminster, the field
Where mutual frauds are fought, and no side yield,
That henceforth I believe nor books, nor men,
Who 'gainst the law weave calumnies, my ——.
But when I read or hear the names so rife,
Of hirelings, wranglers, stitchers-to of strife,
Hook-handed harpies, gowned vultures, put
Upon the reverend pleaders; do now shut
All mouths that dare entitle them (from hence)
To the wolves study, or dogs eloquence;
Thou art my cause: whose manners since I knew,
Have made me to conceive a lawyer new.
So dost thou study matter, men, and times,
Mak'st it religion to grow rich by crimes;
Dar'st not abuse thy wisdom in the laws,
Or skill to carry out an evil cause!
But first dost vex, and search it! if not found,
Thou prov'st the gentler ways to cleanse the wound,
And make the scar fair, if that will not be,
Thou hast the brave scorn to put back the fee!
But in a business that will bide the touch,
What use, what strength of reason, and how much
Of books, of precedents hast thou at hand?
As if the general store thou didst command
Of argument, still drawing forth the best,
And not being borrow'd by thee, but possest.
So com'st thou like a chief into the court,
Arm'd at all pieces, as to keep a fort
Against a multitude; and with thy style
So brightly brandish'd, wound'st, defend'st! the while
Thy adversaries fall, as not a word
They had, but were a reed unto thy sword.
Then com'st thou off with victory and palm,
Thy hearers nectar, and thy clients balm,
The court's just honour, and thy judges love.
And (which doth all atchievements get above)
Thy sincere practice breeds not thee a fame
Alone, but all thy rank a reverend name.

An Epigram, to the Small-Pox.

Envious and foul disease, could there not be
One beauty in an age, and free from thee?
What did she worth thy spite? were there not store
Of those that set by their false faces more
Than this did by her true? she never sought
Quarrel with nature, or in balance brought
Art her false servant; nor for Sir Hugh Plot,
Was drawn to practise other hue, than that
Her own blood gave her: she ne'er had, nor hath
Any belief in madam Baud-bee's bath,
Or Turner's oil of talc: nor ever got
Spanish receipt to make her teeth to rot. [grace
What was the cause then? thought'st thou, in dis-
Of beauty, so to nullify a face, [amiss
That heaven should make no more; or should
Make all hereafter, hadst thou ruin'd this?
I, that thy aim was; but her fate prevail'd:
And scorn'd, thou'ast shown thy malice, but hast
fail'd.

An Epitaph.

What beauty would have lovely styl'd,
What manners pretty, nature mild,
What wonder perfect, all were fil'd
Upon record in this blest child.
And till the coming of the soul
To fetch the flesh, we keep the roll.

A Song.

LOVER.

Come, let us here enjoy the shade,
For love in shadow best is made.
Though envy oft his shadow be,
None brooks the sun light worse than he.

MISTRESS.

Where love doth shine, there needs no sun,
All lights into his own doth run;
Without which all the world were dark;
Yet he himself is but a spark.

ARBITER.

A spark to set whole world a-fire,
Who, more they burn, they more desire,
And have their being, their waste to see;
And waste still, that they still might be.

CHORUS.

Such are his powers, whom Time hath styl'd,
Now swift, now slow, now tame, now mild;
Now hot, now cold, now fierce, now wild;
The eldest god, yet still a child.

An Epistle to a Friend.

Sir, I am thankful, first to heaven for you;
Next to yourself, for making your love true:
Then to your love and gift. And all's but due.

You have unto my store added a book,
On which with profit I shall never look,
But must confess from whom what gift I took.

Not like your country neighbours that commit
Their vice of loving for a Christmas fit;
Which is indeed but friendship of the spit:

But, as a friend, which name yourself receive,
And which you (being the worthier) gave me leave
In letters, that mix spirits, thus to weave.

Which, how most sacred I will ever keep,
So may the fruitful vine my temples steep,
And fame wake for me when I yield to sleep.

Though you sometimes proclaim me too severe,
Rigid and harsh, which is a drug austere
In friendship, I confess: but dear friend, hear.

Little know they, that profess amity,
And seek to scant her comely liberty,
How much they lame her in her property.

And less they know, who being free to use
That friendship which no chance but love did choose,
Will unto license that fair leave abuse.

It is an act of tyranny, not love,
In practis'd friendship wholly to reprove,
As flatt'ry, with friends humours still to move.

From each of which I labour to be free,
Yet, if with either's vice I tainted be,
Forgive it, as my frailty, and not me.

For no man lives so out of passion's sway,
But shall sometimes be tempted to obey
Her fury, yet no friendship to betray.

An Elegy.

'Tis true, I'm broke! vows, oaths, and all I had
Of credit lost. And I am now run mad;
Or do upon myself some desperate ill:
This sadness makes no approaches, but to kill.
It is a darkness hath block'd up my sense,
And drives it in to eat on my offence,
Or there to starve it. Help, O you that may
Alone lend succours, and this fury stay.
Offended mistress, you are yet so fair,
As light breaks from you, that affrights despair,
And fills my powers with persuading joy,
That you should be too noble to destroy.
There may some face or menace of a form
Look forth, but cannot last in such a storm.
If there be nothing worthy you can see
Of graces, or your mercy, here in me,
Spare your own goodness yet; and be not great
In will and power, only to defeat.
God, and the good, know to forgive and save;
The ignorant and fools no pity have.
I will not stand to justify my fault,
Or lay th' excuse upon the vintner's vault;
Or in confessing of the crime be nice,
Or go about to countenance the vice,
By naming in what company 'twas in,
As I would urge authority for sin.
No, I will stand arraign'd and cast, to be
The subject of your grace in pardoning me,
And (styl'd your mercies creature) will live more,
Your honour now, than your disgrace before;
Think it was frailty, mistress, think me man,
Think that yourself, like heaven, forgive me can,
Where weakness doth offend, and virtue grieve,
There greatness takes a glory to relieve.
Think that I once was yours, or may be now:
Nothing is vile, that is a part of you.
Error and folly in me may have crost
Your just commands; yet those, not I be lost.
I am regenerate now, become the child
Of your compassion; parents should be mild:
There is no father that for one demerit,
Or two or three, a son will disinherit;
That is the last of punishments is meant;
No man inflicts that pain, till hope be spent:
An ill-affected limb (whate'er it ail)
We cut not off, till all cures else do fail;
And then with pause; for sever'd once, that's gone,
Would live his glory, that could keep it on.
Do not despair my mending; to distrust
Before you prove a med'cine, is unjust:
You may so place me, and in such an air,
As not alone the cure, but fear be fair.
That is, if still your favours you apply,
And not the bounties you have done, deny.
Could you demand the gifts you gave, again!
Why was't? did e'er the clouds ask back their rain?
The sun his heat and light? the air his dew?
Or winds the spirit by which the flower so grew?
That were to wither all, and make a grave
Of that wise nature would a cradle have.
Her order is to cherish and preserve;
Consumption's, nature to destroy and starve.
But to exact again what once is given,
Is nature's mere obliquity; as Heaven
Should ask the blood and spirits he hath infus'd
In man, because man hath the flesh abus'd.
O may your wisdom take example hence,
God lightens not at man's each frail offence:
He pardons slips, goes by a world of ills,
And then his thunder frights more than it kills.
He cannot angry be, but all must quake;
It shakes e'en him, that all things else doth shake.
And how more fair and lovely looks the world
In a calm sky, than when the heaven is hurl'd
About in clouds, and wrapt in raging weather,
As all with storm and tempest ran together?
O imitate that sweet serenity
That makes us live, not that which calls to die.
In dark and sullen morns do we not say,
This looketh like an execution-day?
And with the vulgar doth it not obtain
The name of cruel weather, storm and rain?
Be not affected with these marks too much
Of cruelty, lest they do make you such.
But view the mildness of your Maker's state,
As I the penitent's here emulate.
He, when he sees a sorrow, such as this,
Straight puts off all his anger, and doth kiss
The contrite soul, who hath no thought to win
Upon the hope to have another sin
Forgiven him: and in that line stand I,
Rather than once displease you more, to die,
To suffer tortures, scorn, and infamy,
What fools, and all their parasites can apply;
The wit of ale, and genius of the malt
Can pump for, or a libel without salt
Produce; though threat'ning with a coal or chalk,
On every wall, and sung where'er I walk.
I number these, as being of the core
Of contumely, and urge a good man more
Than sword, or fire, or what is of the race
To carry noble danger in the face:
There is not any punishment or pain,
A man should fly from, as he would disdain.

Then, miſtreſs, here, here let your rigour end,
And let your mercy make me aſham'd t' offend,
I will no more abuſe my vows to you,
Than I will ſtudy falſehood, to be true.
O, that you could but by diſſection ſee
How much you are the better part of me;
How all my fibres by your ſpirit do move,
And that there is no life in me, but love!
You would be then moſt confident, that though
Public affairs command me now to go
Out of your eyes, and be a while away;
Abſence or diſtance ſhall not breed decay.
Your form ſhines here, here, fixed in my heart:
I may dilate myſelf, but not depart.
Others by common ſtars their courſes run,
When I ſee you, then I do ſee my ſun:
Till then 'tis all but darkneſs, that I have;
Rather than want your light, I wiſh a grave.

An Elegy.

To make the doubt clear, that no woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it full in you*?
Thought I but one had breath'd the purer air,
And muſt ſhe needs be falſe, becauſe ſhe's fair?
Is it your beauty's mark, or of your youth,
Or your perfection not to ſtudy truth;
Or think you heaven is deaf, or hath no eyes?
Or thoſe it has, wink at your perjuries?
Are vows ſo cheap with women? or the matter
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water,
And blown away with wind? or doth their breath,
Both hot and cold at once, threat life and death?
Who could have thought ſo many accents ſweet
Turn'd to our words, ſo many ſighs ſhould meet
Blown from our hearts, ſo many oaths and tears
Sprinkled among, all ſweeter by our fears?
And the divine impreſſion of ſtol'n kiſſes,
That ſeal'd the reſt, could now prove empty bliſſes?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit, ſin to break?
Or muſt we read you quite from what you ſpeak,
And find the truth out the wrong way? or muſt
He firſt deſire you falſe, would wiſh you juſt?
O, I profane! though moſt of women be
The common monſter, love ſhall except thee,
My deareſt love, however jealouſy
With circumſtance might urge the contrary.
Sooner I'll think the ſun would ceaſe to cheer
The teeming earth, and that forget to bear;
Sooner that rivers would run back, or Thames
With ribs of ice in June would bind his ſtreams:
Or nature, by whoſe ſtrength the world endures,
Would change her courſe, before you alter yours.
But, O that treacherous breaſt, to whom weak you
Did truſt our counſels, and we both may rue,
Having his falſehood found too late! 'twas he
That made me caſt you guilty, and you me.
Whilſt he, black wretch, betray'd each ſimple word
We ſpake, unto the coming of a third!
Curſt may he be that ſo our love hath ſlain,
And wander wretched on the earth, as Cain;

Wretched as he, and not deſerve leaſt pity:
In plaguing him, let Miſery be witty.
Let all eyes ſhun him, and he ſhun each eye,
Till he be noiſome as his infamy:
May he without remorſe deny God thrice,
And not be truſted more on his ſoul's price:
And after all ſelf-torment, when he dies,
May wolves tear out his heart, vultures his eyes,
Swine eat his bowels, and his falſer tongue,
That utter'd all, be to ſome raven ſlung:
And let his carrion corſe be a longer feaſt
To the king's dogs, than any other beaſt.
Now I have curſt, let us our love receive;
In me the flame was never more alive.
I could begin again to court and praiſe,
And in that pleaſure lengthen the ſhort days
Of my life's leaſe; like painters that do take
Delight, not in made works, but whilſt they make.
I could renew thoſe times when firſt I ſaw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you lik'd, and at maſques or plays,
Commend the ſelf-ſame actors the ſame ways.
Aſk how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, grow impertinent;
All which were ſuch ſoft paſtimes, as in theſe,
Love was as ſubtly catch'd as a diſeaſe.
But, being got, is a treaſure ſweet,
Which to defend, is harder than to get;
And ought not be profan'd on either part,
For, though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

Another.

That love's a bitter ſweet, I ne'er conceive,
Till the four minute comes of taking leave,
And then I taſte it, but as men drink up
In haſte the bottom of a med'cin'd cup,
And take ſome ſyrup after; ſo do I,
To put all reliſh from my memory
Of parting, drown it, in the hope to meet
Shortly again, and make our abſence ſweet.
This makes me miſtreſs, that ſometimes by ſtealth,
Under another name I take your health,
And turn the ceremonies of thoſe nights
I give, or owe my friends, unto your rites;
But ever without blazon, or leaſt ſhade
Of vows ſo ſacred, and in ſilence made: [cheer,
For though love thrive, and may grow up with
And free ſociety, he's born elſewhere,
And muſt be bred, ſo to conceal his birth,
As neither wine do rack it out, or mirth.
Yet ſhould the lover ſtill be airy and light
In all his actions, rarified to ſprite:
Not like a Midas, ſhut up in himſelf,
And turning all he toucheth into pelf,
Keep in reſerv'd in his dark-lantern face,
As if that exc'lent dulneſs were love's grace:
No, miſtreſs, no, the open merry man
Moves like a ſprightly river, and yet can
Keep ſecret in his channels what he breeds,
'Bove all your ſtanding waters, chock'd with weeds.
They look at beſt like cream bowls, and you ſoon
Shall find their depths, they're ſounded with a ſpoon.
They may ſay grace, and for Love's chaplains paſs,
But the grave lover ever was an aſs;

* *This Elegy is printed among Donne's Poems in 8vo, 1669, but it is undoubtedly Jonſon's.*

Is fix'd upon one leg, and dares not come
Out with the other, for he's ſtill at home:
Like the dull wearied crane, that (come on land)
Doth while he keeps his watch, betray his ſtand;
Where he that knows, will like a lapwing fly
Far from the neſt, and ſo himſelf belie
To others, as he will deſerve the truſt
Due to that one that doth believe him juſt.
And ſuch your ſervant is, who vows to keep
The jewel of your name, as cloſe as ſleep
Can lock the ſenſe up, or the heart a thought,
And never be by time or folly brought,
Weakneſs of brain, or any charm of wine,
The ſin of boaſt, or other countermine,
(Made to blow up love's ſecrets) to diſcover
That article may not become our lover:
Which in aſſurance to your breaſt I tell,
If I had writ no word, but, Dear, farewell.

An Elegy.

Since you muſt go, and I muſt bid farewell,
Hear, miſtreſs, your departing ſervant tell
What it is like: and do not think they can
Be idle words, though of a parting man?
It is as if a night ſhould ſhade noon-day,
Or that the ſun was here, but forc'd away;
And we were left under that hemiſphere,
Where we muſt feel it dark for half a year.
What fate is this, to change mens days and hours,
To ſhift their ſeaſons, and deſtroy their powers!
Alas! I ha' loſt my heat, my blood, my prime,
Winter is come a quarter e'er his time,
My health will leave me; and when you depart,
How ſhall I do, ſweet miſtreſs, for my heart?
You would reſtore it? no, that's worth a fear,
As if it were not worthy to be there:
O keep it ſtill: for it had rather be
Your ſacrifice, than here remain with me.
And ſo I ſpare it: come, what can become
Of me, I'll ſoftly tread unto my tomb;
Or, like a ghoſt, walk ſilent amongſt men,
Till I may ſee both it and you again.

Another.

Let me be what I am: as Virgil cold;
As Horace fat; or as Anacreon old;
No poet's verſes yet did ever move,
Whoſe readers did not think he was in love.
Who ſhall forbid me then in rhyme to be
As light and active as the youngeſt he
That from the muſes fountains doth endorſe
His lines, and hourly ſits the poet's horſe.
Put on my ivy garland, let me ſee
Who frowns, who jealous is, who taxeth me.
Fathers and huſbands, I do claim a right
In all that is call'd lovely: take my ſight,
Sooner than my affection from the fair.
No face, no hand, proportion, line or air
Of beauty, but the muſe hath intereſt in:
There is not worn that lace, purl, knot, or pin,
But is the poet's matter; and he muſt,
When he is furious, love, although not luſt.
But then content, your daughters and your wives
(If they be fair and worth it) have their lives
Made longer by our praiſes: or, if not,
Wiſh you had foul ones, and deformed got,
Curſt in their cradles, or there chang'd by elves,
So to be ſure you do enjoy yourſelves.
Yet keep thoſe up in ſackcloth too, or leather,
For ſilk will draw ſome ſneaking ſongſter thither.
It is a rhyming age, and verſes ſwarm
At every ſtall; the city's cap's a charm.
But I who live, and have liv'd twenty year,
Where I may handle ſilk as free and near,
As any mercer, or the whalebone man,
That quilts thoſe bodice I have leave to ſpan;
Have eaten with the beauties and the wits,
And braveries of court, and felt their fits
Of love and hate; and came ſo nigh to know
Whether their faces were their own or no.
It is not likely I ſhould now look down
Upon a velvet petticoat, or gown,
Whoſe like I have known the taylor's wife put on,
To do her huſband's rites in, e'er 'twere gone
Home to the cuſtomer: his lechery
Being the beſt clothes ſtill to pre-occupy.
Put a coach-mare in tiſſue, muſt I horſe
Her preſently? or leap thy wife of force,
When by thy ſordid bounty ſhe hath on
A gown of that was the capariſon?
So I might doat upon thy chairs and ſtools,
That are like cloth'd: muſt I be of thoſe fools
Of race accounted, that no paſſion have,
But when thy wife (as thou conceiv'ſt) is brave?
Then ope thy wardrobe, think me that poor groom
That from the footman, when he was become
An officer there did make moſt ſolemn love
To every petticoat he bruſh'd, and glove
He did lay up; and would adore the ſhoe
Or ſlipper was left off, and kiſs it too;
Court every hanging gown, and after that
Lift up ſome one, and do, I tell not what.
Thou didſt tell me, and wert o'erjoy'd to peep
In at a hole, and ſee thoſe actions creep
From the poor wretch, which though he play'd in proſe,
He would have done in verſe, with any of thoſe
Wrung on the withers, by Lord Love's deſpite,
Had he the faculty to read and write!
Such ſongſters there are ſtore of; witneſs he
That chanc'd the lace laid on a ſmock to ſee,
And ſtraightway ſpent a ſonnet: with that other
That (in pure madrigal) unto his mother
Commended the French hood and ſcarlet gown
The lady May'reſs paſs'd in through the town,
Unto the Spittle ſermon. O what ſtrange
Variety of ſilks were on th' Exchange
Or in Moorfields! this other night ſings one,
Another anſwers, laſs thoſe ſilks are none,
In ſmiling L'envoy, as he would deride
Any compariſon had with his Cheapſide.
And vouches both the pageant and the day,
When not the ſhops but windows do diſplay
The ſtuffs, the velvets, pluſhes, fringes, lace,
And all the original riots of the place!
Let the poor fools enjoy their follies, love
A goat in velvet; or ſome block could move
Under that cover; an old midwife's hat!
Or a cloſe-ſtool ſo cas'd; or any fat

Bawd in a velvet ſcabbar'd! I envy
None of their pleaſures! nor will aſk thee why
Thou art jealous of thy wife's or daughter's caſe:
More than of either's manners, wit, or face!

An Execration upon Vulcan.

And why to me this, thou lame lord of fire?
What had I done that might call on thine ire?
Or urge thy greedy flames thus to devour
So many my years labours in an hour?
I ne'er attempted, Vulcan, 'gainſt thy life;
Nor made leaſt line of love to thy looſe wife;
Or in remembrance of thy affront and ſcorn,
With clowns and tradeſmen, kept thee clos'd in horn.
'Twas Jupiter that hurl'd thee headlong down,
And Mars that gave thee a lanthorn for a crown.
Was it becauſe thou wert of old deny'd
By Jove to have Minerva for thy bride;
That ſince thou tak'ſt all envious care and pain
To ruin every iſſue of the brain?
Had I wrote treaſon there, or hereſy,
Impoſture, witchcraft, charms, or blaſphemy;
I had deſerv'd then thy conſuming looks,
Perhaps to have been burned with my books.
But on thy malice, tell me, didſt thou ſpy
Any leaſt looſe or ſcurril paper lie
Conceal'd, or kept there, that was fit to be,
By thine own vote, a ſacrifice to thee?
Did I there wound the honours of the crown?
Or tax the glories of the church and gown?
Itch to defame the ſtate? or brand the times?
And myſelf moſt, in ſome ſelf-boaſting rhymes?
If I one of theſe, then why this fire? or find
A cauſe before, or leave me one behind.
Had I compil'd from Amadis de Gaul,
Th' Eſplandians, Arthurs, Palmerins, and all
The learned library of Don Quixote;
And ſo ſome goodlier monſter had begot,
Or ſpun out riddles, and weav'd fifty tomes
Of Logogriphes, and curious Palindromes,
Or pump'd for thoſe hard trifles, Anagrams,
Or Eteoſticks, or your finer flams
Of eggs, and halberds, cradles, and a hearſe,
A pair of ſciſſars, and a comb in verſe;
Acroſtics, and teleſtics on jump names,
Thou then hadſt had ſome colour for thy flames,
On ſuch my ſerious follies: but, thou'lt ſay,
There were ſome pieces of as baſe allay,
And as falſe ſtamp there; parcels of a play,
Fitter to ſee the fire-light than the day;
Adulterate monies, ſuch as might not go:
Thou ſhouldſt have ſtay'd, till public fame ſaid ſo.
She is the judge, thou executioner;
Or if thou needs would'ſt trench upon her power,
Thou might'ſt have yet enjoy'd thy cruelty
With ſome more thrift and more variety:
Thou might'ſt have had me periſh piece by piece,
To light tobacco, or ſave roaſted geeſe,
Singe capons, or poor pigs, dropping their eyes;
Condemn'd me to the ovens with the pies;
And ſo have kept me dying a whole age,
Not raviſh'd all hence in a minute's rage.
But that's a mark whereof thy rights do boaſt,
To make conſumption every where thou go'ſt.
Had I foreknown of this thy leaſt deſire
T' have held a triumph, or a feaſt of fire,
Eſpecially in paper; that that ſteam
Had tickled thy large noſtril: many a ream
To redeem mine, I had ſent in enough, [ſtuff.
Thou ſhould'ſt have cried, and all been proper
The Talmud and the Alcoran had come,
With pieces of the legend; the whole ſum
Of errant knighthood, with the dames and dwarfs;
The charmed boats, and the enchanted wharfs,
The Triſtrams, Lanc'lots, Turpins, and the Peers,
All the mad Rolands, and ſweet Olivers;
To Merlin's marvels, and his Cabal's loſs,
With the chimera of the Roſy Croſs,
Their ſeals, their characters, hermetic rings,
Their gem of riches, and bright ſtone that brings
Inviſibility, and ſtrength, and tongues;
The art of kindling the true coal, by lungs;
With Nicholas Paſquill's Meddle with your match,
And the ſtrong lines that ſo the times do catch,
Or Captain Pamphlet's horſe and foot, that ſally
Upon th' Exchange, ſtill out of Pope's-head-alley.
The weekly courants, with Paul's ſeal; and all
Th' admir'd diſcourſes of the prophet Ball:
Theſe, hadſt thou pleas'd either to dine or ſup,
Had made a meal for Vulcan to lick up.
But in my deſk, what was there to excite
So ravenous and vaſt an appetite?
I dare not ſay a body, but ſome parts
There were of ſearch, and maſt'ry in the arts.
All the old Venuſine, in poetry,
And lighted by the Stagyrite, could ſpy,
Was there made Engliſh: with the grammar too,
To teach ſome that their nurſes could not do,
The purity of language; and among
The reſt, my journey into Scotland ſong,
With all th' adventures; three books not afraid
To ſpeak the fate of the Sicilian maid
To our own ladies; and in ſtory there
Of our fifth Henry, eight of his nine year;
Wherein was oil, beſide the ſuccour ſpent,
Which noble Carew, Cotton, Selden lent:
And twice twelve years ſtor'd up humanity,
With humble gleanings in divinity;
After the fathers, and thoſe wiſer guides,
Whom faction had not drawn to ſtudy ſides.
How in theſe ruins, Vulcan, thou doſt lurk,
All ſoot and embers! odious as thy work
I now begin to doubt if ever grace,
Or goddeſs, could be patient of thy face.
Thou woo Minerva! or to wit aſpire!
'Cauſe thou canſt halt with us in arts and fire!
Son of the Wind! for ſo thy mother, gone
With luſt, conceiv'd thee; father thou hadſt none.
When thou wert born, and that thou look'ſt at beſt,
She durſt not kiſs, but flung thee from her breaſt.
And ſo did Jove, who ne'er meant thee his cup:
No mar'l the clowns of Lemnos took thee up;
For none but ſmiths would have made thee a god.
Some alchymiſt there may be yet, or odd
'Squire of the ſquibs, againſt the pageant day,
May to thy name a Vulcanale ſay;
And for it loſe his eyes with gunpowder,
As th' other may his brains with quick-ſilver.
Well fare the wiſemen yet, on the Bank-ſide,
My friends, the waterman! they could provide

Againſt thy fury, when to ſerve their needs,
They made a Vulcan of a ſheaf of reeds,
Whom they durſt handle in their holiday coats,
And ſafely truſt to dreſs, not burn their boats.
But, O thoſe reeds! thy mere diſdain of them,
Made thee beget the cruel ſtratagem,
(Which ſome are pleas'd to ſtyle but thy mad prank
Againſt the Globe, the glory of the Bank:
Which, though it were the fort of the whole pariſh,
Flank'd with a ditch, and forc'd out of a mariſh,
I ſaw with two poor chambers taken in
And raz'd; e'er thought could urge this might have been!
See the world's ruins; nothing but the piles
Left! and wit ſince to cover it with tiles.
The brethren they ſtraight nois'd it out for news,
'Twas verily ſome relic of the ſtews;
And this a ſparkle of that fire let looſe,
That was lock'd up in the Wincheſtrian gooſe,
Bred on the Bank in time of Popery,
When Venus there maintain'd her myſtery.
But others fell, with that conceit, by the ears,
And cried it was a threat'ning to the hears,
And that accurſed ground, the Paris garden:
Nay, ſigh'd a ſiſter, 'twas the nun Kate Arden
Kindled the fire! but then, did one return,
No fool would his own harveſt ſpoil or burn!
If that were ſo, thou rather wouldſt advance
The place that was thy wife's inheritance.
O no, cry'd all. Fortune, for being a whore,
'Scap'd not his juſtice any jot the more:
He burnt that idol of the revels too.
Nay, let Whitehall with revels have to do,
Though but in dances, it ſhall know his power:
There was a judgment ſhown too in an hour.
He is true Vulcan ſtill! he did not ſpare
Troy, though it were ſo much his Venus' care.
Fool, wilt thou let that in example come?
Did not ſhe ſave from thence to build a Rome?
And what haſt thou done in theſe petty ſpites,
More than advanc'd the houſes and their rites?
I will not argue thee, from thoſe, of guilt,
For they were burnt but to be better built.
'Tis true, that in thy wiſh they were deſtroy'd,
Which thou haſt only vented, not enjoy'd.
So would'ſt thou've run upon the rolls by ſtealth,
And didſt invade part of the commonwealth,
In thoſe records, which, were all chronicles gone,
Will be remember'd by ſix clerks to one.
But ſay all ſix, good men, what anſwer ye?
Lies there no writ out of the Chancery
Againſt this Vulcan? no injunction,
No order? no decree? though we be gone
At Common-law: methinks in his deſpite
A court of equity ſhould do us right.
But to confine him to the brew-houſes,
The glaſs-houſe, dye-fats, and their furnaces;
To live in ſea-coal, and go forth in ſmoke;
Or leſt that vapour might the city choke,
Condemn him to the brick-kilns, or ſome hill-
Foot (out in Suſſex) to an iron mill;
Or in ſmall faggots have him blaze about
Vile taverns, and the drunkards piſs him out;
Or in the bellman's lanthorn, like a ſpy,
Burn to a ſnuff, and then ſtink out and die:
I could invent a ſentence, yet were worſe;
But I'll conclude all in a civil curſe.
Pox on your flameſhip, Vulcan, if it be
To all as fatal as't hath been to me,
And to Paul's ſteeple; which was unto us
'Bove all your fire-works had at Epheſus,
Or Alexandria; and though a divine
Loſs, remains yet as unrepair'd as mine.
Would you had kept your forge at Ætna ſtill,
And there made ſwords, bills, glaves, and arms your fill:
Maintain'd the trade at Bilbo, or elſewhere;
Struck in at Milan with the cutlers there;
Or ſtaid but where the friar and you firſt met,
Who from the devil's arſe did guns beget,
Or fix'd in the Low Countries, where you might
On both ſides do your miſchief with delight;
Blow up and ruin, mine and countermine,
Make your petards and granades, all your fine
Engines of murder, and receive the praiſe
Of maſſacring mankind ſo many ways.
We aſk your abſence here, we all love peace,
And pray the fruits thereof and the encreaſe;
So doth the king, and moſt of the king's men
That have good places: therefore once again,
Pox on thee, Vulcan; thy Pandora's pox,
And all the evils that flew out her box
Light on thee: or if thoſe plagues will not do,
Thy wives pox on thee and B. B———'s too.

A Speech according to Horace.

Why yet, my noble hearts, they cannot ſay,
But we have powder ſtill for the king's day,
And ordnance too: ſo much as from the Tower,
T' have wak'd, if ſleeping, Spain's ambaſſador,
Old Æſop Gundomar: the French can tell,
For they did ſee it the laſt tilting well,
That we have trumpets, armour, and great horſe,
Lances and men, and ſome a breaking croſs.
They ſaw, too, ſtore of feathers, and more may,
If they ſtay here but till St. George's day.
All enſigns of a war are not yet dead,
Nor marks of wealth ſo from a nation fled,
But they may ſee gold chains and pearl worn then,
Lent by the London dames to the lords men:
Withal, the dirty pains thoſe citizens take,
To ſee the pride at court their wives do make;
And the return thoſe thankful courtiers yield,
To have their huſbands drawn forth to the field,
And coming home to tell what acts were done
Under the auſpice of young Swinnerton.
What a ſtrong fort old Pimblicoe had been!
How it held out! (laſt) 'twas taken in!
Well, I ſay, thrive, thrive, brave artillery-yard,
Thou ſeed-plot of the war, that haſt not ſpar'd
Powder or paper to bring up the youth
Of London, in the military truth
Theſe ten years day; as all may ſwear that look
But on thy practice, and the poſture-book:
He that but ſaw thy curious captain's drill,
Would think no more of Fluſhing or the Brill;

But give them over to the common ear,
For that unneceſſary charge they were.
Well did thy crafty clerk, and knight Sir Hugh,
Supplant b ld Panton, and brought there to view
Tranſlated Ælian's tactics to be read,
And the Greek diſcipline (with the modern) ſhed
So in that ground, as ſoon it grew to be
The city-queſtion, whether Tilly or he
Were now the greater captain? for they ſaw
The Berghen ſiege, and taking in Breda,
So acted to the life, as Maurice might,
And Spinola have bluſhed at the ſight.
O happy art! and wiſe epitome
Of bearing arms! moſt civil ſoldiery!
Thou canſt draw forth thy forces, and fight dry
The battles of thy aldermanity,
Without the hazard of a drop of blood,
More than the ſurfeits in thee that day ſtood.
Go on, encreas'd in virtue and in fame,
And keep the glory of the Engliſh name
Up among nations. In the ſtead of bold
Beauchamps and Nevills, Cliffords, Audleys old,
Inſert thy Hodges, and thoſe newer men
As Stiles, Dike, Ditchfield, Millar, Crips and Fen:
That keep the war, though now 't be grown more tame,
Alive yet in the noiſe and ſtill the fame,
And could (if our great men would let their ſons
Come to their ſchools) ſhow 'em the uſe of guns;
And there inſtruct the noble Engliſh heirs
In politic and military affairs.
But he that ſhould perſuade to have this done
For education of our lordlings, ſoon
Should he hear of billow, wind and ſtorm,
From the tempeſtuous grandlings, who'll inform
Us, in our bearing, that are thus and thus,
Born, bred, allied? what's he dare tutor us?
Are we by book-worms to be aw'd? muſt we
Live by their ſcale, that dare do nothing free?
Why are we rich or great, except to ſhow
All licenſe in our lives? what need we know
More than to praiſe a dog? or horſe? or ſpeak
The hawking language? or our day to break
With citizens? let clowns and tradeſmen breed
Their ſons to ſtudy arts, the laws, the creed:
We will believe like men of our own rank,
In ſo much land a year, or ſuch a bank,
That turns us ſo much monies, at which rate
Our anceſtors impos'd on prince and ſtate.
Let poor nobility be virtuous: we,
Deſcended in a rope of titles, be
From Guy, or Bevis, Arthur, or from whom
The herald will. Our blood is now become
Paſt any need of virtue. Let them care,
That in the cradle of their gentry are;
To ſerve the ſtate by councils and by arms:
We neither love the troubles nor the harms. [gait,
What love you then; your whore? what ſtudy?
Carriage and dreſſing. There is up of late
The academy, where the gallants meet——
What, to make legs? yes, and to ſmell moſt ſweet:
All that they do at plays. O, but firſt here
They learn and ſtudy; and then practiſe there.
But why are all theſe irons i' the fire
Of ſeveral makings? helps, helps, to attire
His lordſhip. That is for his hand, his hair
This, and that box his beauty to repair;
This other for his eye-brows; hence, away,
I may no longer on theſe pictures ſtay,
Theſe carcaſes of honour; taylors blocks
Cover'd with tiſſue, whoſe proſperity mocks
The fate of things: whilſt totter'd virtue holds
Her broken arms up to their empty moulds.

An Epiſtle to Maſter Arthur Squib.

What I am not, and what I fain would be,
Whilſt I inform myſelf, I would teach thee,
My gentle Arthur, that it might be ſaid
One leſſon we have both learn'd, and well read.
I neither am, nor art thou one of thoſe
That hearkens to a jacks-puiſe, when it goes;
Nor ever truſted to that friendſhip yet
Was iſſue of the tavern or the ſpit:
Much leſs a name would we bring up, or nurſe,
That could but claim a kindred from the purſe.
Thoſe are poor ties depend on thoſe falſe ends,
'Tis virtue alone, or nothing, that knits friends.
And as within your office you do take
No piece of money, but you know, or make
Inquiry of the worth: ſo muſt we do,
Firſt weigh a friend, than touch and try him too:
For there are many ſlips and counterfeits.
Deceit is fruitful. Men have maſques and nets,
But theſe with wearing will themſelves unfold:
They cannot laſt. No lie grew ever old.
Turn him, and ſee his threads: look if he be
Friend to himſelf that would be friend to thee.
For that is firſt requir'd, a man be his own;
But he that's too much that, is friend of none.
Then reſt, and a friend's value underſtand,
It is a richer purchaſe than of land.

An Epigram on Sir Edward Coke, when he was Lord Chief Juſtice of England

He that ſhould ſearch all glories of the gown,
And ſteps of all rais'd ſervants of the crown,
He could not find than thee, of all that ſtore,
Whom fortune aided leſs, or virtue more.
Such, Coke, were thy beginnings, when thy good
In others evil beſt was underſtood: [aid,
When, being the ſtranger's help, the poor man's
Thy juſt defences made th' oppreſſor afraid.
Such was thy proceſs, when integrity,
And ſkill in thee now grew authority:
That clients ſtrove in queſtion of the laws,
More for thy patronage, than for their cauſe,
And that thy ſtrong and manly eloquence
Stood up thy nation's fame, her crown's defence;
And now ſuch is thy ſtand, while thou doſt deal
Deſired juſtice to the public weal,
Like Solon's ſelf, explat'ſt the knotty laws
With endleſs labours, whilſt thy learning draws
No leſs of praiſe, than readers in all kinds
Of worthieſt knowledge, that can take men's minds.
Such is thy all, that (as I ſung before)
None fortune aided leſs, or virtue more.
Or if chance muſt to each man that doth riſe,
Needs lend an aid, to thine ſhe had her eyes.

An Epiſtle, anſwering to one that aſked to be ſealed of the tribe of Ben.

MEN that are ſafe and ſure in all they do,
Care not what trials they are put unto:
They meet the fire, the teſt, as martyrs would,
And though opinion ſtamp them not, are gold.
I could ſay more of ſuch, but that I fly
To ſpeak myſelf out too ambitiouſly,
And ſhowing ſo weak an act to vulgar eyes,
Put conſcience and my right to compromiſe.
Let thoſe that merely talk, and never think,
That live in the wild anarchy of drink,
Subject to quarrel only; or elſe ſuch
As make it their proficiency, how much
They've glutted in, and letcher'd out that week,
That never yet did friend or friendſhip ſeek,
But for a ſealing: let theſe men proteſt.
Or th' other on their borders, that will jeſt
On all ſouls that are abſent; even the dead,
Like flies or worms, which man's corrupt parts fed:
That to ſpeak well, think it above all ſin,
Of any company but that they are in,
Call'd every night to ſupper in theſe fits,
And are receiv'd for the covey of wits,
That cenſure all the town, and all th' affairs;
And know whoſe ignorance is more than theirs;
Let theſe men have their ways, and take their times
To vent their libels, and to iſſue rhymes,
I have no portion in them, nor their deal
Of news they get, to ſtrew out the long meal;
I ſtudy other friendſhips, and more one,
Than theſe can ever be, or elſe wiſh none.
What is't to me, whether the French deſign
Be, or be not to get the Vall-telline?
Or the States ſhips ſent forth belike to meet
Some hopes of Spain in their Weſt Indian fleet?
Whether the diſpenſation yet be ſent,
Or that the match from Spain was ever meant?
I wiſh all well, and pray high heaven conſpire
My prince's ſafety, and my king's deſire;
But if for honour we muſt draw the ſword,
And force back that which will not be reſtor'd,
I have a body yet that ſpirit draws,
To live or fall a carcaſe in the cauſe.
So far without inquiry what the States,
Brunſfield and Manſfield do this year, my fates
Shall carry me at call; and I'll be well,
Though I do neither hear theſe news, nor tell
Of Spain or France; or were not prick'd down one
Of the late myſtery of reception,
Although my fame to his not under-hears,
That guides the motions, and directs the bears.
But that's a blow, by which in time I may
Loſe all my credit with my Chriſtmas-clay,
And animated porc'laine of the court,
I, and for this neglect the coarſer ſort
Of earthen jars there may moleſt me too:
Well, with mine own frail pitcher what to do
I have decreed; keep it from waves and preſs,
Leſt it be juſtled, crack'd, made nought, or leſs:
Live to that point I will for which I'm man,
And dwell as in my centre, as I can,
Still looking to, and ever loving heaven;
With reverence uſing all the gifts thence given.
'Mongſt which, if I have any friendſhips ſent,
Such as are ſquare, well-tag'd, and permanent,
Not built with canvas, paper, and falſe lights,
As are the glorious ſcenes at the great ſights:
And that there be no fev'ry heats nor colds,
Oily expanſions, or ſhrunk dirty-folds,
But all ſo clear, and led by reaſon's flame,
As but to ſtumble in her ſight were ſhame.
Theſe I will honour, love, embrace, and ſerve;
And free it from all queſtion to preſerve.
So ſhort you read my character, and theirs
I would call mine, to which not many ſtairs
Are aſk'd to climb. Firſt give me faith, who know
Myſelf a little. I will take you ſo,
As you have writ yourſelf. Now ſtand, and then,
Sir, you are ſealed of the tribe of Ben.

The Dedication of the King's new Cellar to Bacchus.

SINCE, Bacchus, thou art father
Of wines, to thee the rather
We dedicate this cellar,
Where new, thou art made dweller,
And ſeal thee thy commiſſion:
But 'tis with a condition,
That thou remain here taſter
Of all to the great maſter.
And look unto their faces,
Their qualities and races,
That both their ódour take him,
And reliſh merry make him.
For, Bacchus, thou art freer
Of cares, and overſeer
Of feaſt and merry meeting,
And ſtill begin'ſt the greeting:
See then thou doſt attend him,
Lyæus, and defend him,
By all the arts of gladneſs,
From any thought like ſadneſs.
So may'ſt thou ſtill be younger
Than Phœbus, and much ſtronger,
To give mankind their eaſes,
And cure the world's diſeaſes:
So may the muſes follow
Thee ſtill and leave Apollo,
And think thy ſtream more quicker
Than Hippocrene's liquor:
And thou make many a poet,
Before his brain do know it;
So may there never quarrel
Have iſſue from the barrel,
But Venus and the Graces
Purſue thee in all places,
And not a ſong be other
Than Cupid and his mother.
That when King James above here
Shall feaſt it, thou may'ſt love there
The cauſes and the gueſts too,
And have thy tales and jeſts too,
Thy circuits and thy rounds free,
As ſhall the feaſt's fair grounds be.
Be it he hold communion
In great St. George's union;

Or gratulates the paſſage
Of ſome well wrought embaſſage;
Whereby he may knit ſure up
The wiſhed peace of Europe:
Or elſe a health advances,
To put his court in dances,
And ſet us all on ſkipping,
When with his royal ſhipping,
The narrow ſeas are ſhady,
And Charles brings home the lady.
Acceſſit fervor capiti, numeroſque lucernis.

An Epigram on the Court-Pucell.

Does the Court-Pucell then ſo cenſure me,
And thinks I dare not her? let the world ſee,
What though her chamber be the very pit,
Where fight the prime cocks of the game for wit;
And that as any are ſtroke, her breath creates
New in their ſtead, out of the candidates;
What though with tribade luſt ſhe force a muſe,
And in an epicœne fury can write news
Equal with that which for the beſt news goes,
As airy light, and as like wit as thoſe;
What though ſhe talk, and can at once with them
Make ſtate, religion, bawdry, all a theme.
And as lip-thirſty in each words expence,
Doth labour with the phraſe more than the ſenſe;
What though ſhe ride two mile on holidays
To church, as others do to feaſts and plays,
To ſhew their tires, to view, and to be view'd;
What though ſhe be with velvet gowns endu'd,
And ſpangled petticoats brought forth to eye,
As new rewards of her old ſecrecy;
What though ſhe hath won on truſt as many do,
And that her truſter fears her, muſt I too?
I never ſtood for any place: my wit
Thinks itſelf nought, though ſhe ſhould value it.
I am no ſtateſman, and much leſs divine;
For bawdry, 'tis her language, and not mine.
Fartheſt I am from the idolatry
To ſtuffs and laces, thoſe my man can buy.
And truſt her I would leaſt, that hath forefwore
In contract twice: what can ſhe perjure more?
Indeed her dreſſing ſome man might delight,
Her face there's none can like by candle-light.
Not he, that ſhould the body have, for caſe
To his poor inſtrument, now out of grace.
Shall I adviſe thee, Pucell? ſteal away [day;
From court, while yet thy fame hath ſome ſmall
The wits will leave you if they once perceive
You cling to lords; and lords, if them you leave
For ſermoneers: of which now one, now other,
They ſay you weekly invite with fits o' th' mother,
And practiſe for a miracle; take heed,
This age will lend no faith to Dorrel's deed;
Or if it would, the court is the worſt place,
Both for the mothers, and the babes of grace;
For there the wicked in the chair of ſcorn,
Will call't a baſtard, when a prophet's born.

*An Epigram to the honour'd *** Counteſs of ***.*

The wiſdom, madam, of your private life,
Wherewith this while you live a widow'd wife,
And the right ways you take unto the right,
To conquer rumour, and triumph on ſpite;
Not only ſhunning by your act to do
Ought that is ill, but the ſuſpicion too,
Is of ſo brave example, as he were
No friend to virtue, could be ſilent here;
The rather when the vices of the time
Are grown ſo fruitful, and falſe pleaſures climb
By all oblique degrees that killing height [weight,
From whence they fall, caſt down with their own
And though all praiſe bring nothing to your name,
Who (herein ſtudying conſcience, and not fame)
Are in yourſelf rewarded; yet 'twill be
A cheerful work to all good eyes, to ſee
Among the daily ruins that fall foul
Of ſtate, of fame, of body, and of ſoul,
So great a virtue ſtand upright to view,
As makes Penelope's old fable true,
Whilſt your Ulyſſes hath ta'en leave to go,
Countries and climes, manners and men to know.
Only your time you better entertain,
Than the great Homer's wit for her could feign;
For you admit no company but good, [blood,
And when you want thoſe friends, or near in
Or your allies, you make your books your friends,
And ſtudy them unto the nobleſt ends,
Searching for knowledge, and to keep your mind
The ſame it was inſpir'd, rich and refin'd.
Theſe graces, when the reſt of ladies view,
Not boaſted in your life, but practis'd true,
As they are hard for them to make their own,
So are they profitable to be known:
For when they find ſo many meet in one,
It will be ſhame for them if they have none.

Lord Bacon's Birth-day.

Hail happy genius of this ancient pile!
How comes it all things ſo about thee ſmile?
The fire, the wine, the men! and in the midſt
Thou ſtand'ſt as if ſome myſtery thou didſt!
Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
For whoſe returns, and many, all theſe pray;
And ſo do I. This is the ſixtieth year
Since Bacon, and thy lord was born, and here;
Son to the grave wiſe keeper of the ſeal,
Fame and foundation of the Engliſh weal.
What then his father was, that ſince is he,
Now with a title more to the degree;
England's high Chancellor: the deſtin'd heir
In his ſoft cradle to his father's chair;
Whoſe even thread the fates ſpin round and full,
Out of their choiceſt and their whiteſt wool.
'Tis a brave cauſe of joy, let it be known,
For 'twere a narrow gladneſs, kept thine own.
Give me a deep-crown'd bowl, that I may ſing
In raiſing him the wiſdom of my king.

A Poem ſent me by Sir William Burlaſe. The Paitney to the Poet.

To paint thy worth, if rightly I did know it,
And were but painter half like thee, a poet;
Ben, I would ſhow it:

But in this ſkill m 'unſkilful pen will tire,
Thou, and thy worth will ſtill be found far higher:
And I a liar.

Then, what a painter's here? or what an eater
Of great attempts; when as his ſkill's no greater,
And he a cheater?

Then, what a poet's here! whom, by confeſſion
Of all with me, to paint without digreſſion
There's no expreſſion.

My Anſwer. The Poet to the Painter.

Why? though I ſeem of a prodigious waiſt,
I am not ſo voluminous and vaſt,
But there are lines, wherewith I might b'embrac'd.

'Tis true, as my womb ſwells, ſo my back ſtoops,
And the whole lump grows round, deform'd, and droops,
But yet the tun at Heidelberg had hoops.

You were not tied by any painter's law
To ſquare my circle, I confeſs but draw
My ſuperficies: that was all you ſaw.

Which if in compaſs of no art it came
To be deſcribed by a monogram,
With one great blot you'd form'd me as I am.

But whilſt you curious were to have it be
An archetype, for all the world to ſee,
You made it a brave piece, but not like me.

O, had I now your manner, maſt'ry, might,
Your power of handling, ſhadow, air, and ſpright,
How I would draw, and take hold and delight!

But you are he can paint, I can but write:
A poet hath no more but black and white,
Ne knows he flatt'ring colours, or falſe light.

Yet when of friendſhip I would draw the face,
A letter'd mind, and a large heart would place
To all poſterity; I will write Burlaſe.

An Epigram to William Earl of Newcaſtle.

When firſt, my lord, I ſaw you back your horſe,
Provoke his mettle, and command his force
To all the uſes of the field and race,
Methought I read the ancient art of Thrace,
And ſaw a centaur, paſt thoſe tales of Greece,
So ſeem'd your horſe and you both of a-piece!
You ſhow'd like Perſeus upon Pegaſus,
Or Caſtor mounted on his Cyllarus:
Or what we hear our home-born legend tell,
Of bold Sir Bevis, or his Arundell:
Nay, ſo your ſeat his beauties did endorſe,
As I began to wiſh myſelf a horſe:
And ſurely, had I but your ſtable ſeen
Before, I think my wiſh abſolv'd had been.
For never ſaw I yet the muſes dwell,
Nor any of their houſehold half ſo well.
So well! as when I ſaw the floor and room,
I look'd for Hercules to be the groom:
And cried, away with the Cæſarian bread,
At theſe immortal mangers Virgil fed.

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Epiſtle to Mr. Arthur Squib.

I am to dine, friend, where I muſt be weigh'd
For a juſt wager, and that wager paid
If I do loſe it: and without a tale,
A merchant's wife is regent of the ſcale.
Who when ſhe heard the match, concluded ſtraight,
An ill commodity! 't muſt make good weight:
So, that upon the point my corporal fear
Is, ſhe will play dame juſtice too ſevere;
And hold me to it cloſe; to ſtand upright
Within the balance, and not want a mite;
But rather with advantage to be found
Full twenty ſtone, of which I lack two pound:
That's ſix in ſilver; now within the ſocket
Stinketh my credit, if into the pocket
It do not come: one piece I have in ſtore,
Lend me, dear Arthur, for a week, five more,
And you ſhall make me good in weight and faſhion,
And then to be return'd; or proteſtation
To go out after——till when take this letter
For your ſecurity. I can no better.

To Mr. John Burges.

Would God, my Burges, I could think
Thoughts worthy of thy gift, this ink,
Then would I promiſe here to give
Verſe that ſhould thee and me outlive.
But ſince the wine hath ſteep'd my brain,
I only can the paper ſtain;
Yet with a dye that fears no moth,
But ſcarlet-like, outlaſts the cloth.

Epiſtle to my Lady Covell.

You won not verſes, madam, you won me,
When you would play ſo nobly, and ſo free.
A book to a few lines: but it was fit
You won them too, your odds did merit it,
So have you gain'd a ſervant and a muſe:
The firſt of which I fear you will refuſe:
And you may juſtly, being a tardy, cold,
Unprofitable chattel, fat and old,
Laden with belly, and doth hardly approach
His friends, but to break chairs, or crack a coach.
His weight is twenty ſtone, within two pound;
And that's made up, as doth the purſe abound.
Marry, the muſe is one can tread the air,
And ſtroke the water, nimble, chaſte, and fair;
Sleep in a virgin's boſom without fear,
Run all the rounds in a ſoft lady's ear,
Widow or wife, without the jealouſy
Of either ſuitor, or a ſervant by.
Such (if her manners like you) I do ſend:
And can for other graces her commend,
To make you merry on the dreſſing-ſtool
A mornings, and at afternoons to fool
Away ill company, and help in rhyme
Your Joan to paſs her melancholy time.
By this, although you fancy not the man,
Accept his muſe; and tell, I know you can,
How many verſes, madam, are your due!
I can loſe none in tend'ring theſe to you.
I gain in having leave to keep my day,
And ſhould grow rich, had I much more to pay.

To Mr. John Burges.

FATHER John Burges,
Neceſſity urges
My woful cry
To Sir Robert Pie:
And that he will venture
To ſend my debenture.
Tell him his Ben
Knew the time when
He lov'd the muſes:
Though now he refuſes
To take apprehenſion
Of a year's penſion,
And more is behind:
Put him in mind
Chriſtmas is near;
And neither good cheer,
Mirth, fooling, nor wit,
Nor any leaſt fit
Of gambol or ſport
Will come at the court;
If there be no money,
No plover or coney
Will come to the table,
Or wine to enable
The muſe or the poet,
The pariſh will know it.
Nor any quick warming-pan help him to bed;
If the 'Chequer be empty, ſo will be his head.

Epigram to my Bookſeller.

THOU, friend, wilt hear all cenſures; unto thee
All mouths are open, and all ſtomachs free:
Be thou my book's intelligencer, note
What each man ſays of it, and of what coat
His judgment is; if he be wiſe, and praiſe,
Thank him; if other, he can give no bays.
If his wit reach no higher, but to ſpring
Thy wife a fit of laughter; a cramp-ring
Will be reward enough: to wear like thoſe,
That hang their richeſt jewels i' their noſe;
Like a rung bear or ſwine; grunting out wit,
As if that part lay for a ( ) moſt fit!
If they go on, and that thou lov'ſt a life
Their perfum'd judgments, let them kiſs thy wife.

An Epigram to William Earl of Newcaſtle.

THEY talk of fencing, and the uſe of arms,
The art of urging and avoiding harms,
The noble ſcience, and the maſt'ring ſkill
Of making juſt approaches how to kill:
To hit in angles, and to claſh with time;
As all defence or offence were a chime!
I hate ſuch meaſur'd, give me metal'd fire, [er!
That trembles in the blaze, but then mounts high-
A quick and dazzling motion! when a pair
Of bodies meet like rarified air!
Their weapons ſhot out, with that flame and force *,
As they outdid the lightning in the courſe;
This were a ſpectacle! a ſight to draw
Wonder to valour! no, it is a law
Of daring not to do a wrong; 'tis true
Valour to ſlight it being done to you †!
To know the heads of danger, where 'tis fit
To bend, to break, provoke, or ſuffer it!
All this, my lord, is valour! this is yours!
And was your father's! all your anceſtors!
Who durſt live great 'mongſt all the colds and heats
Of human life! as all the froſts and ſweats
Of fortune, when or death appear'd, or bands!
And valiant were, with or without their hands.

* Their weapons ſhot out with that flame and force.] "*Their weapons darted.*" *Edit.* 12mo. 1640.

An Epitaph on Henry Lord La-ware.

To the Paſſer by.

IF, paſſenger, thou canſt but read,
Stay, drop a tear for him that's dead:
Henry, the brave young Lord La-ware,
Minerva's and the muſes care!
What could their care do 'gainſt the ſpite
Of a diſeaſe, that lov'd no light
Of honour, nor no air of good;
But crept like darkneſs through his blood,
Offended with the dazzling flame
Of virtue, got above his name?
No noble furniture of parts,
No love of action and high arts;
No aim at glory, or in war,
Ambition to become a ſtar,
Could ſtop the malice of this ill,
That ſpread his body o'er to kill:
And only his great ſoul envy'd,
Becauſe it durſt have noblier dy'd.

An Epigram.

THAT you have ſeen the pride, beheld the ſport,
And all the games of fortune, play'd at court,
View'd there the market, read the wretched rate,
At which there are would fill the prince and ſtate:
That ſcarce you hear a public voice alive,
But whiſper'd counſels, and thoſe only thrive;
Yet are got off thence, with clear mind and hands
To liſt to heaven, who is't not underſtands
Your happineſs, and doth not ſpeak you bleſt,
To ſee you ſet apart thus from the reſt,
T' obtain of God what all the land ſhould aſk?
A nation's ſin not pardon'd! 'twere a taſk
Fit for a biſhop's knees! O bow them oft,
My lord; till felt grief make our ſtone-heart ſoft,
And we do weep to water for our ſin,
He, that in ſuch a flood as we are in,
Of riot and conſumption, knows the way
To teach the people how to faſt and pray,
And do their penance to avert God's rod
He is the man, and favourite of God.

† —— No, it is the law
Of daring not to do a wrong, is true
Valour! to ſlight it being done to you.] *The ſenſe is here a little diſturbed, but is eaſily ſet right with the help of the copy mentioned above. For* the *law of daring, we muſt read then, a law; and alter the punctuation in the manner it now ſtands in the text.*

An Epigram to King Charles, for an hundred Pounds he sent me in my sickness, 1629.

GREAT Charles, among the holy gifts of grace,
Annexed to thy person and thy place,
'Tis not enough (thy piety is such)
To cure the call'd king's-evil with thy touch;
But thou wilt yet a kinglier mast'ry try,
To cure the poet's evil, poverty:
And in these cures dost so thyself enlarge,
As thou dost cure our evil at thy charge.
Nay, and in this, thou show'st to value more
One poet, than of other folks ten score.
O piety! so to weigh the poors estates!
O bounty! so to difference the rates!
What can the poet wish his king may do,
But that he cure the people's evil too?

To King Charles and Queen Mary, for the Loss of their First-born. An Epigram Consolatory. 1629.

WHO dares deny, that all first-fruits are due
To God, denies the Godhead to be true:
Who doubts those fruits God can with gain restore,
Doth by his doubt distrust his promise more.
He can, he will, and with large int'rest, pay
What (at his liking) he will take away.
Then, royal Charles and Mary, do not grutch
That the Almighty's will to you is such:
But thank his greatness and his goodness too;
And think all still the best that he will do.
That thought shall make, he will this loss supply
With a long, large, and blest posterity!
For God, whose essence is so infinite,
Cannot but heap that grace he will requite.

An Epigram to our Great and Good King Charles, on his Anniversary-day, 1629.

How happy were the subject if he knew,
Most pious king, but his own good in you! [say,
How many times, Live long, Charles, would he
If he but weigh'd the blessings of this day?
And as it turns our joyful year about,
For safety of such majesty cry out?
Indeed when had Great Britain greater cause
Than now, to love the sovereign and the laws;
When you that reign are her example grown,
And what are bounds to her, you make your own?
When your assiduous practice doth secure
That faith which she professeth to be pure?
When all your life's a precedent of days,
And murmur cannot quarrel at your ways?
How is she barren grown of love, or broke!
That nothing can her gratitude provoke!
O times! O manners! surfeit bred of ease,
The truly epidemical disease!
'Tis not alone the merchant, but the clown,
Is bankrupt turn'd! the cassock, cloak and gown,
Are lost upon account, and none will know,
How much to heav'n for thee, great Charles, they owe!

An Epigram on the Prince's Birth, 1630.

AND art thou born, brave babe? blest be thy birth,
That so hath crown'd our hopes, our spring, and earth,
The bed of the chaste Lily and the Rose!
What month than May was fitter to disclose
This prince of flow'rs? Soon shoot thou up and grow
The fame that thou art promis'd, but be slow,
And long in changing. Let our nephews see
Thee quickly come the garden's eye to be,
And there to stand so. Haste now, envious moon,
And interpose thyself (care not how soon)
And threat' the great eclipse. Two hours but run,
Sol will re-shine. If not, Charles hath a son.

——Non displicuisse meretur
Festinat Cæsar qui placuisse tibi.

An Epigram to the Queen then lying in, 1630.

HAIL, Mary, full of grace, it once was said,
And by an angel, to the blessed'st maid,
The mother of our Lord: why may not I
(Without profaneness) as a poet, cry,
Hail, Mary, full of honours, to my queen,
The mother of our prince! when was there seen
Except the joy that the first Mary brought,
(Whereby the safety of mankind was wrought)
So general a gladness to an isle!
To make the hearts of a whole nation smile,
As in this prince? let it be lawful, so
To compare small with great, as still we owe
Glory to God. Then, hail to Mary! spring
Of so much safety to the realm and king.

An Ode or Song by all the Muses, in celebration of her Majesty's Birth-day, 1630.

1. *Clio.* UP, public joy, remember
This sixteenth of November,
Some brave uncommon way:
And though the parish-steeple
Be silent to the people
Ring thou it holiday.

2. *Mel.* What though the thrifty Tower,
And guns there spare to pour
Their noises forth in thunder:
As fearful to awake
This city, or to shake
Their guarded gates asunder?

3. *Thal.* Yet let our trumpets sound,
And cleave both air and ground,
With beating of our drums
Let every lyre be strung,
Harp, lute, theorbo sprung,
With touch of dainty thumbs.

4. *Eut.* That when the quire is full,
The harmony may pull
The angels from their spheres:
And each intelligence
May wish itself a sense,
Whilst it the ditty hears.

5. *Terp.* Behold the royal Mary;
The daughter of great Harry!
And sister to just Lewis!
Comes in the pomp and story
Of all her brother's glory,
And of her father's prowess!

6. *Erat.* She shows so far above
The feigned queen of Love,
This sea-girt isle upon:
As here no Venus were;
But that she reigning here,
Had got the Cestion on!

7. *Call.* See, see our active king,
Hath taken twice the ring,
Upon his pointed lance:
Whilst all the ravish'd rout
Do mingle in a shout,
Hey for the flower of France!

8. *Ura.* This day the court doth measure
Her joy in state and pleasure;
And with a reverend fear.
The revels and the play,
Sum up this crowned day,
Her two and twenti'th year.

9. *Poly.* Sweet happy Mary, all
The people do her call!
And this the womb divine!
So fruitful and so fair,
Hath brought the land an heir,
And Charles a Caroline.

An Epigram to the Houshold, 1630.

What can the cause be, when the king hath given
His poet sack, the household will not pay?
Are they so scanted in their store, or driven
For want of knowing the poet, to say him nay?
Well, they should know him, would the king but grant
His poet leave to sing his household true;
He'ld frame such ditties of their store and want,
Would make the very green-cloth to look blue:
And rather wish in their expence of sack,
So the allowance from the king to use,
As the old bard should no canary lack,
'Twere better spare a butt, than spill his muse.
For in the genius of a poet's verse,
The king's fame lives. Go now deny his tierce.

An Epigram to a Friend and Son.

Son, and my friend, I had not call'd you so
To me; or been the same to you, if show,
Profit, or chance had made us: but I know
What, by that name, we each to other owe
Freedom and Truth; with Love from those begot.
Wise-crafts, on which the flatterer ventures not.
His is more safe commodity or none;
Nor dares he come in the comparison.
But as the wretched painter, who so ill
Painted a dog, that now his subtler skill
Was t' have a boy stand with a club, and fright
All live dogs from the lane, and his shop's sight,
Till he had sold his piece, drawn so unlike:
So doth the flatterer with fair cunning strike
At a friend's freedom, proves all circling means
To keep him off; and howsoe'er he gleans
Some of his forms, he lets him not come near
Where he would fix, for the distinctions fear;
For as at distance few have faculty
To judge; so all men coming near, can spy;
Though now of flattery, as of picture, are
More subtil works, and finer pieces far,
Than knew the former ages; yet to life
All is but web and painting; be the strife
Never so great to get them; and the ends,
Rather to boast rich hangings than rare friends.

Ode Pindaric, to the immortal Memory and Friendship of that Noble Pair, Sir Lucius Carey, and Sir H. Morison.

The First Turn of Ten.

Brave infant of Saguntum, clear
Thy coming forth in that great year,
When the prodigious Hannibal did crown
His rage, with razing your immortal town.
Thou looking then about,
Ere thou wert half got out,
Wise child didst hastily return,
And mad'st thy mother's womb thine urn,
How summ'd a circle didst thou leave mankind
Of deepest lore, could we the centre find!

The First Counter-turn of Ten.

Did wiser nature draw thee back,
From out the horror of that sack;
Where shame, faith, honour, and regard of right,
Lay trampled on; the deeds of death and night,
Urg'd, hurried forth, and hurl'd
Upon the affrighted world:
Sword, fire, and famine, with fell fury met;
And all on utmost ruin set:
As, could they but life's miseries foresee,
No doubt all infants would return like thee.

The First Stand of Twelve.

For what is life, if measur'd by the space,
Not by the act?
Or masked man, if valued by his face,
Above his fact?
Here's one out-liv'd his peers,
And told forth fourscore years:
He vexed time, and busied the whole state;
Troubled both foes and friends;
But ever to no ends:
What did this stirrer but die late?
How well at twenty had he fall'n or stood!
For three of his fourscore he did no good.

The Second Turn of Ten.

He entered well by virtuous parts,
Got up and thriv'd with honest arts:
He purchas'd friends, and fame, and honours then,
And had his noble name advanc'd with men:
But weary of that flight,
He stoop'd in all mens sight
To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
And sunk in that dead sea of life,
So deep, as he did then death's waters sup:
But that the cork of title buoy'd him up.

The Second Counter-turn of Ten.

Alas, but Morison fell young,
He never fell, thou fall'st, my tongue.
He stood a soldier to the last right end,
A perfect patriot, and a noble friend;

But moſt a virtuous ſon.
All offices were done
By him, ſo ample, full, and round,
In weight, in meaſure, number, ſound,
though his age imperfect might appear,
s life was of humanity the ſphere.

The Second Stand of Twelve.

o now, and tell our days ſumm'd up with fears,
And make them years:
oduce thy maſs of miſeries on the ſtage,
To ſwell thine age:
Repeat of things a throng,
To ſhow thou haſt been long,
Not liv'd; for life doth her great actions ſpell,
By what was done and wrought
In ſeaſon, and ſo brought
To light: her meaſures are, how well
ich ſyllable anſwer'd, and was form'd; how fair
heſe make the lines of life, and that's her air.

The Third Turn of Ten.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
r ſtanding long an oak, three hundred year,
o fall a log at laſt, dry, bald, and ſear:
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
n ſmall proportions we juſt beauties ſee:
nd in ſhort meaſures life may perfect be.

The Third Counter-turn of Ten.

Call, noble Lucius, then for wine,
And let thy looks with gladneſs ſhine:
ccept this garland, plant it on thy head,
nd think, nay know, thy Moriſon's not dead.
He leap'd the preſent age,
Poſſeſt with holy rage,
To ſee that bright eternal day:
Of which we prieſts and poets ſay
uch truths as we expect for happy men,
nd there he lives with memory, and Ben

The Third Stand of Twelve.

onſon, who ſung this of him, ere he went
Himſelf to reſt,
r taſte a part of that full joy he meant
To have expreſt,
In this bright aſteriſm!
Where it were friendſhip's ſchiſm,
(Were not his Lucius long with us to tarry)
To ſeparate theſe twi-
Lights, the Dioſcuri;
And keep the one half from his Harry.
ut Fate did ſo alternate the deſign,
Whilſt that in heav'n, this light on earth muſt ſhine.

The Fourth Turn of Ten.

And ſhine as you exalted are;
Two names of friendſhip, but one ſtar:
Of hearts the union, and thoſe not by chance
Made, or indenture, or leas'd out t' advance
The profits for a time.
No pleaſures vain did chime,
Of rhymes, or riots, at your feaſts,
Orgies of drink, or feign'd proteſts;
But ſimple love of greatneſs and of good;
That knits brave minds and manners, more than blood.

The Fourth Counter-turn of Ten.

This made you firſt to know the why
You lik'd, then after, to apply
That liking; and approach ſo one the t'other:
Till either grew a portion of the other:
Each ſtyled by his end,
The copy of his friend.
You liv'd to be the great ſirnames,
And titles by which all made claims
Unto the virtue. Nothing perfect done,
But as a Cary, or a Moriſon.

The Fourth and laſt Stand of Twelve.

And ſuch a force the fair example had,
As they that ſaw
The good, and durſt not practiſe it, were glad
That ſuch a law
Was left yet to mankind;
Where they might read and find
Friendſhip, indeed, was written not in words:
And with the heart, not pen,
Of two ſo early men,
Whoſe lines her rolls were and records.
Who, ere the firſt down bloomed on the chin,
Had ſow'd theſe fruits, and got the harveſt in.

To the Right Honourable the Lord High Treaſurer of England. An Epiſtle Mendicant, 1631.

My Lord,

Poor wretched ſtates, preſt by extremities,
Are fain to ſeek for ſuccours and ſupplies
Of princes aids, or good mens charities.

Diſeaſe the enemy, and his engineers,
Want, with the reſt of his conceal'd compeers,
Have caſt a trench about me, now five years;

And made thoſe ſtrong approaches by falſe brays,
Redoubts, half-moons, horn-works, and ſuch cloſe ways,
The muſe not peeps out, one of hundred days.

But lies block'd up, and ſtraitned, narrow'd in,
Fix'd to the bed and boards, unlike to win
Health, or ſcarce breath, as ſhe had never been.

Unleſs ſome ſaving honour of the crown,
Dare think it, to relieve, no leſs renown,
A bed-rid wit, than a beſieged town.

To the King, on his Birth-Day, Nov. 19, 1632. An Epigram Anniverſary.

This is King Charles his day. Speak it thou Tower,
Unto the ſhips, and they from tier to tier,
Diſcharge it 'bout the iſland in an hour,
As loud as thunder, and as ſwift as fire.

Let Ireland meet it out at sea, half-way,
Repeating all Great Britain's joy and more,
Adding her own glad accents to this day,
Like Echo playing from the other shore.
What drums or trumpets, or great ordnance can,
The poetry of steeples, with the bells,
Three kingdoms mirth, in light and aëry man,
Made lighter with the wine. All noises else,
At bonfires, rockets, fire-works, with the shouts
That cry that gladness which their hearts would pray,
Had they but grace, of thinking, at these routs,
On th' often coming of this holiday:
And ever close the burden of the song, [long.
Still to have such a Charles, but this Charles

The wish is great; but where the prince is such,
What prayers, people, can you think too much!

On the Right Honourable and virtuous Lord Weston, Lord High Treasurer of England, upon the day he was made Earl of Portland, Feb. 17, 1632.

To the Envious.

Look up, thou seed of envy, and still bring
Thy faint and narrow eyes to read the king
In his great actions: view whom his large hand
Hath rais'd to be the port unto his land!
Weston! that waking man! that eye of state!
Who seldom sleeps! whom bad men only hate!
Why do I irritate or stir up thee,
Thou sluggish spawn, that canst, but wilt not see!
Feed on thyself for spite, and show thy kind:
To virtue and true worth be ever blind.
Dream thou couldst hurt it, but before thou wake,
T' effect it, feel thou 'ast made thine own heart ach.

To the Right Honourable Hierome, Lord Weston, An Ode Gratulatory, for his return from his Embassy, 1632.

Such pleasure as the teeming earth
Doth take in easy nature's birth,
When she puts forth the life of every thing:
And in a dew of sweetest rain,
She lies deliver'd without pain,
Of the prime beauty of the year, the spring.

The rivers in their shores do run,
The clouds rack clear before the sun,
The rudest winds obey the calmest air:
Rare plants from ev'ry bank do rise,
And every plant the sense surprise,
Because the order of the whole is fair!

The very verdure of her nest,
Wherein she sits so richly drest,
As all the wealth of season there was spread;
Doth show the Graces and the hours
Have multiplied their arts and powers,
In making soft her aromatic bed.

Such joys, such sweets, doth your return
Bring all your friends, fair lord, that burn
With love, to hear your modesty relate
The bus'ness of your blooming wit,
With all the fruit shall follow it,
Both to the honour of the king and state.

O how will then our court be pleas'd,
To see great Charles of travail eas'd,
When he beholds a graft of his own hand,
Shoot up an olive, fruitful, fair,
To be a shadow to his heir,
And both a strength and beauty to his land!

EPITHALAMION: OR, A SONG,

Celebrating the Nuptials of that noble Gentleman, M Hierome Weston, son and heir of the Lord West Lord High Treasurer of England, with the La Frances Stewart, daughter of Esme Duke of Lenc deceas'd, and sister of the surviving Duke of the sa name.

Though thou hast past thy summer-standing, sta
A while with us, bright sun, and help our light
Thou canst not meet more glory on the way,
Between the tropics, to arrest thy sight,
Than thou shalt see to-day:
We woo thee, stay.
And see what can be seen,
The bounty of a king, and beauty of his queen!

See the procession! what a holy day
(Bearing the promise of some better fate)
Hath filled with caroches all the way,
From Greenwich, hither to Row-hampton gate
When look'd the year, at best,
So like a feast?
Or were affairs in tune,
By all the spheres consent, so in the heart of June

What beauty of beauties, and bright youths a
charge
Of summers liveries, and gladding green,
Do boast their loves and brav'ries so at large,
As they came all to see, and to be seen!
When look'd the earth so fine,
Or so did shine,
In all her bloom and flower, [bower
To welcome home a pair, and deck the nuptia

It is the kindly season of the time, [fort
The month of youth, which calls all creature
To do their offices in nature's chime,
And celebrate (perfection at the worth)
Marriage, the end of life,
That holy strife,
And the allowed war; [are
Through which not only we, but all our specie

Hark how the bells upon the waters play
Their sister-tunes from Thames his either side,
As they had learn'd new changes for the day,
And all did ring th' approaches of the bride;
The Lady Frances drest
Above the rest
Of all the maidens fair;
In graceful ornament of garland, gems, and hair.

e how ſhe paceth forth in virgin-white,
Like what ſhe is, the daughter of a duke,
id ſiſter: darting forth a dazzling light
On all that come her ſimpleſs to rebuke!
Her treſſes trim her back,
As ſhe did lack
Nought of a maiden queen,
ith modeſty ſo crown'd, and adoration ſeen.

ay, thou wilt ſee what rites the virgins do!
The choiceſt virgin-troop of all the land!
rting the enſigns of united two,
Both crowns and kingdoms in their either hand:
Whoſe majeſties appear,
To make more clear,
This feaſt, than can the day,
lthough that thou, O ſun, at our entreaty ſtay!

e how with roſes, and with lilies ſhine,
(Lilies and roſes, flow'rs of either ſex) [thine
he bright bride's paths, embelliſh'd more than
With light of love, this pair doth intertex!
Stay, ſee the virgins ſow
(Where ſhe ſhall go)
The emblems of their way.
now thou ſmil'ſt, fair ſun, and ſhin'ſt, as thou
would'ſt ſtay!

ith what full hands, and in how plenteous ſhow-
ers [tread,
Have they bedew'd the earth, where ſhe doth
s if her airy ſteps did ſpring the flowers,
And all the ground were garden where ſhe led!
See, at another door,
On the ſame floor,
The bridegroom meets the bride [beſide.
ith all the pomp of youth, and all our court

ur court, and all the grandees; now, ſun, look,
And looking with thy beſt inquiry, tell,
all thy age of journals thou haſt took,
Saw'ſt thou that pair became theſe rites ſo well,
Save the preceding two?
Who, in all they do,
Search, ſun, and thou wilt find [kind.
hey are th' exampled pair, and mirror of their

orce from the Phœnix, then, no rarity
Of ſex, to rob the creature; but from man
he king of creatures; take his parity
With angels, muſe, to ſpeak theſe: nothing can
Illuſtrate theſe, but they
Themſelves to-day,
Who the whole act expreſs;
ll elſe we ſee beſide, are ſhadows, and go leſs.

is their grace and favour that makes ſeen,
And wonder'd at the bounties of this day:
ll is a ſtory of the king and queen!
And what of dignity and honour may
Be duly done to thoſe
And ſet the mark upon,
o give a greater name and title to! their own!

Veſton, their treaſure, as their treaſurer,
That mine of wiſdom, and of counſels deep,
Great ſay-maſter of ſtate, who cannot err,
But doth his caract, and juſt ſtandard keep,
In all the prov'd aſſays,
And legal ways
Of trials, to work down [crown,
Mens loves unto the laws, and laws to love the

And this well mov'd the judgment of the king,
To pay with honours to his noble ſon
To-day, the father's ſervice; who could bring
Him up, to do the ſame himſelf had done:
That far all-ſeeing eye
Could ſoon eſpy
What kind of waking man
He had ſo highly ſet; and in what Barbican.

Stand there; for when a noble nature's rais'd,
It brings friends joy, foes grief; poſterity, fame;
In him the times, no leſs than prince, are prais'd,
And by his riſe, in active men, his name
Doth emulation ſtir;
To th' dull a ſpur
It is, to th' envious meant
A mere upbraiding grief, and tort'ring puniſhment.

See now the chapel opens; where the king
And biſhop ſtay to conſummate the rites:
The holy prelate prays, then takes the ring,
Aſks firſt, who gives her (I Charles;) then he
plights
One in the other's hand,
Whilſt they both ſtand
Hearing their charge, and then
The ſolemn choir cries, Joy; and they return, *Amen*.

O happy bands! and thou more happy place,
Which to this uſe were built and conſecrate!
To have thy God to bleſs, thy king to grace,
And this their choſen biſhop celebrate,
And knit the nuptial knot,
Which time ſhall not,
Or canker'd jealouſy,
With all corroding arts, be able to untie!

The chapel empties, and thou mayſt be gone
Now, ſun, and poſt away the reſt of day:
Theſe two, now holy church hath made them one,
Do long to make themſelves ſo another way:
There is a feaſt behind,
To them of kind,
Which their glad parents taught [brought.
One to the other, long e'er theſe to light were

Haſte, haſte, officious ſun, and ſend them night
Some hours before it ſhould, that theſe may know
All that their fathers and their mothers might
Of nuptial ſweets, at ſuch a ſeaſon, owe,
To propagate their names,
And keep their fames
Alive, which elſe would die;
For fame keeps virtue up, and its poſterity.

Th' ignoble never liv'd, they were a-while
Like ſwine, or other cattle here on earth:
Their names are not recorded on the file
Of life, that fall ſo: Chriſtians know their birth

Alone; and such a race,
We pray may grace
Your fruitful spreading vine,
But dare not ask our wish in language *fescennine*:

Yet, as we may, we will, with chaste desires
(The holy perfumes of the marriage bed)
Be kept alive, those sweet and sacred fires
Of love between you and your lovely-head:
That when you both are old,
You find no cold
There; but renewed, say, [day.
(After the last child born) this is our wedding-

Till you behold a race to fill your hall,
A Richard, and a Hierome, by their names
Upon a Thomas, or a Francis call;
A Kate, a Frank, to honour their grand-dams,
And 'tween their grand-sire's thighs,
Like pretty spies,
Peep forth a gem; to see
How each one plays his part of the large pedigree.

And never may there want one of the stem,
To be a watchful servant for this state;
But like an arm of eminence 'mongst them,
Extend a reaching virtue early and late:
Whilst the main tree still sound
Upright and sound,
By this sun's noonsted's made
So great; his body now alone projects the shade.

They both are slip'd to bed: shut fast the door,
And let him freely gather love's first fruits,
He's master of the office; yet no more
Exacts than she is pleas'd to pay: no suits,
Strifes, murmurs, or delay,
Will last till day:
Night and the sheets will show,
The longing couple all that elder lovers know.

The humble Petition of poor Ben;
To th' best of Monarchs, Masters, Men,
KING CHARLES;

—— Doth humbly show it,
To your Majesty, your poet:

THAT whereas your royal father,
James the blessed, pleas'd the rather,
Of his special grace to letters,
To make all the muses debtors
To his bounty; by extension
Of a free poetic pension,
A large hundred marks annuity,
To be given me in gratuity
For done service, and to come:
And that this so accepted sum,
Or dispens'd in books or bread,
(For with both the muse was fed)
Hath drawn on me from the times,
All the envy of the rhymes,
And the ratling pit-pat noise
Of the less poetic boys,
When their pot-guns aim to hit,
With their pellets of small wit,
Parts of me (they judg'd) decay'd,
But we last out still unlay'd.
Please your majesty to make
Of your grace, for goodness sake,
Those your father's marks, your pounds:
Let their spite (which now abounds)
Then go on, and do its worst;
This would all their envy burst:
And so warm the poet's tongue,
You'd read a snake in his next song.

To the Right Honourable, the Lord Treasurer of England. An Epigram.

If to my mind, great lord, I had a state,
I would present you now with curious plate
Of Noremberg or Turkey: hang your rooms,
Not with the Arras, but the Persian looms:
I would, if price or prayer could them get,
Send in what or Romano, Tintoret,
Titian or Raphael, Michael Angelo,
Have left in fame to equal, or outgo
The old Greek hands in picture, or in stone.
This I would do, could I know Weston, one
Catch'd with these arts, wherein the judge is wit
As far as sense, and only by the eyes.
But you, I know, my lord, and know you can
Discern between a statue and a man:
Can do the things that statues do deserve,
And act the business which they paint or carve.
What you have studied, are the arts of life;
To compose men and manners; stint the strife
Of murmuring subjects; make the nations know
What worlds of blessings to good kings they owe
And mightiest monarchs feel what large increase
Of sweets and safeties they possess by peace.
These I look up at with a reverend eye,
And strike religion in the standers by,
Which, though I cannot as an architect,
In glorious piles or pyramids erect
Unto your honour; I can tune in song
Aloud: and happ'ly it may last as long.

An Epigram to my Muse, the Lady Digby, on her Husband Sir Kenelm Digby.

THOUGH, happy muse, thou know my Digby well,
Yet read him in these lines: he doth excel
In honour, courtesy, and all the parts
Court can call hers, or man could call his arts.
He's prudent, valiant, just and temperate:
In him all virtue is beheld in state;
And he is built like some imperial room
For that to dwell in, and be still at home.
His breast is a brave palace, a broad street,
Where all heroic ample thoughts do meet:
Where nature such a large survey hath ta'en,
As other souls, to his, dwelt in a lane:
Witness his action done at Scanderoon,
Upon his birth-day, the eleventh of June;
When the apostle, Barnaby the bright,
Unto our year doth give the longest light,
In sign the subject, and the song will live,
Which I have vow'd posterity to give.
Go, muse, in, and salute him. Say he be
Busy, or frown at first, when he sees thee,

He will clear up his forehead; think thou bring'ſt
Good omen to him in the note thou ſing'ſt:
For he doth love my verſes, and will look
Upon them (next to Spenſer's noble book),
And praiſe them too. O what a fame 'twill be!
What reputation to my lines and me,
When he ſhall read them at the treaſurer's board?
The knowing Weſton, and that learned lord
Allows them? then, what copies ſhall be had,
What tranſcripts begg'd? how cry'd up, and how glad
Wilt thou be, muſe, when this ſhall them befal?
Being ſent to one, they will be read of all.

New years expect new gifts: ſiſter, your harp,
Lute, lyre, theorbo, all are call'd to-day.
Your change of notes, the flat, the mean, the ſharp,
To ſhow the rites, and uſher forth the way
Of the new year, in a new ſilken warp,
To fit the ſoftneſs of your year's gift: when
We ſing the beſt of monarchs, maſters, men:
For had we here ſaid leſs, we had ſung nothing then.

A New-Year's Gift, ſung to King Charles, 1635.

Rector Chori.

To-day old Janus opens the new year,
And ſhuts the old. Haſte, haſte, all loyal ſwains,
That know the times and ſeaſons when t'appear,
And offer your juſt ſervice on theſe plains;
Beſt kings expect firſt-fruits of your glad gains.

1. Pain is the great preſerver of our bounds.
2. To him we owe all profits of our grounds.
3. Our milk. 4. Our fells. 5. Our fleeces. 6. And firſt lambs.
7. Our teeming ewes. 8. And luſty mounting rams.
9. See where he walks, with Mira by his ſide.
Chor. Sound, ſound his praiſes loud, and with his, hers divide.

Of Pan we ſing, the beſt of hunters, Pan,
That drives the hart to ſeek unuſed ways,
Shep. And in the chaſe, more than Sylvanus can;
Chor. Hear, O ye groves and hills! reſound his praiſe.

Of brighteſt Mira do we raiſe our ſong,
Siſter of Pan, and glory of the ſpring; [along:
Nym. Who walks on earth, as May ſtill went
Chor. Rivers and valleys echo what we ſing.

Of Pan we ſing, the chief of leaders, Pan,
Shep. Chor. That leads our flocks and us, and calls both forth
To better paſtures than great Pales can:
Hear, O ye groves! and hills reſound his worth.

Of brighteſt Mira is our ſong; the grace [bring;
Nymp. Chor. Of all that nature yet to life did
And were ſhe loſt, could beſt ſupply her place:
Rivers and valleys echo what we ſing.

1. Where'er they tread th' enamour'd ground,
The faireſt flow'rs are always found:
2. As if the beauties of the year
Still waited on them where they were.
1. He is the father of our peace;
2. She to the crown hath brought increaſe.
1. We know no other pow'r than his,
Pan only our great ſhepherd is,
Chor. Our great, our good. Where one's ſo dreſt
In truth of colours, both are beſt.

Haſte, haſte you hither, all you gentler ſwains,
That have a flock or herd upon theſe plains:
This is the great preſerver of our bounds,
To whom you owe all duties of your grounds;
Your milks, your fells, your fleeces, and firſt lambs,
Your teeming ewes, as well as mounting rams.
Whoſe praiſes let's report unto the woods,
That they may take it echo'd by the floods.
'Tis he, 'tis he, in ſinging he,
And hunting, Pan, exceedeth thee.
He gives all plenty and increaſe,
He is the author of our peace.

Where'er he goes upon the ground,
The better graſs and flowers are found.
To ſweeter paſtures lead he can,
Than ever Pales could, or Pan:
He drives diſeaſes from our ſolds,
The thief from ſpoil his preſence holds:
Pan knows no other power than his,
This only the great ſhepherd is.
'Tis he, 'tis he, &c.

Fair friend, 'tis true, your beauties move
My heart to a reſpect;
Too little to be paid with love,
Too great for your neglect.

I neither love, nor yet am free,
For though the flame I find
Be not intenſe in the degree,
'Tis of the pureſt kind.

It little wants of love but pain,
Your beauty takes my ſenſe,
And leſt you ſhould that prince diſdain,
My thoughts too feel the influence.

'Tis not a paſſion's firſt acceſs
Ready to multiply,
But like love's calmeſt ſtate it is
Poſſeſt with victory.

It is like love to truth reduc'd,
All the falſe value's gone,
Which were created, and induc'd
By fond imagination.

'Tis either fancy, or 'tis fate,
To love you more than I:
I love you at your beauty's rate,
Leſs were an injury.

Like unſtamp'd gold, I weigh each grace,
So that you may collect,
h' intrinſic value of your face,
Safely from my reſpect.

And this respect would merit love,
Were not so fair a sight
Payment enough; for who dare move
Reward for his delight?

On the King's Birth-day.

Rouse up thyself, my gentle muse,
Though now our green conceits be gray,
And yet once more do not refuse
To take thy Phrygian harp, and play
In honour of this cheerful day:
Long may they both contend to prove,
That best of crowns is such a love.

Make first a song of joy and love,
Which chastely flames in royal eyes,
Then tune it to the spheres above,
When the benignest stars do rise,
And sweet conjunctions grace the skies.
Long may, &c.

To this let all good hearts resound,
Whilst diadems invest his head;
Long may he live, whose life doth bound
More than his laws, and better led
By high example, than by dread.
Long may, &c.

Long may he round about him see
His roses and his lilies blown:
Long may his only dear and he
Joy in ideas of their own,
And kingdoms hopes so timely sown.
Long may they both contend to prove,
That best of crowns is such a love.

To my Lord the King, on the Christening his second Son James.

That thou art lov'd of God, this work is done,
Great king, thy having of a second son:
And by thy blessing may thy people see
How much they are belov'd of God in thee.
Would they would understand it! princes are
Great aids to empire, as they are great care
To pious parents, who would have their blood
Should take first seisin of the public good,
As hath thy James; cleans'd from original dross,
This day, by baptism, and his Saviour's cross.
Grow up, sweet babe, as blessed in thy name,
As in renewing thy good grandsire's fame:
Methought Great Britain in her sea, before
Sat safe enough, but now secured more.
At land she triumphs in the triple shade,
Her rose and lily intertwin'd, have made.

Oceano securra meo, securior umbris.

An Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet, Marchioness of Winton.

What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?
And beck'ning woos me from the fatal tree,
To pluck a garland for herself or me?
I do obey you, beauty! for in death
You seem a fair one! O that you had breath
To give your shade a name! stay, stay, I feel
A horror in me! all my blood is steel!
Stiff! stark! my joints 'gainst one another knock!
Whose daughter? ha! great Savage of the Rock?
He's good as great. I am almost a stone!
And ere I can ask more of her she's gone!
Alas, I am all marble! write the rest
Thou would'st have written, Fame, upon my breast:
It is a large fair table, and a true,
And the disposer will be something new,
When I, who would the poet have become,
At least may bear th' inscription to her tomb.
She was the Lady Jane, and Marchioness
Of Winchester; the heralds can tell this. [Fame,
Earl Rivers' grandchild—'serve not forms, good
Sound thou her virtues, give her soul a name.
Had I a thousand mouths, as many tongues,
And voice to raise them from my brazen lungs,
I durst not aim at that: the dotes were such
Thereof, no notion can express how much
Their caract was! I or my trump must break,
But rather I, should I of that part speak!
It is too near of kin to heaven, the soul,
To be describ'd! Fame's fingers are too foul
To touch these mysteries! we may admire
The heat and splendour, but not handle fire!
What she did here, by great example, well,
T' enlive posterity, her fame may tell!
And calling truth to witness, make that good
From the inherent graces in her blood!
Else who doth praise a person by a new,
But a feign'd way, doth rob it of the true.
Her sweetness, softness, her fair courtesy,
Her wary guards, her wise simplicity,
Were like a ring of virtues 'bout her set,
And piety the centre were all met.
A reverend state she had, an awful eye,
A daz'ling, yet inviting, majesty:
What nature, fortune, institution, fact,
Could sum to a perfection, was her act!
How did she leave the world? with what contempt!
Just as she in it liv'd! and so exempt
From all affection! when they urg'd the cure
Of her disease, how did her soul assure
Her suff'rings, as the body had been away!
And to the torturers (her doctors) say;
Stick on your cupping-glasses, fear not, put
Your hottest caustics to, burn, lance, or cut:
'Tis but a body which you can torment,
And I into the world all soul was sent!
Then comforted her lord! and blest her son!
Cheer'd her fair sisters in her race to run!
With gladness temper'd her sad parents tears!
Made her friends joys to get above their fears!
And in her last act taught the standers-by
With admiration and applause to die!
Let angels sing her glories, who did call
Her spirit home to her original!
Who saw the way was made it! and were sent
To carry and conduct the compliment
'Twixt death and life! where her mortality
Became her birth-day to eternity!
And now through circumfused light she looks,
On nature's secrets there, as her own books:
Speaks heaven's language. and discourseth free
To every order, every hierarchy!

Beholds her Maker, and in him doth ſee
What the beginnings of all beauties be;
And all beatitudes that thence do flow:
Which they that have the crown are ſure to know!
Go now, her happy parents, and be ſad,
If you not underſtand what child you had.
If you dare grudge at Heaven, and repent
T'have paid again a bleſſing was but lent,
And truſted ſo, as it depoſited lay
At pleaſure, to be call'd for every day!
If you can envy your own daughter's bliſs,
And wiſh her ſtate leſs happy than it is!
If you can caſt about your either eye,
And ſee all dead here, or about to die!
The ſtars, that are the jewels of the night,
And day, deceaſing! with the prince of light,
The ſun! great kings! and mightieſt kingdoms fall!
Whole nations! nay, mankind! the world, with all
That ever had beginning there, to end!
With what injuſtice ſhould one ſoul pretend
T'eſcape this common known neceſſity,
When we were all born, we began to die;
And but for that contention and brave ſtrife,
The Chriſtian hath t'enjoy the future life,
He were the wretched'ſt of the race of men:
But as he ſoars at that, he bruiſeth then
The ſerpents head; gets above death and ſin,
And ſure of heaven, rides triumphing in.

EUPHEME: OR, THE FAIR FAME;

Left to poſterity of that truly noble Lady, the Lady Venetia Digby, late Wife of Sir Kenelme Digby, Knight, a Gentleman abſolute in all numbers.

Vivam amare voluptas, defunctum religio.

I. *The Dedication of her Cradle.*

Fair fame, who art ordain'd to crown
With evergreen, and great renown,
Their heads that envy would hold down
With her in ſhade
Of death and darkneſs, and deprive
Their names of being kept alive
By thee and conſcience, both who thrive
By the juſt trade

Of goodneſs ſtill: vouchſafe to take
This cradle, and for goodneſs ſake,
A dedicated enſign make
Thereof to Time;
That all poſterity, as we,
Who read what the Crepundia be,
May ſomething by that twilight ſee
'Bove ratt'ling rhyme:

For though that rattles, timbrels, toys,
Take little infants with their noiſe,
As prop'reſt gifts to girls and boys,
Of light expence;
Their corals, whiſtles, and prime coats,
Their painted maſques, their paper boats,
With ſails of ſilk, as the firſt notes
Surpriſe their ſenſe:

Yet here are no ſuch trifles brought,
No cobweb cawls, no ſurcoats wrought
With gold, or claſps, which might be bought
On every ſtall.
But here's a ſong of her deſcent;
And call to the high parliament
Of heaven; where ſeraphim take tent
Of ord'ring all.

This utter'd by an ancient bard,
Who claims (of reverence) to be heard,
As coming with his harp, prepar'd
To chant her 'gree,
Is ſung: as alſ' her getting up
By Jacob's ladder to the top
Of that eternal port, kept ope'
For ſuch as ſhe.

II. *The Song of her Deſcent.*

I sing the juſt and uncontroul'd deſcent
Of dame Venetia Digby, ſtyl'd the fair:
For mind and body the moſt excellent
That ever nature, or the later air,
Gave two ſuch houſes as Northumberland
And Stanley, to the which ſhe was co-heir.
Speak it, you bold Penates, you that ſtand
At either ſtem, and know the veins of good
Run from your roots; tell, teſtify the grand
Meeting of Graces, that ſo ſwell'd the flood
Of virtues in her, as, in ſhort, ſhe grew
The wonder of her ſex, and of your blood:
And tell thou, Alde-legh, none can tell more true
Thy niece's line, than thou that gav'ſt thy name
Into the kindred, whence thy Adam drew
Meſchine's honour, with the Ceſtrian fame
Of the firſt Lupus, to the family
By Ranulph———

[*The reſt of this ſong is loſt.*]

III. *The Picture of the Body.*

Sitting, and ready to be drawn,
What makes theſe velvets, ſilks, and lawn,
Embroideries, feathers, fringes, lace,
Where every limb takes like a face?

Send theſe ſuſpected helps to aid
Some form defective, or decay'd;
This beauty, without falſehood fair,
Needs nought to clothe it but the air.

Yet ſomething to the painter's view,
Were fitly interpos'd; ſo new:
He ſhall, if he can underſtand,
Work by my fancy, with his hand.

Draw firſt a cloud, all ſave her neck,
And out of that make day to break;
Till like her face it do appear,
And men may think all light roſe there.

Then let the beams of that diſperſe
The cloud, and ſhow the univerſe;
But at ſuch diſtance, as the eye
May rather yet adore, than ſpy

The heaven design'd, draw next a spring,
With all that youth, or it can bring:
Four rivers branching forth like seas,
And Prradise confin'd in these.

Last, draw the circles of this globe,
And let there be a starry robe
Of constellations 'bout her hurl'd;
And thou hast painted beauty's world.

But, painter, see thou do not sell
A copy of this piece, nor tell
Whose 'tis: but if it favour find,
Next sitting we will draw her mind.

IV. *The Mind.*

PAINTER, you're come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon,
This work I can perform alone;
And give you reasons more than one.

Not that your art I do refuse:
But here I may no colours use.
Beside, your hand will never hit,
To draw a thing that cannot sit.

You could make shift to paint an eye,
An eagle tow'ring in the sky,
The sun, a sea, or soundless pit*;
But these are like a mind, not it.

No, to express this mind to sense,
Would ask a heaven's intelligence;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kin to whence it came.

Sweet mind, then speak yourself, and say,
As you go on, by what brave way
Our sense you do with knowledge fill,
And yet remain our wonder still.

I call you muse, now make it true:
Henceforth may every line be you;
That all may say, that see the frame,
This is no picture, but the same.

A mind so pure, so perfect, fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine;
And so disdaining any trier;
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There, high exalted in the sphere,
As it another nature were,
It moveth all; and makes a flight
As circular as infinite.

Whose notions when it will express
In speech; it is with that excess
Of grace, and music to the ear,
As what it spoke, it planted there.

The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
As some soft chime had stroak'd the air;
And though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense.

But that a mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
Itself to us, and come so nigh
Earth's grossness; there's the how and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And sunk in clay here, it would pull
Us forth, by some celestial slight,
Up to her own sublimed height?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,
Some Paradise or palace found,
In all the bounds of beauty, fit
For her t' inhabit? there is it.

Thrice happy house, that hast receipt
For this so lofty form, so straight,
So polish'd, perfect, round, and even,
As it slid moulded off from heaven.

Not swelling like the ocean proud,
But stooping gently, as a cloud,
As smooth as oil pour'd forth, and calm
As showers, and sweet as drops of balm.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a flood,
Where it may run to any good;
And where it stays, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice and gums.

In action, winged as the wind;
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a bank, or field of flowers,
Begotten by that wind and showers.

In thee, fair mansion, let it rest,
Yet know, with what thou art possest,
Thou entertaining in thy breast,
But such a mind mak'st God thy guest.

[*A whole quaternion in the midst of this poem is lost, containing entirely the three next pieces of it, and all of the fourth (which in the order of the whole is the eighth) excepting the very end: which at the top of the next quaternion goeth on thus.*]

BUT for you (growing gentlemen) the happy branches of two so illustrious houses as these, wherefrom your honoured mother is in both lines descended; let me leave you this last legacy of counsel; which, so soon as you arrive at years of mature understanding, open you (Sir) that are the eldest, and read it to your brethren, for it will concern you all alike. Vowed by a faithful servant and client of your family, with his latest breath expiring it, B. J.

To Kenelme, John, George.

BOAST not these titles of your ancestors;
(Brave youths) they're their possessions, none of yours:
When your own virtues equall'd have their names,
'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames;

* *A bottomless pit, or pit that cannot be sounded or fathomed.*

or they are ſtrong ſupporters: but, till then,
The greateſt are but growing gentlemen.
It is a wretched thing to truſt to reeds;
Which all men do, that urge not their own deeds,
Up to their anceſtors; the river's ſide
By which you're planted, ſhows your fruit ſhall bide:
Hang all your rooms with one large pedigree:
'Tis virtue alone is true nobility.
Which virtue from your father, ripe, will fall;
Study illuſtrious him, and you have all.

IX. *Elegy on my Muſe, the truly honoured Lady, the Lady Venetia Digby; who living, gave me leave to call her ſo. Being her* ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, *or, Relation to the Saints.*

Sera quidem tanto ſtruitur medicina dolori.

'Twere time that I dy'd too, now ſhe is dead,
Who was my muſe, and life of all I ſaid.
The ſpirit that I wrote with, and conceiv'd,
All that was good, or great with me, ſhe weav'd,
And ſet it forth; the reſt were cobwebs fine,
Spun out in name of ſome of the old nine!
To hang a window, or make dark the room,
Till ſwept away, th' were cancell'd with a broom!
Nothing that could remain, or yet can ſtir
A ſorrow in me, fit to wait to her!
O! had I ſeen her laid out a fair corſe,
By death, on earth, I ſhould have had remorſe
On nature for her: who did let her lie,
And ſaw that portion of herſelf to die.
Sleepy or ſtupid Nature, couldſt thou part
With ſuch a rarity, and not rouſe Art,
With all her aids, to ſave her from the ſeize
Of vulture Death, and thoſe relentleſs cleys?
Thou wouldſt have loſt the Phœnix, had the kind
Been truſted to thee; not to't ſelf-aſſign'd.
Look on thy ſloth, and give thyſelf undone,
(For ſo thou art with me) now ſhe is gone,
My wounded mind cannot ſuſtain this ſtroke,
It rages, runs, flies, ſtands, and would provoke
The world to ruin with it; in her fall,
I ſum up mine own breaking, and wiſh all.
Thou haſt no more blows, Fate, to drive at one,
What's left a poet when his muſe is gone?
Sure I am dead, and know it not! I feel
Nothing I do; but like a heavy wheel,
Am turned with another's powers. My paſſion
Whirls me about, and, to blaſpheme in faſhion,
I murmur againſt God, for having ta'en
Her bleſſed ſoul hence, forth this valley vain
Of tears, and dungeon of calamity!
I envy it the angels amity!
The joy of ſaints! the crown for which it lives,
The glory and gain of reſt, which the place gives!
Dare I profane ſo irreligious be,
To greet or grieve her ſoft euthanaſy!
So ſweetly taken to the court of bliſs,
As ſpirits had ſtol'n her ſpirits in a kiſs,
From off her pillow and deluded bed;
And left her lovely body unthought dead!
Indeed ſhe is not dead! but laid to ſleep
In earth, till the laſt trump awake the ſheep
And goats together, whither they muſt come
To hear their Judge, and his eternal doom.
To have that final retribution,
Expected with the fleſh's reſtitution.
For, as there are three natures, ſchoolmen call
One corporal only, th' other ſpiritual,
Like ſingle; ſo there is a third commixt,
Of body and ſpirit together, plac'd betwixt
Thoſe other two; which muſt he judg'd or crown'd:
This, as it guilty is, or guiltleſs found,
Mu't come to take a ſentence, by the ſenſe
Of that great evidence the conſcience!
Who will be there, againſt that day prepar'd,
T' accuſe or quit all parties to be heard!
O day of joy, and ſurety to the juſt!
Who in that feaſt of reſurrection truſt!
That great eternal holiday of reſt
To body and ſoul! where love is all the gueſt!
And the whole banquet is full ſight of God!
Of joy the circle, and ſole period!
All other gladneſs with the thought is barr'd;
Hope hath her end, and Faith hath her reward!
This being thus, why ſhould my tongue or pen
Preſume to interpel that fulneſs, when
Nothing can more adorn it than the ſeat
That ſhe is in, or make it more complete?
Better be dumb than ſuperſtitious!
Who violates the Godhead, is moſt vicious
Againſt the nature he would worſhip. He
Will honour'd be in all ſimplicity!
Have all his actions wonder'd at, and view'd
With ſilence and amazement! not with rude,
Dull and profane, weak and imperfect eyes,
Have buſy ſearch made in his myſteries!
He knows what work h' hath done, to call this gueſt,
Out of her noble body to this feaſt:
And give her place according to her blood
Amongſt her peers, thoſe princes of all good!
Saints, martyrs, prophets, with thoſe hierarchies,
Angels, arch-angels, principalities,
The dominations, virtues, and the powers,
The thrones, the cherub, and ſeraphic bowers,
That planted round, there ſing before the Lamb,
A new ſong to his praiſe, and great I Am:
And ſhe doth know, out of the ſhade of death,
What 'tis t' enjoy an everlaſting breath!
To have her captiv'd ſpirit freed from fleſh,
And on her innocence, a garment freſh
And white as that put on: and in her hand
With boughs of palm, a crowned victrice ſtand!
And will you, worthy ſon, Sir, knowing this,
Put black and mourning on? and ſay you miſs
A wife, a friend, a lady, or a love;
Whom her Redeemer honour'd hath above
Her fellows, with the oil of gladneſs, bright
In heaven's empire, and with a robe of light?
Thither you hope to come; and there to find
That pure, that precious, and exalted mind
You once enjoy'd: a ſhort ſpace ſevers ye,
Compar'd unto that long eternity,
That ſhall rejoin ye. Was ſhe then ſo dear
When ſhe departed? you will meet her there,
Much more deſir'd, and dearer than before,
By all the wealth of bleſſings, and the ſtore
Accumulated on her, by the Lord
Of life and light, the Son of God, the Word!

There all the happy souls that ever were,
Shall meet with gladness in one theatre;
And each shall know there one anothers face,
By beatific virtue of the place.
There shall the brother with the sister walk,
And sons and daughters with their parents talk;
But all of God; they still shall have to say,
But make him All in all their theme that day:
That happy day that never shall see night!
Where he will be all beauty to the sight;
Wine or delicious fruits unto the taste;
A music in the ears will ever last;
Unto the scent a spicery or balm;
And to the touch, a flower, like soft as palm
He will all glory, all perfection be,
God in the union, and the Trinity!
That holy, great and glorious mystery,
Will there revealed be in majesty!
By light and comfort of spiritual grace;
The vision of our Saviour face to face
In his humanity! to hear him preach
The price of our redemption, and to teach
Through his inherent righteousness, in death,
The safety of our souls, and forfeit breath!
What fulness of beatitude is here?
What love with mercy mixed doth appear?
To style us friends, who were by nature foes?
Adopt us heirs by grace, who were of those
Had lost ourselves? and prodigally spent
Our native portions, and possessed rent?
Yet have all debts forgiven us, and advance
B' imputed right to an inheritance
In his eternal kingdom, where we sit
Equal with angels, and co-heirs of it.
Nor dare we under blasphemy conceive
He that shall be our supreme Judge, shall leave
Himself so uninform'd of his elect,
Who knows the hearts of all, and can dissect
The smallest fibre of our flesh; he can
Find all our atoms from a point t' a span:
Our closest creeks and corners, and can trace
Each line, as it were graphic in the face.
And best he knew her noble character,
For 'twas himself who form'd and gave it her.
And to that form lent two such veins of blood,
As nature could not more increase the flood
Of title in her! all nobility
(But pride, that schism of incivility)
She had, and it became her! she was fit
T' have known no envy, but by suff'ring it!
She had a mind as calm as she was fair;
Not tost or troubled with light lady-air,
But kept an even gait, as some straight tree
Mov'd by the wind, so comely moved she.
And by the awful manage of her eye,
She sway'd all bus'ness in the family!
To one she said, do this, he did it; so
To another, move, he went; to a third, go,
He ran; and all did strive with diligence
T' obey, and serve her sweet commandments.
She was in one a many parts of life;
A tender mother, a discreeter wife,
A solemn mistress, and so good a friend,
So charitable to religious end
In all her petite actions, so devote,
As her whole life was now become one note
Of piety and private holiness.
She spent more time in tears herself to dress
For her devotions, and those sad essays
Of sorrow, than all pomp of gaudy days:
And came forth ever cheered with the rod
Of divine comfort when sh' had talk'd with God.
Her broken sighs did never miss whole sense:
Nor can the bruised heart want eloquence:
For prayer is the incense most perfumes
The holy altars, when it least presumes.
And her's were all humility! they beat
The door of grace, and found the mercy-seat.
In frequent speaking by the pious psalms
Her solemn hours she spent, or giving alms
Or doing other deeds of charity,
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry. She
Would sit in an infirmary whole days
Poring, as on a map, to find the ways
To that eternal rest, where now she hath place
By sure election and predestin'd grace!
She saw her Saviour, by an early light,
Incarnate in the manger, shining bright
On all the world: she saw him on the cross
Suff'ring and dying to redeem our loss:
She saw him rise triumphing over death,
To justify and quicken us in breath:
She saw him too, in glory to ascend
For his designed work the perfect end
Of raising, judging, and rewarding all
The kind of man, on whom his doom should fall!
All this by faith she saw, and fram'd a plea,
In manner of a daily apostrophe,
To him should be her judge, true God, true Man,
Jesus, the only-gotten Christ! who can,
As being Redeemer and Repairer too
(Of lapsed nature) best know what to do,
In that great act of judgment, which the Father
Hath given wholly to the Son (the rather
As being the Son of Man) to show his power,
His wisdom, and his justice, in that hour,
The last of hours, and shutter up of all;
Where first his power will appear, by call
Of all are dead to life! his wisdom show
In the discerning of each conscience so!
And most his justice, in the fitting parts,
And giving dues to all mankind's deserts!
In this sweet extasy she was rapt hence.
Who reads, will pardon my intelligence,
That thus have ventur'd these true strains upon,
To publish her a saint. My muse is gone.

In pietatis memoriam
quam præstas
Venetiæ tuæ illustrissim.
Marit. dign. Digbeie
Hanc'ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΝ tibi, tuisq; sacro,

The Tenth, being her Inscription, or Crown, is lost.

Horace. Ode XI. *Book* V. *The Praises of a Country Life.*

Happy is he, that from all business clear,
As the old race of mankind were,
With his own oxen tills his sire's left lands,
And is not in the usurer's bands:
Nor soldier-like, started with rough alarms,
Nor dreads the sea's enraged harms:

But flies the bar and courts, with the proud boards,
And waiting-chambers of great lords.
The poplar tall he then doth marrying twine
With the grown iſſue of the vine;
And with his hook lops off the fruitleſs race,
And ſets more happy in the place:
Or in the bending vale beholds afar
The lowing herds there grazing are:
Or the preſt honey in pure pots doth keep
Of earth, and ſhears the tender ſheep:
Or when that autumn through the fields lifts round
His head, with mellow apples crown'd,
How plucking pears, his own hand grafted had,
And purple-matching grapes, he's glad!
With which, Priapus, he may thank thy hands,
And, Sylvan, thine that kept'ſt his lands!
Then now beneath ſome ancient oak he may
Now in the rooted graſs him lay,
Whilſt from the higher banks do ſlide the floods;
The ſoft birds quarrel in the woods;
The fountains murmur as the ſtreams do creep,
And all invite to eaſy ſleep.
Then when the thund'ring Jove, his ſnow and ſhowers
Are gathering by the wintry hours;
Or hence, or thence, he drives with many a hound
Wild boars into his toils pitch'd round:
Or ſtrains on his ſmall fork his ſubtle nets
For th' eating thruſh, or pit-falls ſets:
And ſnares the fearful hare, and new-come crane,
And 'counts them ſweet rewards ſo ta'en.
Who (amongſt theſe delights) would not forget
Love's cares ſo evil and ſo great?
But if, to boot with theſe, a chaſte wife meet
For houſehold aid, and children ſweet;
Such as the Sabines, or a ſun-burnt blowſe,
Some luſty quick Apulian's ſpouſe,
To deck the hallow'd hearth with old wood fir'd
Againſt the huſband comes home tir'd;
That penning the glad flock in hurdles by,
Their ſwelling udders doth draw dry:
And from the ſweet tub wine of this year takes,
And unbought viands ready makes.
Not Lucrine oyſters I could then more prize,
Nor turbot, nor bright golden eyes:
If with bright floods, the winter troubled much,
Into our ſeas ſend any ſuch:
Th' Ionian god-wit, nor the ginny-hen
Could not go down my belly then
More ſweet than olives, that new-gather'd be
From fatteſt branches of the tree:
Or the herb ſorrel, that loves meadows ſtill,
Or mallows looſing bodies ill:
Or at the feaſt of bounds, the lamb then ſlain,
Or kid forc'd from the wolf again,
Among theſe cates how glad the ſight doth come
Of the fed flocks approaching home:
To view the weary oxen draw, with bare
And fainting necks, the turned ſhare!
The wealthy houſehold ſwarm of bondmen met,
And 'bout the ſteeming chimney ſet:
Theſe thoughts when uſurer Alphius, now about
To turn more farmer, had ſpoke out;
'Gainſt th' ides, his moneys he gets in with pain,
At th' calends puts all out again.

Ode I. *Book* IV. *To Venus.*

VENUS, again thou mov'ſt a war
Long intermitted, pray thee, pray thee ſpare;
I am not ſuch, as in the reign
Of the good Cynara I was: refrain,
Sower mother of ſweet loves, forbear
To bend a man now at his fiftieth year,
Too ſtubborn for commands ſo ſlack:
Go where youths ſoft intreaties call thee back.
More timely hie thee to the houſe,
With thy bright ſwans, of Paulus Maximus:
There jeſt and feaſt, make him thine hoſt,
If a fit liver thou doſt ſeek to toaſt;
For he's both noble, lovely, young,
And for the troubled client fills his tongue:
Child of a hundred arts, and far
Will he diſplay the enſigns of thy war.
And when he ſmiling finds his grace
With thee 'bove all his rivals gifts take place,
He will thee a marble ſtatue make
Beneath a ſweet-wood roof near Alba Lake,
There ſhall thy dainty noſtril take
In many a gum, and for thy ſoft ear's ſake
Shall verſe be ſet to harp and lute,
And Phrygian hau'boy, not without the flute.
There twice a day in ſacred lays,
The youths and tender maids ſhall ſing thy praiſe:
And in the Salian manner meet
Thrice 'bout thy altar with their ivory feet.
Me now, nor wench, nor wanton boy
Delights, nor credulous hope of mutual joy;
Nor care I now healths to propound,
Or with freſh flowers to girt my temple round.
But why, oh why, my Ligurine,
Flow my thin tears down theſe pale cheeks of mine?
Or why my well-grac'd words among
With an uncomely ſilence fails my tongue?
Hard-hearted, I dream every night
I hold thee faſt! but fled hence, with the light,
Whether in Mars his field thou be,
Or Tyber's winding ſtreams, I follow thee.

Ode IX. *Book* III. *To Lydia. Dialogue of Horace and Lydia.*

Hor. WHILST, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,
And 'bout thy ivory neck no youth did fling
His arms more acceptably free,
I thought me richer than the Perſian king.
Lyd. Whilſt Horace lov'd no miſtreſs more,
Nor after Chloe did his Lydia found;
In name, I went all names before,
The Roman Ilia was not more renown'd.
Hor. 'Tis true, I'm Thracian Chloe's, I [plays,
Who ſings ſo ſweet, and with ſuch cunning
As for her I'ld not fear to die,
So fate would give her life, and longer days.
Lyd. And I am mutually on fire
With gentle Calais, Thurine Ornith's ſon,
For whom I doubly would expire,
So Fate would let the boy a long thread run.
Hor. But ſay old love return ſhould make,
And us disjoin'd force to her brazen yoke,
That I bright Chloe off ſhould ſhake;
And to left Lydia, now the gate ſtood ope;

Lyd. Though he be fairer than a ſtar;
Thou lighter than the bark of any tree,
And than rough Adria angrier far;
Yet would I wiſh to love, live, die with thee.

Fragment of Petronius Arbiter, Tranſlated.

Doing, a filthy pleaſure is, and ſhort;
And done, we ſtrait repent us of the ſport:
Let us not then ruſh blindly on unto it:
Like luſtful beaſts that only know to do it:
For luſt will languiſh, and that heat decay,
But thus, thus keeping endleſs holiday,
Let us together cloſely lie and kiſs,
There is no labour, nor no ſhame in this;
This hath pleas'd, doth pleaſe, and long will pleaſe; never
Can this decay, but is beginning ever.

Martial, Epigram 27. Book VIII. Tranſlated.

Liber, of all thy friends, thou ſweeteſt care,
Thou worthy in eternal flower to fare,
If thou beſt wiſe, with 'Syrian oil let ſhine
Thy locks, and roſy garlands crown thy head;
Dark thy clear glaſs with old Falernian wine;
And heat with ſofteſt love thy ſofter bed.
He, that but living half his days, dies ſuch,
Makes his life longer than 'twas given him, much.

HORACE

OF THE ART OF POETRY, TRANSLATED.

If to a woman's head a painter would
Set a horſe-neck, and divers feathers fold
On every limb, ta'en from a ſeveral creature,
Preſenting upwards a fair female feature,
Which in ſome ſwarthy fiſh uncomely ends:
Admitted to the ſight, although his friends,
Could you contain your laughter? Credit me,
This piece, my Piſo's, and that book agree,
Whoſe ſhapes, like ſick mens dreams, are feign'd ſo vain,
As neither head, nor feet, one form retain.
But equal power to painter and to poet,
Of daring all, hath ſtill been given; we know it;
And both do carve, and give again this leave.
Yet, not as therefore wild and tame ſhould cleave
Together; not that we ſhould ſerpents fee
With doves; or lambs with tigers coupled be.
In grave beginnings, and great things profeſt,
Ye have oft-times, that may o'erſhine the reſt,
A ſcarlet piece or two, ſtitch'd in: when or
Diana's grove, or altar, with the bor-
D'ring circles of ſwift waters that intwine
The pleaſant grounds, or when the river Rhine,
Or rainbow is deſcrib'd. But here was now
No place for theſe. And, painter, hap'ly thou
Know'ſt only well to paint a cypreſs tree.
What's this? if he whoſe money hireth thee
To paint him, hath by ſwimming hopeleſs ſcap'd
The whole fleet wreck'd? A great jar to be ſhap'd,
Was meant at firſt; why forcing ſtill about
Thy labouring wheel, comes ſcarce a pitcher out?
In ſhort, I bid, let what thou work'ſt upon,
Be ſimply quite throughout, and wholly one.
Moſt writers, noble ſire, and either ſon,
Are, with the likeneſs of the truth, undone.
Myſelf for ſhortneſs labour, and I grow
Obſcure. This, ſtriving to run ſmooth, and flow,
Hath neither ſoul nor ſinews. Lofty he
Profeſſing greatneſs ſwells: that low by lee
Creeps on the ground; too ſafe, too afraid of ſtorm.
This ſeeking, in a various kind, to form
One thing prodigiouſly, paints in the woods
A dolphin, and a boar amid the floods.
So, ſhunning faults to greater fault doth lead,
When in a wrong and artleſs way we tread.
The worſt of ſtatuaries here about
Th' Emilian ſchool, in braſs can faſhion out
The nails, and every curled hair diſcloſe;
But in the main work hapleſs; ſince he knows
Not to deſign the whole. Should I aſpire
To form a work, I would no more deſire
To be that ſmith, than live mark'd one of thoſe,
With fair black eyes, and hair, and a wry noſe.
Take, therefore, you that write, ſtill matter fit
Unto your ſtrength, and long examine it,
Upon your ſhoulders: prove what they will bear,
And what they will not. Him whoſe choice doth rear
His matter to his pow'r, in all he makes,
Nor language, nor clear order e'er forſakes.
The virtue of which order, and true grace,
Or I am much deceiv'd, ſhall be to place
Invention. Now to ſpeak; and then differ
Much, that mought now be ſpoke, omitted here
Till fitter ſeaſon. Now, to like of this,
Lay that aſide, the epic's office is.
In uſing alſo of new words, to be
Right ſpare, and wary: then thou ſpeak'ſt to me
Moſt worthy praiſe, when words that common grew
Are by thy cunning placing, made mere new.
Yet if by chance, in utt'ring things obſtruſe,
Thou need new terms; thou may'ſt, without excuſe
Feign words, unheard of to the well-truſs'd race
Of the Cethegi; and all men will grace,
And give, being taken modeſtly, this leave,
And thoſe thy new and late coin'd words receive,
So they fall gently from the Grecian ſpring,
And come not too much wreſted. What's that thing
A Roman to Cæcilius will allow,
Or Plautus, and in Virgil diſavow,
Or Varius? why am I now envy'd ſo,
If I can give ſome ſmall increaſe? when lo,
Cato's and Ennius' tongues have lent much worth;

And wealth unto our language, and brought forth
New names of things. It hath been ever free,
And ever will, to utter terms that be
Stampt to the time. As woods whose change appears
Still in their leaves, throughout the sliding years,
The first-born dying, so the aged state
Of words decays, and phrases born but late,
Like tender buds shoot up, and freshly grow.
Ourselves, and all that's ours, to death we owe:
Whether the sea receiv'd into the shore,
That from the north the navy safe doth store,
A kingly work; or that long barren fen
Once rowable, but now doth nourish men
In neighbour towns, and feels the weighty plough;
Or the wild river, who hath changed now
His course, so hurtful both to grain and seeds,
Being taught a better way. All mortal deeds
Shall perish: so far off it is, the state,
Or grace of speech, should hope a lasting date.
Much phrase that now is dead, shall be reviv'd,
And much shall die, that now is nobly liv'd,
If custom please; at whose disposing will
The power and rule of speaking resteth still.
The gests of kings, great captains, and sad wars,
What number best can fit, Homer declares.
In verse unequal match'd, first sour laments,
After mens wishes, crown'd in their events,
Were also clos'd: but who the man should be,
That first sent forth the dapper elegy,
All the grammarians strive; and yet in court
Before the judge, it hangs, and waits report.
Unto the lyric strings, the muse gave grace
To chaunt the gods, and all their goodlike race.
The conqu'ring champion, the prime horse in course,
Fresh lovers business, and the wine's free source.
Th' Iambic arm'd Archilochus to rave,
This foot the socks took up, and buskins grave,
As fit t' exchange discourse; a verse to win
On popular noise with, and do business in.
The comic matter will not be express
In tragic verse; no less Thyestes feast
Abhors low numbers, and the private strain
Fit for the sock; each subject should retain
The place allotted it, with decent shewes.
If now the turns, the colours, and right hues
Of poems here describ'd, I can nor use,
Nor know t' observe: why (i' the muses name)
Am I call'd poet? wherefore with wrong shame,
Perversely modest, had I rather owe
To ignorance still, than either learn or know?
Yet some time doth the comedy excite
Her voice, and angry Chremes chafes outright
With swelling throat: and oft the tragic wight
Complains in humble phrase. Both Telaphus,
And Peleus, if they seek to heartstrike us
That are spectators with their misery,
When they are poor, and banish'd, must throw by
Their bombard phrase, and foot and half foot words:
'Tis not enough, th' elaborate muse affords
Her poems beauty, but a sweet delight
To work the hearers minds still to their plight.
Mens faces still with such as laugh are prone
To laughter; so they grieve with those that moan.
If thou wouldst have me weep, be thou first drown'd
Thyself in tears, then me thy loss will wound,
Peleus, or Telephus. If you speak vile
And ill-penn'd things, I shall or sleep or smile.
Sad language fits sad looks, stuff'd with menacings
The angry brow, the sportive wanton things;
And the severe, speech ever serious.
For nature, first within doth fashion us
To every state of fortune; she helps on,
Or urgeth us to anger; and anon
With weighty sorrow hurls us all along,
And tortures us: and after, by the tongue
Her truch-man, she reports the minds each throw.
If now the phrase of him that speaks, shall flow
In sound, quite from his fortune; both the rout
And Roman gentry, jeering, will laugh out.
It much will differ if a god speak, than,
Or an hero; if a ripe old man,
Or some hot youth, yet in his flourishing course!
Where some great lady, or her diligent nurse;
A vent'ring merchant, or the farmer free
Of some small thankful land: whether he be
Of Colchis born, or in Assyria bred;
Or with the milk of Thebes, or Argus fed.
Or follow fame, thou that dost write, or feign
Things in themselves agreeing: if again
Honour'd Achilles' chance by thee be seiz'd,
Keep him still active, angry, unappeas'd,
Sharp and contemning laws at him should aim,
Be nought so 'bove him, but his sword let claim.
Medea make brave with an impetuous scorn,
Ino bewail'd, Ixion false, forsworn;
Poor Io wand'ring, wild Orestes mad:
If something strange, that never yet was had
Unto the scene thou bring'st, and dar'st create
A mere new person; look he keep his state
Unto the last, as when he first went forth.
Still to be like himself, and hold his worth.
'Tis hard to speak things common properly;
And thou may'st better bring a rhapsody
Of Homer's forth in acts, than of thine own,
First publish things unspoken, and unknown.
Yet common matter thou thine own may'st make,
If thou the vile broad trodden ring forsake.
For, being a poet, thou may'st feign, create,
Not care, as thou wouldst faithfully translate,
To render word for word: nor with thy flight
Of imitation, leap into a straight,
From whence thy modesty, or poem's law
Forbids thee forth again thy foot to draw.
Nor so begin, as did that circler late,
I sing a noble war, and Priam's fate.
What doth this promiser such gaping worth
Afford? The mountains travail'd, and brought forth
A scorned mouse! O, how much better this,
Who nought essays unaptly, or amiss?
Speak to me, muse, the man, who after Troy was sackt, [tract.
Saw many towns and men, and could their manners
He thinks not how to give you smoke from light,
But light from smoke, that he may draw his bright
Wonders forth after: as Antiphates,
Scylla, Charybdis, Polypheme, with these,

Nor from the brand, with which the life did burn
Of Meleager, brings he the return
Of Diomede; nor Troy's ſad war begins
From the two eggs that did diſcloſe the twins.
He ever haſtens to the end, and ſo
(As if he knew it) raps his hearer to
The middle of his matter; letting go
What he deſpairs, being handled, might not ſhow:
And ſo well feigns, ſo mixeth cunningly
Falſehood with truth, as no man can eſpy
Where the midſt differs from the firſt; or where
The laſt doth from the midſt diſjoin'd appear.
Hear what it is the people and I deſire:
If ſuch a one's applauſe thou doſt require,
That tarries till the hangings be ta'en down,
And ſits till th' epilogue ſays clap, or crown:
The cuſtoms of each age thou muſt obſerve,
And give their years and natures as they ſwerve,
Fit rights. The child that now knows how to ſay,
And can tread firm, longs with like lads to play;
Soon angry, and ſoon pleas'd, is ſweet, or ſour,
He knows not why, and changeth every hour.
Th' unbearded youth, his guardian once being gone,
Loves dogs and horſes; and is ever one
I' the open field; is wax-like to be wrought
To every vice, as hardly to be brought
To endure counſel: a provider ſlow
For his own good, a careleſs letter-go
Of money, haughty, to deſire ſoon mov'd,
And then as ſwift to leave what he hath lov'd.
Theſe ſtudies alter now, in one grown man;
His better'd mind ſeeks wealth and friendſhip; then
Looks after honours, and bewares to act
What ſtraightway he muſt labour to retract.
The old man many evils do girt round;
Either becauſe he ſeeks; and, having found,
Doth wretchedly the uſe of things forbear,
Or does all buſineſs coldly, and with fear;
A great deferrer, long in hope, grown numb
With ſloth, yet greedy ſtill of what's to come:
Froward, complaining, a commender glad
Of the times paſt, when he was a young lad;
And ſtill correcting youth, and cenſuring.
Man's coming years much good with them do bring:
As his departing take much thence, leſt then
The parts of age to youth be given, or men
To children; we muſt always dwell, and ſtay
In fitting proper adjuncts to each day.
The buſineſs either on the ſtage is done,
Or acted told. But ever things that run
In at the ear, do ſtir the mind more ſlow
Than thoſe the faithful eyes take in by ſhow
And the beholder to himſelf doth render.
Yet to the ſtage at all thou may'ſt not tender
Things worthy to be done within, but take
Much from the ſight, which fair report will make,
Preſent anon: Medea muſt not kill
Her ſons before the people, nor the ill-
Natur'd and wicked Atreus cook to th' eye
His nephew's entrails; nor muſt Progne fly
Into a ſwallow there; nor Cadmus take
Upon the ſtage the figure of a ſnake.
What ſo is ſhown, I not believe, and hate.
Nor muſt the fable that would hope the fate
Once ſeen, to be again call'd for, and play'd,
Have more or leſs than juſt five acts: nor laid,
To have a god come in; except a knot
Worthy his untying happen there: and not
Any fourth man, to ſpeak at all, aſpire.
An actor's parts, and office too, the quire
Muſt maintain manly; nor be heard to ſing
Betwixt the acts, a quite clean other thing
Than to the purpoſe leads, and fitly 'grees.
It ſtill muſt favour good men, and to theſe
Be won a friend; it muſt both ſway and bend
The angry, and love thoſe that fear t' offend.
Praiſe the ſpare diet, wholeſome juſtice, laws,
Peace, and the open ports, that peace doth cauſe.
Hide faults, pray to the gods, and wiſh aloud
Fortune would love the poor, and leave the proud.
The hau'boy, not as now with latten bound,
And rival with the trumpet for his ſound,
But ſoft, and ſimple, at few holes breath'd time
And tune too, fitted to the chorus rhyme,
As loud enough to fill the ſeats, not yet
So overthick, but where the people met,
They might with eaſe be number'd, being a few
Chaſte, thrifty, modeſt folk, that came to view.
But as they conquer'd and enlarg'd their bound,
That wider walls embrac'd their city round,
And they uncenſur'd might at feaſts and plays
Steep the glad genius in the wine whole days,
Both in their tunes the licenſe greater grew,
And in their numbers; for, alas! what knew
The ideot, keeping holiday, or drudge,
Clown, townſman, baſe and noble mixt, to judge?
Thus to his ancient art the piper lent
Geſture and Riot, whilſt he ſwooping went
In his train'd gown about the ſtage: ſo grew
In time to tragedy, a muſic new.
The raſh and headlong eloquence brought forth
Unwonted language: and that ſenſe of worth
That found out profit, and forctold each thing
Now differed not from Delphic riddling.
Theſpis is ſaid to be the firſt found out
The tragedy, and carried it about,
Till then unknown, in carts, wherein did ride
Thoſe that did ſing, and act: their faces dy'd
With lees of wine. Next Eſchylus, more late
Brought in the viſor, and the robe of ſtate,
Built a ſmall timber'd ſtage, and taught them talk
Lofty and grave, and in the buſkin ſtalk.
He too, that did in tragic verſe contend
For the vile goat, ſoon after forth did ſend
The rough rude Satyrs naked, and would try,
Though ſour, with ſafety of his gravity,
How he could jeſt, becauſe he mark'd and ſaw
The free ſpectators ſubject to no law,
Having well eat and drunk, the rites being done,
Were to be ſtaid with ſoftneſſes, and won
With ſomething that was acceptably new.
Yet ſo the ſcoffing Satyrs to mens view,
And ſo their prating to preſent was beſt,
And ſo to turn all earneſt into jeſt,
As neither any god were brought in there
Or ſemi-god, that late was ſeen to wear

A royal crown and purple, be made hop
With poor baſe terms through every baſer ſhop:
Or whilſt he ſhuns the earth, to catch at air
And empty clouds. For tragedy is fair,
And far unworthy to blurt out light rhymes;
But as a matron drawn at ſolemn times
To dance, ſo ſhe ſhould ſhamefac'd differ far
From what th' obſcene and petulant ſatyrs are.
Nor I, when I write ſatires, will ſo love
Plain phraſe, my Piſo's, as alone t'approve
Mere reigning words: nor will I labour ſo
Quite from all face of tragedy to go,
As not make difference, whether Davus ſpeak,
And the bold Pythias, having cheated weak
Simo, and of a talent wip'd his purſe;
Or old Silenus, Bacchus' guard and nurſe.
I can out of known geer a fable frame,
And ſo as every man may hope the ſame;
Yet he that offers at it may ſweat much,
And toil in vain: the excellence is ſuch
Of order and connection; ſo much grace
There comes ſometimes to things of meaneſt place.
But let the fawns, drawn from their groves, beware,
Be I their judge, they do at no time dare,
Like men ſtreet-born, and near the hall rehearſe
Their youthful tricks in over-wanton verſe;
Or crack out bawdy ſpeeches, and unclean.
The Roman gentry, men of birth and mien,
Will take offence at this: nor though it ſtrike
Him that buys chiches blanch'd, or chance to like
The nut-crackers throughout, will they therefore
Receive or give it an applauſe the more.
To theſe ſucceeded the old comedy,
And not without much praiſe, till liberty
Fell into fault ſo far, as now they ſaw
Her licence fit to be reſtrain'd by law:
Which law receiv'd, the chorus held his peace,
His power of ſoully hurting made to ceaſe.
Two reſts, a ſhort and long, th' Iambick frame;
A foot, whoſe ſwiftneſs gave the verſe the name
Of Trimeter, when yet it was ſix-pac'd,
But mere Iambicks all, from firſt to laſt.
Nor is't long ſince they did with patience take
Into their birth-right, and for ſitneſs ſake,
The ſteady ſpondees; ſo themſelves do bear
More ſlow, and come more weighty to the ear:
Provided, ne'er to yield, in any caſe
Of fellowſhip, the fourth or ſecond place.
This foot yet, in the famous trimeters
Of Accius and Ennius, rare appears:
So rare, as with ſome tax it doth engage
Thoſe heavy verſes ſent ſo to the ſtage,
Of too much haſte, and negligence in part,
Or a worſe crime, the ignorance of art.
But every judge hath not the faculty
To note in poems breach of harmony;
And there is given too unworthy leave
To Roman poets. Shall I therefore weave
My verſe at random, and licentiouſly?
Or rather, thinking all my faults may ſpy,
Grow a faſe writer, and be wary driven
Within the hope of having all forgiven.
'Tis clear this way I have got off from blame,
But, in concluſion, merited no fame.

Take you the Greek examples for your light,
In hand, and turn them over day and night.
Our anceſtors did Plautus' numbers praiſe,
And jeſts; and both to admiration raiſe
Too patiently, that I not fondly ſay,
If either you or I know the right way
To part ſcurrility from wit; or can
A lawful verſe by th' ear or finger ſcan.
Our poets too left nought unproved here;
Nor did they merit the leſs crown to wear,
In daring to forſake the Grecian tracts,
And celebrating our own home-born facts;
Whether the guarded tragedy they wrought,
Or 'twere the gowned comedy they taught.
Nor had our Italy more glorious been
In virtue, and renown of arms, than in
Her language. if the ſtay and care t' have mended,
Had not our every poet like offended.
But you, Pompilius' offspring, ſpare you not
To tax that verſe, which many a day and blot
Have not kept in; and (leſt perfection fail)
Not ten times o'er corrected to the nail.
Becauſe Democritus believes a wit
Happier than wretched art, and doth by it
Exclude all ſober poets from their ſhare
In Helicon; a great ſort will not pare
Their nails, nor ſhave their beards, but to by-paths
Retire themſelves, avoid the public baths;
For ſo they ſhall not only gain the worth,
But fame of poets, they think, if they come forth
And from the barber Lycinus conceal
Their heads, which three Anticyra's cannot heal.
O I left-witted, that purge every ſpring
For choler! if I did not, who could bring
Out better poems? but I cannot buy
My title at the rate; I'd rather, I
Be like a whetſtone, that an edge can put
On ſteel, though 't ſelf be dull, and cannot cut.
I writing nought myſelf, will teach them yet
Their charge and office, whence their wealth to fet,
What nouriſheth, what formed, what begot
The poet, what becometh, and what not,
Whither truth may, and whither error bring.
The very root of writing well, and ſpring,
Is to be wiſe; thy matter firſt to know,
Which the Socratic writings beſt can ſhow:
And where the matter is provided ſtill,
There words will follow, not againſt their will.
He that hath ſtudied well the debt, and knows
What to his country, what his friends he owes,
What height of love a parent will fit beſt,
What brethren, what a ſtranger, and his gueſt,
Can tell a ſtateſman's duty, what the arts
And office of a judge are, what the parts
Of a brave chief ſent to the wars: he can,
Indeed, give fitting dues to every man.
And I ſtill bid the learned maker look
On life, and manners, and make thoſe his book,
Thence draw forth true expreſſions. For ſometimes,
A poem of no grace, weight, art, in rhymes
With ſpecious places, and being humour'd right,
More ſtrongly takes the people with delight,

And better ſtays them there than all fine noiſe
Of verſe, mere matterleſs, and tinkling toys.
The muſe not only gave the Greeks a wit,
But a well-compaſs'd mouth to utter it.
Being men were covetous of nought, but praiſe:
Our Roman youths they learn the ſubtil ways
How to divide into a hundred parts
A pound, or piece, by their long compting arts:
There's Albin's ſon will ſay, ſubſtract an ounce
From the five ounces, what remains? pronounce
A third of twelve, you may; four ounces, Glad,
He cries, good boy, thou'lt keep thine own. Now add [juſt,
An ounce, what makes it then? the half pound
Six ounces. O, when once the canker'd ruſt,
And care of getting, thus our minds hath ſtain'd;
Think we, or hope there can be verſes feign'd
In juice of cedar, worthy to be ſteep'd,
And in ſmooth cypreſs boxes to be keep'd?
Poets would either profit or delight;
Or mixing ſweet and fit, teach life the right.
Orpheus, a prieſt, and ſpeaker of the gods,
Firſt frighted men, and wildly liv'd at odds,
From ſlaughters, and foul life; and for the ſame
Was tigers ſaid, and lions fierce to tame.
Amphion too, that built the Theban towers,
Was ſaid to move the ſtones by his lute's powers,
And lead them with ſoft ſongs, where that he would.
This was the wiſdom that they had of old,
Things ſacred from profane to ſeparate;
The public from the private, to abate
Wild raging luſts; preſcribe the marriage good;
Build towns, and carve the laws in leaves of wood.
And thus at firſt, an honour, and a name
To divine poets, and their verſes came.
Next theſe, great Homer and Tyrtæus ſet
On edge the maſculine ſpirits, and did whet
Their minds to wars, and rhymes they did rehearſe;
The oracles too were given out in verſe;
All way of life was ſhown; the grace of kings
Attempted by the muſes tunes and ſtrings;
Plays were found out, and reſt, the end and crown
Of their long labours, was in verſe ſet down:
All which I tell, leſt when Apollo's nam'd,
Or muſe, upon the lyre, thou chance b' aſham'd.
Be brief in what thou wouldſt command, that ſo
The docile mind might ſoon thy precepts know,
And hold them faithfully; for nothing reſts,
But flows out, that o'erfwelleth, in full breaſts.
Let what thou feign'ſt for pleaſure's ſake, be near
The truth; nor let thy fable think whate'er
It would muſt be: leſt it alive would draw
The child, when Lamia has din'd, out of her maw.
The poems void of profit, our grave men
Caſt out by voices; want they pleaſure, then
Our gallants give them none, but paſs them by;
But he hath every ſuffrage, can apply
Sweet mixt with four to his reader, ſo
As doctrine and delight together go.
This book will get the Sofii money; this
Will paſs the ſeas, and long as nature is,
With honour make the far-known author live.
There are yet faults, which we would well forgive,
For neither doth the ſtring ſtill yield that ſound
The hand and mind would, but it will reſound
Oft-times a ſharp, when we require a flat:
Nor always doth the looſed bow hit that
Which it doth threaten. Therefore, where I ſee
Much in the poem ſhine, I will not be
Offended with few ſpots, which negligence
Hath ſhed, or human frailty not kept thence.
How then? why as a ſcrivener, if h' offend
Still in the ſame, and warned will not mend,
Deſerves no pardon; or who'd play, and ſing
Is laugh'd at, that ſtill jarreth on one ſtring:
So he that flaggeth much, becomes to me
A Cherilus, in whom if I but ſee
Twice or thrice good, I wonder; but am more
Angry. Sometimes I hear good Homer ſnore;
But I confeſs, that in a long work, ſleep
May, with ſome right, upon an author creep.
As painting, ſo is poeſy. Some man's hand
Will take you more, the nearer that you ſtand;
As ſome the farther off: this loves the dark;
This fearing not the ſubtileſt judge's mark,
Will in the light be view'd: this once the ſight
Doth pleaſe, this ten times over will delight.
You, Sir, the elder brother, though you are
Informed rightly, by your father's care,
And of yourſelf too underſtand; yet mind
This ſaying: to ſome things there is aſſign'd
A mean, and toleration, which does well:
There may a lawyer be, may not excel,
Or pleader at the bar, that may come ſhort
Of eloquent Meſſala's power in court,
Or knows not what Cacellius Aulus can;
Yet there's a value given to this man.
But neither men, nor gods, nor pillars meant,
Poets ſhould ever be indifferent.
As jarring muſic doth at jolly feaſts,
Or thick groſs ointment but offend the gueſts:
As poppy, and Sardan honey; 'cauſe without
Theſe, the free meal might have been well drawn out:
So any poem, fancied, or forth-brought
To bett'ring of the mind of man, in aught,
If ne'er ſo little it depart the firſt
And higheſt, ſinketh to the loweſt and worſt.
He that not knows the games, nor how to uſe
His arms in Mars his field, he doth refuſe;
Or who's unſkilful at the coit, or ball,
Or trundling wheel, he can ſit ſtill from all;
Leſt the throng'd heaps ſhould on a laughter take:
Yet who's moſt ignorant, dares verſes make.
Why not? I'm gentle, and free born, do hate
Vice, and am known to have a knight's eſtate.
Thou, ſuch thy judgment is, thy knowledge too,
Wilt nothing againſt nature ſpeak or do;
But if hereafter thou ſhalt write, not fear
To ſend it to be judg'd by Metius' ear,
And to your father's, and to mine, though't be
Nine years kept in, your papers by, you're free
To change and mend, what you not forth do ſet.
The writ, once out, never returned yet.
'Tis now inquir'd which makes the nobler verſe,
Nature, or Art. My judgment will not pierce
Into the profits, what a mere rude brain
Can; nor all toil, without a wealthy vein;

So doth the one the other's help require,
And friendly ſhould unto one end conſpire.
He that's ambitious in the race to touch
The wiſhed goal, both did, and ſuffer'd much
While he was young; he ſweat, and freez'd again,
And both from wine and women did abſtain.
Who ſince to ſing the Pythian rites is heard,
Did learn them firſt, and once a maſter fear'd.
But now it is enough to ſay, I make
An admirable verſe. The great ſcurf take
Him that is laſt, I ſcorn to come behind,
Or of the things that ne'er came in my mind
To ſay, I'm ignorant. Juſt as a crier
That to the ſale of wares calls every buyer;
So doth the poet, who is rich in land,
Or great in moneys out at uſe, command
His flatterers to their gain. But ſay, he can
Make a great ſupper, or for ſome poor man
Will be a ſurety, or can help him out
Of an entangling ſuit, and bring't about:
I wonder how this happy man ſhould know,
Whether his ſoothing friend ſpeak truth or no.
But you, my Piſo, carefully beware
(Whether you're given to, or giver are)
You do not bring to judge your verſes, one,
With joy of what is given him, over-gone:
For he'll cry, Good, brave, better, excellent!
Look pale, diſtil a ſhower (was never meant)
Out at his friendly eyes, leap, beat the groun',
As thoſe that hir'd to weep at funerals ſwoon,
Cry, and do more to the true mourners: ſo
The ſcoffer the true praiſer doth outgo.
Rich men are ſaid with many cups to ply,
And rack with wine the man whom they would try,
If of their friendſhip he be worthy or no:
When you write verſes, with your judge do ſo:
Look through him, and be ſure you take not mocks
For praiſes, where the mind conceals a fox.
If to Quintilius you recited aught, [naught.
He'd ſay, Mend this, good friend, and this; 'tis
If you denied you had no better ſtrain,
And twice or thrice had 'ſſay'd it, ſtill in vain:
He'd bid blot all, and to the anvil bring
Thoſe ill-turn'd verſes to new hammering.
Then if your fault you rather had defend [ſpend
Than change; no word or work more would he
In vain, but you and yours you ſhould love ſtill
Alone, without a rival, by his will.

A wiſe and honeſt man will cry out ſhame
On artleſs verſe; the hard ones he will blame,
Blot out the careleſs with his turned pen;
Cut off ſuperfluous ornaments, and when [wrote
They're dark, bid clear this: all that's doubtful
Reprove, and what is to be changed note;
Become an Ariſtarchus. And not ſay
Why ſhould I grieve my friend this trifling way?
Theſe trifles into ſerious miſchiefs lead
The man once mock'd, and ſuffer'd wrong to tread.
Wiſe ſober folk a frantic poet fear;
And ſhun to touch him, as a man that were
Infected with the leproſy, or had
The yellow jaundice, or were furious mad,
According to the moon. But then the boys
They vex, and follow him with ſhouts and noiſe,
The while he belcheth lofty verſes out,
And ſtalketh, like a fowler, round about,
Buſy to catch a blackbird, if he fall
Into a pit or hole; although he call
And cry aloud, Help, gentle countrymen!
There's none will take the care to help him then;
For if one ſhould, and with a rope make haſte
To let it down, who knows if he did caſt
Himſelf there purpoſely or no, and would
Not thence be ſav'd, although indeed he could?
I'll tell you but the death and the diſeaſe
Of the Sicilian poet Empedocles:
He, while he labour'd to be thought a god
Immortal, took a melancholic, odd
Conceit, and into burning Ætna leapt.
Let poets periſh, that will not be kept.
He that preſerves a man againſt his will,
Doth the ſame thing with him that would him kill.
Nor did he do this once; for if you can
Recall him yet, he'd be no more a man,
Or love of this ſo famous death lay by.
His cauſe of making verſes none knows why,
Whether he piſs'd upon his father's grave,
Or the ſad thunder-ſtroken thing he have
Defiled, touch'd; but certain he was mad,
And as a bear, if he the ſtrength but had
To force the grates that hold him in, would fright
All: ſo this grievous writer puts to flight [takes,
Learn'd and unlearn'd, holding whom once he
And there an end of him reciting makes;
Not letting go his hold, where he draws food,
Till he drop off, a horſe-leech, full of blood.

LEGES CONVIVALES.

Quod fœlix faſtumque convivis in Apolline ſit.

1. Nemo aſymbolus, niſi umbra, huc venito.
2. Idiota, inſulſus, triſtis, turpis, abeſto
3. Eruditi, urbani, hilares, honeſti, adſciſcuntor.
4. Nec lectæ fœminæ repudiantor. [eſto.
5. In apparatu quod convivis corruget nares nil
6. Epulæ delectu potius quam ſumptu parentur.
7. Obſonator et coquus convivarum gulæ periti ſunto.
8. De diſcubitu non contenditor.
9. Miniſtri à daribus, oculati et muti,
   A poculis, auriti et celeres ſunto. [hoſpes.
10. Vina puris fontibus miniſtrentur aut vapulet
11. Moderatis poculis provocare ſodales fas eſto.
12. At fabulis magis quam vino velitatio fiat.
13. Convivæ nec muti nec loquaces ſunto.
14. De ſeriis ac ſacris poti et ſaturi ne diſſerunto.
15. Fidicen, niſi accerſitus, non venito.
16. Admiſſo riſu, tripudiis, choreis, cantu, ſalibus, Omni gratiarum feſtivitate ſacra celebrantor.
17. Joci ſine felle ſunto.
18. Inſipida poemata nulla recitantor.
19. Verſus ſcribere nullus cogitor.
20. Argumentationis totus ſtrepitus abeſto.
21. Amatoriis querelis, ac ſuſpiriis liber angulus eſto. [lidere,
22. Lapitharum more ſcyphis pugnare, vitrea col-
    Feneſtras excutere, ſupellectilem dilacerare, nefas eſto. [tor.
23. Qui foràs vel dicta, vel facta eliminat, elimian-
24. Neminem reum pocula faciunto.

Focus perennis eſto.

RULES FOR THE TAVERN ACADEMY*:

OR, LAWS FOR THE BEAUX ESPRITS.

From the Latin of Ben. Jonſon, engraven in Marble over the Chimney, in the Apollo of the Old Devil Tavern, Temple-Bar; that being his Club-room.

"Non verbum reddere verbo."

I.

1. As the fund of our pleaſure, let each pay his ſhot,
   Except ſome chance-friend, whom a member brings in.
2. Far hence be the ſad, the lewd ſop, and the ſot;
   For ſuch have the plagues of good company been.

II.

3. Let the learned and witty, the jovial and gay,
   The generous and honeſt, compoſe our free ſtate; [ſtay,
4. And the more to exalt our delight while we
   Let none be debarr'd from his choice female mate.

III.

5. Let no ſcent offenſive the chamber infeſt.
6. Let fancy, not coſt, prepare all our diſhes.
7. Let the caterer mind the taſte of each gueſt,
   And the cook, in his dreſſing, comply with their wiſhes.

* *The Leges Convivales, were certainly the compoſition of Jonſon; but the Engliſh tranſlation appears to have all the marks of a more modern hand. But as it has ſtood in ſome preceding editions, it is permitted to have a place here.*

IV.

8. Let's have no diſturbance about taking places,
To ſhow your nice breeding, or out of vain pride.
9. Let the drawers be ready with wine and freſh glaſſes,
Let the waiters have eyes, though their tongues muſt be ty'd.

V.

10. Let our wines without mixture or ſtum, be all fine,
Or call up the maſter, and break his dull nodle.
11. Let no ſober bigot here think it a ſin,
To puſh on the chirping and moderate bottle.

VI.

12. Let the conteſt be rather of books than of wine.
13. Let the company be neither noiſy nor mute.
14. Let none of things ſerious, much leſs of divine,
When belly and head's full, profanely diſpute.

VII.

15. Let no ſaucy fidler preſume to intrude,
Unleſs he is ſent for to vary our bliſs.
16. With mirth, wit, and dancing, and ſinging conclude,
To regale ev'ry ſenſe, with delight in exceſs.

VIII.

17. Let raillery be without malice or heat.
18. Dull poems to read let none privilege take.
19. Let no poetaſter command or intreat
Another extempore verſes to make.

IX.

20. Let argument bear no unmuſical ſound,
Nor jars interpoſe, ſacred friendſhip to grieve.
21. For generous lovers let a corner be found,
Where they in ſoft ſighs may their paſſions relieve.

X.

22. Like the old Lapithites, with the goblets to fight,
Our own 'mongſt offences unpardon'd will rank;
Or breaking of windows, or glaſſes, for ſpite,
And ſpoiling the goods for a rakehelly prank.

XI.

23. Whoever ſhall publiſh what's ſaid, or what's done,
Be he baniſh'd forever our aſſembly divine.
24. Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good wine.

OVER THE DOOR AT THE ENTRANCE INTO THE APOLLO.

Welcome all that lead or follow
To the oracle of Apollo——
Here he ſpeaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos, his tower bottle:
All his anſwers are divine,
'Truth itſelf doth flow in wine.
Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old Sym, the king of ſkinkers*;
He the half of life abuſes,
That ſits watering with the muſes.

Thoſe dull girls no good can mean us;
Wine it is the milk of Venus†,
And the poet's horſe accounted:
Ply it, and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true Phœbeian liquor,
Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker.
Pays all debts, cures all diſeaſes,
And at once three ſenſes pleaſes.
Welcome all that lead or follow,
To the oracle of Apollo.

* Cries old Sim, the king of ſkinkers.] *Old Sim means Simon Wadloe, who then kept the Devil Tavern; and of him probably is the old catch, beginning*, "Old Sir Simon the king"——

† Wine it is the milk of Venus.] *From the Greek Anacreontic*, Οινος Γαλα Αφροδιτης.

MISCELLANIES.

To my faithful Servant, and, by his continued virtue, my loving Friend, the Author of this Work, (the Northern Laſs, a Comedy), Mr Richard Broome.

I had you for a ſervant once, Dick Broome,
And you perform'd a ſervant's faithful parts:
Now you are got into a nearer room
Of fellowſhip, profeſſing my old arts.
And you do do them well, with good applauſe,
Which you have juſtly gained from the ſtage,
By obſervation of thoſe comic laws,
Which I your maſter firſt did teach the age.
You learn'd it well, and for it ſerv'd your time,
A 'prenticeſhip, which few do now-a-days:
Now each court hobby-horſe will wince in rhyme,
Both learned and unlearned, all write plays.
It was not ſo of old: men took up trades [right;
That knew the craft they had been bred in
An honeſt bilboe-ſmith would make good blades,
And the phyſician teach men ſpue and ſh——
The cobler kept him to his awl; but now
He'll be a poet, ſcarce can guide a plow.

The juſt Indignation the Author took at the vulgar Cenſure of his Play (New Inn), by ſome malicious Spectators, begat the following Ode to himſelf.

Come leave the lothed ſtage,
And the more lothſome age;
Where pride and impudence, (in faſhion knit,)
Uſurp the chair of wit!
Inditing and arraigning every day,
Something they call a play.
Let their faſtidious, vain
Commiſſion of the brain
Run on, and rage, ſweat, cenſure, and condemn:
They were not made for thee, leſs thou for them.

Say that thou pour'ſt them wheat,
And they will acorns eat;
'Twere ſimple fury ſtill thyſelf to waſte
On ſuch as have no taſte!
To offer them a ſurfeit of pure bread,
Whoſe appetites are dead!
No, give them grains their fill,
Huſks, draff to drink and ſwill.
If they love lees, and leave the luſty wine,
Envy them not their palates with the ſwine.
No doubt ſome moldy tale,
Like *Pericles*, and ſtale
As the ſhrieves cruſts, and naſty as his fiſh-
Scraps, out of every diſh
Thrown forth, and rank'd into the common tub,
May keep up the play-club:
There ſweepings do as well
As the beſt order'd meal.
For who the reliſh of theſe gueſts will fit,
Needs ſet them but the alms-baſket of wit.

And much good do't you then:
Brave pluſh and velvet men
Can feed on orts: and ſafe in your ſtage-clothes,
Dare quit upon your oaths,
The ſtagers and the ſtage-wrights too (your peers)
Of larding your large ears
With their foul comic ſocks;
Wrought upon twenty blocks: [enough,
Which, if they are torn, and turn'd, and patch'd
The gameſters ſhare your guilt, and you their ſtuff.

Leave things ſo proſtitute,
And take the Alcœic lute;
Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre,
Warm thee by Pindar's fire: [cold,
And though thy nerves be ſhrunk, and blood be
Ere years have made thee old;
Strike that diſdainful heat
Throughout to their defeat:
As curious fools, and envious of thy ſtrain,
May, bluſhing, ſwear no palſy's in thy brain.

But when they hear thee ſing
The glories of thy king,
His zeal to God, and his juſt awe o'er men:
They may, blood-ſhaken then,
Feel ſuch a fleſh-quake to poſſeſs their powers;
As they ſhall cry, like ours,
In ſound of peace or wars,
No harp e'er hit the ſtars,
In tuning forth the acts of his ſweet reign:
And raiſing Charles his chariot 'bove his waine.

*An Anſwer to the Ode, "Come leave the Lothed Stage." By Owen Feltham *.*

Come, leave this ſaucy way
Of baiting thoſe that pay

* *Author of a popular Book, called, "The Reſolves," &c.*

Dear for the ſight of your declining wit:
'Tis known it is not fit
That a ſale-poet, juſt contempt once thrown,
Should cry up thus your own.
I wonder by what dower,
Or patent, you had power
From all to rape a judgment. Let 't ſuffice,
Had you been modeſt, you'd been granted wiſe.

'Tis known you can do well,
And that you do excel
As a tranſlator; but when things require
A genius, and a fire
Not kindled heretofore by others pains,
As oft you've wanted brains,
And art to ſtrike the white,
As you have levell'd right;
Yet if men vouch not things apocryphal,
You bellow, rave, and ſpatter round your gall.

Tug, Pierce, Peek, Fly *, and all
Your jeſts ſo nominal,
Are things ſo far beneath an able brain;
As they do throw a ſtain
Through all th' unlucky plot, and do diſpleaſe
As deep as *Pericles*.
Where yet, there is not laid
Before a chamber-maid
Diſcourſe ſo weigh'd †, as might have ſerv'd of old
For ſchools, when they of love and valour told.

Why rage then? when the ſhow
Should judgment be, and know-
Ledge, there are pluſh who ſcorn to drudge
For ſtages, yet can judge
Not only poets looſer lines, but wits,
And all their perquiſites;
A gift as rich as high,
Is noble poeſy:
Yet though in ſport it be for kings a play,
'Tis next mechanics when it works for pay.

Alcæus' lute had none;
Nor looſe Anacreon
E'er taught ſo bold aſſuming of the bays,
When they deſerv'd no praiſe.
To rail men into approbation,
Is new to your's alone;
And proſpers not: for know,
Fame is as coy, as you
Can be diſdainful; and who dares to prove
A rape on her, ſhall gather ſcorn, not love.

Leave then this humour vain,
And this more humorous ſtrain,
Where ſelf-conceit, and choler of the blood,
Eclipſe what elſe is good:
Then, if you pleaſe thoſe raptures high to touch,
Whereof you boaſt ſo much;
And but forbear your crown,
Till the world puts it on.
No doubt, from all you may amazement draw,
Since braver theme no Phœbus ever ſaw.

* *The names of ſeveral of Jonſon's Dramatis Perſonæ.*
† *New Inn, Act III. Scene 2.—Act IV. Scene 4.*

An Anſwer to Mr. Ben Jonſon's Ode, to perſuade him not to leave the Stage. By Thomas Randolph *.

Ben, do not leave the ſtage,
'Cauſe 'tis a lothſome age;
For pride and impudence will grow too bold,
When they ſhall hear it told
They frighted thee: ſtand high as is thy cauſe,
Their hiſs is thy applauſe:
More juſt were thy diſdain,
Had they approv'd thy vein:
So thou for them, and they for thee were born:
They to incenſe, and thou as much to ſcorn.

Wilt thou engroſs thy ſtore
Of wheat, and pour no more,
Becauſe their bacon-brains have ſuch a taſte,
As more delight in maſt:
No! ſet them forth a board of dainties, full
As thy beſt muſe can cull;
Whilſt they the while do pine
And thirſt, midſt all their wine.
What greater plague can hell itſelf deviſe,
Than to be willing thus to tantalize?

Thou canſt not find them ſtuff,
That will be had enough
To pleaſe their palates: let 'em refuſe
For ſome pye-corner muſe;
She is too fair an hoſteſs; 'twere a ſin
For them to like thine Inn:
'Twas made to entertain
Gueſts of a nobler ſtrain;
Yet if they will have any of thy ſtore, [door.
Give them ſome ſcraps, and ſend them from thy

And let thoſe things in pluſh,
Till they be taught to bluſh,
Like what they will, and more contented be
With what Broome † ſwept from thee.
I know thy worth, and that thy lofty ſtrains
Write not to clothes, but brains:
But thy great ſpleen doth riſe,
'Cauſe moles will have no eyes:
This only in my Ben I faulty find,
He's angry they'll not ſee him that are blind.

Why ſhould the ſcene be mute,
'Cauſe thou canſt touch thy lute,
And ſtring thy Horace: let each muſe of nine
Claim thee, and ſay, thou'rt mine.

* *Thomas Randolph, A. M. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, born at Newnham, near Daventry in Northamptonſhire, June 15th, 1605; died at Blatherwyke in that county, March 17th, 1634. His extenſive learning, gaiety of humour, and readineſs of repartee, gained him admirers among all ranks of mankind, and more eſpecially recommended him to the intimacy and friendſhip of Jonſon, who admitted him as one of his adopted ſons in the muſes, and held him in equal eſteem with Cartwright. He has left behind him ſix plays, and ſeveral poems, publiſhed in 8vo, 1651. The ode addreſſed to Jonſon is reaſonably ſmooth, and marks him a tolerable verſifier.*

† *His amanuenſis or attendant, Richard Broome: wrote with ſucceſs ſeveral comedies.*

'Twere fond to let all other flames expire,
To fit by Pindar's fire;
For by fo ſtrange neglect,
I ſhould myſelf ſuſpect
Thy palſy, were as well thy brain's diſeaſe,
If they could ſhake thy muſe which way they pleaſe.

And though thou well canſt ſing
The glories of thy king,
And on the wings of verſe his chariot bear
To heaven, and fix it there;
Yet let thy muſe as well ſome raptures raiſe
To pleaſe him, as to praiſe,
I would not have thee chooſe
Only a treble muſe;
But have this envious, ignorant age to know,
Thou that canſt ſing ſo high, canſt reach as low.

Fragment of a Satire on Jonſon's Magnetic Lady. By Alexander Gill of St. Paul's School.

But to adviſe you, Ben, in this ſtrict age,
A brick-kill's better for thee than a ſtage;
Thou better know'ſt a groundſil for to lay,
Than lay the plot or ground-work of a play;
And better canſt direct to cap a chimney,
Than to converſe with Clio or Polyhimny.
Fall then to work in thy old age again;
Take up thy trug and trowel, gentle Ben;
Let plays alone; or if thou needs will write,
And thruſt thy feeble muſe into the light,
Let Lowen ceaſe, and Taylor ſcorn to touch
The lothed ſtage, for thou haſt made it ſuch.

The Anſwer.

Shall the proſperity of a pardon ſtill
Secure thy railing rhymes, infamous Gill,
At libelling? Shall no ſtar-chamber peers,
Pillory, nor whip, nor want of ears,
All which thou haſt incurr'd deſervedly,
Nor degradation from the miniſtry,
To be the Denis of thy father's ſchool,
Keep in thy bawling wit, thou bawling fool?
Thinking to ſtir me, thou haſt loſt thy end,
I'll laugh at thee, poor wretched like: go ſend
Thy blotant muſe abroad, and teach it rather
A tune to drown the ballads of thy father:
For thou haſt nought in thee, to cure his ſame,
But tune and noiſe, the echo of his ſhame.
A rogue by ſtatute, cenſur'd to be whipt,
Cropt, branded, ſlit, neck-ſtockt; go, you are ſtript.

To my dear Son, and right learned Friend, Maſter Joſeph Rutter. Prefixed to "the Shepherd's Holiday," a Paſtoral Tragi-Comedy. 1635.

You look, my Joſeph, I ſhould ſomething ſay
Unto the world, in praiſe of your firſt play:
And truly, ſo I would, could I be heard.
You know, I never was of truth afeard,
And leſs aſham'd; not when I told the crowd
How well I lov'd truth: I was ſcarce allow'd
By thoſe deep-grounded, underſtanding men,
That ſit to cenſure plays, yet know not when,
Or why to like; they found, it all was new,
And newer, then [r. than] could pleaſe them, by-cauſe true,
Such men I met withal, and ſo have you.
Now, for mine own part, and it is but due
(You have deſerv'd it from me), I have read,
And weigh'd your play: untwiſted ev'ry thread,
And know the woofe, and warp thereof; can tell
Where it runs round, and even: where ſo well,
So ſoft, and ſmooth it handles, the whole piece,
As it were ſpun by nature, off the fleece:
This is my cenſure. Now there is a new
Office of wit, a mint, and (this is true)
Cry'd up of late: Whereto there muſt be firſt
A malter-worker call'd, th' old ſtandard burſt
Of wit, and a new made: a warden then,
And a comptroller, two moſt rigid men
For order, and for governing the pixe,
A aſſay-maſter, hath ſtudied all the tricks
Of fineneſs, and alloy: follow his hint,
You've all the myſteries of wit's new mint.
The valuations, mixtures, and the ſame
Concluded from a carract to a dramme.

To my choſen Friend, the learned Tranſlator of Lucan, Thomas May, Eſq.

When, Rome, I read thee in thy mighty pair,
And ſee both climbing up the ſlippery ſtair
Of fortune's wheel, by Lucan driv'n about,
And the world in it, I begin to doubt,
At every line ſome pin thereof ſhould ſlack,
At leaſt, if not the general engine crack.
But when again I view the parts ſo piz'd,
And thoſe in number ſo, and meaſure rais'd,
As neither Pompey's popularity,
Cæſar's ambition, Cato's liberty,
Calm Brutus tenor ſtart, but all along
Keep due proportion in the ample ſong,
It makes me raviſh'd with juſt wonder, cry
What muſe, or rather god of harmony,
Taught Lucan theſe true moodes? replies my ſenſe,
What gods, but thoſe of arts, and eloquence?
Phœbus, and Hermes? They whoſe tongue, or pen,
Are ſtill th' interpreters 'twixt God and men!
But who hath them interpreted, and brought
Lucan's whole frame unto us, and ſo wrought,
As not the ſmalleſt joint, or gentleſt word
In the great maſs, or machine there is ſtirr'd?
The ſelf ſame genius! ſo the work will ſay.
The ſun tranſlated, or the ſon of May.

Hymn to Diana, In Cynthia's Revels.

Queen and huntreſs, chaſte and fair,
Now the ſun is laid to ſleep;
Seated in thy ſilver car,
State in wonted manner keep.
Heſperus entreats thy light,
Goddeſs excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious ſhade
Dare itſelf to interpoſe;
Cynthia's ſhining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did cloſe;
Bleſs us then with wiſhed ſight,
Goddeſs excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy cryſtal ſhining quiver;

Give unto the flying hart,
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

Song. In the same.

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears;
Yet slower, yet, O faintly gentle springs!
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her decision, when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers;
Fall grief in showers;
Our beauties are not ours:
O could I still
(Like melting snow upon some craggy hill),
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since Summer's pride is now a wither'd daffodil.

Song. In the same.

O, that that joy so soon should waste,
Or so sweet a bliss
As a kiss,
Might not for ever last!
So sug'red, so melting, so soft, so delicious;
The dew that lies on roses,
When the morn herself discloses,
Is not so precious.
O, rather than I would it smother,
Were I to taste such another,
It should be my wishing,
That I might die kissing.

Song. In the Poetaster.

If I freely may discover
What would please me in my lover:
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city;
A little proud, but full of pity:
Light and humorous in her toying,
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying;
Long, but sweet in the enjoying;
Neither too easy, nor too hard:
All extremes I would have barr'd.

She should be allowed her passions,
So they were but us'd as fashions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swooning,
Every fit with change still crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her,
Then only constant when I crave her.
'Tis a virtue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
Neither her peevishness annoy me.

Song. In the Silent Woman.

Still to be neat, still to be dress,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace:
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Song. In the Devil is an Ass.

Do but look on her eyes! they do light——
All that love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair! it is bright
As love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that sooth her!
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face;
As alone, there triumphs to the life,
All the gain, all the good, of the elements strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow,
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard i' the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O, so white! O, so soft! O, so sweet is she!

Song. In the Sad Shepherd.

Though I am young and cannot tell
Either what Death or Love is well,
Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aim at human hearts;
And then again, I have been told,
Love wounds with heat, as Death with cold;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extremes to touch, and mean one thing.

As in a ruin we it call,
One thing to be blown up, or fall;
Or to our end, like way may have,
By a flash of lightning or a wave:
So Love's inflamed shaft or brand,
May kill as soon as Death's cold hand;
Except Love's fires the virtues have
To fright the frost out of the grave.

Hue and Cry after Cupid. In the Masque on Lord Haddington's Marriage.

Beauties, have ye seen this toy,
Call'd Love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind;
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say;
He is Venus' runaway.

She that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kiss,
How, or where herself would wish:
But, who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss and another.

He hath of marks about him plenty:
You ſhall know him among twenty.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That being ſhot, like lightning in,
Wounds the heart, but not the ſkin.

At his ſight, the ſun hath turned,
Neptune in the waters burned;
Hell hath felt a greater heat:
Jove himſelf forſook his ſeat:
From the centre to the ſky,
Are his trophies reared high.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But not ſtay in any part;
And, if chance his arrow miſſes,
He will ſhoot himſelf, in kiſſes.

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrows that outbrave
Dian's ſhafts: where, if he have
Any head more ſharp than other,
With that firſt he ſtrikes his mother.

Still the faireſt are his fuel,
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers hearts are all his food;
And his baths their warmeſt blood:
Nought but wounds his hand doth ſeaſon,
And he hates none like to Reaſon.

Truſt him not: his words, though ſweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit;
Every gift it is a bait;
Not a kiſs but poiſon bears;
And moſt treaſon in his tears.

Idle minutes are his reign;
Then the ſtraggler makes his gain,
By preſenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think 'em joys:
'Tis th' ambition of the elf,
To have all childiſh as himſelf.

If by theſe ye pleaſe to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but ſhow him.
Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.
Since you hear his falſer play,
And that he's Venus' runaway.

Epithalamion. In the ſame.

Up youths and virgins, up, and praiſe
The god whoſe nights outſhine his days;
Hymen, whoſe hallowed rites
Could never boaſt of brighter lights;
Whoſe bands paſs liberty.
Two of your troop, that with the morn were free,
Are now wag'd to his war.
And what they are,
If you'll perfection ſee,
Yourſelves muſt be.
Shine Heſperus, ſhine forth, thou wiſhed ſtar.

What joy or honours can compare
With holy nuptials, when they are
Made out of equal parts
Of years, of ſtates, of hands, of hearts?
When in the happy choice,
The ſpouſe and ſpouſed have the foremoſt voice!
Such, glad Hymen's war,
Live what they are,
And long perfection ſee:
And ſuch ours be.
Shine, Heſperus, ſhine forth, thou wiſhed ſtar.

The ſolemn ſtate of this one night
Were fit to laſt an age's light;
But there are rites behind
Have leſs of ſtate, but more of kind:
Love's wealthy crop of kiſſes,
And fruitful harveſt of his mother's bliſſes.
Sound then to Hymen's war:
That what theſe are,
Who will perfection ſee,
May haſte to be.
Shine, Heſperus, ſhine forth, thou wiſhed ſtar.

Love's commonwealth conſiſts of toys;
His council are thoſe antique boys,
Games, laughter, ſports, delights,
That triumph with him on theſe nights:
To whom we muſt give way,
For now their reign begins, and laſts till day.
They ſweeten Hymen's war,
And, in that jar.
Make all that married be,
Perfection ſee.
Shine, Heſperus, ſhine forth, thou wiſhed ſtar.

Why ſtays the bridegroom to invade
Her, that would be a matron made?
Goodnight, whilſt yet we may
Goodnight, to you a virgin, ſay;
To-morrow riſe the ſame
Your mother is, and uſe a nobler name.
Speed well in Hymen's war,
That, what you are,
By your perfection, we
And all may ſee.
Shine, Heſperus, ſhine forth, thou wiſhed ſtar.

To-night is Venus' vigil kept.
This night no bridegroom ever ſlept;
And if the fair bride do,
The married ſay, 'tis his fault too.
Wake then, and let your lights
Wake too: for they'll tell nothing of your nights.
But, that in Hymen's war,
You perfect are.
And ſuch perfection we
Do pray ſhould be.
Shine, Heſperus, ſhine forth, thou wiſhed ſtar.

That, ere the roſy finger'd morn
Behold nine moons, there may be born

A babe, t'uphold the fame
Of Ratcliffe's blood, and Ramsey's name:
That may, in his great feed,
Wear the long honours of his father's deed.
Such fruits of Hymen's war
Most perfect are;
And all perfection, we
Wish you should see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star.

The Witches Song, in the Masque of the Queens.

SISTERS, stay, we want our dame;
Call upon her by her name,
And the charm we use to say;
That she quickly anoint, and come away.

1 CHARM.

Dame, dame, the watch is set:
Quickly come, we all are met.
From the lakes, and from the fens,
From the rocks, and from the dens,
From the woods, and from the caves,
From the church-yards, from the graves,
From the dungeon, from the tree
That they die on, here are we.
Comes she not yet?
Strike another heat.

2 CHARM.

The weather is fair, the wind is good,
Up, dame, o' your horse of wood:
Or else tuck up your gray frock,
And saddle your goat, or your green cock,
And make his bridle a bottom of thread,
To roll up how many miles you have rid.
Quickly come away;
For we all stay.
Nor yet? nay, then
We'll try her again.

3 CHARM.

The owl is bread, the bat, and the toad,
And so is the cat a mountain,
The ant and the mole sit both in a hole,
And frog peeps out o' the fountain;
The dogs they do hay, and the timbrels play,
The spindle is now a turning;
The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,
But all the sky is a burning:
The ditch is made, and our nails the spade,
With pictures full, of wax and of wool;
Their livers I stick, with needles quick;
There lacks but the blood, to make up the flood.
Quickly, dame, then bring your part in,
Spur, spur upon little Martin,
Merrily, merrily, make him fail,
A worm in his mouth, and a thorn in's tail,
Fire above, and fire below,
With a whip i' your hand, to make him go.
O, now she's come!
Let all be dumb.

[*At this the Dame entered to them, naked-armed, bare-footed, her frock tucked, her hair knitted, and folded with vipers; in her hand a torch made of a dead man's arm, lighted, girded with a snake. To whom they all did reverence, and she spake, uttering, by way of question, the end wherefore they came:*]

DAME, HAGS.

Well done, my Hags. And come we fraught with spite,
To overthrow the glory of this night?
Holds our great purpose? *Hag.* Yes. *Dam.* But wants there none
Of our just number? *Hags.* Call us one by one,
And then our Dame shall see. *Dam.* First, then, advance
My drowsy servant, stupid Ignorance,
Known by thy scaly vesture: and bring on
Thy fearful sister, wild Suspicion,
Whose eyes do never sleep; let her knit hands
With quick Credulity that next her stands,
Who hath but one ear, and that always ope;
Two-faced Falsehood follow in the rope;
And lead on Murmur, with the cheeks deep hung;
She, Malice, whetting of her forked tongue;
And Malice, Impudence, whose forehead's lost;
Let Impudence lead Slander on, to boast
Her oblique look; and to her subtle side,
Thou, black-mouth'd Execration, stand apply'd;
Draw to thee Bitterness, whose pores sweat gall;
She, flame-ey'd Rage; Rage, Mischief. *Hag.* Here we are all.
Dam. Join now our hearts, we faithful opposites
To fame and glory. Let not these bright nights
Of honour blaze, thus to offend our eyes;
Show ourselves truly envious, and let rise
Our wonted rages: do what may beseem
Such names, and natures;———
Hag. What our Dame bids us do,
We are ready for. *Dam.* Then fall too.
But first relate me, what you have sought,
Where you have been, and what you have brought.

HAGS.

1.

I have been all day looking after
A raven, feeding upon a quarter;
And, soon as she turn'd her beak to the south,
I snatch'd this morsel out of her mouth.

2.

I have been gathering wolves hairs,
The mad dogs foam, and the adders ears;
The spurging of a dead man's eyes,
And all since the evening star did rise.

3.

I last night lay all alone
O' the ground, to hear the mandrake groan;
And pluck'd him up, though he grew full low;
And, as I had done, the cock did crow.

4.

And I ha' been choosing out this scull,
From charnel houses, that were full;
From private grots, and public pits;
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5.

Under a cradle I did creep,
By day; and when the child was asleep
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6.

I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Kill'd an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got, at a church aisle,
I bade him again blow wind i' the tail.

7.

A murderer yonder was hung in chains,
The ſun and the wind had ſhrunk his veins;
I bit off a ſinew; I clipp'd his hair,
I brought off his rags, that danc'd i' the air.

8.

The ſcreech-owls eggs, and the feathers black,
The blood of the frog, and the bone in his back,
I have been getting: and made of his ſkin
A purſet, to keep Sir Cranion in.

9.

And I ha' been plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,
Night-ſhade, moon-wort, 'ibbards-bane;
And twice, by the dogs, was like to be ta'en.

10.

I, from the jaws of a gard'ner's bitch,
Did ſnatch theſe bones, and then leap'd the ditch:
Yet went I back to the houſe again,
Kill'd the black cat, and here's the brain.

11.

I went to the toad breeds under the wall,
I charm'd him out, and he came at my call;
I ſcratch'd out the eyes of the owl before, [more?
I tore the bat's wing: what would you have

12.

DAME.

Yes, I have brought (to help our vows)
Horned puppy, cypreſs boughs,
The fig-tree wild, that grows on tombs,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The baſiliſk's blood, and the viper's ſkin:
And, now, our orgies let's begin.

[*Here the Dame put herſelf in the midſt of them, and began her following invocation.*]

You friends and furies, (if yet any be
Worſe than ourſelves) you that have quak'd to ſee
Theſe knots united, and ſhrunk, when we have charm'd.
You, that (to arm us) have yourſelves diſarm'd,
And to our powers, reſign'd your whips and brands
When we went forth, the ſcourge of men and lands.
You that have ſeen me ride, when Hecate
Durſt not take chariot; when the boiſterous ſea,
Without a breath of wind, hath knock'd the ſky;
And that hath thunder'd, Jove not knowing why:
When we have ſet the elements at wars,
Made midnight ſee the ſun, and day the ſtars;
When the wing'd lightning, in the courſe hath ſtaid;
And ſwifteſt rivers have run back, afraid,
To ſee the corn remove, the groves to range,
Whole places alter, and the ſeaſons change;
When the pale moon, at the firſt voice down fell
Peiſon'd, and durſt not ſtay the ſecond ſpell.
You, that have oft been conſcious of theſe ſights;
And thou three formed ſtar, that on theſe nights
Art only powerful, to whoſe triple name
Thus we incline, once, twice, and thrice the ſame;
If now with rites profane, and foul enough,
We do invoke thee; darken all this roof,
With preſent fogs. Exhale earth's rott'neſt vapours,
And ſtrike a blindneſs through theſe blazing tapers.
Come, let a murmuring charm reſound,
The whilſt we bury all i' th' ground.
But firſt, ſee every foot be bare;
And every knee. *Hag.* Yes, Dame, they are.

4 CHARM.

Deep, O deep we lay thee to ſleep;
We leave thee drink by, if thou chance to be dry;
Both milk and blood, the dew and the flood.
We breathe in thy bed, at the foot and the head;
We cover thee warm, that thou take no harm:
And when thou doſt wake,
Dame earth ſhall quake,
And the houſes ſhake,
And her belly ſhall ake,
As her back were brake,
Such a birth to make,
As is the blue drake:
Whoſe form thou ſhalt take.

DAME.

Never a ſtar yet ſhot?
Where be the aſhes? *Hag.* Here i' the pot.
Dam. Caſt them up; and the flint ſtone
Over the left ſhoulder bone,
Into the weſt. *Hag.* It will be beſt.

5 CHARM.

The ſticks are acroſs, there can be no loſs,
The ſage is rotten, the ſulphur is gotten
Up to the ſky, that was i' the ground.
Follow it then, with our rattles, round;
Under the bramble, over the brier,
A little more heat will ſet it on fire:
Put it in mind, to do it kind,
Flow water and blow wind.
Rouncy is over, Robble is under,
A flaſh of light, and a clap of thunder,
A ſtorm of rain, another of hail.
We all muſt home i' the egg-ſhell ſail;
The maſt is made of a great pin,
The tackle of cobweb, the ſail as thin,
And if we go through and not fall in——

DAME.

Stay, all our charms do nothing win
Upon the night; our labour dies!
Our magic-feature will not riſe;
Nor yet the ſtorm! we muſt repeat
More direful voices far, and beat
The ground with vipers, till it ſweat.

6 CHARM.

Bark dogs, wolves howl,
Seas roar, woods roll,
Clouds crack, all be black,
But the light our charms do make.

DAME.

Not yet? my rage begins to ſwell;
Darkneſs, devils, night, and hell,
Do not thus delay my ſpell.
I call you once, and I call you twice;
I beat you again, if you ſtay my thrice:
Through theſe cranies where I peep,
I'll let in the light to ſee your ſleep.
And all the ſecrets of your ſway
Shall lie as open to the day,
As unto me. Still are you deaf?
Reach me a bough that ne'er bare leaf,
To ſtrike the air; and Aconite,
To hurl upon this glaring light;

A rusty knife to wound mine arm;
And as it drops, I'll speak a charm,
Shall cleave the ground, as low as lies
Old shrunk-up Chaos, and let rise,
Once more, his dark and reeking head,
To strike the world, and nature dead,
Until my magic birth be bred.

7 CHARM.

Black go in, and blacker come out;
At thy going down, we give thee a shout.
Hoo!
At thy rising again, thou shalt have two.
And if thou dost what we would have thee do,
Thou shalt have three, thou shalt have four,
Thou shalt have ten, thou shalt have a score.
Hoo. Har. Har. *Hoo!*

8 CHARM.

A cloud of pitch, a spur and a switch,
To haste him away, and a whirlwind play,
Before and after, with thunder for laughter,
And storms for joy, of the roaring boy;
His head of a drake, his tail of a snake.

9 CHARM.

About, about, and about,
Till the mist arise, and the lights fly out,
The images neither be seen, nor felt;
The woollen burn, and the waxen melt:
Sprinkle your liquors upon the ground,
And into the air: around, around.
Around, around,
Around, around,
Till a music sound,
And the pace be found,
To which we may dance,
And our charms advance.

To my truly beloved Friend, William Browne, on his Pastorals.

Some men, of books or friends not speaking right,
May hurt them more with praise, then foes with spight.
But I have seen thy work, and I know thee:
And, if thou list thyself, what thou canst be.
For, though but early in these paths thou tread,
I find thee write most worthy to be read.
It must be thine own judgment, yet, that sends
This thy work forth: that judgment mine commends.
And, where the most read books on author's fames,
Or, like our money-brokers, take up names
On credit, and are cosen'd; see, that thou
By off'ring not more sureties, then enow,
Hold thine own worth unbroke: which is so good
Upon th' exchange of letters, as I wou'd
More of our writers would like thee, not swell
With the how much they set forth, but th' how well.

The Vision of Ben Jonson, on the Muses of his Friend M. Drayton.

It hath been question'd. Michael, if I be
A friend at all; or, if at all, to thee:
Because, who make the question, have not seen
Those ambling visits pass in verse, between
Thy muse, and mine, as they expect. 'Tis true:
You have not writ to me, nor I to you;
And, though I now begin, 'tis not to rub
Haunch against haunch, or raise a rhyming club
About the town this reck'ning I will pay,
Without conferring symbols. This 's my day.
It was no dream! I was awake, and saw!
Lend me thy voice, O Fame! that I may draw
Wonder to truth; and have my vision hurl'd
Hot from thy trumpet, round about the world.
I saw a beauty from the sea to rise,
That all earth look'd on; and that earth, all eyes!
It cast a beam as when the cheerful sun
Is fair got up, and day some hours begun!
And fill'd an orb as circular as heaven!
The orb was cut forth into regions seven.
And those so sweet, and well proportion'd parts,
As it had been the circle of the arts.
When, by thy bright ideas standing by,
I found it pure, and perfect poesy.
There read I, straight, thy learned legends three,
Heard the soft airs between our swains and thee,
Which made me think the old Theocritus,
Or rural Virgil come, to pipe to us!
But then, thy epistolar heroic songs,
Their loves, their quarrels, jealousies, and wrongs,
Did all so strike me, as I cry'd, Who can
With us be call'd the Naso, but this man?
And looking up, I saw Minerva's fowl,
Perch'd over head, the wise Athenian owl:
I thought thee then our Orpheus, that wouldst try
Like him, to make the air one volary:
And I had styl'd thee Orpheus, but before
My lips could form the voice, I heard that roar,
And rouze, the marching of a mighty force,
Drums against drums, the neighing of the horse,
The fights, the cries, and wond'ring at the jars
I saw, and read, it was thy Barons Wars!
O! how in those, dost thou instruct these times,
That rebels actions are but valiant crimes!
And carried, though with shout, and noise, confess
A wild, and an authoriz'd wickedness!
Sayst thou so, Lucan? but thou scorn'st to stay,
Under one title. Thou hast made thy way
And flight about the isle well-near by this,
In thy admired perigesis,
Or universal circumduction
Of all that read thy Poly-Olbion.
That read it? that are ravish'd! such was I
With every song, I swear, and so would die:
But that I hear, again, thy drum to beat
A better cause, and strike the bravest heat
That ever yet did fire the English blood!
Our right in France! if rightly understood.
I here, thou art Homer! Pray thee, use the style
Thou hast deserv'd: and let me read the while
Thy catalogue of ships, exceeding his,
Thy list of aids, and force, for so it is:
The poet's act! and for his country's sake
Brave are the musters, that the muse will make.
And when he ships them where to use their arms,
How do his trumpets breathe! what loud alarms!
Look! how we read the Spartans were inflam'd
With bold Tyrtæus' verse; when thou art nam'd,
So shall our English youth urge on, and cry,
An Agincourt, an Agincourt, or die.
This book! it is a catechism to fight,
And will be bought of every lord and knight,

That can but read; who cannot, may in prose
Get broken pieces, and fight well by those.
The miseries of Margaret the Queen,
Of tender eyes will more be wept, than seen:
I feel it by mine own, that overflow,
And stop my sight, in every line I go.
But then refreshed with thy Fairy Court,
I look on Cynthia, and Sirena's sport,
As on two flow'ry carpets that did rise,
And with their grassy green restor'd mine eyes.
Yet give me leave to wonder at the birth
Of thy strange Moon-calf, both thy strain of mirth,
And gossip-got acquaintance, as, to us
Thou hadst brought Lapland, or old Cobalus,
Empusa, Lamia, or some monster, more
Than Afric knew, or the full Grecian store!
I gratulate it to thee, and thy ends,
To all thy virtuous, and well-chosen friends,
Only my loss is, that I am not there;
And, till I worthy am to wish I were,
I call the world, that envies me, to see
If I can be a friend, and friend to thee.

To the Author. Prefixed to "the Passions of the Mind in general." 4to, 1604.

In picture, they which truly understand,
Require (besides the likeness of the thing)
Light, posture, height'ning, shadow, colouring,
All which are parts commend the cunning hand;
And all your book (when it is thoroughly scan'd)
Will well confess: presenting, limiting,
Each subt'lest passion, with her source, and spring,
So bold, as shows your art you can command.
But now your work is done, if that they view
The several figures, languish in suspense,
To judge which passion's false, and which is true,
Between the doubtful sway of reason and sense;
'Tis not your fault, if they shall sense prefer,
Being told there, reason cannot, sense may err.

In Memory of the most worthy Ben. Jonson, by William Cartwright *.

Father of poets, though thine own great day †,
Struck from thyself, scorns that a weaker ray
Could twine in lustre with it; yet my flame,
Kindled from thine, flies upwards stow'rds thy name.
For in the acclamation of the less
There's piety, though from it no access.
And though my ruder thoughts make me of those,
Who hide and cover what they should disclose:
Yet where the lustre's such, he makes it seen
Better to some, that draws the veil between.
And what can more be hop'd, since that divine
Fire-filling spirit took its flight with thine?
Men may have fury, but no raptures now;
Like witches, charm, yet not know whence, nor how. [fierce,
And, through distemper, grown not strong, but
Instead of writing, only rave in verse:
Which when by thy laws judg'd, 'twill be confess'd
'Twas not to be inspir'd, but be possess'd.
Where shall we find a muse like thine that can
So well present and show man unto man,
That each one finds his twins, and thinks thy art
Extends not to the gestures, but the heart?
Where one so showing to life, that we
Think thou taught'st custom, and not custom thee?
Manners, that were themes to thy scenes, still flow
In the same stream, and are their comments now
These times thus living o'er thy models, we
Think them not so much wit, as prophesy:
And, though we know the character, may swear
A Sibyl's finger hath been busy there.
Things common thou speak'st proper; which, though known
For public, stampt by thee grow thence thine own;
Thy thoughts so order'd, so express'd, that we
Conclude that thou didst not discourse, but see
Language so master'd, that thy numerous feet
Laden with genuine words, do always meet
Each in his art; nothing unfit doth fall,
Showing the poet, like the wise man, all:
Thine equal skill thus wrestling nothing, made
Thy pen seem not so much to write as trade.
That life, that Venus of all things, which we
Conceive or show, proportion'd decency,
Is not found scatter'd in thee here and there,
But, like the soul, is wholly every where.
No strange perplexed maze doth pass for plot;
Thou always dost untie, not cut the knot.
Thy labyrinth's doors are open'd by one thread,
That ties, and runs through all that's done or said.
No power comes down with learned hat and rod;
Wit only, and contrivance, is thy God.
'Tis easy to gild gold; there's small skill spent
Where ev'n the first rude mass is ornament:
Thy muse took harder metals, purg'd and boil'd,
Labour'd and try'd, heated, and beat, and toil'd,
Sifted the dross, fill'd roughness, then gave dress,
Vexing rude subjects into comeliness.
Be it thy glory, then, that we may say,
Thou runn'st where the foot was blinded by the way.
Nor dost thou pour out, but dispense thy vein.
Skill'd when to spare, and when to entertain:
Not like our wits, who into one piece do
Throw all that they can say, and their friends too.
Pumping themselves, for one term's noise, so dry,
As if they made their wills in poetry;

* *William Cartwright, A. M. student of Christ-Church, Oxford, and succentor of Salisbury, born at Northeway, near Tewkesbury, in Gloucestershire, September, 1611, died April 12. 1643. The character given of him by his contemporaries, is almost beyond belief. Jonson, who gave him the title of his son, valued him so highly, that he said of him, "my son, Cartwright, writes all like a man." The editor of his poems and plays, applies to him the saying of Aristotle concerning Æschron the poet, "That he could not tell what Cartwright could not do." Dr. Fell, Bishop of Oxford, said of him, "Cartwright was the utmost Man could come to." His works were published in 2 vols. 8vo, 1651, accompanied by above fifty copies of recommendatory verses. There is a masculine flow of good sense in this panegyric on Jonson, which places Cartwright very high, both as a poet and a critic.*

† *This and the two following poems, are reprinted from the "Jonsonius Virbius;" 1638.*

And such spruce compositions press the stage,
When men transcribe themselves, and not the age.
Both sorts of plays are thus like pictures shown,
Thine of the common life, theirs of their own.
Thy models yet are not so fram'd, as we
May call them libels, and not imagery:
No name on any basis: 'tis thy skill
To strike the vice, but spare the person still:
As he, who when he saw the serpent wreath'd
About his sleeping son, and, as he breath'd,
Drink in his soul, did so the shoot contrive,
To kill the beast, but keep the child alive:
So dost thou aim thy darts, which, even when
They kill the poisons, do but wake the men.
Thy thunders thus but purge, and we endure
Thy lancings better than another's cure;
And justly too; for th' age grows more unsound
From th' fool's balsam, than the wiseman's wound.
No rotten talk breaks for a laugh; no page
Commenc'd man by th' instructions of thy stage;
No bargaining line there; no provoc'tive verse;
Nothing but what Lucretius might rehearse;
No need to make good countenance ill, and use
The plea of strict life for a loose muse:
No woman rul'd thy quill: we can descry
No verse born under any Cynthia's eye:
Thy star was judgment only and right sense,
Thyself being to thyself an influence.
Stout beauty is thy grace: stern pleasures do
Present delights, but mingle horrors too:
Thy muse doth thus like Jove's fierce girl appear,
With a fair hand, but grasping of a spear.
Where are they now that cry, thy lamp did drink
More oil than th' author wine, while he did think?
We do embrace their slander: thou hast writ
Nor for dispatch, but fame; no market wit:
'Twas not thy care, that it might pass and sell;
But that it might endure, and be done well:
Nor would'st thou venture it unto the ear,
Until the file would not make smooth, but wear:
Thy verse came season'd hence, and would not give;
Born not to feed the author, but to live:
Whence 'mong the choicer judges rose a strife,
To make thee read as classic in thy life.
Those that do hence applause and suffrage beg,
'Cause they can poems form upon one leg,
Write not to time, but to the poet's day:
There's difference between fame and sudden pay.
These men sing kingdoms fall, as if that fate
Us'd the same force t'a village and a state:
These serve Thyestes' bloody supper in,
As if it had only a fallad been:
Their Catalines are but fencers, whose fights rise
Not to the fame of battle, but of prize.
But thou still putt'st true passions on; dost write
With the same courage that tried captains fight;
Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things:
Low without creeping, high without loss of wings;
Smooth, yet not weak, and, by a thorough care,
Big without swelling, without painting fair:
They, wretches, while they cannot stand to sit,
Are not wits, but materials of wit.
What though thy searching wit did rake the dust
Of time, and purge old metals of their rust;
Is it no labour, no art, think they, to
Snatch shipwrecks from the deep, as divers do?
And rescue jewels from the covetous sand,
Making the sea's hid wealth adorn the land?
What though thy culling muse did rob the store
Of Greek and Latin gardens, to bring o'er
Plants to thy native soil; their virtues were
Improv'd far more, by being planted here.
If thy still to their essence doth refine
So many drugs, is not the water thine?
Thefts thus become just works; they and their grace
Are wholly thine: thus doth the stamp and face
Make that the king's, that's lavish'd from the mine:
In others then 'tis ore; in thee 'tis coin.
Blest life of authors, unto whom we owe
Those that we have, and those that we want too:
Thou'rt all so good, that reading makes thee worse,
And to have writ so well's thine only curse.
Secure then of thy merit, thou didst hate
That servile base dependence upon fate:
Success thou ne'er thought'st virtue, nor that fit
Which chance and th' age's fashion did make hit;
Excluding those from life in after time,
Who into poetry first brought luck and rhyme:
Who thought the people's breath good air; styl'd name
What was but noise; and, getting briefs for fame,
Gather'd the many's suffrages, and thence
Made commendation a benevolence:
Thy thoughts were their own laurel, and did win
That best applause of being crown'd within.
And though th' exacting age, when deeper years
Had interwoven snow among thy hairs,
Would not permit thou should'st grow old, 'cause they
Ne'er by thy writings knew thee young: we may
Say justly, they're ungrateful, when they more
Condemn'd thee, 'cause thou wert so good before:
Thine art was thine art's blur, and they'll confess
Thy strong perfumes made them not smell thee less.
But, though to err with thee be no small skill,
And we adore the last draughts of thy quill:
Though those thy thoughts, which the now queasy age
Doth count but clods, and refuse of the stage,
Will come up porcelain-wit some hundreds hence,
When there will be more manners, and more sense;
'Twas judgment yet to yield, and we afford
Thy silence as much fame, as once thy word:
Who, like an aged oak, the leaves being gone,
Wast food before, art now religion; [stor'd,
Thought still more rich, though not so richly
View'd and enjoy'd before, but now ador'd.
Great soul of numbers, whom we want and boast;
Like curing gold, most valued now thou'rt lost;
When we shall feed on refuse offals, when
We shall from corn to acorns turn again;
Then shall we see that these two names are one,
Jonson and Poetry, which now are gone.

On Ben Jonson. By Henry King *.

I see that wretch, which doth the wearer arm
'Gainst the quick strokes of thunder, is no charm
To keep of Death's pale dart: for, Jonson, then
Thou hadst been number'd still with living men:
Times scythe had fear'd thy laurel to invade,
Nor thee this subject of our sorrow made.
Amongst those many votaries that come
To offer up their garlands at thy tomb,
Whilst some more lofty pens in their bright verse
(Like glorious tapers flaming on thy herse)
Shall light the dull and thankless world to see
How great a maim it suffers (wanting thee);
Let not thy learned shadow scorn, that I
Pay meaner rites unto thy memory:
And since I nought can add but in desire, [fire.
Restore some sparks which leapt from thine own
What ends soever other quills invite,
I can protest, it was no itch to write;
Nor any vain ambition to be read,
But merely love and justice to the dead,
Which rais'd my fameless muse: and caus'd her bring
These drops, as tribute thrown into that spring,
To whose most rich and fruitful head we owe
The purest streams of language which can flow.
For 'tis but truth; thou taught'st the ruder age
To speak by grammar; and reform'dst the stage:
Thy comic sock induc'd such purged sense,
A Lucrece might have heard without offence.
Amongst these soaring wits that did dilate
Our English, and advance it to the rate
And value it now holds, thyself was one
Help'd lift it up to such proportion,
That thus refin'd and rob'd it shall not spare
With the full Greek or Latin to compare.
For what tongue ever durst, but ours, translate
Great Tully's eloquence, or Homer's state?
Both which in their unblemish'd lustre shine,
From Chapman's pen, and from thy Catiline.
All I would ask for thee, in recompence
Of thy successful toil, and time's expence,
Is only this poor boon; that those who can
Perhaps read French, or talk Italian,
Or do the lofty Spaniard affect,
(To show their skill in foreign dialect)
Prove not themselves so unnaturally wise
They therefore should their mother-tongue despise,
(As if her poets had both style and wit,
Not equall'd, or not pass'd their best that writ)
Until by studying Jonson they have known
The height, and strength, and plenty of their own.
Thus in what low earth, or neglected room,
So e'er thou sleep'st, thy book shall be thy tomb,
Thou wilt go down a happy corse, bestrew'd
With thine own flowers, and feel thyself renew'd;
Whilst thy immortal, never withering bays
Shall yearly flourish in thy reader's praise.

* *Henry King, D. D. Bishop of Chichester, born at Worsal, in Bucks, January* 1591, *died October* 1669 *He turned the Psalms into verse.* 1651; *and published Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets,* 1657. *The greater part of his poetry merits republication. It is neat, and uncommonly elegant.*

And when more spreading tiles are forgot,
Or, spite of all their lead and sear-cloth rot; [lie
Thou wrapt and shrin'd in thine own sheets wilt
A relic fam'd by all posterity.

To the Memory of Ben. Jonson. By Jasper Mayne *.

As when the vestal hearth went out, no fire
Less holy than the flame that did expire
Could kindle it again: so at thy fall
Our wit, great Ben, is too apocryphal
To celebrate the loss, since 'tis too much
To write thy epitaph, and not be such.
What thou wert, like th' hard oracles of old,
Without an ecstasy cannot be told.
We must be ravish'd first, thou must infuse
Thyself into us, both the theme and muse:
Else (though we all conspir'd to make thy herse
Our works) so that 't had been but one great verse,
Though the priest had translated for that time
The Liturgy, and bury'd in thee rhyme,
So that in metre we had heard it said,
Poetic dust is to poetic laid:
And though, that dust being Shakspeare's, thou might'st have
Not his room, but the poet for thy grave;
So that, as thou didst prince of numbers die,
And live, so now thou might'st in numbers lie,
'Twere frail solemnity; verses on thee,
And not like thine, would but kind libels be;
And we (not speaking thy whole worth) should raise
Worse blots than they that envied thy praise.
Indeed, thou need'st us not, since, above all
Invention, thou wert thine own funeral.
Hereafter, when time hath fed on thy tomb,
Th' inscription worn out, and the marble dumb;
So that 't would pose a critic to restore
Half words, and words expir'd so long before;
When thy maim'd statue hath a sentenc'd face,
And looks that are the horror of the place,
That 't will be learning and antiquity,
And ask a Selden to say, This was thee, [fear
Thou'lt have a whole name still, nor need'st thou
That will be ruin'd, or lose nose or hair.
Let others write so thin, that they can't be
Authors till rotten, no posterity [then
Can add to thy works; th' had their whole growth
When first born, and came aged from thy pen.
Whilst living thou enjoy'dst the fame and sense
Of all that time gives, but the reverence.
When thou'rt of Homer's years, no man will say
Thy poems are less worthy, but more gray:

* *Jasper Mayne, D. D. Canon of Christ-Church, Oxford, and Arch-Deacon of Chichester, born at Hatherleigh in Devonshire, in* 1604, *died December* 1672. *He was held in very high esteem, both for his natural parts, and his acquired accomplishments. He was a popular preacher, and a man of severe virtue and exemplary behaviour; yet of a ready and facetious wit, and a very singular taste of humour. In his younger years he had an attachment to poetry, translated "Lucian's Dialogues."* 1638, *Donne's "Latin Epigrams,"* 1652, *and wrote two plays, printed in the ninth volume of Dodsley's collection.*

'Tis baſtard-poetry, and o' th' falſe blood
Which can't without ſucceſſion be good.
Things that will always laſt, do thus agree
With things eternal; they at once perfect be.
Scorn then their cenſures, who gave't out, thy wit
As long upon a comedy did ſit,
As elephants bring forth; and that thy blots
And mendings took more time than fortune plots:
That ſuch thy drought was, and ſo great thy thirſt,
That all thy plays were drawn at the Mermaid firſt:
That the king's yearly butt wrote, and his wine
Hath more right than thou to thy Catiline.
Let ſuch men keep a diet, let their wit
Be rack'd, and while they write, ſuffer a fit.
When they've felt tortures which out-pain the gout,
Such, as with leſs, the ſtate draws treaſon out;
Though they ſhould the length of conſumptions lie
Sick of their verſe, and of their poem die,
'Twould not be thy worſt ſcene, but would at laſt
Confirm their boaſtings, and ſhow made in haſte.
He that writes well, writes quick, ſince the rule's true,
Nothing is ſlowly done, that's always new.
So when thy Fox had ten times acted been,
Each day was firſt, but that 't was cheaper ſeen.
And ſo thy Alchymiſt play'd o'er and o'er,
Was new o' th' ſtage, when 'twas not at the door.
We, like the actors, did repeat; the pit
The firſt time ſaw, the next conceiv'd thy wit:
Which was caſt in thoſe forms, ſuch rules, ſuch arts,
That but to ſome not half thy acts were parts:
Since of ſome ſilken judgments we may ſay,
They fill'd a box two hours, but ſaw no play.
So that th' unlearned loſt their money, and
Scholars ſav'd only, that could underſtand.
Thy ſcene was free from monſters, no hard plot
Call'd down a God t' unty th' unlikely knot.
The ſtage was ſtill a ſtage, two entrances
Were not two parts o' th' world, disjoin'd by ſeas.
Thine were land tragedies, no prince was found
To ſwim a whole ſcene out, then o' th' ſtage drown'd;
Pitch'd fields, as red bull wars, ſtill felt thy doom,
Thou laid'ſt no ſieges to the muſic-room;
Nor would'ſt allow to thy beſt comedies
Humours that ſhould above the people riſe:
Yet was thy language and thy ſtyle ſo high,
Thy ſock to th' ancle, buſkin reach'd to th' thigh;
And both ſo chaſte, ſo 'bove dramatic clean,
That we both ſafely ſaw, and liv'd thy ſcene.
No foul looſe line did proſtitute thy wit,
Thou wrot'ſt thy comedies, did'ſt not commit.
We did the vice arraign'd not tempting hear,
And were made judges, not bad parts by th' ear.
For thou ev'n ſin didſt in ſuch words array,
That ſome who came bad parts, went out good play.
Which ended not with th' epilogue, the age
Still acted, which grew innocent from th' ſtage.
'Tis true thou hadſt ſome ſharpneſs, but thy ſalt
Serv'd but with pleaſure to reform the fault.
Men were laugh'd into virtue, and none more
Hated Face acted than were ſuch before.
So did thy ſting not blood, but humours draw,
So much doth ſatire more correct than law;
Which was not nature in thee, as ſome call
Thy teeth, who ſay thy wit lay in thy gall:
That thou didſt quarrel firſt, and then, in ſpite,
Didſt 'gainſt a perſon of ſuch vices write:
That 'twas revenge, not truth; that on the ſtage
Carlo was not preſented, but thy rage:
And that, when thou in company wert met,
Thy meat took notes, and thy diſcourſe was net.
We know thy free vein had this innocence,
To ſpare the party, and to brand th' offence.
And the juſt indignation thou wert in
Did not expoſe Shift, but his tricks and gin.
Thou might'ſt have us'd th' old comic freedom; theſe
Might have ſeen themſelves play'd, like Socrates.
Like Cleon, Manion might the knight have been,
If, as Greek authors, thou hadſt turn'd Greek ſpleen;
And hadſt not choſen rather to tranſlate
Their learning into Engliſh, not their rate:
Indeed this laſt, if thou hadſt been bereft
Of thy humanity, might be call'd theft.
The other was not; whatſoe'er was ſtrange,
Or borrow'd in thee, did grow thine by th' change;
Who without Latin helps hadſt been as rare
As Beaumont, Fletcher, or as Shakſpeare were:
And, like them, from thy native ſtock could'ſt ſay,
Poets and kings are not born every day.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, Esq.

Containing

SONNETS,		ELEGIES,
MADRIGALS,		EPIGRAMS,
HYMNS,		EPITAPHS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Alexis, when thou ſhalt hear wand'ring Fame
Tell, Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal ſpoils,
And that on earth I am but a ſad name:
If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliſs, thoſe joys, Heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
To 'grave this ſhort remembrance on my grave:
"Here DAMON lies, whoſe ſongs did ſometime grace
"The murm'ring *Eſk*—may roſes ſhade the place."

SONNET TO SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

EDINBURGH:
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Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF DRUMMOND.

After the acceſſion of James VI. of Scotland to the Crown of England, the Scottiſh language, in which the claſſical compoſitions of Barbour, James I., Henry the Minſtrel, Dunbar, Douglas, and Lindſay, were written, yielded, by a neceſſary contingency, to the Engliſh, to which it was collaterally allied; and the poets of Scotland, from that period, wrote in the language of the greater and more polite nation.

William Drummond, the firſt Scottiſh poet who wrote in Engliſh with purity and elegance, was born at Hawthornden, in the pariſh of Laſſwade, in Mid-Lothian, the 13th of December 1585. His father, Sir John Drummond of Hawthornden, was Gentleman Uſher to James VI., a man of diſtinguiſhed worth and prudence. His mother, Suſannah Fowler, was daughter to Sir William Fowler, Secretary to Queen Anne, of Denmark, "a woman of excellent breeding, and of a good and virtuous life."

His family became firſt diſtinguiſhed by the marriage of Robert III. to Annabella Drummond, ſiſter to William Drummond of Carnock, his anceſtor, as appears by the patents of that King and James I., the one calling him, "Our Brother," and the other, "Our Uncle."

He received his grammatical education at the High-School of Edinburgh, where his abilities rendered him conſpicuous even in his youth; and he was afterwards removed to the Univerſity of Edinburgh, where he took the degree of Maſter of Arts.

When he quitted the Univerſity, he was ſo far from imagining that he had completed his ſtudies, that he conſidered himſelf as having only commenced them; and therefore employed himſelf for ſome years after, in the diligent peruſal of the beſt writers of antiquity.

In 1606, when he had attained the age of twenty-one years, he was ſent by his father to ſtudy civil law at Bourges, in France, which he proſecuted with great diligence and applauſe. He not only committed to writing the lectures of the profeſſors, but alſo wrote his own obſervations on them, which afterwards communicating to the Preſident Lockhart, he declared, "that if Mr. Drummond had followed the practice, he would have made the beſt figure of any lawyer in his time."

In 1610, he returned to Scotland, in which year his father died.

It was now ſuppoſed by his friends, that he would have engaged in the profeſſion of the law, as affording the ſureſt proſpect for the advancement of his fortune. But neither the ſtudy of the law, nor the fatigue attending the practice, were agreeable to his taſte, which led him to the cultivation of polite literature.

He, therefore, retired to his houſe at Hawthornden, "a ſweet and ſolitary ſeat, and very fit and proper for the Muſes," and here applied himſelf with great aſſiduity to claſſical learning and poetry.

After a recovery from a dangerous illneſs, he wrote here his *Cypreſs Grove*, a proſe piece, containing reflections on death and on the vanity of human life.

On the death of Henry Prince of Wales, in 1612, he wrote an elegy entitled, *Tears on the Death of Maliades*, a name which that prince had uſed in all his challenges of martial ſport, as the anagram of *Miles a Deo*.

When King James returned to Scotland in 1617, he celebrated his arrival by an effort of poetical congratulation, entitled, *The Wandering Muſes, or the River of Forth Feaſting*.

In 1619, Jonſon, the celebrated dramatic poet, had ſuch a deſire to ſee him, that, at the age of forty-five, he walked to Hawthornden to viſit him. Jonſon's *account of his life and opinions*, communicated to Drummond and preſerved by him, is a valuable literary relic.

The writer of his life, prefixed to his works, publiſhed in 1711, obſerves, that notwithſtanding his cloſe retirement, love ſtole upon him, and entirely ſubdued his heart. The lady, to whom retirement and her own accompliſhments had entirely attached him, was a daughter of Mr. Cunningham of Barnes. He paid his addreſſes to her, obtained her conſent to their union, and the day was

fixed for the celebration of their nuptials; but unhappily she was suddenly taken with a fever, which put a period to her life.

This event, to a mind like his, previously exposed by nature to the anguish of the finer feelings, and by a habit of retirement to reflections of a serious and abstracted cast, must have had no small share in tempering his compositions with that interesting and tender melancholy, which takes every feeling reader with an irresistible charm.

The shock, occasioned by the death of his mistress, so much affected him, that he could no longer enjoy his retirement, or prosecute his studies with tranquillity. In order to dissipate his melancholy, he resolved to travel into foreign countries. He travelled through Germany, France and Italy; but his chief places of residence were Rome and Paris. In the course of his travels, he visited the most celebrated foreign Universities, and conversed with the most eminent scholars and poets. He also made an excellent collection of the best Greek and Latin authors, and of valuable books, in the French, Spanish, and Italian languages.

The writer of his life says, "That he gave a noble present of rare books and manuscripts to the University of Edinburgh, a catalogue of which was printed in 1627, with a preface in ornate Latin, about the advantage and honour of libraries, written by himself."

Having continued abroad about eight years, he returned to his native country, which he found distracted with political and religious dissensions; upon which he retired to the seat of his brother-in-law, Sir John Scott of Scotstarvat, in Fifeshire, who was a man of letters, and with whom he made some stay; and it is supposed to have been about this time, that he wrote his *History of the Five James's*, Kings of Scotland.

The writing of this history, he has himself told us, in the dedication to John, Earl of Perth, proceeded chiefly from a particular respect and fondness for his name. "I have always," says he, "been careless and negligent about fame and reputation; but my greatest reason for writing this is, that I found, in the histories of Scotland, James I., a man eminent in all virtues, a man born in the same country with myself, a prince, and the son of a *Drummond*, lineally descended of your Lordship's ancient family."

About the same time, it is supposed, that he wrote his *Polemo-Middinia*, a macaronic poem, the scene of which is laid in Fifeshire.

In 1630, he married Elizabeth Logan, grand-daughter of Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig, who captivated him after he had attained his forty-fifth year, by the great resemblance she bore to his first mistress, whose idea was still deeply impressed upon his mind.

After his marriage, he lived in a retired manner at Hawthornden, and repaired the house, with this inscription: *Divino munere Gulielmus Drummondus ab Hawthornden, Joannis equitis auvati filius, ut honesto otio quiesceret, sibi et successoribus instauravit*, 1638.

In 1633, when the arrival of Charles I. at Edinburgh, was celebrated by the exhibition of a *Pageant*, he wrote the *Speeches* delivered by the allegorical characters.

Having been grafted, as it were, on the Royal Family of Scotland, and upheld by them, he was a steady royalist in the troubles of Charles I.; but does not appear ever to have armed for him.

He testified, however, his attachment to the King and to the Church, by occasional tracts in support of regal and ecclesiastical claims.

His *Irene*, a rhetorical remonstrance against the measures of the covenanters, procured him a letter of thanks from the gallant Marquis of Montrose; who also sent him a protection, dated August 1645, immediately after the battle of Kilsyth, with another letter, in which he highly commends his learning and loyalty.

The writer of his life says, "Being reputed a malignant, he was extremely harassed by the prevailing party, and for his verses and discourses frequently summoned before their circular tables."

We are also told, that though "he was a great cavalier, and much addicted to the King's party, yet he was forced to send men to the army, which fought against the King, and his estate lying in three different shires, he had not occasion to send one entire man, but halfs and quarters, and such like fractions, upon which he wrote *extempore* the following verses to his Majesty:

Of all these forces raised against the King,
'Tis my strange hap, not one whole man to bring

From divers parifhes; yet divers men,
But all in halfs and quarters: Great King, then,
In halfs and quarters, if they come 'gainft thee,
In halfs and quarters fend them back to me;
Or,
In legs and arms, fend thou them back to me.

He had the affliction to furvive the church and the monarchy, the downfal of which he predicted at the beginning of the troubles; and his grief, on account of the King's being brought to the fcaffold, is faid to have been fo great, as to have fhortened his days. He died on the 4th of December 1649, in the 64th year of his age, and was burried in his own aifle in the church of Laffwade. He left feveral children, the eldeft of whom, William, was knighted by Charles II., and Elizabeth was married to Dr. Henderfon, phyfician in Edinburgh. Mrs. Abernethy-Drummond, who now poffeffes the eftate of Hawthornden, is the repreſentative of his family.

Some of his *Sonnets and Poems* were printed at Edinburgh in 1616, and there is faid to have been an earlier edition. The *Flowers of Sion* were printed at Edinburgh in 1630. Another edition, greatly enlarged, was publifhed after his death, under the direction of Sir John Scott, with this title, *Poems by that moft famous Wit, William Drummond of Hawthornden*, London 1656, 8vo, with a preface, by Edward Phillips, author of the *Theatrum Poetarum*.

His *Hiftory of the Five James's* was firft printed at London, in folio, 1655, with a preface by Mr. Hall of Gray's Inn, and reprinted in 8vo, 1681.

A complete edition of his works, in profe and verfe, was publifhed at Edinburgh, in one volume folio, by Watfon, in 1711, with this title: *The Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden, confifting of thofe which were formerly printed, and thofe which were deſigned for the preſs. Now publifhed from the author's original copies.*

To this edition an account of the life of the author was prefixed, "taken," fays the editor, "from fome few notes left by himfelf, and the beft information we could get," with commendatory verfes by Colonel George Lauder of Hatton, Sir George Mackenzie, Dr. Arthur Johnfton, David Crawford, Efq. of Drumfoy, Edward Phillips, &c.

This volume contains his *Hiftory of the Five James's*, *Cypreſs Grove*, fome political tracts and papers, *Familiar Epiftles*, feveral miſcellaneous tracts, and his *Poems*, conſifting of *Sonnets*, *Songs*, *Madrigals*, *Divine Poems and Hymns*, *Mœliades*, *and The River of Forth Feaſting*, *Polemo-Middinia*, *&c.* The *Cypreſs Grove*, and *Polemo-Middinia*, have been frequently reprinted.

An edition of his poems was printed at London, in fmall 8vo, 1791. They are now reprinted from the Edinburgh edition 1711, and received, for the firft time, into a collection of claffical Engliſh poetry.

The character of Drummond has little indulgence to demand for his age or country. His manners were as polite and amiable, as his talents were elegant and reſpectable. His heart was eminently the ſeat of the Graces. Tenderneſs, in every ſenſe of the word, was his peculiar characteriſtic. His piety was fervent, unaffected, and cheerful. He was a ſincere friend and an eaſy companion. He heartily loved his country, with a paſſion, that was ſtrengthened perhaps, but not exaſperated, by political prejudice. Throughout his whole life, he was fond of literature and retirement, and had little inclination for riches or honours. He ſometimes amuſed himſelf with playing at cheſs, and was a ſkilful player on the lute.

Among his friends, he numbered every man eminent for literature at that time in his own country. Principal Adamſon, Dr. Arthur Johnſton, and Sir Robert Kerr, afterwards Earl of Ancrum, encouraged his poetical ſtudies by their approbation and example; but one of his moſt intimate friends appears to have been Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling, a diſtinguiſhed ſtateſman, courtier and poet. His works are printed in folio, under the title of "The Recreations of the Muſes," the chief of which, are four "Monarchic Tragedies" in alternate rhyme. He is a maſculine writer, and greatly ſuperior to the ſtyle of his age. His "Aurora" and "Paræneſis" are almoſt claſſical performances, and well merit republication.

He ſpent very little time in England, though he correſponded with Drayton and Jonſon, the latter of whom had a high reſpect for him. Their attachment, however, does not appear to have been quite reciprocal; for the character given by Drummond of Jonſon, which has been inſerted in his life, is a very unfavourable one; owing probably to his having made memorandums of expreſ-

ſions, imprudently or inadvertently uttered by Jonſon in the unſuſpecting freedom of familiar intercourſe, or the wantonneſs of convivial gaiety. In committing theſe to writing, however, he appears to have had no intention to publiſh them; and therefore he cannot be fairly accuſed, in this inſtance, of violating the rights of friendſhip or hoſpitality.

The character of Drummond, as a proſe writer, is given with oſtentatious praiſe, which is always to be ſuſpected of ſome degree of partiality. "The *Cypreſs Grove*," ſays the writer of his life, "is a piece of excellent proſe, both for the ſublimity and piety of the thoughts, and for the fineneſs of the ſtyle." It is perhaps the beſt of his proſe works; and though the ſtyle is quaint and affected, is worth reading for its digniſied vein of morality.

The able and ingenious Mr. Pinkerton, calls it "a poor piece of tinſel," and ſays of Drummond, that, "like other great poets, he could not write proſe." He is perhaps more miſtaken in his general poſition, than even in the particular inſtance ſpecified. Many of our beſt poets have rivalled, and ſome have exceeded the profeſſional proſe writers of their time. Spenſer, Daniel, Davenant, Cowley, Dryden, Pope, and Goldſmith, are unrivalled by any contemporary proſe writer.

His *Hiſtory of the James's* has been praiſed at leaſt as much as it deſerves. Phillips "ranks him in the number of the beſt writers, and ſcruples not to compare him with Thuanus himſelf." "Drummond," ſays Mr. Granger, "ſtands in the firſt rank of modern hiſtorians. He, for his excellence in telling a ſtory, and intereſting his reader in what he relates, is thought to be comparable to Livy."

The Earl of Orford calls him, "one of the beſt modern hiſtorians, and no mean imitator of Livy." Mr. Pinkerton, on the contrary, ſpeaking of this work, ſays, that it is "the moſt deplorable performance that ever aſpired to the name of hiſtory, full of falſe orations, falſe brilliancy, falſe ſenſe, and falſe facts." The general opinion of his countrymen is much more favourable, and probably more juſt; for it is, upon the whole, an eloquent and maſculine performance. Setting panegyric aſide, there does not appear much reſemblance between Livy and Drummond as hiſtorical writers. His ſtyle is too elaborate and ornamented for hiſtoric narrative. He has certainly given a very partial account of the reigns of the Princes he writes upon, and has vindicated or palliated ſome of their moſt atrocious actions. The hiſtory alſo contains very ſervile and abſurd political ſentiments and obſervations.

The poetry of Drummond amply eſtabliſhes his fame; and it is but doing juſtice to the ability and erudition of Mr. Pinkerton, to acknowledge, that his endeavours to extend the fame and honour of Drummond's poetry, which is ſo cloſely allied to the fame and honour of the nation, merit the gratitude of his countrymen; and of none more than the compiler of this collection, who recognizes, in the learned editor of the "Ancient Scottiſh Poems," and the Hiſtorian of Scotland, the companion of his youthful and claſſical ſtudies, and a pupil of the Lanark ſchool, that rivals the genius and literature of Græme, the pride of that once flouriſhing ſeminary, the boaſt of its late reſpectable maſter, and

"The loſt companion of his youth's gay prime!"

It is in vain the readers of Engliſh poetry lament the fate of many of our obſcure writers, who have undeſervedly fallen victims to a premature oblivion, when the finiſhed productions of Drummond are neglected, and their excellencies not half enough praiſed or acknowledged.

Among all the writers of that age, who flouriſhed after Spenſer and Shakſpeare, there is not one who deſerves more attention from the general readers of Engliſh poetry, than Drummond.

In a ſurvey of Drummond's poetry, the conſideration of his country need not be offered to extenuate faults, but to increaſe our admiration. It is characteriſed by an exquiſite Doric delicacy and ſimplicity, enriched, and ſometimes debaſed by opulence of imagery and quaintneſs of expreſſion. His thoughts are generally bold, and highly poetical: He follows nature, but ſometimes indulges in metaphyſical ſubtilties, unſuitable to the language of paſſion: His diction is claſſical and elegant, and his verſification is exquiſitely poliſhed, and delicately harmonious.

Petrarch ſeems to have been his model, in his *Sonnets*, the moſt perfect of his pieces; and he has ſhown, in ſome of theſe compoſitions, nearly the ſpirit of Petrarch himſelf.

Drummond and Petrarch had this in common, that each lamented, firſt the cruelty, and then the loſs of his miſtreſs: So that their ſonnets are alike naturally divided into two parts; thoſe before, and thoſe after their ſeveral miſtreſſes deaths.

Drummond has himself told us, "that he was the first in the isle that did celebrate a dead mistress, and Englished the madrigal;" and it may be justly doubted, that among all the sonnetteers in the English language, any one is to be preferred to him.

The Sonnets *To Sir William Alexander*, *To Sleep*, *To his Lute*, *To the Spring*, *To the Nightingale*, and those which begin, "*I know that all beneath the moon decays*," "*Alexis, here she stay'd among these pines*," "*Trust not, sweet soul, those curl'd waves of gold*," "*What doth it serve to see the sun's bright face*," "*If croft with all mishaps be my poor life*," "*Look as the flower which ling'ringly doth fade*," are eminently beautiful. The Sonnet, *To the Spring*, has been imitated by Gray, in his fine Sonnet on the Death of West.

His Epitaphs *On the Death of a Young Lady*, *On Armeline, a Favourite Dog*, *On the Death of a Scotch Lord*, are distinguished by pathetic tenderness and simplicity. Among his *Madrigals*, which are improperly arranged with the Sonnets, the little poem *To the Rose* deserves particular commendation. In his "*Tears on the Death of Mæliades*," there are some lines "as strong, as deep, as gentle, and as full" as any that are to be found in the compositions of Waller, Denham, or Dryden. He laments the fate of Prince Henry, that he died not in some glorious cause of war. "Against the Turk," he says "thou hadst ended thy life, and the Christian war together,"

> Or, as brave Bourbon, then hadst made old Rome
> Queen of the world, thy triumph and thy tomb.

Of the lamentation of the river Forth,

> And, as she rush'd her Cyclades among,
> She seem'd to plain, that heaven had done her wrong.

Farther.

> Tagus did court his love with golden streams,
> Rhine with her towns, fair Seine with all she claims:
> But ah, poor lovers! death did them betray,
> And, unsuspected, made their hopes his prey.

And concludes:

> The virgins to thy tomb will garlands bear,
> Of flowers, and with each flower let fall a tear;
> Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
> From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

In *the River of Forth Feasting*, a piece of court flattery, there are many vigorous and harmonious passages, which would justify selection; Pope has apparently imitated the following lines, in his third pastoral, which do not, in point of harmony, fall much short of the imitation.

> To virgins, flowers, to sun-burnt earth, the rain,
> To mariners fair winds amidst the main,
> Cool shades to pilgrims, whom hot glances burn,
> Are not so pleasing as thy blest return.

The easy flow of the lines in Pope are justly admired.

> Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
> Not balmy sleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
> Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
> Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

In *The Flowers of Sion*, Drummond has this line.

> The grief was common, common were the cries, *Sonn.* 6.

Which is evidently imitated by Pope, in the "Epistle to Abelard:"

> The crime was common, common be the pain.

In his "*Shadow of the Judgment*, there are some passages which approach sublimity. The following lines, describing God moved to wrath, are in Milton's manner.

> So seeing earth, of angels once the inn,
> Mansion of saints, deflowered all by sin,
> And quite confus'd, by wretches here beneath,
> The world's great Sov'reign moved was to wrath:

Thrice did he rouſe himſelf, thrice from his face
Flames ſparkle did throughout the heavenly place:
The ſtars, though fixed, in their rounds did quake,
The earth, and earth-embracing ſeas, did ſhake;
Carmel, and Hæmus felt it, Athos tops
Affrighted ſhrunk, and near the Æthiops,
Atlas, the Pyrenees, the Appenine,
And lofty Grampius, which with ſnow doth ſhine.
Then to the ſynod of the ſp'rits he ſwore,
Man's care ſhould end, and time ſhould be no more;
By his own ſelf he ſwore, &c.

His *Polemo Middinia*, is perhaps the moſt popular of his productions. The meaſure is hexameter, the numbers Virgilian, and the language Latin, mixed with broad Scotch. Nothing can be more ludicrous than ſuch a combination: It is dignity and meanneſs in the extreme; the humour is local, and rather coarſe, and the images, though ſtrong, not quite delicate.

The teſtimonies of his contemporaries, Jonſon and Drayton, are unqueſtionable authorities in his favour. Drayton thus mentions him and his friend, Sir William Alexander.

And my dear Drummond, to whom much I owe
For his much love, and proud was I to know
His poeſy, for which two worthy men,
I Menſtrie ſtill ſhall love, and Hawthornden.
Of Poets, and Poeſie.

From the particular commendation Phillips has noticed him with, it is not improbable that he retailed the opinions of his uncle, Milton, as many of Drummond's combinations, and ſome of his phraſeology is to be traced in Milton.

" His poems," ſays he, " are the effects of genius the moſt polite and verdant that ever the Scottiſh nation produced. Neither Taſſo, Guarini, or any of the moſt neat and refined ſpirits of Italy, nor even the choiceſt of our Engliſh poets, can challenge any advantage above him. Here are all thoſe graces met together, that conduce any thing towards the making up a complete and perfect poet; a decent and becoming majeſty, a brave and admirable height, and a wit flowing and ſparkling." He obſerves, with regret, the ſtrange neglect into which Drummond's poems had even then fallen; but this was no wonder, when Milton's ſmaller poems met with the ſame fate.

The modern teſtimonies to his merits are few, when compared with his deſerts.

" He was a poet," ſays Mr. Pinkerton, who firſt brought him forward to notice, " of the moſt amiable and exquiſite genius. It may ſafely be ſaid, that if any poems poſſeſs a very high degree of that exquiſite Doric delicacy, which we ſo much admire in " Comus," thoſe of Drummond do Milton may be often traced in him, and he had certainly read and admired him. Drummond was the firſt who introduced into Engliſh the fine Italian vein; and if we had had no Drummond, perhaps, we ſhould never have ſeen the delicacies of " Comus," " Lycidas," " Il Penſeroſo," and " L'Allegro." Milton has had juſtice done him by poſterity; Drummond has not been ſo fortunate."

The late Mr. Headley has very judiciouſly enriched his collection of " Ancient Engliſh Poetry" with ſeveral of Drummond's productions, and laments the neglect into which they have undeſervedly fallen " It is but truth to obſerve, ſays that amiable and ingenious writer, " That many of his Sonnets, thoſe more eſpecially which are diveſted of Italian conceits, reſemble the beſt Greek epigrams in their beſt taſte, in that exquiſite delicacy of ſentiment, and ſimplicity of expreſſion, for which our language has no ſingle term, but which is known to all claſſical readers by the term ἀφελεια. When the finiſhed productions of this man are little known, and ſtill leſs read, may we not exclaim in the words of Antipater,

Periiſti enim: te autem multum defleverunt filiæ,
Mnemoſynes, mater vero præ aliis Calliope,
Quid defunctis ingemimus natis, cum defendere
Liberis Orcum ne Diis quidem poteſtas?" *Anthol.*

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

De Gulielmo Drummondo.

Quæsivit Latio Buchananus carmine laudem,
Et patrios dura respuit aure modos.
Cum possit Latiis Buchananum vincere musis
Drummondus, patrio maluit ore loqui.
Major uter? primas huic defert Scotia, vates
Vix inter Latios ille secundus erat.

Arth. Johnston.

To William Drummond.

Some will not leave that trust to friend nor heir,
But their own winding-sheet themselves prepare;
Fearing, perhaps, some courser cloth might shrow'd
The worms descended from their noble blood:
And shalt not thou (that justly may'st suspect
Far courser stuff, in such a dull neglect
Of all the arts, and dearth of poetry)
Compose before-hand thine own elegy?
Who but thyself is capable to write
A verse, or, if they can, to fashion it
Unto thy praises? none can draw a line
Of thy perfections, but a hand divine.
If thou wilt needs impose this task on us,
(A greater work than best wits can discuss)
We will but only so far emblem thee,
As in a circle, men, the Deity.
A wreath of bayes we'll lay upon thy herse;
For that shall speak thee better than our verse:
That art in number of those things, whose end,
Nor whose beginning we can comprehend.
A star, which did the other day appear,
T' enlighten up our dark'ned hemisphere:
Nor can we tell nor how, nor whence it came,
Yet feel the heat of thy admired flame.
'Twas thou that thaw'd our north, 'twas thou didst clear
The eternal mists which had beset us here,
Till by thy golden beams and powerful ray
Thou chas'd hence darkness, and brought out the day.
But as the sun though he bestow all light
On us, yet hinders by the same our sight
To gaze on him; so thou, though thou dispense
Far more on us by thy bright influence;
Yet such is thy transcendent brightness, we
Thereby are dazzled, and cannot reach thee;
Then art thou less'ned, should we bound thy praise
T' our narrow dull conceit, which cannot raise
Themselves beyond a vulgar theme, nor fly
A pitch like unto thine in poesy;
Yet (as the greatest kings have sometimes dain'd
The smallest presents from a poor man's hand;
When pure devotion gave them) it may be
Your genius will accept a mite from me:
It speaks my love, although it reach not you;
And you are praised, when I would so do.

John Spotswood.

Damon: or, a Pastoral Elegy, on the death of his Honoured Friend William Drummond of Hawthornden. By G. Lauder.

Tu decus omne tuis, postquam te fata tulerunt,
Ipsa Pales agros, atque ipse reliquit Apollo. Virg.

The lonely Lysis, whom a froward fate
Full twenty summers in a sober state,
Had seen a stranger to his native soil,
In foreign fields, worn with the weary toil
Of wand'ring, waiting on a wayward flock
Which neither hois'd his hopes, nor swell'd his stock;
One day went pensive o'er a pleasant plain,
Near where old Maes doth fall into the main:
His heart was heavy, and he knew not why,
His lambs did bleeting go, the surly sky
Seem'd to presage a storm, which to prevent,
Unto his old retreat he swiftly went.
An aged elm there was, whose spreading arms
Had shelter'd him from many showers and storms,
And on whose wrinkl'd rind in such distress
His knife his younger fancies did express,
In love-knots, letters, ciphers; which could shew
The story of his life to them who knew
His former loves. There scarce he was well set,
When o'er the plain came posting, panting, wet,
The young Alcedon, who not long before
Was from his native Albany come o'er.
Lysis, who lov'd him (since he had not seen
His face in many years) thought it had been
Some ghost or shadow that did fool his sense,
Until his smile did check that fear's offence:
Then falling on his neck in kind embrace,
Dear son, said he, my soul this hap doth bless

That brought thee hither, welcome with my heart,
Come sit by me, and freely now impart
The state and story of the herds and swains
That graze on Caledonia's hills and plains.
Alcydon sigh'd, and with a down-cast look,
Eyes swoln with tears, thus staring, softly spoke.
Heaven's anger long hath blaz'd into a flame,
And scorch'd that land, whose sin hath brought on shame;
Since Sion's shepherd's sweet and saving song
Was slighted there, the sheep have all gone wrong:
Strange schism the sacrifices hath defac'd,
New ways of worship purblind zeal hath plac'd,
And planted in the people's giddy pates,
Where each will have his own, all other hates:
These frenzies from the neighbour country came,
Where sects have shuffl'd all things out of frame,
And (which with horror all the world doth hear
Rebellion chok'd religion, treason fear;
So far that clowns conspir'd against the crown,
And hew'd heaven's sacred image headless down.
Which heinous crime hath call'd a curse from high,
That yet upon the land doth heavy lie.
And we, whose tender hearts were ta'en with tears
At first, to be made fools, (though promis'd shares,
In that pretended happiness they preach'd,
When with joint powers their point they should have reach'd)
Now reap for thanks, disdain, contempt and scorn,
Hostility and hate of knaves forsworn;
And were it not the hope they have at home,
To see their prince, to save his people, come,
The swains would all for sorrow faint and fly,
As many do for grief and anguish die,
Of which, alas! old Damon was the first,
Whose royal, loyal, noble heart did burst,
To see these stirrs, the stars with sad aspects
Had shown him long with all their dire effects;
For he was well acquainted with the spheres,
And knew how they inclin'd, whose power sways their's.
When Lysis, list'ning, heard of Damon's death,
A deep fetch'd sigh well nigh drew out his breath,
Tears drown'd his eyes, his hoary head he hung,
And in that posture had not pulse nor tongue,
But, like a lifeless statue, senseless sat;
So deep these words did wound as thunder-shot:
Till with Alcydon's loud and frighted cry
(Who call'd for help, though none there was near by)
Awak'd, he lifted up his heavy head,
And softly said, ay me, is Damon dead?
Then, as reviving, fetching breath again,
In scalding sighs, tears trickling down amain,
Am I awake, said he? or do I dream?
To hear that Damon now is but a name,
And his fair soul to heaven hath ta'en her flight,
For lasting sun-shine leaving this weak light!
The glory then of Grampian swains is gone:
Let fields and flocks his loss for ever moan.
Burst forth my soul in sorrow's saddest strain,
Sigh heart, and break, and wish no more again
Those home-bred haunts and flow'ry fields to see
Whose love and longing late possessed thee.
Farewell those fancies, since the herdsmen's head,
(Apollo's priest, whose learned lays did lead
The lovely nymphs, enchanted with his song,
O'er Ochil's snowy tops in pompous throng,
And brought these beauteous girls, in gawdy train,
Home dancing to his Hawthornden again.)
Is now no more the wonder of our woods,
The valley's wish, the fav'rite of our floods,
Since he, O grief! hath left these lawns and hills,
These silver streams, and soft meandring rills,
Which often stray'd and swell'd for joy to hear
His roundelays, and did their burden bear
To Thetis court, where all the Tritons rounded
About to learn, and straight the tunes resounded.
Ah! when I call to mind that happy time,
When my fresh youth was in her flow'ry prime,
E'er beauty's force I found, or felt love's flame,
And first a stripling 'mongst the shepherds came,
Kind Damon was the peer of all the plains,
The valley's honour, glory of the swains;
And when his reed or sweet rebeck was heard,
Our flocks forgot to feed, they stood and star'd,
The nightingales came near new notes to learn,
The stags were roused from the bushy fairn,
The wanton wood-nymphs were no longer wild,
But danc'd about, and on him sweetly smil'd:
Or did he sing, the shepherds all were still,
The birds were hush'd, brooks slept, from dale nor hill
No noise was heard, soft silence shut up all,
To muse on his melodious madrigal.
His matchless muse had such a swelling vein,
In rich expressions, and so sweet a strain,
That sun, stars, season's glory, nature's treasure,
All that is rich and rare for pomp and pleasure,
Could scarcely serve his subject to set forth
Or fit his fancy's force, his brain's huge birth,
Gold, saphires, roses, rubies, azure, skies,
Al'baster, amber, diamonds wanted dyes,
To limn his Auristella to the life
Whose beauty brav'd the Lemnian's lovely wife;
Nor Ochil's snows, nor lilly of the brook,
Nor Tyrian purple, nor that flower that took
His blush from that fair boy Apollo slew,
Had colours fine enough for her fair hue,
While by fair Ora's flow'ry banks she sported,
Where swans did sweetly sing, and swains resorted.
In what sweet sighs did he his sorrows sing,
And all Bodotria's weeping beauties bring
Like Niobe's to wash the sacred urn,
With tears the brave Mæliades to mourn?
That from the swelling banks of Tweed and Thame,
He made deaf Nilus dwellers hear his name,
And gawdy Ganges nymphs in sad despair,
To rend their vails and tear their golden hair,
Blue Doris and her daughters were so taken
With grief, that they all songs have since forsaken;
The Driad in his cave that closely dwells,
Did fright the neighbouring woods with woful yells,

And make the fainting Eſk for fear look black
To keep that colour for her Henry's ſake.
And how did he from black Benlomond bring
Old father Forth, to feaſt his lord and king?
With all theſe famous floods ſo well attended,
(A train that Tiber envy'd, but commended)
And to his prince a panegyric ſung,
That Mantua's muſe, and Aſcra's both had hung
Their heads for ſhame, his heavenly ſtrains to hear;
For Po ne'er had a nymph that could come near
His high and hardy note, nor Helicon
A more majeſtic muſe ne'er ſat upon.
O how could he with more than mortal meaſure
Tranſport the ſoul into that height of pleaſure?
In ſacred ecſtaſy when he ſung the wonders
Of him that fram'd the world, and forg'd the thunders?
And ſoaring high on contemplation's wings,
Show how the earth below ſelf-ballanc'd hings,
By heaven alike embrac'd on every ſide,
And ſees here ſnow, there ſummer's painted pride?
Or when in raptures raviſh'd he would riſe
To reach a ſtrain beyond the ſtars and ſkies,
In what tranſcendent terms could he ſet forth
Heav'n's glory (though no words can weigh their worth)
And of the choiceſt flowers of Sion frame
For angels brows a fragrant anadem?
How could his ſoul in ſacred ſilence ſteal
Into theſe bleſſed bounds, and thence reveal
The ſtate and ſplendor of the court above,
So ſweetly ſhadow'd in his Cypreſs Grove?
Had he not had his Urany for guide,
Her holy ways to walk, her paths to tread?
What heathen hath a heart ſo hard, to hear
His ſacred ſong, and would not faint for fear?
While he the ſhadow of the judgment ſings,
That court of conſcience, where the King of kings
The wicked world ſhall from the four winds call,
Before his throne, both rich, poor, great and ſmall,
To hear a happy or a horrid doom,
Where, ah! too many never think to come,
But dally out their days in vain delight,
Delaying ſtill, till death blows out their light,
And darkneſs drown them in a dungeon deep,
Where damned ghoſts ſtill dying wail and weep.
But when my ſoul with wonder and delight
Thoſe holy numbers weighs: where raviſh'd quite
Beyond himſelf, above the heavens as far,
As from earth's ſurface to old Saturn's ſtar,
He ſings that ſmooth hymn of the faireſt fair,
In ſweet ſeraphic ſtile, high ſwelling rare,
My thoughts tranſported in a trance outfly
The reach of reaſon and mortality;
And humbly falling heaven's high throne before,
With ſighs and fear that Majeſty adore,
Whoſe glorious grandeur there he ſeeks to limn
As bright as art can draw with eyes ſo dim;
(Though all her ſkill come far far ſhort alas!)
As one would with a coal the ſun-ſhine trace:
Yet never mortal more divinely ſung
Thoſe marvels that beſt ſuit an angel's tongue.
His youthful fancies, though he term'd them toys,
Were rich conceits, beyond the common poiſe
Of vulgar wits, which could not value them
At half the worth, for few did find his aim;
And nothing had more handſomely been ſaid,
Than in thoſe flaſhes when he freely play'd.
When old grey hairs began grave thoughts to ſuit,
Chaſte Clio charm'd his fancies with her flute,
To leave the mountains, fields and flocks forſake,
And to a nobler taſk himſelf betake,
Soft ſhelter'd in his grove, wrapt in his gown,
Which with more glory might his name renown:
The Stuart's ſtory was a ſubject fit,
And both requir'd his pen, and crav'd his wit,
Thoſe five great James's, to the world well known,
At home were ſtrangers ſtill unto their own:
And he muſt ſet them on the ſtage again,
To ſpeak their country's language ſmooth and plain,
So ſweetly flowing in a flouriſh'd phraſe,
That Tully's ſoul his ſtyle doth lead and raiſe;
And ſuch remarks, wiſe ſentences, advices,
Good counſels, precepts, his whole labour graces,
That on Parnaſſus he may claim his ſeat
Next that great Roman, rich in rules of ſtate.
Dear Damon! is it true that thou art dead?
And Lyſis lives a lothed life to lead?
My thoughts, alas! were always ſet on thee,
With hope at laſt thy long wiſh'd look to ſee,
That my poor muſe might do thee homage due,
And, after abſence long, old love renew;
Which ſince thou haſt borne hence to heav'n with thee
Thy Lyſis ſtill ſhall love thy memory,
And make both Maes and Rhine thy name reſound,
As far as ſhepherds by their banks are found.
Ay, me! why have not I old Ayton's vein?
Or great Alexis ſtately tragic ſtrain?
To ſound thy virtues, ſing thine obſequies
In panegyrics and ſad elegies?
Earth's fartheſt climates with thy worth ſhould ring,
And worſhip thee, where fame can ſtretch a wing.
Yet with that vigour, my poor verſe can fly,
It ſhall record to after-times that I
So dearly lov'd thy worth, thy name ador'd,
Thy friendſhip honour'd, and thy death deplor'd;
That whereſoe'er the world my rhymes ſhall read,
There Damon's love ſhall live, when we're both dead:
Nor ſhall I fear antiquity to wrong,
With our own home-bred haunts to ſtuff my ſong,
And ſay our Forth, which doth ſo winding wander,
As famous is by thee, as old Meander:
Thy murmuring Eſk and Ora's ruſhy hair,
With Mincius and old Tiber to compare?
And why ſhall I not freely venture then
To match with Helicon thy Hawthornden?
Thy grot, in which grim Saturn ſtill remains,
Bound to the rock with mighty metal'd chains;
The fame prophetic ſpirit doth inſpire
That in Trophonus' cave ſet ſouls on fire;
And if the earth from hence a paſſage yields,
It is the entry to th' Elyſian fields:
A fitter place the Fates could never find
To lay thy ſacred relics up enſhrin'd;
There all the nymphs and ſhepherd ſwains can come
And yearly ſing ſad hymns before thy tomb,

Which on the marble cold these lines shall keep,
For pilgrims all to read, and parting weep,
That once thy care commanded should be cut
Upon thy grave, if I have not forgot,
Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometimes grace
The murmuring Esk, may roses shade the place.
But soft my sorrow, now the setting sun,
To Thetis' kind embrace doth posting run;
Good night, Alcydon, all good luck attend thee,
And what thy soul doth wish, thy fortune send thee.
This said, they parted, and poor Lysis' grief
So seiz'd his soul, which look'd for no relief,
That while he careless and cross-armed went,
With staggering steps his loss for to lament,
He often stood to sigh, and at the name
Of Damon fainted: so he lov'd his fame.
Sunt artibus arma decori.

G. LAUDER.

On the Report of the Death of the Author.

If that were true which whisper'd is by Fame,
That Damon's light no more on earth doth burn,
His patron Phœbus' physic would disclaim,
And cloth'd in clouds as erst for Phaeton mourn.

Yea, Fame by this had got so deep a wound,
That scarce she could have power to tell his death,
Her wings cut short; who could her trumpet sound,
Whose blaze of late was nurs'd but by his breath.

That sp'rit of his, which most with mine was free,
By mutual traffic interchanging store,
If chas'd from him, it would have come to me,
Where it so oft familiar was before.

Some secret grief distemp'ring first my mind,
Had (though not knowing) made me feel this loss;
A sympathy had so our souls combin'd,
That such a parting both at once would toss.

Though such reports to others terror give,
Thy heavenly virtues who did never spy,
I know thou, that canst make the dead to live,
Immortal art, and needs not fear to die.

SIR WILL. ALEXANDER.

Upon the incomparable Poems of Mr. William Drummond.

To praise these poems well, there doth require
The self-same spirit, and that sacred fire
That first inspir'd them; yet I cannot choose
But pay an admiration to a muse
That sings such handsome things; never brake forth,
From climes so near the Bear, so bright a worth;
And I believe the Caledonian bowr's
Are full as pleasant and as rich in flow'rs
As Tempe e'er was fam'd, since they have nourish'd
A wit the most sublime that ever flourish'd;
There's nothing cold, or frozen, here contain'd,
Nothing that's harsh, unpolish'd, or constrain'd,
But such an ardour as creates the spring,
And throws a cheerfulness on every thing;
Such a sweet calmness runs through every verse,
As shows how he delighted to converse
With silence, and his muse, among those shades
Which care, nor busy tumult e'er invades;
There would he oft, the adventures of his loves
Relate unto the fountains, and the groves,
In such a strain as Laura had admir'd
Her Petrarch more, had he been so inspir'd.
Some Phœbus gives a smooth and streaming vein,
A great and happy fancy some attain,
Others unto a soaring height he lifts;
But here he hath so crowded all his gifts,
As if he had design'd in one to try,
To what a pitch he could bring poetry;
For every grace should he receive a crown,
There were not bays enough in Helicon:
Fame courts his verse, and with immortal wings
Hovers about his monument, and brings
A deathless trophy to his memory;
Who, for such honour, would not wish to die?
Never could any times afford a story
Of one so match'd unto great Sidney's glory;
Or fame so well divided, as between
Penshurst's renowned shades, and Hawthornden.

EDW. PHILLIPS.

Sir George Mackenzie, his Majesty's Advocate, being in Hawthornden's Closet, wrote down this Elogy of him.

HERE liv'd that poet, whose immortal name
Was crown'd by laurels, and adorn'd by fame;
Whom every man next to himself did love;
Who durst be loyal, and, what's more, reprove
The vices of that base rebellious age;
His was a poet's, theirs a tyrant's rage.
Each man him then his neighbour wish'd to be,
And we now grieve that we did not him see.
They did his wit, we do his works admire,
And each young spark does kindle at his fire:
Or, which is more, he poems can beget
On my old muse, though now much past the date.

To the Memory of William Drummond of Hawthornden.

HE who endeavours Damon's worth to raise,
Does not the bards, but his own merit praise
Here our's, and England's wits, in vain have strove
To write his merit, and express their love.
For poets now to sound enslave their sense,
And gild, where they should paint true excellence;
And who in duller prose can hope to show,
What's to his name or to his labours due?
I own no art can Drummond's worth proclaim;
So vast his merit, and so loud his fame.

DAVID CRAWFORD OF DRUMSOY.

By the same Hand.

HERE Damon liv'd, a man by Heav'n inspir'd,
At home ador'd, by foreigners admir'd:
Vast was his muse, his thoughts by art refin'd;
His judgment, like his fancy, unconfin'd;
His country's honour, and his friend's delight;
Great Britain's wonder, and the age's light.
In ev'ry thing we find the bard excel,
And his five Jameses, and his poems tell,
No man e'er thought, and spoke his thoughts so well.

Heav'n guard the place, and may his race maintain
That ſtock of fame which he did juſtly gain.

Upon Hawthornden's Muſe. By the ſame.

Here mighty Damon often ſat,
When he in heav'nly numbers writ.
The place ſeems pointed out by Fate,
And for a muſe, like his, made fit.

His Cypreſs Grove, and eaſy poems ſhow,
What ſhades like theſe on ſouls like his can do.
This was his muſe. This rais'd the godlike thought,
Which art and judgment to perfection brought.
April 20. 1702.

Parthenius, on his Sonnets.

While thou doſt praiſe the roſes, lilies, gold,
Which in a dangling treſs and face appear,
Still ſtands the ſun in ſkies, thy ſongs to hear,
A ſilence ſweet each whiſpering wind doth hold:
Sleep in Paſithea's lap his eyes doth fold,
The ſword falls from the god of the fifth ſphere,
The herds to feed, the birds to ſing forbear,
Each plant breathes love, each flood and fountain cold.
And hence it is, that that once nymph, now tree,
Who did th' Amphryſian ſhepherds ſighs diſdain,
And ſcorn'd his lays mov'd by a ſweeter vein,
Is become pitiful, and follows thee.
Thee loves, and vaunteth that ſhe hath the grace,
A garland for thy locks to enterlace.
Sir Will. Alexander.

Alexis, on the Madrigals.

The love Alexis did to Damon bear,
Shall witneſs'd be to all the woods and plains
As ſingular, renown'd by neighbouring ſwains,
That to our relics time may trophies rear.
Thoſe madrigals we ſung amidſt our flocks,
With garlands guarded from Apollo's beams,
On Ochils whiles, whiles near Bodotrian ſtreams,
The echo's did reſound them from the rocks;
Of foreign ſhepherds bent to try the ſtates
Though I (world's gueſt) a vagabond do ſtray,
Thou may that ſtore which I eſteem ſurvey,
As beſt acquainted with my ſoul's conceits.
Whatever fate heavens have for me deſign'd,
I truſt thee with the treaſure of my mind.
Sir Will. Alexander.

Chlorus.

Swan, which ſo ſweetly ſings,
By Aſka's banks, and pitifully plains,
That old Meander never heard ſuch ſtrains,
Eternal fame thou to thy country brings:
And now our Caledon
Is by thy ſongs made a new Helicon.
Her mountains, woods, and ſprings,
While mountains, woods, ſprings be, ſhall ſound thy praiſe:
And though fierce Boreas oft make pale her bays,
And kill theſe myrtles with enraged breath,
Which ſhould thy brows inwreath;
Her floods have pearls, ſeas amber do ſend forth,
Her heaven hath golden ſtars to crown thy worth.
Sir Will. Alexander.

Moeris.

The ſiſter nymphs which haunt the Theſpian ſprings,
More lib'rally their gifts ne'er did bequeath
To them who on their hills ſucks ſacred breath,
Than unto thee, by which thou ſweetly ſings,
Ne'er did Apollo raiſe on Pegaſe wings
A muſe more near himſelf, more far from earth,
Than thine; whether thou weep thy lady's death,
Or ſing thoſe ſweet ſour pangs that paſſion brings.
To write our thoughts in verſe doth merit praiſe,
But thus the verſe to gild in fiction's ore,
Bright, rich, delightful, doth deſerve much more,
As thou haſt done theſe thy melodious lays:
No doubt thy muſes fair morn doth bewray
The ſwift approach of a more gliſt'ring day.
Sir Will. Alexander.

Upon the Tears on the Death of Mœliades.

In waves of woe thy ſighs my ſoul do toſs,
And make run out the flood-gates of my tears,
Whoſe rankling wound no ſmoothing balm long bears,
But freely bleeds when ought upbraids my loſs.
'Tis thou ſo ſweetly ſorrow makeſt to ſing,
And troubled paſſions doſt ſo well accord,
That more delight thy anguiſh doth afford,
Than other joys can ſatisfaction bring.
What ſacred wits, (when raviſh'd) do affect,
To force affections, metamorphoſe minds,
Whilſt numerous power the ſoul in ſecret binds,
Thou haſt perform'd, transforming in effect.
For never plaints did greater pity move,
The beſt applauſe that can ſuch notes approve.
Sir Will. Alexander.

POEMS.

THE FIRST PART.

I. *Sonnet.*

In my firſt prime, when childiſh humours fed
My wanton wit, ere I did know the bliſs
Lies in a loving eye, or amorous kiſs,
Or with what ſighs a lover warms his bed;
By the ſweet Theſpian ſiſters error led,
I had more mind to read, than lov'd to write,
And ſo to praiſe a perfect red and white;
But (God wot) knew not what was in my head.
Love ſmil'd to ſee me take ſo great delight,
To turn thoſe antiques of the age of gold,
And that I might more myſteries behold,
He ſet ſo fair a volume to my ſight,
That I Ephemerides laid aſide
Glad on this bluſhing book my death to read.

II. *Sonnet.*

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In Time's great periods ſhall return to nought,
That faireſt ſtates have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the muſes heavenly lays,
With toil of ſp'rit, which are ſo dearly bought,
As idle ſounds, of few, or none are ſought,
That there is nothing lighter than vain praiſe.
I know frail beauty like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords,
That love a jarring is of minds accords,
Where ſenſe and will bring under Reaſon's power:
Know what I liſt, all this cannot me move,
But that, alas! I both muſt write and love.

III. *Sonnet.*

Ye who ſo curiouſly do paint your thoughts,
Enlight'ning ev'ry line in ſuch a guiſe,
That they ſeem rather to have fal'n from ſkies,
Than of a human hand by mortal draughts.
In one part ſorrow ſo tormented lies,
As it his life at ev'ry ſigh would part:
Love here blindfolded ſtands with bow and dart,
There Hope looks pale, Deſpair with flaming eyes:
Of my rude pencil look not for ſuch art,
My wit I find too little to deviſe
So high conceptions to expreſs my ſmart,
And ſome ſay love is feign'd that's too too wiſe.
Theſe troubled words and lines confus'd you find,
Are like unto the model, my ſick mind.

IV. *Sonnet.*

Ay me! and I am now the man whoſe muſe
In happier times was wont to laugh at love,
And thoſe who ſuff'red that blind boy abuſe
The noble gifts were given them from above.
What metamorphoſe ſtrange is this I prove?
Myſelf now ſcarce I find myſelf to be,
And think no fable Circe's tyranny,
And all the tales are told of changed Jove;
Virtue hath taught with her philoſophy
My mind into a better courſe to move;
Reaſon may chide her fill, and oft reprove
Affection's power, but what is that to me?
Who ever think, and never think on ought
But that bright cherubim which thralls my thought.

V. *Sonnet.*

How that vaſt heaven intitl'd firſt is roll'd,
If any glancing tow'rs beyond it be
And people living in eternity,
Or eſſence pure that doth this all uphold:
What motion have thoſe fixed ſparks of gold,
The wand'ring carbuncles which ſhine from high,
By ſp'rits, or bodies croſs-ways in the ſky,
If they be turn'd, and mortal things behold.
How ſun poſts heaven about, how night's pale queen
With borrow'd beams looks on this hanging round,
What cauſe fair Iris hath, and monſters ſeen
In air's large fields of light, and ſeas profound,
Did hold my wand'ring thoughts, when thy ſweet eye
Bade me leave all, and only think on thee.

VI. *Sonnet.*

Fair is my yoke, though grievous be my pains,
Sweet are my wounds, although they deeply ſmart,
My bit is gold, though ſhortened be the reins,
My bondage brave, though I may not depart,
Although I burn, the fire which doth impart
Thoſe flames, ſo ſweet reviving force contains,
That, like Arabia's bird, my waſted heart
Made quick by death, more lively ſtill remains.

I joy though oft my waking eyes ſpend tears,
I never want delight, even when I groan;
Beſt companied when moſt I am alone,
A heaven of hopes I have 'midſt hells of fears:
Thus every way contentment ſtrange I find,
But moſt in her rare beauty, my rare mind.

VII. *Sonnet.*

VAUNT not, fair heavens, of your two glorious lights,
Which though moſt bright, yet ſee not when they ſhine,
And ſhining, cannot ſhow their beams divine
Both in one place, but part by days and nights;
Earth vaunt not of thoſe treaſures you enſhrine,
Held only dear, becauſe hid from our ſights,
Your pure and burniſh'd gold, your diamonds fine,
Snow-paſſing ivory that the eye delights,
Nor ſeas of thoſe dear wares are in you found.
Vaunt not, rich pearl, red coral, which do ſtir
A fond deſire in fools to plunge your ground;
Theſe all more fair are to be had in her:
Pearl, ivory, coral, diamond, ſuns, gold,
Teeth, neck, lips, heart, eyes, hair are to behold.

VIII. *Sonnet.*

WHEN nature now had wonderfully wrought
All Auriſtella's parts, except her eyes,
To make thoſe twins two lamps in beauty's ſkies,
She counſel of her ſtarry ſenate ſought.
Mars and Apollo firſt did her adviſe,
To wrap in colour black, thoſe comets bright,
That Love him ſo might ſoberly diſguiſe,
And unperceived wound at every ſight.
Chaſte Phœbe ſpake for pureſt azure dies;
But Jove and Venus green about the light,
To frame thought beſt, as bringing moſt delight,
That to pin'd hearts hope might for ay ariſe:
Nature (all ſaid) a paradiſe of green
There plac'd, to make all love which have them ſeen.

IX. *Sonnet.*

THAT learned Grecian who did ſo excel
In knowledge paſſing ſenſe, that he is nam'd
Of all the after-worlds divine, doth tell,
That all the time when firſt our ſouls are fram'd,
Ere in theſe manſions blind they come to dwell,
They live bright rays of that eternal light,
And others ſee, know, love, in heaven's great height;
Not toil'd with ought to reaſon doth rebel.
It is moſt true, for ſtraight at the firſt ſight
My mind me told that in ſome other place
It elſewhere ſaw th' idea of that face,
And lov'd a love of heavenly pure delight.
What wonder now I feel ſo fair a flame,
Since I her lov'd ere on this earth ſhe came?

X. *Sonnet.*

Now while the night her ſable veil hath ſpread,
And ſilently her reſty coach doth roll,
Rowſing with her from Tethy's azure bed,
Thoſe ſtarry nymphs which dance about the pole,
While Cynthia in pureſt cypreſs clad,
The Latmian ſhepherd in a trance deſcries,
And looking pale from height of all the ſkies,
She dyes her beauties in a bluſhing red,
While ſleep (in triumph) cloſed hath all eyes,
And birds, and beaſts a ſilence ſweet do keep,
And Proteus monſtrous people in the deep,
The winds and waves (huſht up) to reſt entice,
I wake, I turn, I weep oppreſt with pain,
Perplex'd in the meanders of my brain.

XI. *Sonnet.*

SLEEP, ſilence child, ſweet father of ſoft reſt,
Prince whoſe approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent hoſt to ſhepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppreſt.
Lo by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie ſlumb'ring, with forgetfulneſs poſſeſt,
And yet o'er me to ſpread thy drowſy wings
Thou ſpar'ſt (alas) who cannot be thy gueſt.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to ſhow,
With fained ſolace eaſe a true-felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiſs the image of my death.

XII. *Sonnet.*

FAIR moon who with thy cold and ſilver ſhine,
Makes ſweet the horror of the dreadful night,
Delighting the weak eye with ſmiles divine,
Which Phœbus dazzles with his too much light,
Bright queen of the firſt heaven, if in thy ſhrine
By turning oft, and heaven's eternal might,
Thou haſt not yet that once ſweet fire of thine
Endymion, forgot, and lovers plight:
If cauſe like thine may pity breed in thee,
And pity ſomewhat elſe to it obtain,
Since thou haſt power of dreams as well as he
Who paints ſtrange figures in the ſlumb'ring brain:
Now while ſhe ſleeps in doleful guiſe her ſhow,
Theſe tears, and the black map of all my wo.

XIII. *Sonnet.*

LAMP of heaven's cryſtal hall that brings the hours,
Eye-dazzler, who makes the ugly night
At thy approach fly to her ſlumb'ry bow'rs,
And fills the world with wonder and delight.
Life of all lives, death-giver by thy flight
To the ſouth pole from theſe ſix ſigns of ours,
Goldſmith of all the ſtars, with ſilver bright
Who moon enamels, Apelles of the flow'rs.
Ah from theſe wat'ry plains thy golden head
Raiſe up, and bring the ſo long ling'ring morn,
A grave, nay hell, I find become this bed,
This bed ſo grievouſly where I am torn:
But wo is me though thou now brought the day,
Day ſhall but ſerve more ſorrows to diſplay.

XIV. *Song.*

IT was the time when to our northern pole
The brighteſt lamp of heaven begins to roll,
When earth more wanton in new robes appeareth,
And ſcorning ſkies her flow'rs in rainbows beareth,
On which the air moiſt diamonds doth bequeath,
Which quake to feel the kiſſing zephyrs breath:
When birds from ſhady groves their love forth warble,
And ſea-like heaven, heaven looks like ſmootheſt marble.
When I in ſimple courſe free from all cares,
Far from the muddy world's enſlaving ſnares,
By Ora's flow'ry banks alone did wander:
Ora that ſports her like to old Meander,
A flood more worthy fame and laſting praiſe
Than that which Phaeton's fall ſo high did raiſe:

By whoſe pure moving glaſs the milk-white lilies
Do dreſs their treſſes and the daffadillies.
Where Ora with a wood is crown'd about
And (ſeems) forgets the way how to come out,
A place there is, where a delicious fountain
Springs from the ſwelling breaſt of a proud mountain,
Whoſe falling ſtreams the quiet caverns wound,
And make the echoes ſhrill reſound that ſound.
The laurel there the ſhining channel graces,
The palm her love with long ſtretch'd arms embraces,
The poplar ſpreads her branches to the ſky,
And hides from ſight that azure canopy. [nouriſh,
The ſtreams, the trees, the trees their leaves ſtill
That place grave winter finds not without flouriſh.
If living eyes Elyſian fields could ſee
This little Arden might Elyſium be.
Oft did Diana there herſelf repoſe,
And Mars the Arcidalian queen encloſe. [flow'rs,
The nymphs oft here their baſkets bring with
And Anadems weave for their paramours.
The Satyrs in thoſe ſhades are heard to languiſh,
And make the ſhepherds partners of their anguiſh,
The ſhepherds who in barks of tender trees
Do grave their loves, diſdains and jealouſies:
Which Phillis, when there by her flocks ſhe feedeth,
With pity now, anon with laughter readeth.
Near to this place, when ſun in midſt of day
In higheſt top of heaven his coach did ſtay,
And (as adviſing) on his career glanced
As all along, that morn he had advanced
His panting ſteeds along thoſe fields of light,
Moſt princely looking from that glorious height:
When moſt the graſhoppers are heard in meadows,
And loftieſt pines or ſmall, or have no ſhadows:
It was my hap, O woful hap! to bide
Where thickeſt ſhades me from all rays did hide,
In a fair arbor, 'twas ſome Sylvan's chamber,
Whoſe ceiling ſpread was with the locks of amber
Of new bloom'd ſycamores, floor wrought with flow'rs,
More ſweet and rich than thoſe in princes bow'rs.
Here Adon bluſh'd, and Clitia all amazed
Look'd pale, with him who in the fountain gazed,
The amaranthus ſmil'd, and that ſweet boy
Which ſometimes was the god of Delos joy:
The brave carnation, ſpeckled pink here ſhined,
The violet her fainting head declined
Beneath a ſleepy cheſbow, all of gold
The marigold her leaves did here unfold. [der,
Now while that raviſh'd with delight and wonHalf in a trance I lay thoſe arches under,
The ſeaſon, ſilence, place began t' entice,
Eyes drowſy lids to bring night on their ſkies,
Which ſoftly having ſtoll'n themſelves together
(Like evening clouds) me plac'd I wot not whether.
As cowards leave the fort which they ſhould keep,
My ſenſes one by one gave place to ſleep,
Who followed with a troop of golden ſlumbers
Thruſt from my quiet brain al ſbaſe encumbers,
And thrice me touching with his rod of gold,
A heaven of viſions in my temples roll'd,
To countervail thoſe pleaſures were bereft me,
Thus in his ſilent priſon cloſ'd he left me.

Methought through all the neighbour woods a noiſe
Of quiriſters, more ſweet than lute or voice,
(For thoſe harmonious ſounds to Jove are given
By the ſoft touches of the nine-ſtring'd heaven,
Such airs, and nothing elſe) did wound mine ear,
No ſoul but would become all ear to hear:
And whilſt I liſt'ning lay, O lovely wonder!
I ſaw a pleaſant myrtle cleave aſunder;
A myrtle great with birth, from whoſe rent womb
Three naked nymphs more white than ſnow forth come,
For nymphs they ſeem'd, about their heavenly faces,
In waves of gold floated their curling treſſes,
About their arms, their arms more white than milk,
They bluſhing armlets wore of crimſon ſilk.
The goddeſſes were ſuch that by Scamander,
Appeared to the Phrygian Alexander:
Aglaia and her ſiſters ſuch perchance
Are, when about ſome ſacred ſpring they dance.
But ſcarce the grove their naked beauties graced,
And on the verdure had each other traced,
When to the flood they ran, the flood in robes
Of curling cryſtal their breaſts ivory globes
Did all about encircle, yet took pleaſure
To ſhow white ſnows throughout her liquid azure.
Look how Prometheus man when heavenly fire
Firſt gave him breath, days brandon did admire,
And wond'red at this world's amphitheatre:
So gaz'd I on thoſe new gueſts of the water.
All three were fair, yet one excell'd as far
The reſt as Phœbus doth the Cyprian ſtar,
Or diamonds, ſmall gems, or gems do other,
Or pearls that ſhining ſhell is call'd their mother.
Her hair more bright than are the morning's beams
Hung in a golden ſhower above the ſtreams,
And dangling ſought her forehead for to cover,
Which ſeen did ſtraight a ſky of milk diſcover,
With two fair brows, love's bows, which never bend
But that a golden arrow forth they ſend,
Beneath the which two burning planets glancing
Flaſh'd flames of love, for love there ſtill is dancing.
Her either cheek reſembled bluſhing morn,
Or roſes gules in field of lilies born:
'Twixt which an ivory wall ſo fair is raiſed,
That it is but abaſed when it's praiſed.
Her lips like rows of coral ſoft did ſwell,
And th' one like th' other only doth excel:
The Tyrian fiſh looks pale, pale look the roſes,
The rubies pale, when mouth's ſweet cherry cloſes.
Her chin like ſilver Phœbe did appear
Dark in the midſt, to make the reſt more clear:
Her neck ſeem'd fram'd by curious Phidia's maſter,
Moſt ſmooth, moſt white, a piece of alabaſter.
Two foaming billows flow'd upon her breaſt.
Which did their tops with coral red increſt:
There all about as brooks them ſport at leiſure,
With circling branches veins did ſwell in azure:
Within thoſe crooks are only found thoſe iſles
Which fortunate the dreaming old world ſtyles.
The reſt the ſtreams did hide, but as a lily
Sunk in a cryſtal's fair tranſparent belly.

I who yet human weakneſs did not know,
(For yet I had not felt that archer's bow,
Nor could I think that from the coldeſt water
The winged youngling burning flames could ſcatter)
On every part my vagabounding ſight
Did caſt, and drown mine eyes in ſweet delight.
O wond'rous thing, ſaid I, that beauty's named!
Now I perceive I heretofore have dreamed,
And never found in all my flying days
Joy unto this, which only merits praiſe.
My pleaſures have been pains, my comforts croſſes,
My treaſure poverty, my gains but loſſes.
O precious ſight which none doth elſe deſcry
Except the burning ſun, and quivering I.
And yet, O dear-bought ſight! O would for ever
I might enjoy you, or had joy'd you never!
O happy flood! if ſo ye might abide,
Yet ever glory of this moment's pride,
Adjure your rillets all for to behold her,
And in their cryſtal arms to come and fold her;
And ſince ye may not long this bliſs embrace,
Draw thouſand portraits of her on your face,
Portraits which in my heart are more apparent,
If like to yours my breaſt were but tranſparent.
O that I were while ſhe doth in you play,
A dolphin to tranſport her to the ſea!
To none of all thoſe gods I would her render,
From Thule to Inde though I ſhould with her wander.
Oh! what is this? the more I fix mine eye,
Mine eye the more new wonders doth eſpy,
The more I ſpy, the more in uncouth faſhion
My ſoul is raviſh'd in a pleaſant paſſion.
But look not eyes, (as more I would have ſaid)
A ſound of rattling wheels me all diſmay'd,
And with the ſound forth from the trembling buſhes,
With ſtorm-like courſe a ſumptuous chariot ruſhes,
A chariot all of gold, the wheels were gold,
The nails and axel gold on which it roll'd:
The upmoſt part a ſcarlet veil did cover,
More rich than Danae's lap ſpread with her lover.
In midſt of it in a triumphing chair,
A lady ſat, miraculouſly fair,
Whoſe penſive countenance, and looks of honour,
Do more allure the mind that thinketh on her,
Than the moſt wanton face and amorous eyes,
That Amathus or flow'ry Paphos ſees;
A crew of virgins made a ring about her,
The diamond ſhe, they ſeem the gold without her.
Such Thetis is when to the billows roar
With mermaids nice ſhe danceth on the ſhore:
So in a ſable night the ſun's bright ſiſter
Among the leſſer twinkling lights doth gliſter:
Fair yokes of ermelines, whoſe colour paſs
The whiteſt ſnows on aged Grampius' face,
More ſwift than Venus' birds this chariot guided
To the aſtoniſh'd banks, whereas it bided.
But long it did not bide, when poor thoſe ſtreams,
Ay me, it made, tranſporting thoſe rich gems,
And by that burthen lighter, ſwiftly drived
Till, as me thought, it at a tow'r arrived.
Upon a rock of cryſtal ſhining clear
With diamonds wrought, this caſtle did appear,
Whoſe riſing ſpires of gold ſo high them reared,
That Atlas-like it ſeem'd the heaven they beared.
Amidſt which heights, on arches did ariſe
(Arches which gilt flames brandiſh to the ſkies)
Of ſparkling topazes, proud, gorgeous, ample,
(Like to a little heaven) a ſacred temple.
The walls no windows have, nay all the wall
Is but one window, night there doth not fall,
More when the ſun to weſtern worlds declineth,
Than in our zenith when at noon he ſhineth.
Two flaming hills the paſſage ſtrait defend
Which to this radiant building doth aſcend,
Upon whoſe arching tops on a pilaſter,
A port ſtands open, rais'd in love's diſaſter.
For none that narrow bridge and gate can paſs,
Who have their faces ſeen in Venus' glaſs.
If thoſe within, but to come forth do venture,
That ſtately place again they never enter.
The precincts ſtrength'ned with a ditch of fears,
In which doth ſwell a lake of inky tears
Of madding lovers, who abide their moaning,
And thicken even the air with piteous groaning.
This hold to brave the ſkies the deſtines fram'd,
And then the fort of chaſtity is nam'd.
The queen of the third heaven once to appal it,
The god of Thrace here brought who could not thrall it;
For which he vow'd ne'er arms more to put on,
And on Riphean hills was heard to groan.
Here Pſyche's lover hurls his darts at random, [don.
Which all for nought him ſerve, as doth his Bran-
What grievous agony did invade my mind?
When in that place my hope I ſaw confin'd,
Where with high tow'ring thoughts I only reach'd her, [proach'd her.
Which did burn up their wings when they ap-
Methought I ſet me by a cypreſs ſhade;
And night and day the hyacinth there read:
And that bewailing nightingales did borrow
Plaints of my plaint, and ſorrows of my ſorrow.
My food was wormwood, mine own tears my drink,
My reſt, on death and ſad miſhaps to think.
And for ſuch thoughts to have my heart enlarged,
And caſe mine eyes with briny tribute charged,
Over a brook I laid my pining face;
But then the brook, as griev'd at my diſgrace,
A face me ſhow'd ſo pin'd, ſad, over-clouded,
That at the ſight afraid mine eyes them ſhrowded,
This is the guerdon, love, this is the gain,
In end which to thy ſervants doth remain, [me,
More would I ſay, when fear made ſleep to leave
And of thoſe fatal ſhadows did bereave me.
But ah, alas! inſtead to dream of love,
And woes, I now them in effect did prove:
For what into my troubled brain was painted,
Awak'd I found that time and place preſented.

XV. *Sonnet.*

Ah burning thoughts! now let me take ſome reſt,
And your tumultuous broils a while appeaſe;
Is't not enough, ſtars, fortune, love moleſt
Me all at once, but ye muſt too diſpleaſe?
Let hope, though falſe, yet lodge within my breaſt,
My high attempt, though dangerous, yet praiſe;
What though I trace not right heaven's ſteppy ways,

It doth ſuffice my fall ſhall make me bleſt,
I do not doat on days, I fear not death,
So that my life be good, I wiſh'd not long;
Let me renown'd live from the vulgar throng,
And when heaven lifts, recal this borrowed breath,
Men but like viſions are, time all doth claim,
He lives who dies to win a laſting name.

XVI. *Sonnet.*

Nor Arne, nor Mincius nor ſtately Tiber,
Sebethus, nor the flood into whoſe ſtreams
He fell, who burnt the world with borrowed beams,
Gold-rolling Tagus, Munda, famous Iber,
Sorgue, Roſne, Loire, Garron, not proud banked Seine,
Peneus, Phaſis, Xanthus, humble Ladon,
Nor ſhe whoſe nymphs excel her loved Adon,
Fair Tameſis nor Iſter large, nor Rhine,
Euphrates, Tigris, Indus, Hermus, Gange,
Pearly Hydaſpes, ſerpent-like Meander,
The flood which robbed Hero of Leander,
Nile that far far his hidden head doth range,
Have ever had ſo rare a cauſe of praiſe,
As Ora where this northern phœnix ſtays.

XVII. *Sonnet.*

To hear my plaints fair river Chriſtaline
Thou in a ſilent ſlumber ſeems to ſtay,
Delicious flowers, lily and columbine,
Ye bow your heads when I my woes diſplay.
Foreſts in you the myrtle, palm and bay,
Have had compaſſion liſt'ning to my groans,
The winds with ſighs have ſolemniz'd my moans
'Mong leaves which whiſpered what they could not ſay,
The caves, the rocks, the hills, the Sylvan's thrones,
(As if even pity did in them appear)
Have at my ſorrow rent their ruthleſs ſtones,
Each thing I find hath ſenſe except my dear.
Who doth not think I love, or will not know
My grief, perchance delighting in my wo.

XVIII. *Sonnet.*

Sweet brook, in whoſe clear cryſtal I my eyes
Have oft ſeen great in labour of their tears,
Enamell'd bank whoſe ſhining gravel bears
The ſad characters of my miſeries, [ſpheres
High woods, whoſe mounting tops menace the
Wild citizens, amphions of the trees,
You gloomy groves at hotteſt noons which freeze,
Elyſian ſhades which Phœbus never clears;
Vaſt ſolitary mountains, pleaſant plains,
Embroidered meads that ocean-ways you reach;
Hills, dales, ſprings, all whom my ſad cry conſtrains,
To take part of my plaints, and learn woe's ſpeech,
Will that remorſeleſs fair e'er pity ſhow?
Of grace now anſwer if ye ought know: No.

XIX. *Sonnet.*

With flaming horns the bull now brings the year,
Melt do the mountains rolling floods of ſnow,
The ſilver rivers in ſmooth channels flow,
The late bare woods green anadems do wear,
The nightingale forgetting winter's wo,
Calls up the lazy morn her notes to hear,
Spread are thoſe flow'rs which names of princes bear,
Some red, ſome azure, white, and golden grow.
Here lows a heifer, there bea-wailing ſtrays
A harmleſs lamb, not far a ſtag rebounds;
The ſhepherds ſing to grazing flocks ſweet lays:
And all about the echoing air reſounds.
Hills, dales, woods, floods, and every thing doth change,
But ſhe in rigour, I in love am ſtrange.

XX. *Sonnet.*

That I ſo ſlenderly ſet forth my mind;
Writing I wot not what in ragged rhymes,
O'ercharg'd with braſs in theſe ſo golden times
When others tower ſo high, am left behind:
I crave not Phœbus leave his ſacred cell
To bind my brows with freſh Aonian bays:
But leav't to thoſe who tuning ſweeteſt lays
By Tempe ſit, or Aganippe's well;
Nor yet to Venus tree do I aſpire,
Since ſhe for whom I might affect that praiſe,
My beſt attemps with cruel words gainſays,
And I ſeek not that others me admire.
Of weeping myrrh the crown is which I crave,
With a ſad cypreſs to adorn my grave.

XXI. *Madrigal.*

When as ſhe ſmiles, I find
More light before mine eyes,
Than when the ſun from Inde
Brings to our world a flow'ry paradiſe:
But when ſhe gently weeps,
And pours forth pearly ſhowers,
On cheeks fair bluſhing flowers,
A ſweet melancholy my ſenſes keeps.
Both feed ſo my diſeaſe,
So much both do me pleaſe,
That oft I doubt, which more my heart doth burn,
Love to behold her ſmile, or pity mourn.

XXII. *Sonnet.*

My tears may well Numidian lions tame,
And pity breed into the hardeſt heart
That ever Pyrrha did to maid impart,
When ſhe them firſt of bluſhing rocks did frame.
Ah, eyes! which only ſerve to wail my ſmart,
How long will you my inward woes proclaim,
May't not ſuffice you bear a weeping part
All night, at day but you muſt do the ſame?
Ceaſe idle ſighs to ſpend your ſtorms in vain,
And theſe ſweet ſilent thickets to moleſt,
Contain you in the priſon of my breaſt,
You do not eaſe but aggravate my pain;
Or if burſt forth you muſt, that tempeſt move
In ſight of her whom I ſo dearly love.

XXIII. *Sonnet.*

You reſtleſs ſeas, appeaſe your roaring waves,
And you who raiſe huge mountains in that plain,
Air's trumpeters, your hideous ſounds contain,
And liſten to the plaints my grief doth cauſe.
Eternal lights! though adamantine laws
Of deſtinies to move ſtill you ordain,
Turn hither all your eyes, your axels pauſe,
And wonder at the torments I ſuſtain.
Sad earth, if thou made dull by my diſgrace,
Be not as ſenſeleſs, aſk thoſe powers above,
Why they ſo eroſt a wretch brought on thy face,
Fram'd for miſhap, th' Anachorit of love,
And bid them (that no more Ætna's may burn)
To Erimanth, or Rhodope me turn.

XXIV. *Sonnet.*

If croſt with all miſhaps be my poor life,
If one ſhort day I never ſpent in mirth,
If my ſp'rit with itſelf holds laſting ſtrife,
If ſorrow's death is but new ſorrow's birth;
If this vain world be but a mournful ſtage,
Where ſlave-born man plays to the laughing ſtars,
If youth be toſs'd with love, with weakneſs age,
If knowledge ſerves to hold our thoughts in wars,
If time can cloſe the hundred mouths of Fame,
And make what's long ſince paſt, like that's to be;
If virtue only be an idle name,
If being born I was but born to die;
Why ſeek I to prolong theſe lothſome days?
The faireſt roſe in ſhorteſt time decays.

XXV. *Sonnet.*

All other beauties howſo'er they ſhine
In hairs more bright than is the golden ore,
Or cheeks more fair than faireſt eglantine,
Or hands like her's that comes the ſun before;
Match'd with that heavenly hue and ſhape divine,
With thoſe dear ſtars which my weak thoughts adore,
Look but as ſhadows, or if they be more,
It is in this, that they are like to thine,
Who ſees thoſe eyes, their force that doth not prove?
Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,
And finds not Venus' ſon entrench'd therein,
Or hath not ſenſe, or knows not what is love?
To ſee thee had Narciſſus had the grace,
He would have died with wond'ring on thy face.

XXVI. *Sextain.*

The heaven doth not contain ſo many ſtars,
Nor levell'd lie ſo many leaves in woods,
When autumn and cold Boreas ſound their wars;
So many waves have not the ocean floods,
As my torn mind hath torments all the night,
And heart ſpends ſighs, when Phœbus brings the light.

Why was I made a partner of the light,
Who croſt in birth, by bad aſpect of ſtars,
Have never ſince had happy day nor night?
Why was not I a liver in the woods,
Or citizen of Thetis cryſtal floods,
But fram'd a man for love and fortune's wars?

I look each day when death ſhould end the wars,
Uncivil wars 'twixt ſenſe and reaſon's light:
My pains I count to mountains, meads and floods,
And of my ſorrow partners make the ſtars,
All deſolate I haunt the fearful woods,
When I ſhould give myſelf to reſt at night.

With watchful eyes I ne'er behold the night
Mother of peace, but ah! to me of wars,
And Cynthia queen-like ſhining through the woods,
But ſtraight thoſe lamps come in my thought, whoſe light
My judgment dazzl'd, paſſing brighteſt ſtars,
And then my eyes in-iſle themſelves with floods.

Turn to their ſprings again firſt ſhall the floods,
Clear ſhall the ſun the ſad and gloomy night,
To dance about the pole ceaſe ſhall the ſtars,
The elements renew their ancient wars
Shall firſt, and be depriv'd of place and light,
E'er I find reſt in city, fields, or woods.

End theſe my days you inmates of the woods,
Take this my life ye deep and raging floods,
Sun never riſe to clear me with thy light,
Horror and darkneſs keep a laſting night,
Conſume me, care, with thy inteſtine wars,
And ſtay your influence over me bright ſtars.

In vain the ſtars the inhabitants o' th' woods,
Care, horror, wars I call, and raging floods,
For all have ſworn no night ſhall dim my light.

XXVII. *Sonnet.*

O sacred bluſh, enpurpling cheeks, pure ſkies
With crimſon wings which ſpread thee like the morn,
O baſhful look, ſent from thoſe ſhining eyes,
Which though ſlid down on earth doth heaven adorn.
O tongue in which moſt luſcious nectar lies,
That can at once both bleſs and make forlorn,
Dear coral lip, which beauty beautifies,
That trembling ſtood before her words were born.
And you her words, words, no, but golden chains
Which did enſlave my ears, enſnare my ſoul,
Wiſe image of her mind, mind that contains
A power all power of ſenſes to controul:
So ſweetly you from love diſſuade do me,
That I love more, if more my love can be.

XXVIII *Sonnet.*

Sound hoarſe, ſad lute, true witneſs of my woe,
And ſtrive no more to eaſe ſelf-choſen pain,
With ſoul-enchanting ſounds your accents ſtrain,
Unto theſe tears inceſſantly which flow,
Sad treble weep, and you dull baſſes ſhow
Your maſters ſorrow in a doleful ſtrain;
Let never joyful hand upon you go,
Nor conſort keep, but when you do complain,
Fly Phœbus rays, abhor the irkſome light,
Wood's ſolitary ſhades for thee are beſt,
Or the black horrors of the blackeſt night,
When all the world ſave thou and I do reſt:
Then ſound, ſad lute, and bear a mourning part,
Thou hell canſt move, though not a woman's heart.

XXIX. *Sonnet.*

In vain I haunt the cold and ſilver ſprings,
To quench the fever burning in my veins,
In vain (love's pilgrim) mountains, dales and plains
I over-run, vain help long abſence brings,
In vain my friends your counſel me conſtrains
To fly, and place my thoughts on other things;
Ah! like the bird that fired hath her wings,
The more I move, the greater are my pains,
Deſire (alas) deſire a Zeuxis new,
From th' orient borrowing gold, from weſtern ſkies,
Heavenly Cinabre, ſets before my eyes,
In every place, her hair, ſweet look, and hue:
That fly, run, reſt, I, all doth prove but vain,
My life lies in thoſe eyes which have me ſlain.

XXX. *Sonnet.*

SLIDE ſoft fair Forth, and make a cryſtal plain,
Cut your white locks, and on your foamy face
Let not a wrinkle be, when you embrace
The boat that earth's perfections doth contain.
Winds wonder, and through wond'ring hold your peace:
Or if that ye your hearts cannot reſtrain
From ſending ſighs, feeling a lover's caſe,
Sigh, and in her fair hair yourſelves enchain.
Or take theſe ſighs which abſence makes ariſe
From my oppreſſed breaſt, and the ſails fill,
Or ſome ſweet breath new brought from Paradiſe:
The floods do ſmile, love o'er the winds prevails;
And yet huge waves ariſe; the cauſe is this,
The ocean ſtrives with Forth the boat to kiſs.

XXXI. *Sonnet.*

TRUST not, ſweet ſoul, thoſe curled waves of gold
With gentle tides that on your temples flow,
Nor temples ſpread with flakes of virgin ſnow,
Nor ſnow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enroll'd.
Truſt not thoſe ſhining lights which wrought my wo,
When firſt I did their azure rays behold,
Nor voice, whoſe ſounds more ſtrange effects do ſhow,
Than of the Thracian harper have been told:
Look to this dying lily, fading roſe,
Dark hyacinth, of late whoſe bluſhing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and graſs rejoice,
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes;
The cruel tyrant that did kill thoſe flowers,
Shall once, ay me, not ſpare that ſpring of yours

XXXII. *Sonnet.*

IN mind's pure glaſs when I myſelf behold,
And lively ſee how my beſt days are ſpent,
What clouds of care above my head are roll'd,
What coming ill, which I cannot prevent:
My courſe begun I wearied do repent,
And would embrace what reaſon oft hath told,
But ſcarce thus think I, when love hath control'd
All the beſt reaſons reaſon could invent.
Though ſure I know my labour's end is grief,
The more I ſtrive that I the more ſhall pine,
That only death ſhall be my laſt relief:
Yet when I think upon that face divine,
Like one with arrow ſhot, in laughter's place,
Maugre my heart, I joy in my diſgrace.

XXXIII. *Sonnet.*

DEAR quiriſter, who from thoſe ſhadows ſends
E'er that the bluſhing morn dare ſhow her light,
Such ſad lamenting ſtrains, that night attends,
(Become all ear) ſtars ſtay to hear thy plight,
If one whoſe grief even reach of thought tranſcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taſte delight,
May thee importune who like caſe pretends,
And ſeems to joy in wo, in woe's deſpight.
Tell me (ſo may thou fortune milder try,
And long long ſing) for what thou thus complains,
Since winter's gone, and ſun in dappled ſky
Enamour'd ſmiles on woods and flow'ry plains?
The birds, as if my queſtions did her move,
With trembling wings ſigh'd forth, I love, I love.

XXXIV. *Sonnet.*

O CRUEL beauty, ſweetneſs inhumane,
That night and day contends with my deſire,
And ſeeks my hope to kill, not quench my fire,
By death, not balm to eaſe my pleaſant pain.
Though ye my thoughts tread down which would aſpire,
And bound my bliſs, do not, alas! diſdain
That I your matchleſs worth and grace admire,
And for their cauſe theſe torments ſharp ſuſtain.
Let great Empedocles vaunt of his death,
Found in the midſt of thoſe Sicilian flames,
And Phaeton that heaven him reft of breath,
And Dædal's ſon who nam'd the Samian ſtreams:
Their haps I not envy, my praiſe ſhall be
That the moſt fair that lives mov'd me to die.

XXXV. *Sonnet.*

THE Hyperborean hills, Ceraunus ſnow,
Or Arimaſpus (cruel) firſt thee bred,
The Caſpian tigers with their milk thee fed,
And fawns did human blood on thee beſtow.
Fierce Orithya's lover in thy bed
Thee lull'd aſleep, where he enrag'd doth blow,
Thou didſt not drink the floods which here do flow,
But tears, or thoſe by icy Tanais head.
Since thou diſdains my love, neglects my grief,
Laughs at my groans, and ſtill affects my death:
Of thee, nor heaven I'll ſeek no more relief,
Nor longer entertain this lothſome breath;
But yield unto my ſtars, that thou may'ſt prove,
What loſs thou hadſt in loſing ſuch a love.

XXXVI. *Song.*

PHŒBUS ariſe,
And paint the ſable ſkies
With azure, white, and red:
Rouſe Memmon's mother from her Tithon's bed,
That ſhe thy career may with roſes ſpread,
The nightingales thy coming each where ſing,
Make an eternal ſpring:
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead.
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou was wont before,
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:
Chaſe hence the ugly night
Which ſerves but to make dear thy glorious light.
This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wiſhed day,
Of all my life ſo dark,
(If cruel ſtars have not my ruin ſworn,
And Fates my hopes betray)
Which (purely white) deſerves
An everlaſting diamond ſhould it mark.
This is the morn ſhould bring unto this grove
My love, to hear, and recompenſe my love.
Fair king, who all preſerves,
But ſhow thy bluſhing beams,
And thou too ſweeter eyes
Shall ſee than thoſe which by Peneus's ſtreams
Did once thy heart ſurpriſe:
Nay, ſuns which ſhine as clear
As thou when two thou didſt to Rome appear:
Now Flora deck thyſelf in faireſt guiſe,
If that ye winds would hear
A voice ſurpaſſing far Amphion's lyre,

Your furious chidings ſtay,
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her treſſes play,
Kiſſing ſometimes thoſe purple ports of death.
The winds all ſilent are,
And Phœbus in his chair,
Enſaffoning ſea and air,
Makes vaniſh every ſtar:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills to ſhun his flaming wheels:
The fields with flow'rs are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds with orient gold ſpangle their blue:
Here is the pleaſant place,
And nothing wanting is ſave ſhe, alas!

XXXVII. *Sonnet.*

Who hath not ſeen into her ſaffron bed
The morning's goddeſs mildly her repoſe,
Or her of whoſe pure blood firſt ſprang the roſe,
Lull'd in a ſlumber by a myrtle ſhade?
Who hath not ſeen that ſleeping white and red,
Makes Phœbe look ſo pale, which ſhe did cloſe
In that Ionian hill, to eaſe her woes,
Which only lives by her dear kiſſes fed?
Come but and ſee my lady ſweetly ſleep,
The ſighing rubies of thoſe heavenly lips,
The Cupids which breaſts golden apples keep.
Thoſe eyes which ſhine in midſt of their eclipſe:
And he them all ſhall ſee, perhaps and prove
She waking but perſuades, now forceth love.

XXXVIII. *Sonnet.*

See Citherera's birds, that milk-white pair
On yonder leavy myrtle tree which groan,
And waken with their kiſſes in the air
Th' enamour'd zephyrs murmuring one by one;
If thou but ſenſe hadſt like Pigmalion's ſtone,
Or hadſt not ſeen Meduſa's ſnaky hair,
Love's leſſons thou might'ſt learn: and, learn ſweet fair,
To ſummer's heat, e'er that thy ſpring be grown,
And if thoſe kiſſing lovers ſeem but cold,
Look how that elm this ivy doth embrace,
And binds and claſp with many a wanton fold,
And courting ſleep, o'erſhadows all the place;
Nay, ſeems to ſay, dear tree, we ſhall not part,
In ſign whereof, lo in each leaf a heart.

XXXIX. *Sonnet*

The ſun is fair when he with crimſon crown,
And flaming rubies leaves his eaſtern bed,
Fair is Thaumantias in her cryſtal gown,
When clouds engem'd ſhow azure, green and red.
To weſtern worlds when wearied day goes down,
And from heaven's windows each ſtar ſhows her head,
Earth's ſilent daughter, night is fair though brown,
Fair is the moon though in love's livery cled.
The ſpring is fair when it doth paint April,
Fair are the meads, the woods, the floods are fair,
Fair looketh Ceres with her yellow hair, [ſmile.
And apple's-queen, when roſe-cheek'd ſhe doth
That heaven and earth, and ſeas are fair is true,
Yet true that all not pleaſe ſo much as you.

XL. *Madrigal.*

Like the Idalian queen
Her hair about her een,
And neck, on breaſts ripe apples to be ſeen,
At firſt glance of the morn
In Cyprus gardens gathering thoſe fair flowers
Which of her blood were born,
I ſaw, but fainting ſaw my paramours.
The graces naked danc'd about the place,
The wind and trees amaz'd,
With ſilence on her gaz'd,
The flowers did ſmile like thoſe upon her face,
And as the aſpin ſtalks thoſe fingers bind,
That ſhe might read my caſe
I wiſh'd to be a hyacinth in her hand.

XLI. *Sonnet.*

Then is ſhe gone? O fool and coward I!
O good occaſion loſt, ne'er to be found!
What fatal chains have my dull ſenſes bound,
When beſt they might, that did not fortune try?
Here is the fainting graſs where ſhe did lie,
With roſes here ſhe ſtellify'd the ground,
She fix'd her eyes on this yet ſmiling pond,
Nor time, nor place ſeem'd ought for to deny.
Too long, too long reſpect I do embrace,
Your counſel full of threats and ſharp diſdain.
Diſdain in her ſweet heart can have no place,
And though come there, muſt ſtraight retire again:
Henceforth reſpect farewell, I've heard it told
Who lives in love can never be too bold,

XLII. *Sonnet.*

What cruel ſtar into this world me brought?
What gloomy day did dawn to give me light:
What unkind hand to nurſe me (Orphan) fought,
And would not leave me in eternal night?
What thing ſo dear as I hath effeuce bought?
The elements dry, humid, heavy, light,
The ſmalleſt living things which nature wrought,
Be freed of wo, if they have ſmall delight.
Ah only I abandon'd to deſpair,
Nail'd to my torments in pale horror's ſhade,
Like wand'ring clouds ſee all my comforts fled,
And ill on ill with hours my life impair: [turn,
The heavens and fortune which were wont to
Stay in one manſion fixt to cauſe me mourn.

XLIII. *Sonnet.*

Dear eye, which deign'ſt on this ſad monument,
The fable ſcroll of my miſhaps to view,
Though it with mourning muſes tears be ſpent,
And darkly drawn, which is not feign'd, but true;
If thou not dazzl'd with a heavenly hue,
And comely feature, didſt not yet lament,
But happy lives unto thyſelf content,
O let not love thee to his laws ſubdue.
Look on the woful ſhipwreck of my youth,
And let my ruins thee for bacon ſerve,
To ſhun this rock Capharean of untruth, [ſtarve:
And ſerve no god which doth his churchmen
His kingdom's but of plaints, his guerdon tears,
What he gives more is jealouſies and fears.

XLIV. *Madrigal.*

To the delightful green
Of your fair radiant een,
Let each black yield beneath the ſtarry arch.
Eyes burniſht heavens of love,
Sinople lamps of Jove,
Save all thoſe hearts which with your flames you parch:
Two burning ſuns you prove;

All other eyes compar'd with you, dear lights,
Are hells, or if not hells, yet dumpish night.
The heavens (if we their glass
The sea believe) are green not perfect blue
They all make fair whatever fair yet was,
And they are fair because they look like you.

XLV. *Sonnet*

Nymphs, sister nymphs, which haunt this crystal brook,
And happy in these floating bowers abide,
Where trembling roofs of trees from sun you hide,
Which make Idæan woods in every crook;
Whether ye garlands for your locks provide,
Or pearly letters seek in sandy book,
Or count your loves when Thetis was a bride,
Lift up your golden heads and on me look.
Read in mine eyes my agonizing cares,
And what ye read, recount to her again: [tears,
Fair nymphs, say all these streams are but my
And if she ask you how they sweet remain,
Tell that the bitt'rest tears which eyes can pour,
When shed for her can be no longer sour.

XLVI. *Sonnet.*

She whose fair flowers no autumn makes decay,
Whose hue celestial earthly hues doth stain,
Into a pleasant odoriferous plain
Did walk alone to brave the pride of May;
And whilst through flowry lifts she made her way,
That proudly smil'd her sight to entertain,
Lo, unawares where Love did hid remain
She spied, and sought to make of him her prey;
For which of golden locks a fairest hair
To bind the boy she took, but he afraid
At her approach sprang swiftly in the air,
And mounting far from reach, lookt back and said,
Why shouldst thou sweet, me seek in chains to bind,
Sith in thy eyes I daily am confin'd?

XLVII. *Madrigal.*

Sweet rose, whence is this hue
Which does all hues excel?
Whence this most fragrant smell?
And whence this form and gracing grace in you:
In flow'ry Pæstum's fields perhaps you grew,
Or Hybla's hills you bred,
Or odoriferous Enna's plains you fed,
Or Tmolus, or where boar young Adon slew;
Or hath the Queen of Love you dy'd of new
In that dear blood, which makes you look so red?
No, none of those, but cause more high you blest,
My lady's breast you bore, her lips you kist.

XLVIII. *Madrigal.*

On this cold world of ours,
Flow'r of the seasons, season of the flow'rs,
Sun of the sun, sweet spring,
Such hot and burning days why dost thou bring?
Is it because these high eternal pow'r's
Flash down that fire this world environing?
Or that now Phœbus keeps his sister's sphere?
Or doth some Phaeton
Enflame the sea and air?
Or rather is't not usher of the year,
Or that last day among the flow'rs alone
Unmask'd thou saw'st my fair?
And whilst thou on her gaz'd she did thee burn,
And to thy brother summer doth thee turn.

XLIX. *Sonnet.*

Dear wood, and you sweet solitary place,
Where I estranged from the vulgar live,
Contented more with what your shades me give,
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace:
What snaky eye grown jealous of my peace,
Now from your silent horrors would me drive,
When sun advancing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive.
What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be from bondage free,
Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords,
Sweet flow'ry place, I first did learn of thee.
Ah! if I were mine own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes stateli'st courts.

L. *Sonnet.*

Ah! who can see those fruits of Paradise,
Celestial cherries which so sweetly swell,
That sweetness self confin'd there seems to dwell,
And all those sweetest parts about despise?
Ah who can see and feel no flame surprise
His hard'ned heart? For me, alas! too well
I know their force, and how they do excel,
Now through desire I burn, and now I freeze,
I die (dear life) unless to me be given
As many kisses as the spring hath flow'rs,
Or there be silver drops in Iris show'rs,
Or stars there be in all embracing heaven;
And if displeas'd ye of the match complain,
Ye shall have leave to take them back again.

LI. *Sonnet.*

Is't not enough (ay me!) me thus to see
Like some heaven banish'd ghost still wailing go,
A shadow which your rays do only show;
To vex me more unless you bid me die;
What could ye worse allot unto your foe?
But die will I, so ye will not deny
That grace to me which mortal foes even try.
To choose what sort of death shall end my woe.
Once did I find that whiles you did me kiss.
Ye gave my panting soul so sweet a touch,
That half I swoon'd in midst of all my bliss,
I do but crave my death's wound may be such:
For though by grief I die not and annoy,
Is't not enough to die through too much joy?

LII. *Madrigal.*

Unhappy light,
Do not approach to bring the woful day,
When I must bid for ay
Farewell to her, and live in endless plight.
Fair moon with gentle beams,
The sight who never mars, [stars,
Clear long heaven's sable vault, and you bright
Your golden locks long view in earth's pure
Let Phœbus never rise [streams,
To dim your watchful eyes;
Prolong, alas! prolong my short delight,
And if ye can, make an eternal night.

LIII. *Sonnet.*

With grief in heart, and tears in swelling eyes,
When I to her had given a sad farewell,
Close sealed with a kiss, and dew which fell
On my else moisten'd face from beauty's skies;
So strange amazement did my mind surprise,
That at each pace I fainting turn'd again,

Like one whom a torpedo ſtupifies,
Not feeling honour's bit, nor reaſon's rein:
But when fierce ſtars to part me did conſtrain,
With back-caſt looks I both envy'd and bleſs'd
The happy walls and place did her contain,
Until my eyes that flying object miſs'd;
So wailing parted Ganymede the fair,
When eagle's talons bore him through the air.

LIV. *Sextain.*

Sith gone is my delight and only pleaſure,
The laſt of all my hopes, the cheerful ſun
That clear'd my life's dark ſphere, nature's ſweet treaſure,
More dear to me than all beneath the moon,
What reſteth now, but that upon this mountain
I weep, till heaven transform me to fountain?

Freſh, fair, delicious, chryſtal, pearly fountain,
On whoſe ſmooth face to look ſhe oft took pleaſure,
Tell me (ſo may thy ſtreams long cheer this mountain
So ſerpent ne'er thee ſtain, nor ſcorch thee ſun,
So may with wat'ry beams thee kiſs the moon,)
Doſt thou not mourn to want ſo fair a treaſure?

While ſhe here gaz'd on thee, rich Tagus treaſure,
Thou needed'ſt not envy, nor yet the fountain,
In which the hunter ſaw that naked moon, [ſure,
Abſence hath robb'd thee of thy wealth and plea-
And I remain like marigold of ſun
Depriv'd, that dies by ſhadow of ſome mountain.

Nymphs of the foreſts, nymphs who on this mountain
Are wont to dance, ſhowing your beauty's treaſure
To goat-feet Sylvans and the wond'ring ſun,
When as you gather flowers about this fountain,
Bid her farewell, who placed here her pleaſure,
And ſing her praiſes to the ſtars and moon.

Among the leſſer lights as is the moon, [tain
Bluſhing through muffling clouds on Latmos moun-
Or when ſhe views her ſilver locks for pleaſure,
In Thetis ſtreams, proud of ſo gay a treaſure,
Such was my ſair when ſhe ſat by this fountain,
With other nymphs to ſhun the amorous ſun.

As is our earth in abſence of the ſun,
Or when of ſun deprived is the moon,
As is without a verdant ſhade a fountain,
Or wanting graſs, a mead, a vale, a mountain;
Such is my ſtate, bereſt of my dear treaſure,
To know whoſe only worth was all my pleaſure.

Ne'er think of pleaſure, heart, eyes ſhun the ſun,
Tears be your treaſure, which the wand'ring moon
Shall ſee you ſhed by mountain, vale and fountain,

LV. *Sonnet.*

Window ſometime which ſerved for a ſphere,
To that dear planet of my heart, whoſe light
Made often bluſh the glorious queen of night,
While ſhe in thee more beauteous did appear,
What mourning weeds alas! doſt thou now wear?
How lothſome to my eyes is thy ſad ſight?
How poorly looks thou, with what heavy cheer,
Since ſet's that ſun which made thee ſhine ſo bright?
Unhappy, now thee cloſe, for as of late
To wond'ring eyes thou wert a Paradiſe,
Bereft of her who made thee fortunate,
A gulf thou art whence clouds of ſighs ariſe:
But unto none ſo noiſome as to me,
Who hourly ſees my murdered joys in thee.

LVI. *Sonnet.*

How many times night's ſilent queen her face
Hath hid, how oft with ſtars in ſilver maſk,
In heaven's great hall, ſhe hath begun her taſk,
And cheer'd the waking eye in lower place?
How oft the ſun hath made by heaven's ſwift race
The happy lover to forſake the breaſt
Of his dear lady, wiſhing in the weſt,
His golden coach to run had larger ſpace?
I ever count and tell, ſince I, alas,
Did bid farewell to my heart's deareſt gueſt,
The miles I number, and in mind I chaſe,
The floods and mountains hold me from my reſt.
But woe is me, long count and count may I,
E'er I ſee her whoſe abſence makes me die.

LVII. *Sonnet.*

Of death ſome tell, ſome of the cruel pain
Which that bad craftſman in his work did try,
When (a new monſter) flames once did conſtrain
A human corps to yield a bellowing cry.
Some tell of thoſe in burning beds who lie,
Becauſe they durſt in the Phlegrean plain
The mighty ruler of the ſkies defy,
And ſiege thoſe chryſtal tow'rs which all contain,
Another counts of Phlegeton's hot floods,
The ſouls which drink Ixion's endleſs ſmart,
And his who feeds a vulture with his heart,
One tells of ſpectres in enchanted woods:
Of all thoſe pains th' extremeſt who would prove,
Let him be abſent and but burn in love.

LVIII. *Sonnet.*

Hair, precious hair, which Mida's hand did ſtrain,
Part of the wreath of God that crowns thoſe brows
Which winter's whiteſt white in whiteneſs ſtain,
And lily by Eridan's bank that grows,
Hair fatal preſent, which firſt caus'd my woes,
When looſe ye hang like Danae's golden rain,
Sweet nets which ſweetly do all hearts enchain;
Strings, deadly ſtrings, with which love bends his bows,
How are ye hither come, tell me O hair? [bow,
Dear Armelet, for what were thus ye given!
I know, a badge of bondage I you wear,
Yet hair for you, O that I were a heaven!
Like Berenice's locks, that ye might ſhine,
(But brighter far) about this arm of mine.

LIX. *Sonnet.*

Are theſe the flow'ry banks? Is this the mead
Where ſhe was wont to paſs the pleaſant hours?
Was't here her eyes exhal'd mine eyes ſalt ſhow'rs,
And on her lap did lay my wearied head?
Is this the goodly elm did us o'erſpread,
Whoſe tender rhind, cut forth in curious flow'r's
By that white hand, contains theſe flames of ours?
Is this the murmuring ſpring us muſic made?
Deflouriſht mead, where is your heavenly hue?
And bank, that arras did you late adorn!
How look'ſt thou elm, all withered and forlorn?

Only sweet spring nought alter'd seems in you
But while here chang'd each other thing appears,
To salt your streams take of mine eyes these tears.

LX. *Sonnet.*

Alexis, here she stay'd, among these pines,
Sweet hermitress she did alone repair;
Here did she spread the treasure of her hair,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines.
Here sat she by these musket eglantines,
The happy flow'rs seem yet the print to bear,
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugar'd lines,
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend an ear.
She here me first perceiv'd, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face:
Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were born,
Here first I got a pledge of promis'd grace:
But ah! what serves't t'have been made happy
Since passed pleasures double but new woe [so?

LXI. *Sonnet.*

Place me where angry Titan burns the Moor,
And thirsty Afric fiery monsters brings,
Or where the new-born phœnix spreads her wings,
And troops of woud'ring birds her flight adore.
Place me by Gange or India's ennamell'd shore,
Where smiling heav'ns on earth cause double springs,
Place me where Neptune's quire of Syrens sings,
Or where made hoarse through cold he leaves to roar:
Place me where Fortune doth her darlings crown,
A wonder or a spark in Envy's eye,
Or you outragious Fates upon me frown,
Till pity wailing see disaster'd me;
Affection's print my mind so deep doth prove,
I may forget myself, but not my love.

LXII. *Madrigal.*

The ivory, coral, gold,
Of breast, of lips, of hair,
So lively sleep doth show to inward sight,
That wake I think I hold
No shadow but my fair:
Myself so to deceive
With long shut eyes I shun the irksome light.
Such pleasure here I have
Delighting in false gleams,
If Death Sleep's brother be,
And souls bereft of sense have so sweet dreams,
How could I wish thus still to dream and die.

LXIII. *Sonnet.*

Fame, who with golden wings abroad doth range,
Where Phœbus leaves the night, or brings the day,
Fame, in one place who restless doth not stay
Till thou hast flown from Atlas unto Gange;
Fame, enemy to time, that still doth change,
And in his changing course would make decay
What here below he findeth in his way,
Even making virtue to herself look strange:
Daughter of heaven; now all thy trumpets sound,
Raise up thy head unto the highest sky,
With wonder blaze the gifts in her are found,
And when she from this mortal globe shall fly,
In thy wide mouth keep long, keep long her name;
So thou by her, she by thee live shall fame.

LXIV. *Sonnet.*

Let Fortune triumph now, and Io sing,
Sith I must fall beneath this load of care,
Let her what most I prize of ev'ry thing
Now wicked trophies in her temple rear.
She who high palmy empires doth not spare,
And tramples in the dust the proudest king,
Let her vaunt how my bless she did impair,
To what low ebb she now my flow doth bring.
Let her count how (a new Ixion) me,
She in her wheel did turn, how high nor low
I never stood, but more to tortur'd be.
Weep soul, weep plaintful soul, thy sorrows know,
Weep of thy tears till a black river swell,
Which may Cocytus be to this thy hell.

LXV. *Sonnet.*

O night, clear night, O dark and gloomy day!
O woful waking! O soul-pleasing sleep
O sweet conceirs which in my brains did creep!
Yet sour conceits which went so soon away.
A sleep I had more then poor words can say,
For clos'd in arms (me thought) I did thee keep,
A sorry wretch plung'd in misfortunes deep.
Am I not wak'd? when light doth lies bewray.
O that that night had ever still been black!
O that that day had never yet begun!
And you mine eyes would ye no time saw sun!
To have your sun in such a zodiack:
Lo, what is good of life is but a dream,
When sorrow is a never-ebbing stream.

LXVI *adrigal.*

I fear not henceforth death,
Sith after this departure yet I breathe,
Let rocks, and seas, and wind,
Their highest treasons show,
Let sky and earth combin'd,
Strive (if they can) to end my life and woe:
Sith grief cannot, me nothing can o'erthrow,
Or if that ought can cause my fatal lot,
It will be when I hear I am forgot.

LXVII. *Sonnet.*

So grievous is my pain, so painful life,
That oft I find me in the arms of Death,
But (breath half gone) that tyrant called death,
Who others kills, restoreth me to life:
For while I think how wo shall end with life,
And that I quiet peace shall joy by death,
That thought ev'n doth o'erpow'r the pains of death,
And call me home again to lothed life:
Thus doth mine evil transcend both life and death,
While no death is so bad as is my life,
Nor no life such which doth not end by death,
And Protean changes turn my death and life:
O happy those who in their birth find death,
Sith but to languish heaven affordeth life.

LXVIII *Sonnet.*

I curse the night, yet doth from day me hide,
The Pandionian birds I tire with moans,
The eccho's even are weary'd with my groans,
Since absence did me from my bliss divide.
Each dream, each toy, my reason doth affright,
And when remembrance reads the curious scroll

Of paſt contentments cauſed by her ſight,
Then bitter anguiſh doth invade my ſoul,
While thus I live eclipſed of her light.
(O me!) what better am I then the mole
Or thoſe whoſe zenith is the only pole,
Whoſe hemiſphere is hid with ſo long night?
Save that in earth he reſts, they hope for ſun,
I pine, and find mine endleſs night begun.

LXIX. *Madrigal.*

Tritons, which bounding dive
Through Neptune's liquid plain,
When as ye ſhall arrive
With tilting tides where ſilver Ora plays,
And to your king his watery tribute pays,
Tell how I dying live,
And burn in midſt of all the coldeſt main.

THE SECOND PART.

I. *Sonnet.*

Of mortal glory, O ſoon darken'd ray!
O poſting joys of man! more ſwift than wind,
O fond deſires! which wing'd with fancies ſtray,
O trait'rous hopes! which do our judgments blind:
Lo, in a flaſh that light is gone away,
Which dazzle did each eye, delight each mind,
And with that ſun (from whence it came) com-
bin'd,
Now makes more radiant heavens eternal day.
Let beauty now bedew her cheeks with tears,
Let widow'd muſic only roar and 'plain:
Poor virtue get thee wings, and mount the ſpheres,
And let thine only name on earth remain.
Death hath thy temple raz'd, love's empire foil'd,
The world of honour, worth, and ſweetneſs
ſpoil'd.

II. *Sonnet.*

Thoſe eyes, thoſe ſparkling ſaphires of delight,
Which thouſand thouſand hearts did ſet on fire,
Of which that eye of heaven which brings the light,
Oft jealous, ſtayed amaz'd them to admire.
That living ſnow, thoſe crimſon roſes bright,
Thoſe pearls, thoſe rubies which enflam'd deſire,
Thoſe locks of gold, that purple afir of Tyre,
Are wrapt (ay me!) up in eternal night.
What haſt thou more to vaunt of, wretched world,
Sith ſhe who cauſed all thy bliſs is gone?
Thy ever-burning lamps, rounds ever-whorl'd
Cannot unto thee model ſuch a one:
Or if they ſhould ſuch beauty bring on earth,
They ſhould be forc'd again to give her birth.

III. *Sonnet.*

O fate, conjur'd to pour your worſt on me?
O rigorous rigour which doth all confound!
With cruel hands ye have cut down the tree,
And fruit with leaves have ſcatter'd on the ground,
A little ſpace of earth my love doth bound,
That beauty which did raiſe it to the ſky,
Turn'd in diſdained duſt, now low doth lie,
Deaf to my plaints, and ſenſeleſs of my wound.
Ah! did I live for this? ah! did I love?
And was't for this (fierce powers) ſhe did excel,
That e'er ſhe well the ſweets of life did prove,
She ſhould (too dear a gueſt) with darkneſs dwell?
Weak influence of heaven! what fair is wrought,
Falls in the prime, and paſſeth like a thought.

IV. *Sonnet.*

O woful life! life, no, but living death,
Frail boat of cryſtal in a rocky ſea;
A gem expos'd to Fortune's ſtormy breath,
Which kept with pain with terror doth decay:
The falſe delights, true woes thou doſt bequeath
My all-appalled mind ſo do affray,
That I thoſe envy who are laid in earth,
And pity thoſe who run thy dreadful way.
When did mine eyes behold one cheerful morn?
When had my toſſed ſoul one night of reſt?
When did not angry ſtars my projects ſcorn?
O! now I find what is for mortals beſt:
Ev'n, ſince our voyage ſhameful is, and ſhort,
Soon to ſtrike ſail, and periſh in the port.

V. *Sonnet.*

Dissolve, my eyes, your globes in briny ſtreams,
And with a cloud of ſorrow dim your ſight,
The ſun's bright ſun is ſet, of late whoſe beams
Gave luſtre to your day, day to your night.
My voice, now cleave the earth with anathems,
Roar for a challenge in the world's deſpight,
Till that diſguiſed grief is her delight,
That life a ſlumber is of fearful dreams;
And woful mind abhor to think of joy,
My ſenſes all from comforts all you hide,
Accept no object but of black annoy,
Tears, plaints, ſighs, mourning weeds, graves
gaping wide.
I have nought left to wiſh, my hopes are dead,
And all with her beneath a marble laid.

VI. *Sonnet.*

Sweet ſoul, which in the April of thy years,
For to enrich the heaven mad'ſt poor this round,
And now with flaming rays of glory crown'd
Moſt bleſt abides above the ſphere of ſpheres;
If heavenly laws, alas! have not thee bound
From looking to this globe that all up bears,
If ruth and pity there above be found,
O deign to lend a look unto theſe tears,
Do not diſdain (dear ghoſt) this ſacrifice,
And though I raiſe not pillars to thy praiſe,
My off'rings take, let this for me ſuffice,
My heart a living pyramid I raiſe:
And whilſt kings tombs with laurels flowriſh [green,
Thine ſhall with myrtles and theſe flow'rs be
ſeen.

VII. *Sonnet.*

Sweet ſpring, thou turn'ſt with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their ſhow'rs,
Turn thou, ſweet youth? but ah! my pleaſant hours,
And happy days with thee come not again,
The ſad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee turn, which turn my ſweet to ſours.
Thou art the ſame which ſtill thou wert before,
Delicious, luſty, amiable, fair,
But ſhe whoſe breath embalm'd thy wholeſome air
Is gone; nor gold, nor gems, can her reſtore.
Neglected virtue, ſeaſons go and come;
While thine forgot lie cloſed in a tomb.

VIII. *Sonnet.*

What doth it ſerve to ſee the ſun's bright face?
And ſkies enamell'd with the Indian gold?
Or jetty moon at night in chariot roll'd,
And all the glory of that ſtarry place?
What doth it ſerve earth's beauty to behold?
The mountains pride, the meadows flow'ry grace,
The ſtately comelineſs of foreſts old,
The ſport of floods, which would themſelves em-brace?
What doth it ſerve to hear the Sylvan's ſongs,
The cheerful thruſh, the nightingale's ſad ſtrains,
Which in dark ſhades ſeem to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth ſerve all that this world contains?
Since ſhe, for whom thoſe once to me were dear,
Can have no part of them now with me here.

IX. *Madrigal.*

This life which ſeems ſo fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air,
By ſporting childrens breath,
Who chaſe it every where,
And ſtrive who can moſt motion it bequeath.
And though it ſometimes ſeem of its own might,
Like to an eye of gold to be fix'd there,
And firm to hover in that empty height;
That only is, becauſe it is ſo light.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear;
For when 'tis moſt admired, in a thought,
Becauſe it earſt was nought, it turns to nought.

X. *Sonnet.*

My lute, be as thou wert when thou did grow
With thy green mother in ſome ſhady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee beſtow.
Since that dear voice which did thy ſounds approve,
Which wont in ſuch harmonious ſtrains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune thoſe ſpheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleaſing notes be pleaſing notes no more,
But orphans wailings to their fainting ear,
Each ſtroke a ſigh, each ſound draws forth a tear,
For which be ſilent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle ſtill her loſs complain.

XI. *Sonnet.*

An handkerchief! ſad preſent of my dear,
Gift miſerable, which doth now remain
The only guerdon of my helpleſs pain,
When I thee got thou ſhoweſt my ſtate too clear
I never ſince have ceaſed to complain,
I ſince the badge of grief did ever wear,
Joy in my face durſt never ſince appear.
Care was the food which did me entertain,
But ſince that thou art mine, O do not grieve,
That I this tribute pay thee for mine een,
And that I (this ſhort time I am to live)
Laundre thy ſilken figures in this brine:
No, I muſt yet even beg of thee the grace,
That in my grave thou deign to ſhroud my face.

XII. *Madrigal.*

Trees happier far than I,
Which have the grace to heave your heads ſo high,
And overlook thoſe plains:
Grow till your branches kiſs that lofty ſky,
Which her ſweet ſelf contains.
There make her know mine endleſs love and pains,
And how theſe tears which from mine eyes do fall,
Help you to riſe ſo tall:
Tell her, as once I for her ſake lov'd breath,
So for her ſake I now court ling'ring death,

XIII. *Song.*

Sad Damon being come,
To that for ever lamentable tomb,
Which theſe eternal powers that all controul,
Unto his living ſoul,
A melancholy priſon had preſcrib'd:
Of colour, heat, and motion depriv'd,
In arms weak, fainting, cold,
A marble, he the marble did infold:
And having made it warm with many a ſhower,
Which dimmed eyes did pour,
When grief had given him leave, and ſighs them ſtay'd
Thus with a ſad alas, at laſt he ſaid.
Who would have thought to me
The place where thou didſt lie could grievous be?
And that (dear body) long thee having ſought,
(O me)! who would have thought,
Thee once to find it ſhould my ſoul confound,
And give my heart than death a deeper wound?
Thou didſt diſdain my tears,
But grieve not that this ruthful ſtone them bears,
Mine eyes for nothing ſerve, but thee to weep,
And let that courſe them keep,
Although thou never would'ſt them comfort ſhow,
Do not repine, they have part of thy woe.
Ah wretch! too late I find
How virtue's glorious titles prove but wind;
For if that virtue could releaſe from death,
Thou yet enjoy'd hadſt breath:
For if ſhe e'er appear'd to mortal een,
It was in thy fair ſhape that ſhe was ſeen.
But O! if I was made
For thee, with thee why too am I not dead?
Why do outragious Fates which dimm'd thy ſight,
Let me ſee hateful light?
They without me made death thee to ſurpriſe,
Tyrants (no doubt) that they might kill me twice.
O grief! and could one day
Have force ſuch excellence to take away?
Could a ſwift flying moment, ah! deface
Thoſe matchleſs gifts, that grace,
Which art and nature had in thee combin'd,
To make thy body paragon thy mind?

Have all paſs'd like a cloud,
And doth eternal ſilence now them ſhroud?
Is that ſo much admir'd, now nought but duſt,
Of which a ſtone hath truſt?
O change? O cruel change, thou to our ſight
Show'ſt the Fates rigour equal to their might!
When thou from earth didſt paſs,
Sweet nymph, perfection's mirror broken was,
And this of late ſo glorious world of ours,
Like meadow without flowers,
Or ring of a rich gem made blind, appear'd,
Or ſtarleſs night, or Cynthia nothing clear'd.
Love when he ſaw thee die,
Entom'd him in the lid of either eye,
And left his torch within thy ſacred urn,
There for a lamp to burn:
Worth, honour, pleaſure, with thy life expir'd,
Death ſince grown ſweet begins to be deſir'd.
Whilſt thou to us wert given,
The earth her Venus had as well as heaven:
Nay, and her ſuns which burnt as many hearts,
As he the eaſtern parts; [ſpheres,
Bright ſuns which forc'd to leave theſe hemi
Benighted ſet into a ſea of tears.
Ah death, who ſhall thee flie,
Since the moſt mighty are o'erthrown by thee?
Thou ſpar'ſt the crow, and nightingale doth kill,
And triumph'ſt at thy will,
But give thou cannot ſuch another blow,
Becauſe earth cannot ſuch another ſhow.
O bitter ſweets of love!
How better is't at all you not to prove,
That when we do your pleaſures moſt poſſeſs,
To find them thus made leſs?
O! that the cauſe which doth conſume our joy
Would the remembrance of it too deſtroy?
What doth this life beſtow,
But flow'rs on thorns which grow?
Which, though they ſometime blandiſh ſoft delight,
Yet afterwards us ſmite:
And if the riſing ſun them fair doth ſee,
That planet ſetting doth behold them die.
This world is made a hell,
Depriv'd of all that did in it excel.
O Pan, Pan, winter is fallen in our May,
Turn'd is to night our day,
Forſake thy pipe, a ſceptre take to thee,
Thy locks diſgarland, thou black Jove ſhall be.
The flocks do leave the meads,
And, lothing three leav'd graſs, hold up their heads,
The ſtreams not glide now with a gentle roar,
Nor birds ſing as before,
Hills ſtand with clouds like mourners vail'd in black,
And owls upon our roofs foretel our wrack.
That zephyr every year
So ſoon was heard to ſigh in foreſts here,
It was for her: that wrapt in gowns of green,
Meads were ſo early ſeen;
That in the ſaddeſt months oft ſung the mearls,
It was for her: for her trees dropt forth pearls.
That proud and ſtately courts
Did envy theſe our ſhades and calm reſorts,
It was for her; and ſhe is gone, O woe!
Woods cut again do grow,
Bud doth the roſe and daiſie, winter's done,
But we once dead, do no more ſee the ſun.
Whoſe names ſhall now make ring
The echoes? of whom ſhall the nymphets ſing?
Whoſe heavenly voice, whoſe ſoul-invading ſtrains,
Shall fill with joy the plains?
What hair, what eyes, can make the morn in eaſt,
Weep that a fairer riſeth in the weſt?
Fair ſun, poſt ſtill away,
No muſic here is left thy courſe to ſtay. [bow'rs.
Sweet Hybla's ſwarms, with wormwood fill your
Gone is the flow'r of flow'rs:
Bluſh no more, roſe, nor lily pale remain,
Dead is that beauty which yours late did ſtain.
Ay me! to wail my plight,
Why have not I as many eyes as night?
Or as that ſhepherd which Jove's love did keep,
That I ſtill, ſtill may weep?
But though I had, my tears unto my croſs
Were not yet equal, nor grief to my loſs.
Yet of you, briny ſhow'rs,
Which here I pour, may ſpring as many flow'rs,
As come of thoſe which fell from Helen's eyes:
And when ye do ariſe,
May every leaf in fable letters bear
The doleful cauſe for which ye ſpring up here.

XIV. *Madrigal.*

The beauty and the life
Of life's and beauty's faireſt paragon,
O tears! O grief! hung at a feeble thread,
To which pale Atropos had ſet her knife:
The ſoul with many a groan
Had left each outward part,
And now did take the laſt leave of the heart;
Nought elſe did want ſave death, for to be dead:
When the ſad company about her bed
Seeing death invade her lips, her cheeks, her eyes,
Cried ah! and can death enter Paradiſe?

XV. *Sonnet.*

O! it is not to me bright lamp of day,
That in the eaſt thou ſhow'ſt thy golden face,
O! it is not to me thou leav'ſt that ſea,
And in thoſe azure liſts began'ſt thy race,
Thou ſhin'ſt not to the dead in any place.
And I dead from this world am paſt away,
Or if I ſeem (a ſhadow) yet to ſtay,
It is a while but to bewail my caſe.
My mirth is loſt, my comforts are diſmaid,
And unto ſad miſhaps their place do yield;
My knowledge repreſents a bloody field,
Where I my hopes and helps ſee proſtrate laid,
So plaintful is life's courſe which I have run,
That I do wiſh it never had begun.

XVI. *Madrigal.*

Dear night, the eaſe of care,
Untroubled ſeat of peace,
Time's eldeſt child, which oft the blind do ſee,
On this our hemiſphere,
What makes thee now ſo ſadly dark to be?
Comes thou in funeral pomp her grave to grace?
Or do thoſe ſtars which ſhould thy horror clear,
In Jove's high hall adviſe,
In what part of the ſkies,
With them, or Cynthia ſhe ſhall appear?
Or ah! alas!, becauſe thoſe matchleſs eyes,

Which ſhone ſo fair, below thou doſt not find,
Striv'ſt thou to make all other's eyes look blind?

XVII. *Sonnet.*

Since it hath pleas'd that firſt and ſupreme fair,
To take that beauty to himſelf again,
Which in this world of ſenſe not to remain,
But to amaze, was ſent, and home repair,
The love which to that beauty I did bear,
Made pure of mortal ſpots which did it ſtain,
And endleſs, which even death cannot impair,
I place on him who will it not diſdain.
No ſhining eyes, no locks of curling gold:
No bluſhing roſes on a virgin face,
No outward ſhow, no, nor no inward grace,
Shall power have, my thoughts henceforth to hold:
Love here on earth huge ſtorms of care doth toſs,
But plac'd above exempted is from loſs.

XVIII. *Song.*

It autumn was, and on our hemiſphere,
Fair Erycine began bright to appear,
Night weſtward did her gemmy world decline,
And hide her lights that greater lights might ſhine:
The creſted bird had given alarm twice
To lazy mortals to unlock their eyes,
The owl had left to 'plain, and from each thorn
The wing'd muſicians did ſalute the morn,
Who (while ſhe dreſs'd her locks in Ganges' ſtreams)
Set open wide the cryſtal port of dreams:
When I, whoſe eyes no drowſy night could cloſe,
In ſleep's ſoft arms did quietly repoſe,
And, for that heavens to die did me deny,
Death's image kiſſed, and as dead did lie.
I lay as dead, but ſcarce charm'd were my cares,
And ſlacked ſcarce my ſighs, ſcarce dried my tears,
Sleep ſcarce the ugly figures of the day,
Had with his ſable pencil put away,
And left me in a ſtill and calmy mood,
When by my bed, me thought a virgin ſtood,
A virgin in the blooming of her prime,
If ſuch rare beauty meaſur'd be by time,
Her head a garland wore of opals bright,
About her flow'd a gown like pureſt light,
Pure amber locks gave umbrage to her face,
Where modeſty high majeſty did grace;
Her eyes ſuch beams ſent forth, that but with pain
Here, weaker ſights their ſparklings could ſuſtain.
No feigned deity which haunts the woods
Is like to her, nor Syren of the floods:
Such is the golden planet of the year,
When bluſhing in the eaſt he doth appear.
Her grace did beauty, voice yet grace did paſs,
Which thus through pearls and rubies broken was.
How long wilt thou, ſaid ſhe, eſtrang'd from joy,
Paint ſhadows to thyſelf of falſe annoy?
How long thy mind with horrid ſhapes affright,
And in imaginary evils delight?
Eſteem that loſs, which (when well view'd) is gain,
Or if a loſs, yet not a loſs to 'plain!
O leave thy plaintful ſoul more to moleſt,
And think, that woe when ſhorteſt then is beſt.
If ſhe for whom thou thus doſt deaf the ſky
Be dead; what then? was ſhe not born to die?
Was ſhe not mortal born? if thou doſt grieve,
That times ſhould be in which ſhe ſhould not live,
Ere e'er ſhe was weep, that day's wheel was roll'd,
Weep that ſhe liv'd not in the age of gold.
For that ſhe was not then, thou may'ſt deplore,
As well as that ſhe now can be no more.
If only ſhe had died, thou ſure hadſt cauſe
To blame the Fates, and their too iron laws.
But look how many millions her advance,
What numbers with her enter in this dance,
With thoſe which are to come: Shall heavens them ſtay,
And th' univerſe diſſolve, thee to obey?
As birth, death, which ſo much thee doth apall,
A piece is of the life of this great all.
Strong cities die, die do high palmy reigns,
And fondling thou thus to be us'd complains.
If ſhe be dead, then ſhe of loathſome days
Hath paſt the line, whoſe length but loſs bewrays,
Then ſhe hath left this filthy ſtage of care,
Where pleaſures ſeldom, woe doth ſtill repair.
For all the pleaſures which it doth contain,
Not countervail the ſmalleſt minute's pain.
And tell me, thou who doſt ſo much admire
This little vapour, this poor ſpark of fire,
Which life is call'd, what doth it thee bequeath,
But ſome few years, which birth draws out to death?
Which if thou parallel with luſtres run,
Or thoſe whoſe courſes are but now begun,
In days great number they ſhall leſs appear,
Than with the ſea when matched is a tear.
But why ſhould'ſt thou here longer wiſh to be?
One year doth ſerve all nature's pomp to ſee.
Nay, even one day and night: This moon, that ſun,
Thoſe leſſer fires about this round which run,
Be but the ſame, which under Saturn's reign.
Did the ſerpentine ſeaſons interchain.
How oft doth life grow leſs by living long?
And what excelleth but what dieth young?
For age, which all abhor (yet would embrace)
Doth make the mind as wrinkled as the face.
Then leave laments, and think thou didſt not live
Laws to that firſt eternal cauſe to give,
But to obey thoſe laws which he hath given,
And bow unto the juſt decrees of Heaven,
Which cannot err, whatever foggy miſts
Do blind men in theſe ſublunary liſts.
But what if ſhe, for whom thou ſpends thoſe groans,
And waſtes thy life's dear torch in ruthful moans,
She, for whoſe ſake thou hat'ſt the joyful light,
Courts ſolitary ſhades and irkſome night,
Doth live? ah! if thou canſt, through tears, a ſpace
Lift thy dim'd lights, and look upon this face,
Look if thoſe eyes which, fool, thou didſt adore,
Shine not more bright than they were wont before.
Look if thoſe roſes death could ought impair
Thoſe roſes which thou once ſaid'ſt were ſo fair,
And if theſe locks have loſt ought of that gold,
Which once they had when thou them didſt behold.
I live, and happy live, but thou art dead,
And ſtill ſhalt be, till thou be like me made.

Alas! while we are wrapt in gowns of earth,
And blind here ſuck the air of woe beneath,
Each thing in ſenſes balances we weigh,
And but with toil and pain the truth deſcry.
Above this vaſt and admirable frame
This temple viſible, which world we name,
Within whoſe walls ſo many lamps do burn,
So many arches with croſs motions turn,
Where th' elemental brothers nurſe their ſtrife,
And by inteſtine wars maintain their life:
There is a world, a world of perfect bleſs,
Pure, immaterial, bright as, far from this,
As that high circle which the reſt enſpheres,
Is from this dull, ignoble vale of tears.
A world, where all is found, that here is found,
But further diſcrepant than heaven and ground:
It hath an earth, as hath this world of yours,
With creatures peopled, and adorn'd with flow'rs,
It hath a ſea, like ſaphire girdle caſt
Which decks of the harmonious ſhores the waſte,
It hath pure fire, it hath delicious air,
Moon, ſun, and ſtars, heavens wonderfully fair:
Flow'rs never there do fade, trees grow not old,
No creature dieth there through heat or cold:
Sea there not toſſed is, nor air made black,
Fire doth not greedy feed on others wrack:
There heavens be not con'rain'd about to range,
For this world hath no need of any change:
Minutes mount not to hours, nor hours to days,
Days make no months, but ever blooming Mays.
Here I remain, and hitherward do tend
All who their ſpan of days in virtue ſpend;
Whatever pleaſant this low place contains,
Is but a glance of what above remains.
Thoſe who, perchance, think there can nothing be
Beyond this wide expanſion which they ſee;
And that nought elſe mounts ſtars circumference,
For that nought elſe is ſubject to their ſenſe,
Feel ſuch a caſe, as one whom ſome ambime
In the deep ocean kept had all his time:
Who born and nouriſh'd there, cannot believe
Than elſewhere ought without thoſe waves can live:
Cannot believe that there be temples, tow'rs,
Which go beyond his caves and dampiſh bow'rs:
Or there be other people, manners, laws,
Than what he finds within the churliſh waves:
That ſweeter flow'rs do ſpring than grow on rocks,
Or beaſts there are excel the ſcaly flocks,
That other elements are to be found,
Than is the water and this ball of ground;
But think that man from this abime being brought
Did ſee what curious nature here hath wrought,
Did view the meads, the tall and ſhady woods,
And mark'd the hills, and the clear rolling floods;
And all the beaſts which nature forth doth bring,
The feather'd troops that flee, and ſweetly ſing:
Obſerv'd the palaces and cities fair,
Mens faſhion of life, the fire, the air,
The brightneſs of the ſun that dims his ſight,
The moon, and ſplendors of the painted night:
What ſudden rapture would his mind ſurpriſe?
How would he his late dear reſort deſpiſe?
How would he muſe how fooliſh he had been,
To think all nothing but what there was ſeen?
Why do we get this high and vaſt deſire,
Unto immortal things ſtill to aſpire?
Why doth our mind extend it beyond time,
And to that higheſt happineſs even climb?
If we are nought but what to ſenſe we ſeem,
And more than duſt as worldlings do eſteem?
We are not made for earth, though here we come,
More than the embryo for the mother's womb:
It weeps to be made free, and we complain
To leave this loathſome goal of care and pain.
But thou, who vulgar footſteps doſt not trace,
Learn to rouſe up thy mind to view this place,
And what earth creeping mortals moſt affect,
If not at all to ſcorn, yet to neglect:
Seek not vain ſhadows, which when once obtain'd
Are better loſt than with ſuch travel gain'd.
Think, that on earth what worldlings greatneſs call,
Is but a glorious title to live thrall:
That ſceptres, diadems, and chairs of ſtate,
Not in themſelves, but to ſmall mines are great:
That thoſe who loftiſt mount do hardeſt light,
And deepeſt falls be from the higheſt height:
That fame an echo is, and all renown
Like to a blaſted roſe, e'en night falls down:
And though it ſomething were, think how this round
Is but a little point which doth it bound.
O leave that love which reacheth but to duſt,
And in that love eternal only truſt,
And beauty, which when once it is poſſeſt
Can only fill the ſoul, and make it bleſt.
Pale envy, jealous emulations, fears, [tears;
Sighs, plaints, remorſe, here have no place nor
Falſe joys, vain hopes, here be not, hate nor wrath
What ends all love here moſt augments it, death.
If ſuch force had the dim glance of an eye,
Which but ſome few days afterwards did die,
That it could make thee leave all other things,
And like a taper-fly there burn thy wings:
And if a voice, of late which could but wail,
Such power had as through ears thy ſoul
If once thou on that purely fair could gaze,
What flames of love would this within thee raiſe?
In what amazing maze would it thee bring,
To hear but once that quire celeſtial ſing?
The faireſt ſhapes on which thy love did ſeize,
Which erſt didſt breed delight, then would diſpleaſe,
But diſcords hoarſe were earth's enticing ſounds,
All muſic but a noiſe, which ſenſe confounds.
This great and burning glaſs which clears all eyes,
And muſters with ſuch glory in the ſkies.
That ſilver ſtar which with her purer light
Makes day oft envy the eye-pleaſing night,
Thoſe golden letters which ſo brightly ſhine
In heaven's great volume gorgeouſly divine;
All wonders in the ſea, the earth, the air,
Be but dark pictures of that ſovereign fair,
And tongues which ſtill thus cry into your ear
(Could ye amidſt world's cataracts them hear).
From fading things, fond men, lift your deſire,
And in your beauty, his us made admire:
If we ſeem fair? O think how fair is he,
Of whoſe great fairneſs, ſhadows, ſteps we be;

No shadow can compare unto the face,
No step with that dear foot which did it trace,
Your souls immortal are, then place them hence,
And do not drown them in the mist of sense:
O do not, do not by false pleasures might
Deprive them of that true and sole delight.
That happiness ye seek is not below,
Earth's sweetest joy is but disguised woe.
Here did she pause, and with a mild aspect,
Did towards me those lamping twins direct.
The wonted rays I knew, and thrice essay'd
To answer make, thrice faultring tongue it stay'd.
And while upon that face I fed my sight,
Methought she vanish'd up in Titan's light;
Who gilding with his rays each hill and plain,
Seem'd to have brought the golden world again.

XIX. *Madrigal.*

Poor turtle, thou bemoans
The loss of thy dear love,
And I for mine send forth these smoking groans,
Unhappy widow'd dove,
While all about do sing,
I at the root, thou on the branch above,
Even weary with our moans the gawdy spring.
Yet these our plaints we do not spend in vain,
Sith sighing zephyrs answer us again.

XX. *Sonnet,*

As in a dusky and tempestuous night,
A star is wont to spread her locks of gold,
And while her pleasant rays abroad are roll'd,
Some spiteful cloud doth rob us of her sight:
Fair soul, in this black age so shin'd thou bright,
And made all eyes with wonder thee behold,
Till ugly death depriving us of light,
In his grim misty arms thee did enfold,
Who more shall vaunt true beauty here to see?
What hope doth more in any heart remain,
That such perfections shall his reason rein?
If beauty with thee born, too died with thee?
World 'plain no more of love, nor count his harms,
With his pale trophies death has hung his arms.

XXI. *Madrigal.*

My thoughts hold mortal strife,
I do detest my life,
And with lamenting cries
Peace to my soul to bring,
Oft call that prince, which here doth monarchise,
But he grim grinning king,
Who catiffs scorns, and doth the blest surprise,
Late having deck'd with beauty's rose his tomb,
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

URANIA. OR SPIRITUAL POEMS.

I.

Triumphing chariots, statues, crowns of bays,
Sky-threat'ning arches, the rewards of worth,
Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious lays,
Which men divine unto the world set forth:
States, which ambitious minds in blood do raise,
From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Gange,
Gigantal frames held wonders rarely strange,
Like spider's webs are made the sport of days.
Nothing is constant but in constant change.
What's done still is undone, and when undone
Into some other fashion doth it range;
Thus goes the floating world beneath the moon:
Wherefore my mind above time, motion, place,
Rise up, and steps unknown to nature trace.

II.

Too long I followed have my fond desire,
And too long painted on the ocean streams,
Too long refreshment sought amidst the fire,
Pursu'd those joys which to my soul are blames,
Ah! when I had what most I did admire,
And seen of life's delights the last extremes,
I found all but a rose hedg'd with a brier,
A nought, a thought, a masquerade of dreams.
Henceforth on thee, my only good, I'll think,
For only thou canst grant what I do crave;
Thy nail my pen shall be, thy blood mine ink,
Thy winding-sheet my paper; study, grave:
And till my soul forth of this body flee,
No hope I'll have but only only thee.

III.

To spread the azure canopy of heaven,
And spangle it all with sparks of burning gold,
To place this pond'rous globe of earth so even,
That it should all, and nought should it uphold;
With motions strange t'indue the planets seven,
And Jove to make so mild, and Mars so bold,
To temper what is moist, dry, hot, and cold,
Of all that jars that sweet accords are given,
Lord, to thy wisdom's nought, nought to thy might,
But that thou should'st, thy glory laid aside,
Come safely in mortality to bide,
And die for those deserv'd an endless night;
A wonder is so far above our wit,
That angels stand amaz'd to think on it.

IV.

What hapless hap had I for to be born
In these unhappy times, and dying days
Of this now doating world, when good decays,
Love's quite extinct, and virtue's held a scorn!
When such are only priz'd by wretched ways,
Who with a golden fleece them can adorn;
When avarice and lust are counted praise,
And bravest minds live orphan-like forlorn!
Why was not I born in that golden age,
When gold was not yet known? and those black arts
By which base worldlings vilely play their parts,
With horrid acts staining earth's stately stage?

To have been then, O Heaven, 'thad been my
bliſs,
But bliſs me now, and take me ſoon from this.

V.

Astrea in this time
Now doth not live, but is fled up to heaven,
Or if ſhe live, it is not without crime,
That ſhe doth uſe her power,
And ſhe is no more virgin, but a whore,
Whore proſtitute for gold:
For ſhe doth never hold her balance even,
And when her ſword is roll'd,
The bad, injurious, falſe, ſhe not o'erthrows,
But on the innocent lets fall her blows.

VI.

What ſerves it to be good? Goodneſs by thee
The holy wiſe is thought a fool to be,
For thee the man to temperance inclin'd,
Is held but of a baſe and abject mind,
The continent is thought for thee but cold,
Who yet was good, that ever died old?
The pitiful, who others fears to kill,
Is kill'd himſelf, and goodneſs doth him ill:
The meek and humble man who cannot brave,
By thee is to ſome giant's brood made ſlave.
Poor goodneſs, thine thou to ſuch wrongs ſet'ſt forth,
That, O! I fear me, thou art nothing worth.
And when I look to earth, and not to heaven,
Ere I were turned dove, I would be raven.

TEARS ON THE DEATH OF MOELIADES.

O heavens! then is it true that thou art gone,
And left this woful iſle her loſs to moan,
* Mœliades, bright day-ſtar of the weſt,
A comet blazing terror to the eaſt:
And neither that thy ſp'rit ſo heavenly wiſe,
Nor body, though of earth, more pure than ſkies,
Nor royal ſtem, nor thy ſweet tender age,
Of cruel deſtinies could quench the rage?
O fading hopes! O ſhort while laſting joy
Of earth-born man, that one hour can deſtroy!
Then even of virtue's ſpoils death trophies rears,
As if he gloried moſt in many tears.
Forc'd by hard fates, do heavens neglect our cries?
Are ſtars ſet only to act tragedies?
Then let them do their worſt, ſince thou art gone,
Raiſe whom they liſt to thrones, enthron'd de-
throne, [Gange,
Stain princely bow'rs with blood, and even to
In Cypreſs ſad, glad Hymen's torches change.
Ah! thou haſt left to live, and in the time,
When ſcarce thou bloſſom'dſt in thy pleaſant prime:
So falls by northern blaſt a virgin roſe,
At half that doth her baſhful boſom cloſe:
So a ſweet flower languiſhing decays,
That late did bluſh when kiſt by Phœbus rays.
So Phœbus mounting the meridian's height,
Chok'd by pale Phœbe, faints unto our ſight,
Aſtoniſh'd nature ſullen ſtands to ſee,
The life of all this all ſo chang'd to be.

In gloomy gowns the ſtars this loſs deplore,
The ſea with murmuring mountains beats the
ſhore
Black darkneſs reels o'er all in thouſand ſhow'rs,
The weeping air on earth her ſorrow pours,
That, in a palſy, quakes to ſee ſo ſoon
Her lover ſet, and night burſt forth ere noon.
If Heaven, alas! ordain'd thee young to die,
Why was't not where thou might'ſt thy valour
try?
And to the wond'ring world at leaſt ſet forth
Some little ſpark of thy expected worth?
Mœliades, O that by Iſter's ſtreams,
'Mong ſounding trumpets, fiery twinkling gleams
Of warm vermilion ſwords, and cannons roar,
Balls thick as rain pour'd on the Caſpian ſhore,
'Mongſt broken ſpears, 'mongſt ringing helms and
ſhields,
Huge heaps of ſlaughter'd bodies long the fields,
In Turkiſh blood made red like Mar's ſtar,
Thou ended hadſt thy life and Chriſtian war:
Or, as brave Bourbon, thou hadſt made old
Rome
Queen of the world, thy triumph and thy tomb.
So heaven's fair face to th' unborn world, which
reads,
A book had been of thy illuſtrious deeds.
So to their nephews aged ſires had told
The high exploits perform'd by thee of old;
Towns raz'd and rais'd, victorious, vanquiſh'd
bands,
Fierce tyrants flying, foil'd, kill'd by thy hands.
And in rich arras, virgins fair had wrought
The bays and trophies to thy country brought:
While ſome new Homer imping wings to fame,
Deaf Nilus dwellers had made hear thy name.
That thou didſt not attain theſe honours ſpheres,
Through want of worth it was not, but of years.

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* *The name, which in theſe verſes is given unto Prince Henry, it that which he himſelf, in the challenges of his martial ſports and maſquerades, was wont to uſe; Mœliades, prince of the iſles, which in anagram maketh a word moſt worthy of ſuch a knight as he was, a knight (if time had ſuffered his actions anſwer the world's expectation) only worthy of ſuch a word,* miles a Deo.

A youth more brave pale Troy with trembling walls
Did never see, nor she whose name appals
Both Titan's golden bow'rs in bloody fights,
Must'ring on Mars his field, such Mars-like knights.
The heavens had brought thee to the highest hight
Of wit and courage, showing all their might;
When they thee fram'd. Ay me! that what is brave
On earth, they as their own so soon should crave.
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore.
From Thule to Hydaspes pearly shore.
When Forth thy nurse, Forth where thou first didst pass
Thy tender days (who smil'd oft on her glass,
To see thee gaze) meandring with her streams,
Heard thou hadst left this round, from Phœbus beams,
She sought to flee, but forced to return
By neighbouring brooks, she set herself to mourn:
And as she rush'd her Cyclades among,
She seem'd to 'plain, that heaven had done her wrong.
With a hoarse 'plaint, Clyde down her steepy rocks,
And Tweed through her green mountains clad with flocks,
Did wound the ocean murmuring thy death,
The ocean it roar'd about the earth,
And to the Mauritanian Atlas told,
Who shrunk through grief, and down his white hairs roll'd
Huge streams of tears, which changed were to floods,
Wherewith he drown'd the neighbour plains and woods.
The lesser brooks as they did bubbling go,
Did keep a consort to the public woe.
The shepherds left their flocks with downcast eyes,
'Sdaining to look up to the angry skies:
Some broke their pipes, and some in sweet-sad lays,
Made senseless things amazed at thy praise.
His reed Alexis hung upon a tree,
And with his tears made Doven great to be.
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore
From Thule to Hydaspes pearly shore.

Chaste maids, which haunt fair Aganippe's well,
And you in Tempe's sacred shade who dwell,
Let fall your harps, cease tunes of joy to sing,
Dishevelled make all Parnassus ring,
With anthems sad, thy music, Phœbus, turn
To doleful 'plaints, whilst joy itself doth mourn.
Dead is thy darling, who adorn'd thy bays,
Who oft was wont to cherish thy sweet lays.
And to a trumpet raise thy amorous style,
That floating Delos envy might this isle,
You Acidalian archers, break your bows,
Your torches quench, with tears blot beauty's snows
And bid your weeping mother yet again
A second Adon's death, nay Mars his plain.
His eyes once were your darts, nay even his name,
Wherever heard, did every heart inflame,
Tagus did court his love with golden streams,
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all she claims.
But ah! (poor lovers) death did them betray,
And not suspected made there hopes his prey!
Tagus bewails his loss in golden streams.
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all she claims.
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes pearly shore.

Eye pleasing meads, whose painted plain forth brings
White, golden, azure flow'rs which once were kings,
In mourning black, their shining colours dye,
Bow down their heads, while sighing zephyrs fly.
Queen of the fields, whose blush makes blush the morn,
Sweet rose, a prince's death in purple mourn,
O hyacinths! for ay your Al keep still,
Nay, with more marks of woe your leaves now fill.
And you, O flow'r! of Helen's tears that's born,
Into these liquid pearls again you turn.
Your green locks, forests, cut to weeping myrrhs,
To deadly cypress, and ink dropping firs,
Your palms and myrtles change; from shadows dark
Wing'd Syrens wail, and you sad echoes mark
The lamentable accents of their moan,
And 'plain that brave Mœliades is gone.
Stay sky, thy turning course, and now become
A stately arch, unto the earth his tomb!
And over it still wat'ry iris keep,
And sad Electra's sisters which still weep:
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes pearly shore.

Dear ghost, forgive these our untimely tears,
By which our loving mind, tho' weak, appears,
Our loss not thine; when we complain, we weep
For thee, the glist'ring walls of heaven do keep,
Beyond the planets wheels, 'bove highest source
Of spheres, that turns the lower in his course.
Where sun doth never set, nor ugly night
Ever appears in mourning garments dight:
Where Boreas stormy trumpet doth not sound,
Nor clouds, in lightnings bursting, minds astound.
From care's cold climates far, and hot desire,
Where time's exil'd, and ages ne'er expire:
'Mongst purest sp'rits environed with beams,
Thou think'st all things below, t'have been but dreams,
And joy'st to look down to the azur'd bars
Of heaven, powd'red with troops of streaming stars:
And in their turning temples to behold,
In silver robe the moon, the sun in gold,
Like young eye-speaking lovers in a dance,
With majesty by turns, retire, advance.
Thou wond'rest earth to see hang like a ball,
Clos'd in the mighty cloister of this all:
And that poor men should prove so madly fond,
To toss themselves for a small spot of ground.
Nay, that they even dare brave the powers above,
From this base stage of change, that cannot move.
All worldly pomp and pride thou seest arise
Like smoke that's scatt'red in the empty skies.
Other high hills and forests, other tow'rs,
Amaz'd thou find'st excelling our poor bow'rs,
Courts void of flattery, of malice minds,
Pleasure which lasts, not such as reason blinds.
Thou sweeter songs dost hear and carollings,
Whilst heavens do dance, and quires of angels sings,
Then muddy minds could fain, even our annoy,
If it approach that place, is chang'd to joy.

Rest, blessed soul, rest satiate with the sight
Of him whose beams though dazzling, do delight,
Life of all lives, cause of each other cause,
The sphere and centre where the mind doth pause:

Narciſſus of himſelf, himſelf the well,
Lover and beauty that doth excel.
Reſt happy ſoul, and wonder in that glaſs,
Where ſeen is all that ſhall be, is, or was,
While ſhall be, is, or was, do paſs away,
And nothing be, but an eternal day.
Forever reſt, thy praiſe fame will enroll
In golden annals, while about the pole
The ſlow Bootes turns, or ſun doth riſe
With ſcarlet ſcarf to cheer the mourning ſkies.
The virgins to thy tomb will garlands bear
Of flow'rs, and with each flow'r let fall a tear.
Mœliades ſweet courtly nymphs deplore
From Thule to Hydaſpes on the pearly ſhore.

OF JET
Or PORPHYRY
Or that white ſtone
PAROS affords alone,
Or theſe in AZURE dye,
Which ſeem to ſcorn the SKY;
Here Memphis' wonders do not ſet,
Nor ARTEMISIA's huge frame,
That keeps ſo long her Lover's name,
Make no great marble Atlas ſtoop with gold
To pleaſe the vulgar EYE ſhall it behold.
The Muſes, Phœbus, Love, have raiſed of their tears
A cryſtal tomb to him, thro' which his worth appears.

STAY, paſſenger, ſee where encloſed lies,
The paragon of princes, faireſt frame,
Time, nature, place, could ſhow to mortal eyes,
In worth, wit, virtue, miracle of fame:
At leaſt that part the earth of him could claim
This marble holds (hard like the deſtinies)
For as to his brave ſp'rit, and glorious name,
The one the world, the other fills the ſkies,
Th' immortal amaranthus, princely roſe,
Sad violet, and that ſweet flow'r that bears
In ſanguine ſpots the tenor of our woes,
Spread on this ſtone and waſh it with your tears.
Then go and tell from Gades unto Inde, [fin'd.
You ſaw where earth's perfections were con-

Sonnet

A PASSING glance, a light'ning 'long the ſkies,
Which uſh'ring thunder, dies ſtraight to our ſight,
A ſpark that doth from jarring mixtures riſe,
Thus drown'd is in th' huge depths of day and night:
Is this ſmall trifle, life, held in ſuch price,
Of blinded wights, who never judge ought aright?
Of Parthian ſhaft ſo ſwift is not the flight,
As life, that waſtes itſelf, and living dies.
Ah! what is human greatneſs, valour, wit?
What fading beauty, riches, honour, praiſe?
To what doth ſerve in golden thrones to ſit,
Thrall earth's vaſt round, triumphal arches raiſe?
That's all a dream, learn in this prince's fall,
In whom, ſave death, nought mortal was at all.

MADRIGALS AND EPIGRAMS.

I. *The Statue of Meduſa.*

OF that Meduſa ſtrange,
Who thoſe that did her ſee in rocks did change,
No image carv'd is this:
Meduſa's ſelf it is:
For while at heat of day
To quench her thirſt ſhe by this ſpring did ſtay,
Her hideous head beholding in this glaſs,
Her ſenſes fail'd, and thus transform'd ſhe was.

II. *The Portrait of Mars and Venus.*

FAIR Paphos, wanton queen
(Not drawn in white and red)
Is truly here, as when in Vulcan's bed
She was of all heaven's laughing ſenate ſeen.
Gaze on her hair, and een,
Her brows, the bows of love,
Her back with lilies ſpread:
Ye alſo might perceive her turn and move,
But that ſhe neither ſo will do, nor dare,
For fear to wake the angry god of war.

III. *Narciſſus.*

FLOODS cannot quench my flames, ah! in this well
I burn, not drown, for what I cannot tell.

IV. *Dametas's Dream.*

DAMETAS dream'd he ſaw his wife at ſport,
And found that ſight was through the horny port.

V. *Cherries.*

MY wanton weep no more
The loſing of your cherries,
Thoſe and far ſweeter berries
Your ſiſter in good ſtore
Hath in her lips and face,
Be glad, kiſs her with me, and hold your peace.

VI. *Icarus.*

WHILE with audacious wings
I cleav'd thoſe airy waves,
And fill'd (a monſter new) with dread and fears
The feathered people and their eagle kings:
Dazzl'd with Phœbus rays,
And charmed with the muſic of the ſpheres,
When quills could move no more and force did fail,
Though down I fell from heaven's high azure bounds,
Yet doth renown my loſſes countervail,
For ſtill the ſhore my brave attempt reſounds
A ſea an element doth bear my name,
What mortal's tomb's ſo great in place or fame.

VII. *On his Lady beholding herſelf in a Marble.*

WORLD, wonder not, that I
Keep in my breaſt engraven
That angels face hath me of reſt bereaven.
See dead and ſenſeleſs things cannot deny

To lodge so dear a guest:
Ev'n this hard marble stone
Receives the fame, and loves, but cannot groan.

VIII. *To Sleep.*

How comes it, sleep, that thou
Even kisses me affords
Of her (dear her) so far who's absent now?
How did I hear those words,
Which rocks might move, and move the pines to bow?
Ay me! before half day
Why did'st thou steal away?
Return, I thine forever will remain,
If thou wilt bring with thee that guest again,

IX. *A pleasant Deceit.*

Over a crystal source
Idlas laid his face,
Of purling streams to see the restless course.
But scarce he had o'ershadowed the place,
When in the water he a child espies,
So like himself in stature, face, and eyes,
That glad he rose, and cried,
Dear mates, approach, see whom I have descried,
The boy of whom strange stories shepherds tell,
Oft called Hylas, dwelleth in this well.

X. *The Cannon.*

When first the cannon from her gaping throat
Against the heaven her roaring sulphur shot,
Jove wak'ned with the noise did ask with wonder,
What mortal wight had stol'n from him his thunder:
His crystal tow'rs he feared, but fire and air
So high did stay the ball from mounting there.

XI. *Thais Metamorphosis.*

Into Briareus huge
Thais wish'd she might change
Her man, and pray'd him not thereat to grudge,
Nor fondly think it strange;
For if (said she) I might the parts dispose,
I wish you not a hundred arms nor hands,
But hundred things like those
With which Priapus in our garden stands.

XII. *The Quality of a Kiss.*

The kiss, with so much strife,
Which I late got (sweet heart)
Was it a sign of death, or was it life?
Of life it could not be,
For I by it did sigh my soul in thee:
Nor was it death, death doth no joy impart.
Thou silent stand'st, ah! what did'st thou bequeath,
A dying life to me, or living death?

XIII. *His Lady's Dog.*

When her dear bosom clips
That little cur, which fawns to touch her lips,
Or when it is his hap
To lie lap'd in her lap,
O it grows noon with me,
With hotter pointed beams
I burn, than those are which the sun forth streams,
When piercing lightning his rays call'd may be:
And as I muse how I to those extremes
Am brought, I find no cause, except that she
In love's bright zodiac having trac'd each room,
To the hot dog-star now at last is come.

XIV. *An Almanack.*

This strange eclipse one says,
Strange wonders doth foretel:
But you whose wives excel,
And love to count their praise,
Shut all your gates, your hedges plant with thorns,
The sun did threat the world this time with horns.

XV. *The Silk Worm of Love.*

A dædale of my death,
Now I resemble that fly worm on earth,
Which prone to its own harm doth take no rest:
For day and night oppress,
I feed on fading leaves,
Of hope, which me deceives,
And thousand webs do warp within my breast,
And thus in end unto myself I weave
A fast-shut prison, or a closer grave.

XVI. *Deep Impression of Love to his Mistress.*

Whom a mad dog doth bite,
He doth in water still
That mad dog's image see:
Love mad (perhaps) when he my heart did smite
(More to dissemble his ill)
Transform'd himself to thee:
For thou art present ever since to me.
No spring there is, no flood, nor other place,
Where I (alas) not see thy heavenly face.

XVII. *A Chain of Gold.*

Are not those locks of gold
Sufficient chains the wildest hearts to hold?
Is not that ivory hand
A diamantine band,
Most sure to keep the most untamed mind,
But ye must others find?
O yes; why is that golden one then worn?
Thus free in chains (perhaps) love's chains to scorn.

XVIII. *On the Death of a Linnet.*

If cruel death had ears,
Or could be pleas'd by songs,
This wing'd musician had liv'd many years.
And Nisa mine had never wept these wrongs:
For when it first took breath,
The heavens their notes did unto it bequeath:
And if that Samians sentences be true,
Amphion in this body liv'd anew.
But death, who nothing spares, and nothing hears
As he doth kings, kill'd it, O grief! O tears!

XIX. *Lilla's Prayer.*

Love, if thou wilt once more
That I to thee return,
(Sweet God) make me not burn
For quivering age, that doth spent days deplore:
Nor do thou wound my heart
For some unconstant boy,
Who joys to love, yet makes of love a toy.
But, (ah!) if I must prove thy golden dart,
Of grace, O let me find
A sweet young lover with an aged mind.
Thus Lilla pray'd, and Idas did reply,
(Who heard) Dear have thy wish, for such am I.

XX. *Armeline's Epitaph.*

Near to this eglantine
Enclosed lies the milk-white Armeline;
Once Chloris only joy,
Now only her annoy,

Who envied was of the moſt happy ſwains,
That keep their flocks in mountains, dales, or plains:
For oft ſhe bore the wanton in her arm,
And oft her bed, and boſom did he warm;
Now when unkinder fates did him deſtroy,
Bleſt dog he had the grace,
That Cloris for him wet with tears her face.

XXI. *Epitaph.*

The bawd of juſtice, he who laws controll'd,
And made them fawn, and frown as he got gold,
That Proteus of our ſtate, whoſe heart and mouth
Were farther diſtant than is north from ſouth,
That cormorant who made himſelf ſo groſs
On people's ruin, and the prince's loſs,
Is gone to hell, and though he here did evil,
He there perchance may prove an honeſt devil.

XXII. *A Tranſlation.*

Fierce robbers were of old
Exil'd the champian ground;
From hamlets chac'd, in cities kill'd, or bound,
And only woods, caves, mountains, did them hold:
But now (when all is ſold)
Woods, mountains, caves, to good men be refuge,
And do the guiltleſs lodge,
And clad in purple gowns
The greateſt thieves command within the towns.

XXIII. *Epitaph.*

Then death thee hath beguil'd
Alecto's firſt born child;
Then thou who thrall'd all laws
Now againſt worms cannot maintain thy cauſe:
Yet worms (more juſt than thou) now do no wrong,
Since all do wonder they thee ſpar'd ſo long;
For though from life thou didſt but lately paſs,
Twelve ſprings are gone ſince thou corrupted was.

Come citizens erect to death an altar,
Who keeps you from ax, fuel, timber, halter.

XXIV. *A Jeſt.*

In a moſt holy church, a holy man,
Unto a holy ſaint with viſage wan,
And eyes like fountains, mumbled forth a prayer
And with ſtrange words and ſighs, made black the air,
And having long ſo ſtay'd, and long long pray'd,
A thouſand croſſes on himſelf he lay'd,
And with ſome ſacred beads hung on his arm
His eyes, his mouth, his temples, breaſt did charm.
Thus not content (ſtrange worſhip hath no end)
To kiſs the earth at laſt he did pretend,
And bowing down beſought with humble grace
An aged woman near to give ſome place.
She turn'd, and turning up her hole beneath,
Said, Sir, kiſs here, for it is all but earth.

XXV. *Proteus of Marble.*

This is no work of ſtone,
Though it ſeems breathleſs, cold, and ſenſe hath none;
But that falſe god which keeps [none;
The monſtrous people of the raging deeps:
Now that he doth not change his ſhape this while,
It is thus conſtant more you to beguile.

XXVI. *Pamphilus.*

Some ladies wed, ſome love, and ſome adore them,
I like their wanton ſport, then care not for them.

XXVII. *Apelles enamour'd of Campaſpe, Alexander's Miſtreſs.*

Poor painter while I ſought
To counterfeit by art
The faireſt frame which nature ever wrought.
And having limn'd each part
Except her matchleſs eyes:
Scarce on thoſe ſuns I gaz'd,
As lightning falls from ſkies, [maz'd,
When ſtraight my hand grew weak, my mind a-
And ere that pencil half them had expreſt,
Love had them drawn, no, grav'd them in my breaſt.

XXVIII. *Campaſpe.*

On ſtars ſhall I exclaim,
Which thus my fortune change,
Or ſhall I elſe revenge
Upon myſelf this ſhame,
Inconſtant monarch, or ſhall I thee blame
Who lets Apelles prove
The ſweet delights of Alexander's love?
No, ſtars, myſelf, and thee, I all forgive,
And joys, that thus I live;
Of thee, blind king, my beauty was deſpis'd.
Thou didſt not know it, now being known 'tis priz'd.

XXIX. *Cornucopia.*

If for one only horn,
Which nature to him gave,
So famous is the noble unicorn,
What praiſe ſhould that man have,
Whoſe head a lady brave
Doth with a goodly pair at once adorn?

XXX. *Love ſuffers no Paroſal.*

Those eyes, dear eyes, be ſpheres
Where two bright ſuns are roll'd,
That fair hand to behold
Of whiteſt ſnow appears:
Then while ye coyly ſtand
To hide from me thoſe eyes,
Sweet I would you adviſe
To chooſe ſome other fan than that white hand:
For if ye do, for truth muſt true this know, [ſnow.
Thoſe ſuns ere long muſt needs conſume warm

XXXI. *Unpleaſant Muſic.*

In fields Ribaldo ſtray'd
May's tapeſtry to ſee,
And hearing on a tree
A cuckow ſing, ſigh'd to himſelf and ſaid,
Lo how alas even birds ſit mocking me.

XXXII. *Sleeping Beauty.*

O sight too dearly bought!
She ſleeps, and though thoſe eyes
Which lighten Cupid's ſkies
Be clos'd, yet ſuch a grace
Environeth that place,
That I through wonder to grow faint am brought:
Suns if eclips'd you have ſuch powers divine,
What power have I t'endure you when you ſhine?

XXXIII. *Alcon's Kiſs.*

What others at their ear,
Two pearls, Camelia at her noſe did wear,
Which Alcon who nought ſaw
(For love is blind) robb'd with a pretty kiſs;
But having known his miſs,
And felt what ore he from that mine did draw,

When she to come again did him desire,
He fled, and said, foul water quenched fire.

XXXIV. *The Statue of Venus sleeping.*

PASSENGER, vex not thy mind
To make me mine eyes unfold;
For if thou should'st them behold,
Thine perhaps they will make blind.

XXXV. *Laura to Petrarch.*

I RATHER love a youth and childish rhyme,
Than thee whose verse and head are wise through time.

XXXVI. *The Rose.*

FLOW'R, which of Adon's blood
Sprang, when of that clear flood
Which Venus wept, another white was born:
The sweet Cynarean youth thou lively shows,
But this sharp-pointed thorn
So proud about thy crimson folds that grows,
What doth it represent?
Boars teeth (perhaps) his milk-white flank which rent.
O show in one of unesteemed worth
That both the kill'd, and killer setteth forth!

XXXVII. *A Lover's Prayer.*

NEAR to a crystal spring,
With thirst and heat oppress,
Narcissus fair doth rest,
Trees, pleasant trees, which those green plains forth bring
Now interlace your trembling tops above.
And make a canopy unto my love;
So in heaven's highest house when sun appears,
Aurora may you cherish with her tears.

XXXVIII. *Iola's Epitaph.*

HERE dear Iolas lies,
Who whilst he liv'd in beauty did surpass
That boy, whose heavenly eyes
Brought Cypris from above,
Or him to death who look'd in wat'ry glass,
Even judge the god of love,
And if the nymph once held of him so dear
Dorine the fair, would here but shed one tear,
Thou should'st in nature's scorn
A purple flow'r see of this marble born.

XXXIX. *The Trojan Horse.*

A HORSE I am, who bit,
Rein, rod, spur do not fear,
When I my riders bear,
Within my womb, not on my back they sit.
No streams I drink, nor care for grass or corn;
Art me a monster wrought
All nature's works to scorn;
A mother I was without mother born,
In end all arm'd my father I forth brought:
What thousand ships, and champions of renown
Could not do free, captive I raz'd a town.

XL. *For Dorus.*

WHY, Nais, stand ye nice
Like to a well wrought stone,
When Dorus would you kiss?
Deny him not that bliss,
He's but a child (old men be children twice)
And even a toothless one:
And when his lips yours touch in that delight,
Ye need not fear he will those cherries bite.

XLI. *Love Vagabonding.*

SWEET nymphs, if, as ye stray,
Ye find the froth-born goddess of the sea,
All blubber'd, pale, undone,
Who seeks her giddy son,
That little god of love,
Whose golden shafts your chastest bosoms prove;
Who leaving all the heavens hath run away:
If ought to him that finds him she'll impart
Tell her, he nightly lodgeth in my heart.

XLII. *To a River.*

SITH she will not that I
Show to the world my joy,
Thou, who oft mine annoy
Hast heard, dear flood, tell Thetis, if thou can,
That not a happier man
Doth breathe beneath the sky.
More sweet, more white, more fair,
Lips, hands, and amber hair,
Tell none did ever touch,
A smaller daintier waste
Tell, never was embrac'd:
But peace, since she forbids thee tell too much.

XLIII. *Lida.*

SUCH Lida is, that who her sees,
Through envy, or through love, straight dies.

XLIV. *Phræne.*

AONIAN sisters, help my Phræne's praise to tell,
Phræne, heart of my heart, with whom the Graces dwell,
For I surcharged am so sore that I not know
What first to praise of her, her breast, or neck of snow, [eyes
Her cheeks with roses spread, or her two sun-like
Her teeth of brightest pearl, her lips where sweetness lies, [set forth
But those so praise themselves, being to all eyes
That, muses, ye need not to say ought of their worth, [known
Then her white swelling paps essay for to make
But her white swelling paps through smallest vail are shown, [rest
Yet she hath something else more worthy than the
Not seen; go sing of that which lies beneath her breast, [doth run
And mounts like fair Parnasse, where Pegase well
Here Phræne stay'd my muse, ere she had well begun.

XLV. *Kisses desired.*

THOUGH I with strange desire
To kiss those rosy lips am set on fire,
Yet will I cease to crave
Sweet kisses in such store,
As he who long before
In thousands them from Lesbia did receive:
Sweet-heart, but once me kiss,
And I by that sweet bliss
Even swear to cease you to importune more;
Poor one no number is,
Another word of me ye shall not hear
After one kiss, but still one kiss my dear.

XLVI. *Desired Death.*

DEAR life, while I do touch
These coral ports of bliss,
Which still themselves do kiss,

And sweetly me invite to do as much:
All panting in my lips,
My heart my life doth leave,
No sense my senses have,
And inward powers do find a strange eclipse:
This deat so heavenly well
Doth to me please that I
Would never longer seek in sense to dwell,
If that even thus I only could but die.

XLVII. *Phœbe*

If for to be alone, and all the night to wander,
Maids can prove chaste, then chaste is Phœbe without slander

XLVIII. *Answer.*

Fool, still to be alone, all night in heaven to wander, [without slander.
Would make the wanton chaste, then she's chaste

XLIX. *The Cruelty of Rora.*

Whilst sighing forth his wrongs,
In sweet, though doleful songs,
Alexis sought to charm his Rora's ears,
The hills were heard to moan,
To sigh each spring appeared, [tears,
Trees, hardest trees through rhind distill'd their
And soft grew every stone:
But tears, nor sighs, nor songs could Rora move,
For she rejoiced at his plaint and love,

L. *A Kiss.*

Hark, happy lovers, hark,
This first and last of joys,
This sweet'ner of annoys,
This nectar of the gods,
You call a kiss, is with itself at odds
And half so sweet is not
In equal measure got,
At light of sun, as it is in the dark,
Hark, happy lovers, hark.

LI. *Kala's Complaint.*

Kala, old Mopsus wife,
Kala with fairest face,
For whom the neighbour swains oft were at strife,
As she to milk her snowy flock did tend,
Sigh'd with a heavy grace,
And said, What wretch like me doth lead her life;
I see not how my task shall have an end,
All day I draw these streaming dugs infold,
All night mine empty husband's soft and cold.

LII. *Phyllis.*

In petticoat of green,
Her hair about her een,
Phyllis beneath an oak
Sat milking her fair flock:
'Mongst that sweet-strained moisture (rare delight)
Her hand seem'd milk, in milk it was so white.

LIII. *A Wish.*

To forge to mighty Jove
The thunderbolts above,
Nor on this round below
Rich Midas skill to know,
And make all gold I touch,
Do I desire, it is for me too much;
Of all the arts practis'd beneath the sky,
I would but Phyllis lapidary be.

LIV. *Nisa.*

Nisa, Palemon's wife, him weeping told
He kept not grammar rules now being old;
For why (quoth she) position false make ye,
Putting a short thing where a long should be.

LV. *A Lover's Heaven.*

Those stars, nay sun, which turn
So stately in their spheres,
And dazzling do not burn,
The beauty of the morn
Which on these cheeks appears,
The harmony which to that voice is given,
Makes me think you are heaven:
If heaven you be, O that my powerful charms,
I Atlas were enfolded in your arms?

LVI. *Epitaph.*

This dear, though not respected earth, doth hold
One for his worth, whose tomb should be of gold.

LVII. *Beauty's Idea.*

Who would perfection's fair idea see,
On pretty Chloris let him look with me;
White is her hair, her teeth white, white her skin,
Black be her eyes, her eye-brows Cupid's inn:
Her locks, her body, hands do long appear,
But teeth short, short her womb, and either ear;
The space 'twixt shoulders, eyes are wide, brow wide, [pride,
Strait waist, the mouth strait, and her virgin
Thick are her lips, thighs, with banks swelling there,
Her nose is small, small fingers, and her hair:
Her sugar'd mouth, her cheeks, her nails be red,
Little her foot, breast little, and her head.
Such Venus was, such was that flame of Troy,
Such Chloris is, mine hope, and only joy.

LVIII. *Lalus's Death.*

Amidst the waves profound,
Far, far from all relief,
The honest fisher Lalus, ah! is drown'd,
Shut in his little skiff:
The boards of which did serve him for a bier,
So that when he to the black world came near,
Of him no silver greedy Charon got,
For he in his own boat
Did pass that flood, by which the gods do swear.

LIX. *To Thaumantia singing.*

Is it not too too much
Thou late didst to me prove,
A basilisk of love?
And didst my wits bewitch:
Unless (to cause more harm)
Made Syren too thou with thy voice me charm?
Ah! though thou so my reason didst controul,
That to thy looks I could not prove a mole:
Yet do me not that wrong,
As not to let me turn asp to thy song.

LX. *Upon a Glass.*

If thou wouldst see threads purer than the gold,
Where love his wealth doth show?
But take this glass, and thy fair hair behold:
If whiteness thou wouldst see more white than snow,
And read on wonder's book?
Take but this glass, and on thy forehead look,
Wouldst thou in winter see a crimson rose,
Whose thorns do hurt each heart?
Look but in glass how thy sweet lips do close.
Wouldst thou see planets which all good impart,
Or meteors divine?
But take this glass, and gaze upon thine een.

No, planets, roſe, ſnow, gold, can not compare
With you, dear eyes, lips, brows, and amber hair.

LXI. *Of a Bee.*

As an audacious knight,
Come with ſome foe to fight,
His ſword doth brandiſh, makes his armour ring:
So this proud bee (at home, perhaps, a king)
Did buzzing fly about,
And (tyrant) after thy fair lip did ſting:
O champion ſtrange as ſtout!
Who haſt by nature found, [wound.
Sharp arms, and trumpet ſhrill, to ſound and

LXII. *Of that ſame.*

O do not kill that bee
That thus hath wounded thee;
Sweet, it was no deſpite,
But hue did him deceive:
For when thy lips did cloſe,
He deemed them a roſe.
What wouldſt thou further crave?
He wanting wit, and blinded with delight,
Would fain have kiſs'd, but mad with joy did bite.

LXIII. *Of a Kiſs.*

Ah! of that cruel bee
Thy lips have ſuck'd too much:
For when they mine did touch,
I found that both they hurt, and ſweet'ned me:
This by the ſting they have,
And that they of the honey do receive:
Dear kiſs, elſe by what art
Couldſt thou at once both pleaſe and wound my heart?

LXIV. *Idmon to Venus.*

If Acidalia's queen,
Thou quench in me thy torch,
And with the ſome Thaumantia's heart ſhall ſcorch,
Each year a myrtle tree
Here I do vow to conſecrate to thee:
And when the meads grow green,
I will of ſweeteſt flowers
Weave thouſand garlands, to adorn thy bowers,

LXV. *A Lover's Plaint.*

In midſt of ſilent night,
When men, birds, beaſts, do reſt,
With love and fear poſſeſt,
To heaven, and Flore, I count my heavy plight.
Again with roſeate wings
When morn peeps forth, and Philomela ſings,
Then void of all relief,
Do I renew my grief:
Day follows night, night day, whilſt ſtill I prove,
That heaven is deaf, Flore careleſs of my love.

LXVI. *His Firebrand.*

Leave page that ſlender torch,
And in this gloomy night
Let only ſhine the light
Of love's hot brandon, which my heart doth ſcorch:
A ſigh, or blaſt of wind,
My tears, or drops of rain,
May that at once make blind:
Whilſt this like Ætna burning ſhall remain.

LXVII. *Daphnis's Vow.*

When ſun doth bright the day
From the Heſperian ſea,
Or moon her coach doth roll
Above the northern pole,
When ſerpents can not hiſs,
And lovers ſhall not kiſs:
Then may it be, but in no time till then,
That Daphnis can forget his Orienne.

LXVIII. *The Statue of Venus Sleeping.*

Break not my ſweet repoſe, [place,
Thou, whom free will, or chance, brings to this
Let lids theſe comets cloſe,
O do not ſeek to ſee their ſhining grace:
For when mine eyes thou ſeeſt, they thine will blind,
And thou ſhalt part, but leave thy heart behind.

LXIX. *Anthea's Gift.*

This virgin-lock of hair
To Idmon Anthea gives,
Idmon for whom ſhe lives;
Though oft ſhe mix his hopes with cold deſpair:
This now, but abſent if he conſtant prove,
With gift more dear ſhe vows to meet his love.

LXX. *To Thaumantia.*

Come, let us live, and love,
And kiſs Thaumantia mine:
I ſhall the elm be, be to me the vine,
Come let us teach new billing to the dove:
Nay, to augment our bliſs,
Let ſouls even other kiſs,
Let love a workman be,
Undo diſtemper, and his cunning prove,
Of kiſſes three make one, of one make three:
Though moon, ſun, ſtars, be bodies far more bright,
Let them not vaunt they match us in delight,

LXXI. *A Lover's Day and Night.*

Bright meteor of day,
For me in Thetis bow'rs for ever ſtay:
Night, to this flow'ry globe
Ne'er ſhow for me thy ſtar-embroider'd robe;
My night, my day, do not proceed from you,
But hang on Mira's brow:
For when ſhe low'rs, and hides from me her eyes,
Midſt cleareſt day I find black night ariſe,
When ſmiling ſhe again thoſe twins doth turn,
In midſt of night I find noon's torch to burn,

LXXII. *The Statue of Adonis.*

When Venus, 'longſt that plain,
This Parian Adon ſaw, [law
She ſigh'd, and ſaid, What power breaks deſtine
World-mourned boy, and makes thee live again?
Then with ſtretcht arms ſhe ran him to enfold:
But when ſhe did behold
The boar, whoſe ſnowy tuſks did threaten death,
Fear cloſed up her breath:
Who can but grant then that theſe ſtones do live,
Sith this bred love, and that a wound did give?

LXXIII. *Chorus to a Grove.*

Old oak, and you thick grove,
I ever ſhall you love,
With theſe ſweet ſmelling briers:
For briers, oak, grove, ye crowned my deſires,
When underneath your ſhade
I left my woe, and Flore her maidenhead.

LXXIV. *A Couplet Encomiaſtick.*

1 2 3 1 2 3
Love, Cypris, Phœbus, will feed, deck, and crown
1 2 3 1 2 3
Thy heart, brows, verſe, with flames, with flowers,
renown.

LXXV. *Another.*

THY muſe not-able, full, ill-luſtred rhimes,
Make thee the poetaſter of our times.

LXXVI. *Upon a Bay Tree, not long ſince growing in the Ruins of Virgil's Tomb.*

THOSE ſtones which once had truſt
Of Maro's ſacred duſt,
Which now of their firſt beauty ſpoil'd are ſeen,
That they due praiſe not want,
Inglorious and remain,
A Delian tree (fair nature's only plant)
Now courts, and ſhadows with her treſſes green:
Sing Io Pæan, ye of Phœbus train, [down,
Though Envy, Avarice, Time, your tombs throw
With maiden laurels nature will them crown.

LXXVII. *Flora's Flower.*

VENUS doth love the roſe,
Apollo thoſe dear flowers
Which were his paramours,
The queen of fable ſkies,
The ſubtle lunaries,
But Flore likes none of thoſe,
For fair to her no flower ſeems ſave the lily:
And why? Becauſe one letter turns it P.

LXXVIII. *Melampus's Epitaph.*

ALL that a dog could have
The good Melampus had:
Nay, he had more than what in beaſts we crave,
For he could play the brave,
And often, like a Thraſo ſtern, go mad:
And if ye had not ſeen, but heard him bark,
Ye would have ſworn he was your pariſh clerk.

LXXIX. *The Happineſs of a Flea.*

How happier is that flea
Which in thy breaſt doth play,
Than that py'd butterfly [die?
Which courts the flame, and in the ſame doth
That hath a light delight
(Poor fool) contented only with a ſight,
When this doth ſport, and ſwell with deareſt food,
And if he die, he knight-like dies in blood.

LXXX. *Of that ſame.*

POOR flea, then thou didſt die,
Yet by ſo fair a hand,
That thus to die was deſtiny to command:
Thou didſt die, yet didſt try
A lover's laſt delight,
To vault on virgin plains, her kiſs and bite:
Thou dieds't, yet haſt thy tomb
Between thoſe paps, O dear and ſtately room!
Flea, happier far, more bleſt,
Than Phœnix burning in his ſpicy neſt.

LXXXI. *Lina's Virginity.*

WHO Lina weddeth ſhall moſt happy be,
For he a maid ſhall find,
Though maiden none be ſhe,
A girl, or boy, beneath her waiſt confin'd:
And though bright Ceres locks be never ſhorn,
He ſhall be ſure this year to lack no corn.

LXXXII. *Love Naked.*

AND would ye, lovers, know
Why Love doth naked go?
Fond, waggiſh, changeling lad,
Late whilſt Thaumantia's voice
He wond'ring heard, it made him ſo rejoice,
That he o'erjoy'd ran mad;
And in a frantic fit threw clothes away,
And ſince from lip and lap hers can not ſtray.

LXXXIII. *Niobè.*

WRETCH'D Niobè I am,
Let wretches read my caſe,
Not ſuch who with a tear ne'er wet their face;
Seven daughters of me came,
And ſons as many, which one fatal day
(Orb'd mother!) took away:
Thus reft by heavens unjuſt,
Grief turn'd me ſtone, ſtone too me doth entomb,
Which if thou doſt miſtruſt,
Of this hard rock but ope the flinty womb,
And here thou ſhalt find marble and no duſt.

LXXXIV. *Change of Love.*

ONCE did I weep and groan,
Drink tears, draw loathed breath,
And all for love of one
Who did affect my death:
But now (thanks to Diſdain)
I live reliev'd of pain,
For ſighs I ſinging go,
I burn not as before, no, no, no, no.

LXXXV. *Wild Beauty.*

IF all but ice thou be,
How doſt thou thus me burn?
Or how at fire which thou doſt raiſe in me
(Sith ice) thyſelf in ſtreams doſt thou not turn?
But rather (plaintful caſe!)
Of ice art marble made to my diſgrace:
O miracle of Love! not heard till now,
Cold ice doth burn, and hard by fire doth grow.

LXXXVI. *Conſtant Love.*

TIME makes great ſtates decay,
Time doth May's pomp diſgrace,
Time draws deep furrows in the faireſt face,
Time wiſdom, force, renown, doth take away,
Time doth conſume the years.
Time changes works in Heaven's eternal ſpheres:
Yet this fierce tyrant which doth all devour,
To leſſen love in me ſhall have no power.

LXXXVII. *To Chloris.*

SEE Chloris, how the clouds
Tilt in the azure liſts,
And how with Stygian miſts
Each horned hill his giant forehead ſhrouds.
Jove thundereth in the air,
The air grown great with rain,
Now ſeems to bring Deucalion's days again:
I ſee thee quake; come, let us home repair;
Come, hide thee in mine arms,
If not for love, yet to ſhun greater harms.

LXXXVIII. *Thyrſis in Diſpraiſe of Beauty.*

THAT which ſo much the doating world doth prize,
Fond ladies only care, and ſole delight,
Soon-fading beauty, which of hues doth riſe,
Is but an abject let of nature's might;
Moſt woful wretch, whom ſhining hair and eyes,
Lead to love's dungeon, traitor'd by a ſight,
Moſt woful: for he might with greater eaſe
Hell's portals enter, and pale death appeaſe.

As in delicious meads beneath the flowers,
And the moſt wholeſome herbs that May can ſhow,
In cryſtal curls the ſpeckled ſerpent lowr's,

As in the apple (which moſt fair doth grow)
The rotten worm is clos'd, which it devours,
As in gilt cups with Gnoſſian wine which flow,
Oft poiſon pompouſly doth hide its ſours:
So lewdneſs, falſehood, miſchief, them advance,
Clad with the pleaſant rays of beauty's glance.

Good thence is chac'd, where beauty doth appear,
Mild lowlineſs with pity from it fly,
Where beauty reigns as in their proper ſphere,
Ingratitude, diſdain, pride, all deſcry,
The flower and fruit which virtue's tree ſhould bear,
With her bad ſhadow beauty maketh die:
Beauty a monſter is, a monſter hurl'd
From angry heaven, to ſcourge this lower world.

As fruits which are unripe, and ſour of taſte,
To be confect'd more fit than ſweet we prove,
For ſweet in ſpite of care themſelves will waſte,
When they long kept, the appetite do move:
So in the ſweetneſs of his nectar love
The foul confects, and ſeaſons of his feaſt:
Sour is far better which we ſweet may make,
Than ſweet which ſweeter ſweetneſs will not take.

Foul may my lady be, and may her noſe
(A Tanariff) give umbrage to her chin;
May her gay mouth (which ſhe no time may cloſe)
So wide be, that the moon may turn therein,
May eyes, and teeth, be made conform to thoſe,
Eyes ſet by chance, and white, teeth black and thin:
May all what ſeen is, and is hid from ſight,
Like unto theſe rare parts be framed right.

I ſhall not fear thus though ſhe ſtray alone,
That others her purſue, entice, admire.
And though ſhe ſometime counterfeit a groan,
I ſhall not think her heart feels uncouth fire,
I ſhall not ſtyle her ruthleſs to my moan,
Nor proud, diſdainful, wayward to deſire:
Her thoughts with mine will hold an equal line,
I ſhall be hers, and ſhe ſhall all be mine.

LXXXIX. *Eurymedon's Praiſe of Mira.*

Gem of the mountains, glory of our plains,
Rare miracle of nature, and of love,
Sweet Atlas, who all beauty's heavens ſuſtains,
No, beauty's heaven, where all her wonders move,
The ſun from eaſt to weſt who all doth ſee,
On this low globe ſees nothing like to thee.

One phœnix only liv'd ere thou waſt born,
And earth but did one queen of love admire,
Three graces only did the world adorn,
But thrice three muſes ſung to Phœbus' lyre,
Two phœnixes be now, love's queens are two,
Four graces, muſes ten, all made by you.

For thoſe perfections which the bounteous heaven
To diverſe worlds in diverſe times aſſign'd,
With thouſands more, to thee at once were given,
Thy body fair, more fair they made thy mind:
And that thy like no age ſhould more behold
When thou waſt fram'd they after brake the mold

Sweet are the bluſhes, on thy face which ſhine,
Sweet are the flames which ſparkle from thine eyes,
Sweet are his torments, who for thee doth pine,
Moſt ſweet his death, for thee who ſweetly dies;
For if he die, he dies not by annoy,
But too much ſweetneſs and abundant joy.

What, are my ſlender lays to ſhow thy worth?
How can baſe words a thing ſo high make known?
So wooden globes bright ſtars to us ſet forth;
So in a cryſtal is ſun's beauty ſhown:
More of thy praiſes, if my muſe ſhould write,
More love and pity muſt the ſame indite.

XC. *Thaumantia at the Departure of Idmon.*

Fair Dian, from the height [place,
Of heav'n's firſt orb, who cheer'ſt this lower
Hide now from me thy light;
And pitying my caſe,
Spread with a ſcarf of clouds thy bluſhing face.

Come with your doleful ſongs,
Night's ſable birds, which 'plain when others ſleep,
Come, ſolemnize my wrongs,
And confort to me keep,
Sith heaven, earth, hell, are ſet to cauſe me weep.

This grief yet I could bear,
If now by abſence I were only pin'd;
But ah! worſe evil I fear;
Men abſent prove unkind,
And change (unconſtant like the moon) their mind.

If thought had ſo much power
Of thy departure, that it could me ſlay;
How will that ugly hour
My feeble ſenſe diſmay?
Farewell, ſweet heart, when I ſhall hear thee ſay?

Dear life, ſith thou muſt go,
Take all my joy and comfort hence with thee,
And leave with me thy woe;
Which, until I thee ſee,
Nor time, nor place, nor change, ſhall take from me.

XCI. *Erycine at the Departure of Alexis.*

And wilt thou then, Alexis, mine depart?
And leave theſe flow'ry meads, and cryſtal ſtreams?
Theſe hills as great as green with gold and gems,
Which court thee with rich treaſure in each part?
Shall nothing hold thee? not my loyal heart,
That burſts to loſe the comforts of thy beams?
Nor yet this pipe, which wildeſt Satyrs tames?
Lor lambkins wailing? nor old Dorus ſmart?
O, ruthleſs ſhepherd, foreſts ſtrange among,
What canſt thou elſe but fearful dangers find!
But ah, not thou, but honour doth me wrong!
O, cruel honour! tyrant of the mind!
This ſaid ſad Erycine, and all the flowers
Impearled, as ſhe went, with eyes ſalt ſhowers

FLOWERS OF SION: OR, SPIRITUAL POEMS.

I.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flow'rs,
A sweet with floods of gall, that runs combin'd,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
A honour that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that low'rs,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind;
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, deck'd with a pompous name;
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death make us our errors know.

II.

Life a right shadow is;
For if it long appear,
Then is it spent, and death's long night draws near.
Shadows are moving light;
And is there ought so moving as is this?
When it is most in sight,
It steals away, and none knows how or where;
So near our cradles to our coffins are.

III.

Look as the flow'r which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Right so the pleasures of my life being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And (blasted) scarce now shows what it hath been.
Therefore as doth the pilgrims, whom the night
Haste darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy home (my soul) and think aright,
Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day;
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

IV.

The weary mariner so fast not flies
An howling tempest, harbour to attain,
Nor shepherd hastes (when frays of wolves arise
So fast to fold, to save his bleating train,
As I (wing'd with contempt and just disdain)
Now fly the world, and what it most doth prize,
And sanctuary seek, free to remain
From wounds of abject times, and envy's eyes.
To me this world did once seem sweet and fair,
While senses light minds perspective kept blind;
Now, like imagin'd landskip in the air,
And weeping rainbows, her best joys I find:
Or if ought here is had that praise should have,
It is an obscure life, and silent grave.

V.

Of this fair volume which we world do name,
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,
Find out his power, which wildest pow'rs doth tame,
His providence, extending every where,
His justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page no period of the same:
But silly we like foolish children rest,
Well pleas'd with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
Or if by chance we stay our minds on ought,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

VI.

The grief was common, common were the cries,
Tears, sobs, and groans of that afflicted train,
Which of God's chosen did the sum contain,
And earth rebounded with them, pierc'd were skies;
All good had left the world, each vice did reign
In the most monstrous sorts hell could devise,
And all degrees and each estate did stain,
Nor further had to go whom to surprise;
The world beneath the prince of darkness lay,
And in each temple had himself install'd,
Was sacrific'd unto, by prayers call'd,
Responses gave, which (fools) they did obey:
When (pitying man) God of a virgin's womb
Was born, and those false deities struck dumb.

VII.

Run (shepherds), run, where Beth'lem blest appears,
We bring the best of news, be not dismay'd,
A Saviour there is born, more old than years,
Amidst the rolling heaven this earth who stay'd;
In a poor cottage inn'd, a virgin maid,
A weakling did him bear who all upbears,
There he in clothes is wrapt, in manger laid,
To whom too narrow swadlings are our spheres;
Run (shepherds), run, and solemnize his birth;
This is that night, no, day, grown great with bliss;
In which the power of Satan broken is;
In heaven be glory, peace unto the earth:
Thus singing through the air, the angels swam,
And all the stars re-echoed the same.

VIII.

O, than the fairest day, thrice fairer night,
Night to best days, in which a sun doth rise,
Of which that golden eye which clears the skies,
Is but a sparkling ray, a shadow-light!
And blessed ye (in silly pastors sight)
Mild creatures in whose warm crib now lies,

That heaven-sent Youngling, holy maid-born wight,
'Midst, end, beginning of our prophesies:
Blest cottage, that hath flow'rs in winter spread,
Though withered blessed grass, that hath the grace
To deck, and be a carpet to that place.
Thus singing to the sounds of oaten reed,
Before the babe, the shepherds bow'd their knees,
And springs ran nectar, honey dropt from trees.

IX.

The last and greatest herald of heav'n's king,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he more harmless found than man, and mild;
His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd,
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing,
Made him appear, long since from earth exil'd,
There burst he forth; all ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn.
Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, repent, repent.

X.

These eyes (dear Lord) once tapers of desire,
Frail scouts, betraying what they had to keep,
Which their own heart, then others set on fire,
Their trait'rous black before thee here out-weep;
These locks of blushing deeds, the gilt attire,
Waves curling, wrackful shelves to shadow deep,
Rings wedd'ng souls to sin's lethargic sleep,
To touch thy sacred feet do now aspire.
In seas of care behold a sinking bark,
By winds of sharp remorse unto thee driven,
O, let me not be ruin's aim'd-at mark!
My faults confess'd, Lord, say they are forgiven.
Thus sigh'd to Jesus the Bethanian fair,
His tear-wet feet still drying with her hair.

XI.

I changed countries, new delights to find,
But, ah! for pleasure I did find new pain,
Enchanting pleasure so did reason blind,
That father's love and words I scorn'd as vain:
For tables rich, for bed, for following train
Of careful servants to observe my mind,
These herds I keep my fellows are assign'd,
My bed's a rock, and herbs my life sustain.
Now while I famine feel, fear worser harms,
Father and lord I turn, thy love, yet great,
My faults will pardon, pity mine estate,
This where an aged oak had spread its arms
Thought the lone child, while as the herds he led,
And pin'd with hunger on wild acorns fed.

XII.

If that the world doth in amaze remain,
To hear in what a sad deploring mood
The pelican pours from her breast her blood,
To bring to life her younglings back again;
How should we wonder at that sovereign Good,
Who from that serpent's sting (that had us slain)
To save our lives, shed his life's purple flood,
And turn'd to endless joy our endless pain?
Ungrateful soul, that charm'd with false delight,
Hast long long wander'd in sin's flow'ry path,
And didst not think at all, or thought'st not right
O this thy pelican's great love and death,
Here pause, and let (though earth it scorn) heaven see
Thee pour forth tears to him pour'd blood for thee.

XIII.

If in the east when you do there behold
Forth from his crystal bed the sun do rise,
With rosy robs and crown of flaming gold;
If gazing on that empress of the skies,
That takes so many forms, and those fair brands
Which blaze in heaven's high vault, night's watchful eyes;
If seeing how the seas tumultuous bands
Of bellowing billows, have their course confin'd,
How unsustain'd the earth still stedfast stands;
Poor mortal wights, you e'er found in your mind
A thought, that some great king did sit above,
Who had such laws and rites to them assign'd:
A king who fix'd the poles, made spheres to move,
All wisdom, pureness, excellency, might,
All goodness, greatness, justice, beauty, love;
With fear and wonder hither turn your sight,
See, see (alas!) him now, not in that state
Thought could forecast him into reason's light;
Now eyes with tears, now hearts with grief make great,
Bemoan this cruel death and ruthful case,
If ever plaint's just woe could aggravate.
From sin and hell to save us human race,
See this great King nail'd to an abject tree,
An object of reproach and sad disgrace.
O unheard pity! love in strange degree!
He his own life doth give, his blood doth shed,
For wormlings base such worthiness to see.
Poor wights, behold his visage pale as lead,
His head bow'd to his breast, locks sadly rent,
Like a crop't rose that languishing doth fade.
Weak nature weep! astonish'd world lament!
Lament, you winds! you, heaven, that all contains!
And thou (my soul) let nought thy griefs relent!
Those hands, those sacred hands, which hold the reins
Of this great all, and kept from mutual wars
The elements, bear rent for thee their veins:
Those feet, which once must tread on golden stars,
For thee with nails would be pierc'd through, and torn;
For thee heaven's King from heaven himself debars:
This great heart-quaking dolour wail and mourn,
Ye that long since him saw by might of faith,
Ye now that are, and ye yet to be born.
Not to behold his great Creator's death,
The sun from sinful eyes hath veil'd his light,
And faintly journies up heaven's sapphire path;
And cutting from her brows her tresses bright,
The moon doth keep her Lord's sad obsequies,
Impearling with her tears her robe of night.
All staggering and lazy low'r the skies;
The earth and elemental stages quake;
The long-since dead from burst graves arise.
And can things wanting sense yet sorrow take,
And bear a part with him who all them wrought?
And man (though born with cries) shall pity lack?

Think what had been your ſtate, had he not brought
To theſe ſharp pangs himſelf, and priz'd ſo high
Your ſouls, that with his life them life he bought.
What woes do you attend, if ſtill ye lie
Plung'd in your wonted ordures? wretched brood!
Shall for your ſake again God ever die?
O, leave deluding ſhows! embrace true God!
He on yon calls, forego ſin's ſhameful trade,
With prayers now ſeek heaven, and not with blood.
Let not the lambs more from their dams be had,
Nor altars bluſh for ſin: live every thing;
That long time long'd for ſacrifice is made.
All that is from you crav'd by this great King
Is to believe, a pure heart inconſe is,
What gift (alas!) can we him meaner bring?
Haſte ſin-ſick ſouls, this ſeaſon do not miſs,
Now while remorſeleſs Time doth grant you ſpace,
And God invites you to your only bliſs:
He who you calls will not deny you grace,
But low-deep bury faults, ſo ye repent,
His arms (lo!) ſtretched are you to embrace.
When days are done, and life's ſmall ſpark is ſpent,
So you accept what freely here is given,
Like brood of angels deathleſs, all-content,
Ye ſhall for ever live with him in heaven.

XIV.

Come forth, come forth, ye bleſt triumphing bands,
Fair citizens of that immortal town,
Come ſee that king which all this all commands,
Now (overcharg'd with love) die for his own;
Look on thoſe nails which pierce his feet and hands,
What a ſharp diadem his brows doth crown?
Behold his pallid face, his heavy frown,
And what a throng of thieves him mocking ſtands.
Come forth, ye empyrean troops, come forth,
Preſerve this ſacred blood that earth adorns,
Gather thoſe liquid roſes off his thorns,
O! to be loſt they be of too much worth:
1 2 3 1
For ſtreams, juice, balm they are, which quench,
2 3
kills, charms
1 2 3 1 2 3
Of God, death, hell, the wrath, the life, the harms.

XV.

Soul, whom hell did once enthrall,
He, He for thine offence,
Did ſuffer death, who could not die at all.
O ſovereign excellence,
O life of all that lives,
Eternal bounty which each good thing gives,
How could death mount ſo high?
No wit this point can reach,
Faith only doth us teach,
He died for us, at all who could not die.

XVI.

Life, to give life, deprived is of life,
And death diſplay'd hath enſign againſt death;
So violent the rigour was of Death,
That nought could daunt it but the Life of Life;
No power had pow'r to thrall life's pow'rs to death,
But willingly life down hath laid his life,
Love gave the wound which wrought this work of death.
His bow and ſhafts were of the tree of life;
Now quakes the author of eternal death,
To find that they whom late he reft of life,
Shall fill his room above the liſts of death,
Now all rejoice in death who hope for life.
Dead Jeſus lies, who Death hath kill'd by death,
No tomb his tomb is, but new ſource of life.

XVII.

Rise from thoſe fragrant climes thee now embrace,
Unto this world of ours, O haſte thy race,
Fair ſun, and though contrary ways all year
Thou hold thy courſe, now with the higheſt ſhare,
Join thy blue wheels to haſten time that lowrs,
And lazy minutes turn to perfect hours;
The night and death too long a league have made,
To ſtow the world in horror's ugly ſhade:
Shake from thy locks a day with ſaffron rays
So fair, that it outſhine all other days;
And yet do not preſume (great eye of light)
To be that which this day muſt make ſo bright,
See, an eternal Sun haſtes to ariſe,
Not from the eaſtern bluſhing ſeas or ſkies,
Or any ſtranger worlds heaven's concaves have,
But from the darkneſs of an hollow grave,
And this is that all powerful Sun above,
That crown'd thy brows with rays, firſt made thee move.
Light's trumpeters, ye need not from your bow'rs
Proclaim this day, this the angelic pow'rs
Have done for you; but now an opal hue
Bepaints heaven's cryſtal to the longing view:
Earth's late hid colours ſhine, light doth adorn
The world, and (weeping joy) forth comes the morn;
And with her, as from a lethargic trance
The breath return'd that bodies doth advance,
Which two ſad nights in rock lay coffin'd dead,
And with an iron guard environed:
Life out of death, light out of darkneſs ſprings,
From a baſe jail forth comes the King of Kings,
What late was mortal thrall'd to every wo.
That Lackey's life, or upon ſenſe doth grow,
Immortal is of an eternal ſtamp,
Far brighter beaming than the morning lamp.
So from a black eclipſe outpeers the ſun:
Such [when her courſe of days have on her run,
In a far foreſt in the pearly eaſt,
And ſhe herſelf hath burnt and ſpicy neſt]
The lovely bird with youthful pens and comb,
Doth ſoar from out her cradle and her tomb:
So a ſmall ſeed that in the earth lies hid
And dies, reviving burſts her cloddy ſide,
Adorn'd with yellow locks of new is born,
And doth become a mother great with corn,
Of grains brings hundred with it, which, when old,
Enrich the furrows which do float with gold.
Hail, holy Victor, greateſt Victor, hail!
That hell doth ranſack, againſt death prevail,

O how thou long'd for com'ſt! with joyful cries,
The all-triumphing Palatinates of ſkies
Salute thy riſing, earth would joys no more
Bear, if thou riſing didſt then not reſtore:
A ſilly tomb ſhould not his fleſh encloſe,
Who did heaven's trembling terraſſes diſpoſe;
No monument ſhould ſuch a jewel hold.
No rock, though ruby, diamond, and gold,
Thou didſt lament and pity human race,
Beſtowing on us of thy free-given grace
More than we forfeited and loſed firſt,
In Eden rebels when we were accurſt.
Then earth our portion was, earth's joys but giv'n,
Earth and earth's bleſs thou haſt exchang'd with heav'n.

O what a height of good upon us ſtreams
From the great ſplendour of thy bounty's beams!
When we deſerv'd ſhame, horror, flames of wrath,
Thou bled'ſt our wounds, and ſuffer didſt our death,
But Father's juſtice pleas'd, hell, death o'ercome,
In triumph now thou riſeſt from thy tomb,
With glories which paſt ſorrows countervail,
Hail, holy Victor, greateſt Victor, hail! [ſenſe,
Hence humble ſenſe, and hence, ye guides of
We now reach heaven, your weak intelligence
And ſearching pow'rs were in a flaſh made dim,
To learn, from all eternity that Him
The Father bred, then that he here did come
(His bearers parent) in a virgin's Womb;
But then when ſold, betray'd, crown'd, ſcourg'd with thorn,
Nail'd to a tree, all breathleſs, bloodleſs, torn,
Entomb'd, him riſen from a grave to find, [blind.
Confounds your cunning, turns, like moles, you
Death, thou that heretofore ſtill barren waſt,
Nay, didſt each other birth eat up and waſte,
Imperious, hateful, pitileſs, unjuſt,
Impartial, equaller of all with duſt,
Stern executioner of heavenly doom,
Made fruitful, now life's mother art become,
A ſweet relief of cares the ſoul moleſt,
An harbinger to glory, peace, and reſt,
Put off thy mourning weeds, yield all thy gall
To daily ſinning life, proud of thy fall,
Aſſemble all thy captives; haſte to riſe,
And every corſe in earth quakes where it lies,
Sound from each flowery grave and rocky jail,
Hail, holy Victor, greateſt Victor, hail!

The world that wanning late and faint did lie,
Applauding to our joys thy victory,
To a young prime eſſays to turn again,
And as e'er foil'd with ſin yet to remain,
Her chilling agues ſhe begins to miſs.
All bliſs returning with the Lord of Bliſs.
With greater light heaven's temples opened ſhine,
Morn's ſmiling riſe, even's bluſhing do decline,
Clouds dappled gliſter, boiſt'rous winds are calm,
Soft zephyrs do the fields with ſighs embalm,
In ſilent calms the ſea hath huſh'd her roars,
And with enamour'd curls doth kiſs the ſhores:
All-bearing earth, like a new-married queen,
Her beauties heightens in a gown of green,
Perfumes the air, her meads are wrought with flow'rs,
In colours various, figures, ſmelling, pow'rs,
Trees wanton in the groves with leavy locks,
Her hills enamell'd ſtand, the vales, the rocks
Ring peals of joy, her floods and prattling brooks,
(Stars liquid mirrors) with ſerpenting crooks,
And whiſpering murmurs ſound unto the main,
The golden age returned is again.
The honey people leave their golden bow'rs,
And innocently prey on budding flow'rs,
In gloomy ſhades perch'd on the tender ſprays
The painted ſingers fill the air with lays
Seas, floods, earth, air, all diverſly do ſound,
Yet all their diverſe notes have but one ground,
Re-echo'd here down from heaven's azure vale,
Hail, holy Victor, greateſt Victor, hail!

O day on which Death's adamantine chain
The Lord did break, did ranſack Satan's reign,
And in triumphing pomp his trophies rear'd,
Be thou bleſt ever, henceforth ſtill endear'd
With name of his own day; the law to grace,
Types to their ſubſtance yield, to thee give place
The old new-moons, with all feſtival days,
And what above the reſt deſerveth praiſe,
The reverend Sabbath, what could elſe they be
Than golden heralds, telling what by thee
We ſhould enjoy? ſhades paſt, now ſhine thou clear,
And henceforth be thou empreſs of the year,
This glory of thy ſiſters ſix to win,
From work on thee, as other days from ſin,
That mankind ſhall forbear, in every place
The prince of planets warmeth in his race
And far beyond his paths in frozen climes;
And may thou be ſo bleſt to out-date times,
That when heaven's choir ſhall blaze in accents loud
The many mercies of their Sovereign Good,
How he on thee did ſin, death, hell deſtroy,
It may be ſtill the burden of their joy.

XVIII.

Beneath a ſable vale, and ſhadows deep,
Of unacceſſible and dimming light,
In ſilence ebon clouds more black than night,
The world's great mind his ſecrets hid doth keep,
Through thoſe thick miſts when any mortal wight
Aſpires, with halting pace, and eyes that weep
To pry, and in his myſteries to creep,
With thunders he and lightnings blaſts their ſight:
O ſun inviſible, that doſt abide
Within thy bright abyſmes, moſt fair, moſt dark,
Where with thy proper rays thou doſt thee hide,
O ever-ſhining, never full-ſeen mark,
To guide me in life's night, thy light me ſhow.
The more I ſearch of thee, the leſs I know.

XIX.

If with ſuch paſſing beauty, choice delights,
The Architect of this great round did frame,
This palace viſible, ſhort liſts of Fame,
And ſilly manſion but of dying wits;
How many wonders, what amazing lights
Muſt that triumphing ſeat of glory claim,
That doth tranſcend all this all's vaſteſt heights,
Of whoſe bright ſun ours here is but a beam?
O bleſt abode! O happy dwelling place!
Where viſibly th' Inviſible doth reign,
Bleſt people which do ſee true Beauty's face,
With whoſe far ſhadow ſcarce he earth doth deign;

All joy is but annoy, all concord ſtrife,
Match'd with your endleſs bliſs and happy life.

XX.

Love, which is here a care,
That wit and will doth mar,
Uncertain truce, and a moſt certain war,
A ſhrill tempeſtuous wind,
Which doth diſturb the mind,
And like wild waves all our deſigns commove:
Among thoſe pow'rs above,
Which ſee their Maker's face,
It a contentment is, a quiet peace,
A pleaſure void of grief, a conſtant reſt,
Eternal joy which nothing can moleſt.

XXI.

That ſpace where curled waves do now divide
From the great continent our happy iſle,
Was ſometime land, and now where ſhips do glide
Once with laborious art the plough did toil:
Once thoſe fair bounds ſtretch'd out ſo far and wide,
Where towns, no ſhires enwall'd, endear each mile,
Where all ignoble ſea and mariſh vile,
Where Proteus flocks danc'd meaſures to the tide;
So age transforming all ſtill forward runs,
No wonder though the earth doth change her face,
New manners, pleaſures new, turn with new ſuns,
Locks now like gold grow to an hoary grace;
Nay, mind's rare ſhape doth change, that lies deſpis'd,
Which was ſo dear of late and highly priz'd.

XXII.

This world a hunting is,
The prey poor man, the Nimrod fierce is death,
His ſpeedy greyhounds are,
Luſt, ſickneſs, envy, care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiſs,
With all thoſe ills which haunt us while we breathe;
Now, if by chance we fly
Of theſe the eager chace,
Old age with ſtealing pace
Caſts on his nets, and there we panting die.

XXIII.

Why (worldlings) do ye truſt frail honour's dreams?
And lean to gilded glories, which decay?
Why do ye toil to regiſtrate your names
On icy pillars, which ſoon melt away?
True honour is not here, that place it claims
Where black-brow'd night doth not exile the day,
Nor no far-ſhining lamp dives in the ſea,
But an eternal ſun ſpreads laſting beams;
There, it attendeth you, where ſpotleſs bands
Of ſp'rits ſtand gazing on their ſovereign bliſs,
Where years not hold it in their cank'ring hands,
But who once noble ever noble is.
Look home, leſt he your weak'ned wit make thrall,
Who Eden's fooliſh gard'ner earſt made fall.

XXIV.

As are thoſe apples, pleaſant to the eye,
But full of ſmoke within, which uſe to grow
Near that ſtrange lake where God pour'd from the ſky [throw:
Huge ſhow'rs of flames, worſe flames to over-
Such are their works that with a glaring ſhow
Of humble holineſs, in virtues die
Would colour miſchief, while within they glow
With coals of ſin, though none the ſmoke deſcry.
Bad is that angel that earſt fell from heaven,
But not ſo bad as he, nor in worſe caſe,
Who hides a trait'rous mind with ſmiling face,
And with a dove's white feathers clothes a raven:
Each ſin ſome colour hath it to adorn,
Hypocriſy Almighty God doth ſcorn.

XXV.

Now doth the ſun appear,
The mountain's ſnow decay,
Crown'd with frail flow'rs forth comes the infant year;
My ſoul, time poſts away,
And thou yet in that froſt,
Which flow'r and fruit hath loſt,
As if all here immortal were, doſt ſtay!
For ſhame! thy powers awake,
Look to that heaven which never night makes black,
And there at that immortal ſun's bright rays,
Deck thee with flow'rs which fear not rage of days.

XXVI.

Thrice happy he who by ſome ſhady grove,
Far from the clam'rous world, doth live his own,
Though ſolitary, who is not alone,
But doth converſe with that eternal love:
O how more ſweet is birds harmonious moan,
Or the hoarſe ſobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than thoſe ſmooth whiſperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O how more ſweet is zephyr's wholeſome breath,
And ſighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
Than that applauſe vain honour doth bequeath!
How ſweet are ſtreams to poiſon drunk in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, ſlights;
Woods harmleſs ſhades have only true delights.

XXVII.

Sweet bird, that ſing'ſt away the early hours,
Of winters paſt, or coming void of care,
Well pleaſed with delights which preſent are,
Fair ſeaſons, budding ſprays, ſweet-ſmelling flow'rs:
To rocks, to ſprings, to rills, from leavy bow'rs,
Thou thy Creator's goodneſs doſt declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not ſpare,
A ſtain to human ſenſe in ſin that low'rs.
What ſoul can be ſo ſick, which by thy ſongs
(Attir'd in ſweetneſs) ſweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, ſpites and wrongs,
And liſt a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet, artleſs ſongſter, thou my mind doeſt raiſe
To airs of ſpheres, yea, and to angels lays.

XXVIII.

As when it happ'neth that ſome lovely town
Unto a barbarous beſieger falls,
Who both by ſword and flames himſelf inſtalls,
And (ſhameleſs) it in tears and blood doth drown,
Her beauty ſpoil'd, her citizens made thralls,
His ſpite yet cannot ſo her all throw down,
But that ſome ſtatue, pillar of renown,
Yet lurks unmaim'd within her weeping walls;

So, after all the ſpoil, diſgrace and wreck,
That time, the world, and death could bring conſpir'd,
Amidſt that maſs of ruins they did make,
Safe and all ſcarleſs yet remains my mind:
From this ſo high tranſcendent rapture ſprings,
That I, all elſe defac'd, not envy kings.

XXIX.

Let us each day inure ourſelves to die;
If this (and not our fears) be trûly death,
Above the circles both of hope and faith,
With fair immortal pinions to flie;
If this be death, our beſt part to untie
(By ruining the jail) from luſt and wrath,
And every drowſy languor here beneath,
To be made deniz'd citizen of ſky:
To have more knowledge than all books contain,
All pleaſures even ſurmounting wiſhing pow'r,
The fellowſhip of God's immortal train,
And theſe that time nor force ſhall e'er devour?
If this be death, what joy, what golden care
Of life, can with death's uglineſs compare?

XXX.

Amidst the azure clear
Of Jordan's ſacred ſtreams,
Jordan of Lebanon the offspring dear,
When zephyrs flow'rs unclofe,
And ſun ſhines with new beams,
With grave and ſtately grace a nymph aroſe.
Upon her head ſhe wore
Of amaranths a crown,
Her left hand palms, her right a porch did bear,
Unvail'd ſkins whiteneſs lay,
Gold hairs in curls hang down,
Eyes ſparkled joy, more bright than ſtar of day.
The flood a throne her rear'd
Of waves, moſt like that heaven
Where beaming ſtars in glory turn enſpher'd:
The air ſtood calm and clear,
No ſigh by winds was given,
Birds left to ſing, herds feed, her voice to hear,
World wand'ring ſorry wights,
Whom nothing can content
Within theſe varying liſts of days and nights,
Whoſe life (ere known amiſs)
In glittering griefs is ſpent,
Come learn (ſaid ſhe) what is your choiceſt bliſs.
From toil and preſſing cares
How ye may reſpite find,
A ſanctuary from ſoul-thralling ſnares,
A port to harbour ſure,
In ſpite of waves and wind,
Which ſhall, when time's ſwift glaſs is run, endure.
Not happy is that life
Which ye as happy hold;
No, but a ſea of fears, a field of ſtrife,
Charg'd on a throne to ſit
With diadems of gold,
Preſerv'd by force, and ſtill obſerv'd by wit;
Huge treaſures to enjoy,
Of all her gems ſpoil Ind,
All Seres ſilk in garments to employ,
Deliciouſly to feed,
The phœnix plumes to find
To reſt upon, or deck your purple bed.
Frail beauty to abuſe,
And (wanton Sybarites)
On paſt or preſent touch of ſenſe to muſe;
Never to hear of noiſe,
But what the ear delights,
Sweet muſic's charms, or charming flatterer's voice.
Nor can it bliſs you bring,
Hid Nature's depths to know,
Why matter changeth, whence each form doth ſpring,
Nor that your fame ſhould range,
And after worlds it blow
From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gange.
All theſe have not the pow'r
To free the mind from fears,
Nor hideous horror can allay one hour,
When death in ſtealth doth glance;
In ſickneſs lurks or years,
And wakes the ſoul from out her mortal trance.
No, but bleſt life is this,
With chaſte and pure deſire
To turn unto the load ſtar of all bliſs,
On God the mind to reſt,
Burnt up with ſacred fire,
Poſſeſſing him, to be by him poſſeſt.
When to the balmy eaſt
Sun doth his light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly weſt,
And raviſheth the day,
With ſpotleſs hands and heart,
Him cheerfully to praiſe, and to Him pray.
To heed each action ſo,
As ever in his ſight,
More fearing doing ill than paſſive wo;
Not to ſeem other thing
Than what ye are aright,
Never to do what may repentance bring:
Not to be blown with pride,
Nor mov'd at Glory's breath,
Which ſhadow like on wings of time doth glide;
So malice to diſarm,
And conquer haſty wrath,
As to do good to thoſe that work your harm:
To hatch no baſe deſires,
Or gold or land to gain,
Well pleas'd with that which virtue fair acquires,
To have the wit and will
Conforting in one ſtrain,
Than what is good to have no higher ſkill.
Never on neighbours goods,
With cockatrice's eye,
To look, nor make another's heaven your hell;
Nor to be beauty's thrall;
All fruitleſs love to fly,
Yet loving ſtill a love tranſcendent all;
A love, which, while it burns
The ſoul with faireſt beams,
To that Increated Sun the ſoul it turns,
And makes ſuch beauty prove,
That (if ſenſe ſaw her gleams)
All lookers on would pine and die for love.
Who ſuch a life would live,
You happy even may call
Ere ruthleſs death a wiſhed end him give,
And after then when given,
More happy by his fall,

For humans earth, enjoying angels heaven.
Swift is your mortal race,
And glaſſy is the field,
Vaſt are deſires not limited by grace,
Life a weak taper is:
Then while it light doth yield,
Leave flying joys, embrace this laſting bliſs.
This when the nymph had ſaid,
She div'd within the flood,
Whoſe face with ſmiling curls long after ſtaid,
Then ſighs did zephyrs preſs,
Birds ſang from every wood,
And echoes rang; this was true happineſs.

XXXI.

BRIGHT portals of the ſky,
Emboſs'd with ſparkling ſtars,
Doors of eternity,
With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold,
Looſe all your bolts and ſprings,
Ope wide your leaves of gold;
That in your roofs may come the King of Kings.
Scarf'd in a roſy cloud,
He doth aſcend the air,
Straight doth the moon him ſhrowd
With her reſplendent hair;
The next encryſtal'd light
Submits to him its beams,
And he doth trace the height
Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty ſtreams.
He towers thoſe golden bounds
He did to ſun bequeath,
The higher wandring rounds
Are found his feet beneath;
The milky way comes near,
Heaven's axle ſeems to bend,
Above each turning ſphere
That rob'd in glory Heaven's King may aſcend.
O well-ſpring of this all,
Thy father's image vive,
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reaſon, live;
The ſoul's eternal food,
Earth's joy, delight of heaven;
All truth, love, beauty, good,
To thee, to thee be praiſes ever given.
What was diſmarſhal'd late
In this thy noble frame,
And loſt the prime eſtate,
Hath re-obtain'd the ſame,
Is now moſt perfect ſeen;
Streams which diverted were
(And troubled ſtrayed unclean)
From their firſt ſource, by thee home turned are.
By thee that blemiſh old,
Of Eden's leprous prince,
Which on his race took hold,
And him exil'd from thence,
Now put away is far:
With ſword, in ireful guiſe,
No cherub more ſhall bar
Poor man the entries into Paradiſe.
By thee thoſe ſpirits pure,
Firſt children of the light,
Now fixed ſtand and ſure,
In their eternal right;
Now human companies
Renew their ruin'd wall,
Fall'n man as thou mak'ſt riſe,
Thou giv'ſt to angels that they ſhall not fall.
By thee that prince of ſin,
That doth with miſchief ſwell,
Hath loſt what he did win,
And ſhall endungeon'd dwell;
His ſpoils are made the prey,
His phanes are ſackt and torn,
His altars raz'd away,
And what ador'd was late now lies a ſcorn.
Theſe manſions pure and clear,
Which are not made by hands,
Which once by him joy'd were,
And his (then not ſtain'd) bands
(Now forfeit'd, diſpoſſeſt,
And headlong from them thrown)
Shall Adam's heirs make bleſt,
By Thee their great Redeemer made their own.
O well-ſpring of this all,
Thy fathers image vive,
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reaſon, live;
Whoſe work is, but to will,
God's coeternal Son,
Great baniſher of ill,
By none but Thee could theſe great deeds be done.
Now each etherial gate,
To Him hath opened been;
And glory's king in ſtate,
His palace enters in;
Now come is this high prieſt,
In the moſt holy place,
Not without blood addreſt, [grace.
With glory heaven, the earth to crown with
Stars which all eyes were late,
And did with wonder burn
His name to celebrate,
In flaming tongues them turn;
Their orby cryſtals move
More active than before,
And entheate from above,
Their ſovereign Prince laud, glorify, adore.
The quires of happy ſouls,
Wak'd with that muſic ſweet,
Whoſe deſcant care controuls,
Their Lord in triumph meet;
The ſpotleſs ſp'rits of light
His trophies do extol,
And arch'd in ſquadrons bright,
Greet their great victor in his capitol.
O glory of the heaven,
O ſole delight of earth,
To thee all power be given,
God's uncreated birth;
Of mankind lover true,
Endurer of his wrong,
Who doſt the world renew;
Still be thou our ſalvation and our ſong.
From top of Olivet ſuch notes did riſe,
When man's Redeemer did tranſcend the ſkies.

XXXII.

MORE oft than once, Death whiſper'd in mine ear,
Grave what thou hears in diamond and gold,

I am that monarch whom all monarchs fear,
Who have in duſt their far-ſtretch'd pride up-roll'd.
All, all is mine beneath moon's ſilver ſphere,
And nought, ſave virtue, can my power with-hold:
This (not believ'd) experience true thee told,
By danger late when I to thee came near.
As bugbear then my viſage I did ſhow,
That of my horrors thou right uſe mightſt make,
And a more ſacred path of living take:
Now ſtill walk armed for my ruthleſs blow,
Truſt flattering life no more, redeem time paſt,
And live each day as if it were thy laſt.

An Hymn on the Faireſt Fair.

I FEEL my boſom glow with wontleſs fires,
Rais'd from the vulgar preſs my mind aſpires
(Wing'd with high thoughts) unto his praiſe to climb,
From deep eternity who call'd forth time,
That eſſence, which not mov'd makes each thing move,
Uncreate beauty, all-creating love;
But by ſo great an object, radiant light,
My heart appall'd, enfeebled reſts my ſight,
Thick clouds benight my labouring engine,
And at my high attempts my wits repine:
If thou in me this ſacred heat haſt wrought,
My knowledge ſharpen, ſarcels lend my thought:
Grant me (time's father, world-containing king)
A pow'r of thee in pow'rful lays to ſing,
That as thy beauty in earth lives, heaven ſhines,
So it may dawn or ſhadow in my lines.
As far beyond the ſtarry walls of heaven,
As is the loftieſt of the planets ſeven
Sequeſter'd from this earth, in pureſt light
Out-ſhining ours, as ours doth fable night,
Thou all-ſufficient Omnipotent,
Thou ever-glorious, moſt excellent,
God various in names, in eſſence one,
High art inſtalled on a golden throne,
Out-reaching heaven's wide beſpangled vault,
Tranſcending all the circles of our thought,
With diamantine ſceptre in thy hand,
There thou giv'ſt laws, and doſt this world command,
This world of concords rais'd unlikely ſweet,
Which like a ball lies proſtrate at thy feet.
If ſo we may well ſay (and what we ſay
Here wrapt in fleſh, led by dim reaſon's ray,
To ſhow by earthly beauties which we ſee
That ſp'ritual excellence that ſhines in thee,
Good Lord forgive) not far from thy right ſide,
With curled locks Youth ever doth abide,
Roſe-cheeked Youth who garlanded with flow'rs,
Still blooming, ceaſeleſsly unto thee pours
Immortal nectar in a cup of gold,
That by no darts of ages thou grow old;
And as ends and beginnings thee not claim,
Succeſſionleſs that thou be ſtill the ſame.
Near to thy other ſide reſiſtleſs might,
From head to foot in burniſht armour bright,
That rings about him with a waving brand,
And watchful eye, great ſentinel doth ſtand;
That neither time nor force in ought impair
Thy workmanſhip, nor harm thine empire fair,
Soon to give death to all again that would,
Stern Diſcord raiſe which thou deſtroy'd of old,
Diſcord that foe to order, nurſe of war,
By which the nobleſt things demoliſht are,
But (caitiff) ſhe no treaſon doth deviſe,
When Might to nought doth bring her enterpriſe;
Thy all-upholding Might her malice reins,
And her to hell throws bound in iron chains.
With locks in waves of gold that ebb and flow
On ivory neck, in robes more white than ſnow,
Truth ſtedfaſtly before thee holds a glaſs,
Indent'd with gems, where ſhineth all that was,
That is, or ſhall be, here ere ought was wrought.
Thou knew all that thy pow'r with time forth brought, [make,
And more, things numberleſs which thou could'ſt
That actually ſhall never being take;
Here thou behold'ſt thyſelf, and (ſtrange) doſt prove
At once the beauty, lover and the love.
With faces two (like ſiſters) ſweetly fair;
Whoſe bloſſoms no rough autumn can impair,
Stands Providence, and doth her looks diſperſe
Through every corner of this univerſe,
Thy Providence, at once which general things
And ſingular, doth rule as empires kings;
Without whoſe care this world (loſt) would remain,
As ſhip without a maſter in the main,
As chariot alone, as bodies prove
Depriv'd of ſouls, whereby they be, live, move.
But who are they which ſhine thy throne ſo near?
With ſacred countenance, and look ſevere,
This in one hand a pond'rous ſword doth hold,
Her left ſtays charg'd with balances of gold,
That with brows girt with bays, ſweet-ſmiling face,
Doth bear a brandon, with an infant grace
Two milk-white wings him eaſily do move;
O ſhe thy Juſtice is, and this thy Love!
By this thou brought'ſt this engine great to light,
By that it fram'd in number, meaſure, weight,
That deſtine doth reward to ill and good;
But ſway of juſtice is by love withſtood,
Which did it not relent and mildly ſtray,
This world ere now had found its funeral day
What bands (incluſter'd) near to theſe abide,
Which into vaſt infinity them hide?
Infinity that neither doth admit
Place, time, nor number to encroach on it:
Here Bounty ſparkleth, here doth Beauty ſhine,
Simplicity, more white than gelſomine,
Mercy with open wings, ay-varied bliſs,
Glory, and Joy, that Bliſs's darling is.
Ineffable, all-pow'rful God, all free,
Thou only liv'ſt, and each thing lives by thee;
No joy, no, nor perfection to thee came
By the contriving of this world's great frame;
Ere ſun, moon, ſtars began their reſtleſs race,
Ere painted was with light heaven's pure face,
Ere air had clouds, ere clouds wept down their ſhow'rs
Ere ſea embraced earth, ere earth bare flow'rs,

Thou happy liv'dſt: world nought to thee ſupply'd,
All in thyſelf thy ſelf thou ſatisfi'd:
Of good no ſlender ſhadow doth appear,
No age-worn track, in thee which ſhin'd not clear,
Perfection's ſun prime cauſe of every cauſe,
Midſt, end, beginning where all good doth pauſe:
Hence of thy ſubſtance, differing in nought,
Thou in eternity thy Son forth brought,
The only birth of thy unchanging mind,
Thine image, pattern-like that ever ſhin'd,
Light out of light, begotten not by will
But nature, all and that ſame eſſence ſtill
Which thou thyſelf, for thou doſt nought poſſeſs
Which he hath not, in nought nor is he leſs
Than thou his great begetter; of this light
Eternal, double-kindled was thy ſpright
Eternally; who is with thee the ſame,
All-holy gift, ambaſſador, knot, flame:
Moſt ſacred Triad, O moſt holy One,
Unprocreate Father, ever procreate Son,
Ghoſt breath'd from both, you were, are, ſtill ſhall be,
(Moſt bleſſed) Three in One, and One in Three,
Uncomprehenſible by reachleſs height,
And unperceived by exceſſive light.
So in our ſouls three and yet one are ſtill,
The underſtanding, memory, and will;
So (though unlike) the planet of the days
So ſoon as he was made, begat his rays,
Which are his offſpring, and from both was hurl'd,
The roſy light which conſolates the world,
And none fore-went another: So the ſpring,
The well-head and the ſtream which they forth bring,
Are but one ſelf-ſame eſſence, nor in ought
Do differ, ſave in order, and our thought
No chime of time diſcerns in them to fall,
But three diſtinctly 'bide one eſſence all.
But theſe expreſs not thee: Who can declare
Thy being? Men and angels dazzl'd are.
Who would this Eden force with wit or ſenſe,
A cherubim ſhall find to bar him thence.
Great Architect, Lord of this Univerſe,
That light is blinded would thy greatneſs pierce.
Ah! as a pilgrim who the Alps doth paſs,
Or Atlas temples crown'd with winter glaſs,
The airy Caucaſus, the Appenine,
Pyrene's clifts where ſun doth never ſhine,
When he ſome craggy hills hath over went,
Begins to think on reſt, his journey ſpent,
Till mounting ſome tall mountain he doth find,
More heights before him than he left behind:
With halting pace ſo while I would me raiſe
To the unbounded limits of thy praiſe,
Some part of way I thought to have o'er-run,
But now I ſee how ſcarce I have begun,
With wonders new my ſpirits range poſſeſt,
And wandring wayleſs in a maze them reſt.
In theſe vaſt fields of light etherial plains,
Thou art attended by immortal trains
Of intellectual pow'rs, which thou broughtſt forth
To praiſe thy goodneſs, and admire thy worth,
In numbers paſſing other creatures far,
Since moſt in number nobleſt creatures are,
Which do in knowledge us no leſs outrun,
Than moon in light doth ſtars, or noon the ſun,
Unlike, in orders rang'd and many a band,
(If beauty in diſparity doth ſtand)
Arch-angels, angels, cherubs, ſeraphims,
And what with name of thrones amongſt them ſhines,
Large-ruling princes, dominations, pow'rs,
All acting virtues of thoſe flaming tow'rs;
Theſe freed of umbrage, theſe of labour free,
Reſt raviſhed with ſtill beholding thee,
Inflam'd with beams which ſparkle from thy face,
They can no more deſire, far leſs embrace.
Low under them, with ſlow and ſtaggering pace
Thy handmaid nature thy great ſteps doth trace,
The ſource of ſecond cauſes, golden chain
That links this frame as thou doth it ordain;
Nature gaz'd on with ſuch a curious eye,
That earthlings oft her deem'd a deity.
By nature led thoſe bodies fair and great,
Which faint not in their courſe, nor change their ſtate,
Unintermixt, which no diſorder prove,
Though aye and contrary they always move,
The organs of thy providence divine,
Books ever open, ſigns that clearly ſhine,
Time's purpled maſkers, then do them advance,
As by ſweet muſic in a meaſur'd dance;
Stars hoſt of heaven, ye firmament's bright flow'rs,
Clear lamps which overhang this ſtage of ours,
Ye turn not there to deck the weeds of night,
Nor pageant like to pleaſe the vulgar ſight;
Great cauſes ſure ye muſt bring great effects,
But who can deſcant right your grave aſpects?
He only who you made decypher can
Your notes: Heavens eyes, ye blind the eyes of man.
Amidſt theſe ſapphire far extending heights,
The never twinkling, ever wandring lights,
Their fixed motions keep, one dry and cold,
Deep-leaden-colour'd, ſlowly there is roll'd,
With rule and line for Time's ſteps metting even
In twice three luſtres he but turns his heaven.
With temperate quality's and count'nance fair,
Still mildly ſmiling ſweetly debonaire:
Another cheers the world, and way doth make
In twice ſix autumns through the zodiac:
But hot and dry with flaming locks and brows
Enrag'd, this in his red pavilion glows:
Together running with like ſpeed, if ſpace,
Two equally in hands atchieve their race,
With bluſhing face this oft doth bring the day,
And uſhers oft to ſtately ſtars the way,
That various in virtue, changing light,
With his ſmall flame impearls the vail of night,
Prince of this court, the ſun in triumph rides,
With the year ſnake-like in herſelf that glides,
Time's diſpenſator, fair life-giving ſource,
Through ſky's twelve poſts as he doth ruu his courſe,
Heart of this all, of what is known to ſenſe,
The likeſt to his Maker's excellence,
In whoſe diurnal motion doth appear
A ſhadow, no true portrait of the year,

The moon moves loweſt, ſilver ſun of night,
Diſperſing through the world her borrow'd light,
Who in three forms her head abroad doth range,
And only conſtant is in conſtant change.
Sad queen of ſilence, I ne'er ſee thy face,
To wax, or wane, or ſhine with a full grace,
But ſtraight (amaz'd) on man I think, each day
His ſtate who changeth, or if he find ſtay,
It is in dreary anguiſh, cares, and pains,
And of his labours death is all the gains.
Immortal Monarch, can ſo fond a thought
Lodge in my breaſt, as to truſt thou firſt brought
Here in earth's ſhady cloiſter wretched man,
To ſuck the air of woe, to ſpend life's ſpan
'Midſt ſighs and plaints, a ſtranger unto mirth,
To give himſelf his death rebuking birth?
By ſenſe and wit of creatures made king,
By ſenſe and wit to live their underling?
And what is worſt, have eagles eyes to ſee
His own diſgrace, and know an high degree
Of bliſs, the place, if he might thereto climb,
And not live thralled to imperious time?
Or (dotard) ſhall I ſo from reaſon ſwerve,
To diſn thoſe lights which to our uſe do ſerve,
(For thou doſt not them need) more nobly fram'd
Than us that know their courſe, and have them nam'd?
No, I ne'er think but we did them ſurpaſs
As far as they do aſteriſms of glaſs,
When thou us made, by treaſon high defil'd,
Thruſt from our firſt eſtate we live exil'd,
Wand'ring this earth, which is of death the lot,
Where he doth uſe the power which he hath got,
Indiff'rent umpire unto clowns and kings,
The ſupreme monarch of all mortal things.
When firſt this flow'ry orb was to us given,
It but in place diſvalu'd was to heaven;
Theſe creatures which now our ſovereigns are,
And as to rebels do denounce us war,
Then were our vaſſals; no tumultuous ſtorm,
No thunders, earthquakes, did her form deform,
The ſeas in tumbling mountains did not roar,
But like moiſt cryſtal whiſper'd on the ſhore,
No ſnake did trace her meads, nor ambuſht lour
In azure curls beneath the ſweet-ſpring flow'r;
The nightſhade, henbane, napel, aconite,
Her bowels then not bare, with death to ſmite
Her guiltleſs brood; thy meſſengers of grace,
As their high rounds did haunt this lower place;
O joy of joys! with our firſt parents thou
To commune then didſt deign, as friends do now:
Againſt thee we rebell'd, and juſtly thus
Each creature rebelled againſt us,
Earth, reft of what did chief in her excel,
To all become a jail, to moſt a hell,
In Time's full term until thy Son was given,
Who man with thee, earth reconcil'd with heaven.
Whole and entire all in thyſelf thou art,
All-where diffus'd, yet of this all no part,
For infinite, in making this fair frame,
Great without quantity in all thou came,
And filling all, how can thy ſtate admit,
Or place or ſubſtance to be void of it?
Were worlds as many, as the rays which ſtream
From day's bright lamp, for madding wits do dream,
They would not reel in ought, nor wand'rin ſtray,
But draw to thee, who could their centres ſtay;
Were but one hour this world diſjoin'd from the
It in one hour to nought reduc'd ſhould be,
For it thy ſhadow is, and can they laſt
If ſever'd from the ſubſtances them caſt?
O only bleſt, an author of all bliſs,
No, bliſs itſelf, that all where wiſhed is,
Efficient, exemplary, final good,
Of thine own ſelf but only underſtood;
Light is thy curtain, thou art light of light,
An ever-waking eye ſtill ſhining bright,
In-looking all, exempt of paſſive pow'r,
And change, in change ſince death's pale ſhad
doth low'r:
All times to thee are one, that which hath run,
And that which is not brought yet by the ſun,
To thee are preſent, who doſt always ſee
In preſent act, what paſt, is, or to be;
Day-livers we remembrance do loſe
Of ages worn, ſo miſeries us toſs
(Blind and lethargic of thy heavenly grace,
Which ſin in our firſt parents did deface,
And even while embrions curſt by juſteſt doom,
That we neglect what gone is, or to come,
But thou in thy great archive ſcrolled haſt
In parts and whole, whatever yet hath paſt,
Since firſt the marble wheels of Time were roll'
As ever living, never waxing old,
Still is the ſame thy day and yeſterday,
An undivided Now, a conſtant Ay.
O King whoſe greatneſs none can comprehen
Whoſe boundleſs goodneſs doth to all extend,
Light of all beauty, ocean without ground,
That ſtanding floweſt, giving doſt abound,
Rich palace, and indweller ever bleſt,
Never not working, ever yet in reſt;
What wit cannot conceive, words ſay of thee,
Here where we as but in a mirror ſee,
Shadows of ſhadows, atoms of thy might,
Still owely-ey'd when ſtaring on thy light;
Grant that releaſed from this earthly jail,
And freed from clouds which here our knowled
vail,
In heaven's high temples where thy praiſes rin
In ſweeter notes I may hear angels ſing.

XXXIV.

GREAT God, whom we with humble thoug
adore,
Eternal, Infinite, Almighty King, [bef
Whoſe dwellings heaven tranſcend, whoſe thro
Archangels ſerve, and Seraphims do ſing: [e
Of nought who wrought all that with wond'ri
We do behold within this ſpacious round,
Who makes the rocks to rock, to ſtand the ſkie
At whoſe command clouds peals of thunder foun
Ah! ſpare us worms, weigh not how we, alas!
(Evil to ourſelves) againſt thy laws rebel,
Waſh off thoſe ſpots which ſtill in conſcience gl
(Though we be loth to look) we ſee too well.
Deſerv'd revenge, oh do not, do not take,
If thou revenge, who ſhall abide thy blow? [ma
Paſs ſhall this world, this world which thou di
Which ſhould not periſh till thy trumpet blow:

What ſoul is found whom parents crime not ſtains?
Or what with its own ſins defil'd is not?
Though Juſtice rigour threaten, yet her reins
Let Mercy guide, and never be forgot.
Leſs are our faults far far than is thy love,
O what can better ſeem thy grace divine,
Than they who plagues deſerve, thy bounty prove,
And, where thou may'ſt ſhow'r vengeance, there to ſhine?
Then look and pity, pitying forgive
Us guilty ſlaves, or ſervants now in thrall,
Slaves, if, alas, thou look how we do live;
Or doing ill or doing nought at all:
Of an ungrateful mind a foul effect;
But if thy gifts which largely heretofore
Thou haſt upon us pour'd thou doſt reſpect,
We are thy ſervants, nay, than ſervants more,
Thy children, yes, and children dearly bought.
But what ſtrange chance us of this lot bereaves?
Poor worthleſs wights how lowly are we brought,
Whom Grace once children made, Sin hath made ſlaves,
Sin hath made ſlaves, but let thoſe bands Grace break?
That in our wrongs thy mercies may appear,
Thy wiſdom not ſo mean is, pow'r ſo weak,
But thouſand ways, they can make worlds thee place,
fear.
O Wiſdom boundleſs! O mirac'lous Grace!
Grace, Wiſdom which makes wink dim Reaſon's eye,
And could Heaven's King bring forth his placeleſs
On this ignoble ſtage of care to die:
To die our death, and with the ſacred ſtream
Of blood and water guſhing from his ſide,
To make us clean of that contagious blame,
Firſt on us brought by our firſt parents pride.
Thus thy great love and pity (Heavenly King)
Love, pity which ſo well our loſs prevent,
Of evil itſelf (lo!) could all goodneſs bring,
And ſad beginning cheer with glad event.
O Love and Pity! ill known of thoſe times,
O Love and Pity! careful of our need,
O Bounties! which our horrid acts and crimes
(Grown numberleſs) contend near to exceed.
Make this exceſſive ardour of thy love,
So warm our coldneſs, ſo our lives renew,
That we from ſin, ſin may from us remove,
Wiſdom our will, Faith may our wit ſubdue.
Let thy pure love burn up all worldly luſt,
Hell's candy'd poiſon killing our beſt part,
Which makes us joy in toys, adore frail duſt,
Inſtead of thee, in temple of our heart.
Grant when at laſt our ſouls theſe bodies leave,
Their loathſome ſhops of ſin and manſions blind,
And doom before thy royal ſeat receive,
A Saviour more than Judge they thee may find.

XXXV. *The Shadow of the Judgment.*

Above thoſe boundleſs bounds where ſtars do move,
The cieling of the cryſtal round above,
And rainbow-ſparkling arch of diamond clear,
Which crowns the azure of each underſphere,
In a rich manſion radiant with light,
To which the ſun is ſcarce a taper bright,
Which, though a body, yet ſo pure is fram'd,
That almoſt ſpiritual it may be nam'd;
Where bliſs aboundeth, and a laſting May
All pleaſures height'ning flouriſheth for ay,
The King of ages dwells. About his throne
(Like to theſe beams day's golden lamp hath on)
Angelic ſplendours glance, more ſwift than ought
Reveal'd to ſenſe, nay than the winged thought,
His will to practiſe: here do Seraphims
Burn with immortal love, there Cherubims
With other noble people of the light,
As eaglets in the ſun, delight their ſight:
Heaven's ancient denizens, pure active powers,
Which (freed of death) that cloiſter high em-bowers,
Ethereal princes, ever-conquering bands,
Bleſt ſubjects acting what their king commands;
Sweet quiriſters, by whoſe melodious ſtrains
Skies dance, and earth untir'd their brawl ſuſtains.
Mixed among whoſe ſacred legions dear
The ſpotleſs ſouls of humans do appear,
Diveſting bodies which did cares diveſt,
And there live happy in eternal reſt.
Hither ſurcharg'd with grief, fraught with an-noy,
(Sad ſpectacle into that place of joy)
Her hair diſordered dangling o'er her face,
Which had of pallid violets the grace,
The crimſon mantle wont her to adorn
Caſt looſe about, and in large pieces torn.
Sighs breathing forth, and from her heavy een
Along her cheeks diſtilling cryſtal brine,
Which downward to her ivory breaſt was driven,
And had bedewed the milky-way of Heaven,
Came Piety: At her left hand near by
A wailing woman bare her company,
Whoſe tender babes her ſnowy neck did clip,
And now hang on her pap, now by her lip;
Flames glanc'd her head above, which once did glow,
But late look pale (a poor and ruthful ſhow!)
She ſobbing ſhrunk the throne of God before,
And thus began her caſe to him deplore.
Forlorn, wretch'd, deſolate, to whom ſhould I
My refuge have, below or in the ſky,
But unto thee? See (All-beholding King
That ſervant, no, that darling thou didſt bring
On earth, loſt man to ſave from hell's abime,
And raiſe unto theſe regions above time;
Who made thy name ſo truly be implor'd,
And by the reverend ſoul ſo long ador'd,
Her baniſh'd now ſee from theſe lower bounds,
Behold her garments ſhreeds her body's wounds:
Look how her ſiſter Charity there ſtands,
Proſcrib'd on earth, all maim'd by wicked hands:
Miſchief there mounts to ſuch an high degree,
That there, now none is left that cares for me.
There dwells Idolatry, there Atheiſm reigns,
There man in dumb, yet roaring, ſins him ſtains;
So fooliſh, that he puppets will adore
Of metal, ſtone, and birds, beaſts, trees, before
He once will to thy holy ſervice bow,
And yield thee homage: Ah, alas! yet now
To thoſe black ſp'rits which thou doſt keep in chains:
He vows obedience, and with ſhameful pains
Infernal horrors courts; caſe fond and ſtrange?
To bane than bliſs deſiring more the change.

Thy Charity, of graces once the chief,
Did long time find in hospitals relief,
Which now lie levell'd with the lowest ground,
Where sad memorials scarce are of them found.
Then (vagabonding) temples her receiv'd,
Where my poor cells afforded what she crav'd;
But now thy temples raz'd are, human blood
Those places stains, late where thy altars stood:
Times are so horrid, to implore thy name
That it is held now on the earth a blame.
Now doth the warrior, with his dart and sword,
Write laws in blood, and vent them for thy word;
Religion, faith pretending to make known,
All have all faith, religion quite o'erthrown,
Men awless, lawless live (most woful case)
Men, no more men, a God-contemning race.
Scarce had she said, when from the nether world,
(Like to a lightning through the welkin hurl'd,
That scores with flames the way, and every eye
With terror dazzles as it swimmeth by)
Came Justice; to whom angels did make place,
And Truth her flying footsteps straight did trace.
Her sword was lost, the precious weights she bare
Their beam had torn, scales rudely bruised were;
From off her head was reft her golden crown,
In rags her veil was rent, and star-spangl'd gown,
Her tear-wet locks hang'd o'er her face, which made
Between her and the mighty King a shade;
Just wrath had rais'd her colour (like the morn)
Portending clouds moist embryo's to be born)
Of which, she taking leave, with heart-swoln great,
Thus strove to 'plain before the throne of state.
Is not the earth thy workmanship (great King)
Didst thou not all this all from nought once bring
To this rich beauty which doth on it shine:
Bestowing on each creature of thine
Some shadow of thy bounty? Is not man
Thy vassal, plac'd to spend his life's short span
To do thee homage? And then didst not thou
A queen install me there, to whom should bow
Thy earth's indwellers, and to this effect
Put in my hand thy sword? O high neglect!
Now wretched earthlings, to thy great disgrace,
Perverted have my pow'r, and to deface
All reverend tracts of justice; now the earth
Is but a frame of shame, a funeral hearth,
Where every virtue hath consumed been,
And nought, (no not their dust) rests to be seen,
Long hath it me abhorr'd, long chased me,
Expell'd at last, here I have fled to thee,
And forthwith rather would to hell repair,
Than earth, since Justice execute is there.
All live on earth by spoil, the host his guest
Betrays, the man of her lies in his breast
Is not assured; the son the father's death
Attempts, and kindred kindred reave of breath
By lurking means, of such age few makes sick,
Since hell disgorg'd her baneful arsenic,
Whom murthers, foul assassinates defile,
Most who the harmless innocents beguile;
Who most can ravage, rob, ransack, blaspheme,
Is held most virtuous, hath a worthy's name;
So on embolden'd Malice they rely,
That (madding) thy great puissance they defy:
First man resembl'd thy portrait, foil'd by smoke
Now like thy creature hardly doth he look.
Old Nature here (she pointed where there stood
An aged lady in a heavy mood)
Doth break her staff, denying human race
To come of her, things born to her disgrace!
The dove the dove, the swan doth love the swan,
Nought so relentless unto man as man.
O! if thou mad'st this world, govern'st it all,
Deserved vengeance on the earth let fall;
The period of her standing perfect is,
Her hour-glass not a minute short doth miss.
The end (O Lord!) is come, then let no more
Mischief still triumph, bad the good devour;
But of thy word since constant, true thou art,
Give good their guerdon, wicked due desert.
She said: Throughout the shining palace went
A murmur soft, such as afar is sent
By musked zephyr's sighs along the main,
Or when they curl some flow'ry lee and plain;
One was their thought, one their intention, will,
Nor could they err, Truth there residing still:
All (mov'd with zeal) as one with cries did pray,
Hasten, (O Lord!) O hasten the last day.
Look how a generous prince when he doth hear
Some loving city, and to him most dear,
Which wont with gifts and shows him entertain;
(And, as a father's did obey his reign)
A rout of slaves and rascal foes to wreck
Her buildings overthrow, her riches sack,
Feels vengeful flames within his bosom burn,
And a just rage all respects overturn:
So seeing earth, of angels once the inn,
Mansion of saints, defloured all by sin,
And quite confus'd, by wretches here beneath;
The world's great Sovereign moved was to wrath.
Thrice did he rouse himself, thrice from his face
Flames sparkle did throughout the heavenly place.
The stars, though fixed, in their rounds did quake;
The earth, and earth-embracing sea, did shake:
Carmel and Hæmus felt it, Athos tops
Affrighted shrunk, and near the Æthiops
Atlas, the Pyrenees, the Apennine,
And lofty Grampius, which with snow doth shine.
Then to the synod of the sp'rits he swore,
Man's care should end, and time should be no more;
By his own self he swore of perfect worth,
Straight to perform his word sent angels forth.
There lies an island where the radiant sun,
When he doth to the northern tropics run,
Of six long months makes one tedious day,
And when through southern signs he holds his way,
Six months turneth in one loathsome night
(Night neither here is fair, nor day hot bright,
But half white and half more) where sadly clear
Still coldly glance the beams of either bear,
The frosty Groen-land. On the lonely shore
The ocean in mountains hoarse doth roar,
And over-tumbling tumbling over rocks,
Casts various rainbows, which in froth he chokes;
Gulfs all about are shrunk most strangely steep,
Than Nilus cataracts more vast and deep,
To the wild land beneath to make a shade,
A mountain lifteth up his crested head:

His locks are ice-ſhockles, his brows are ſnow,
Yet, from his burning bowels deep below,
Comets, far-flaming pyramids are driven,
And pitchy meteors, to the cope of heaven,
No ſummer here the lovely graſs forth brings,
Nor trees, no, not the deadly cypreſs ſprings.
Cave-loving Echo, daughter of the air,
By human voice was never waken'd here:
Inſtead of night's blackbird, and plaintful owl,
Infernal furies here do yell and howl.
A mouth yawns in this height ſo black obſcure
With vapours, that no eye it can endure:
Great Ætna's caverns never yet did make
Such ſable damps, though they be hideous black;
Stern horrors here eternally do dwell,
And this gulf deſtine for a gate to hell,
Forth from this place of dread (earth to appal)
Three furies ruſhed at the angel's call.
One with long treſſes doth her viſage maſk,
Her temples clouding in a horrid caſk,
Her right hand ſwings a brandon in the air,
Which flames, and terror hurleth every where
Pond'rous with darts, her left doth bear a ſhield,
Where Gorgon's head looks grim in ſable field:
Her eyes blaze fire and blood, each hair ſtills blood,
Blood trills from either pap, and where ſhe ſtood
Blood's liquid coral ſprang her feet beneath;
Where ſhe doth ſtretch her arm is blood and death.
Her Stygian head no ſooner ſhe uprears,
When earth of ſwords, helms, lances, ſtraight appears
To be delivered, and from out her womb
In flame-wing'd thunders artillery doth come,
Floods ſilver ſtreams do take a bluſhing dye,
The plains with breathleſs bodies buried lie;
Rage, wrong, rape, ſacrilege do her attend,
Fear, diſcord, wreck, and woes which have no end:
Town is by town, and prince by prince withſtood,
Earth turns an hideous ſhamble, a lake of blood.
The next with eyes, ſunk hollow in her brains,
Lean face, ſnarl'd hair, with black and empty veins,
Her dry'd-up bones ſcarce covered with her ſkin,
Bewraying that ſtrange ſtructure built within
Thigh-bellyleſs, moſt ghaſtly to the ſight,
A waſted ſkeleton reſembleth right.
Where ſhe doth roam in air, faint do the birds,
Yawn do earth's ruthleſs brood and harmleſs herds,
The woods wild forragers do howl and roar,
The humid ſwimmers die along the ſhore;
In towns, the living do the dead up-eat,
Then die themſelves, alas! and wanting meat;
Mothers not ſpare the birth of their own wombs,
But turn thoſe neſts of life to fatal tombs.
Laſt did a ſaffron-colour'd hag come out,
With uncomb'd hair, brows banded all about
With duſky clouds, in ragged mantle clad,
Her breath with ſtinking fumes the air beſpread,
In either hand ſhe held a whip, whoſe wires,
Still'd poiſon, blaz'd with Phlegethontal fires.
(Relentleſs) ſhe each ſtate, ſex, age defiles,
Earth ſtreams with gores, burns with envenom'd boils;
Where ſhe repairs, towns do in deſerts turn,
The living have no pauſe the dead to mourn,
The friend (ah!) dares not lock the dying eyes
Of his belov'd, the wife the huſband flies;
Men baſiliſks to men prove, and by breath
Than lead or ſteel bring worſe and ſwifter death:
No cypreſs, obſequies, no tomb they have,
The ſad heaven moſtly ſerves them for a grave.
These over earth tumultuouſly do run,
South, north, from riſing to the ſetting ſun;
They ſometime part, yet than the winds more fleet,
Forthwith together in one place they meet.
Great quinſey ye it know, Suſania's pride,
And you where ſtately Tiber's ſtreams do glide,
Memphis, Parthenope, ye too it know,
And where Euripus ſeven-fold tide doth flow:
Ye know it empreſſes on Thames, Rhoſne, Seine,
And ye fair queens by Tagus, Danube, Rhine,
Though they do ſcour the earth, roam far and large,
Not thus content the angels leave their charge:
We of her wreck theſe ſlender ſigns may name,
By greater they the judgment do proclaim.
This centre's centre with a mighty blow
One bruiſeth, whoſe crack'd concaves louder low,
And rumble, than if all th' artillery
On earth diſcharg'd at once were in the ſky;
Her ſurface ſhakes, her mountains in the main
Turn topſy-turvy, of heights making plain:
Towns them ingulf, and late where towers did ſtand,
Now nought remaineth but a waſte of ſand:
With turning eddies ſeas ſink under ground,
And in their floating depths are vallies found;
Late where with foamy creſts, waves tilted waves,
Now fiſhy bottoms ſhine and moſſy caves.
The mariner caſts an amazed eye
On his wing'd firs, which bedded he finds lie,
Yet can he ſee no ſhore; but whilſt he thinks,
What hideous crevice that huge current drinks,
The ſtreams ruſh back again with ſtorming tide,
And now his ſhips on cryſtal mountains glide,
Till they be hurl'd far beyond ſeas and hope,
And ſettle on ſome hill or palace top;
Or by triumphant ſurges overdriven, [heaven.
Show earth their entrails, and their keels the
Skies cloudy tables ſome do paint with fights
Of armed ſquadrons, juſtling ſteeds and knights,
With ſhining croſſes, judge, and ſapphire throne,
Arraigned criminals to howl and groan,
And plaints ſend forth, are heard: New worlds ſeen ſhine
With other ſuns and moons, falſe ſtars decline,
And dive in ſeas; red comets warm the air,
And blaze, as other worlds were judged there.
Others the heavenly bodies do diſplace,
Make ſun his ſiſter's ſtranger ſteps to trace;
Beyond the courſe of ſpheres he drives his coach,
And near the cold Arcturus doth approach;
The Scythian amaz'd is at ſuch beams,
The Mauritanian to ſee icy ſtreams;
The ſhadow which erewhile turn'd to the weſt,
Now wheels about, then reeleth to the eaſt:
New ſtars above the eighth heaven ſparkle clear,
Mars chops with Saturn, Jove claims Mars's ſphere,
Shrunk nearer earth, all blacken'd now and brown,
In maſk of weeping clouds appears the moon,

There are no seasons, autumn, summer, spring,
All are stern winter, and no birth forth bring:
Red turns the sky's blue curtain o'er this globe,
As to propine the judge with purple robe,
At first (entranc'd) with sad and curious eyes,
Earth's pilgrims stare on those strange prodigies:
The star-gazer this round finds truly move
In parts and whole, yet by no skill can prove
The firmament's stay'd firmness. They which dream
An everlastingness in world's vast frame, [wreck,
Think well some region where they dwell may
But that the whole, nor time nor force can shake;
Yet (frantic) muse to see heaven's stately lights,
Like drunkards, wayless reel amidst their heights.
Such as do nations govern, and command
Vasts of the sea and empiries of land,
Repine to see their countries overthrown,
And find no foe their fury to make known:
Alas (say they) what boots our toils and pains
Of care on earth is this the furthest gains?
No riches now can bribe our angry fate,
O no! to blast our pride the heavens do threat:
In dust now must our greatness buried lie,
Yet is it comfort with the world to die.
As more and more the warning signs increase,
Wild dread deprives lost Adam's race of peace;
From out their grandame earth they fain would fly;
But whither know not, heavens are far and high;
Each would bewail and mourn his own distress,
But public cries do private tears suppress,
Laments, plaints, shrieks of woe disturb all ears,
And fear is equal to the pain it fears.
Amidst this mass of cruelty and slights,
This galley full of God-despising wights,
This jail of sin and shame, this filthy stage
Where all act folly, misery, and rage;
Amidst those throngs of old prepar'd for hell,
Those numbers which no Archimede can tell,
A silly crew did lurk, a harmless route
Wand'ring the earth, which God had chosen out
To live with him (few roses which did blow
Among those weeds earth's garden overgrow;
A dew of gold still'd on earth's sandy mine,
Small diamonds in world's rough rocks which shine)
By purple tyrants which pursu'd and chas'd,
Liv'd recluses, in lonely islands plac'd;
Or did the mountains haunt, and forests wild,
Which they than towns more harmless found and mild:
Where many an hymn they to their Maker's praise,
Teach'd groves and rocks, which did resound their lays.
Nor sword, nor famine, nor plague-poisoning air,
Nor prodigies appearing every where,
Nor all the sad disorder of this All,
Could this small handful of the world appal;
But as the flow'r, which during winter's cold
Runs to the root, and lurks in sap uproll'd,
So soon as the great planet of the year
Begins the twins dear mansion to clear,
Lifts up its fragrant head, and to the field
A spring of beauty and delight doth yield:
So at those signs and apparitions strange,
Their thoughts, looks, gestures, did begin to change,
Joy makes their hands to clap, their hearts to dance,
In voice turns music, in their eyes doth glance.
What can (say they) these changes else portend,
Of this great frame, save the approaching end?
Past are the signs, all is perform'd of old
Which the Almighty's heralds us foretold.
Heaven now no longer shall of God's great power
A turning temple be, but fixed tower,
Burn shall this mortal mass amidst the air,
Of divine justice turn'd a trophy fair;
Near is the last of days, whose light embalms
Past griefs, and all our stormy cares becalms.
O happy day? O cheerful holiday!
Which night's sad fables shall not take away!
Farewell complaints, and ye yet doubtful thought
Crown now your hopes with comforts long time sought,
Wip'd from our eyes now shall be every tear,
Sighs stopt, since our salvation is so near.
What long we long'd for, God at last hath given,
Earth's chosen bands to join with those of heaven;
Now noble souls a guerdon just shall find,
And rest and glory be in one combin'd;
Now, more than in a mirror, by these eyne,
Even face to face our Maker shall be seen:
O welcome wonder of the soul and sight!
O welcome object of all true delight!
Thy triumphs and return we did expect,
Of all past toils to reap the dear effect:
Since thou art just, perform thy holy word,
O come still hop'd-for, come long wish'd-for, Lord.
While thus they pray, the heavens in flames appear,
As if they show fires elemental sphere,
The earth seems in the sun, the welkin gone,
Wonder all hushes; straight the air doth groan
With trumpets, which thrice louder sounds do yield
Than deaf'ning thunders in the airy field.
Created nature at the clangour quakes,
Immur'd with flames, earth in a palsy shakes,
And from her womb the dust in several heaps
Takes life, and mustereth into human shapes:
Hell bursts, and the foul prisoners there bound
Come howling to the day, with serpents crown'd.
Millions of angels in the lofty height,
Clad in pure gold and the electar bright,
Ushering the way still where the Judge should move,
In radiant rainbows vault the skies above;
Which quickly open, like a curtain driven,
And beaming glory shows the *King of Heaven*.
What Persian prince, Assyrian most renown'd,
What Scythian with conquering squadrons crown'd,
Ent'ring a breached city, where conspire
Fire to dry blood, and blood to quench out fire;
Where cutted carcasses quick members reel,
And by their ruin blunt the reeking steel,
Resembleth now the ever-living King?
What face of Troy which doth with yelling ring,
And Grecian flames transported in the air,
What dreadful spectacle of Carthage fair;
What picture of rich Corinth's tragic wreck,
Or of Numantia the hideous sack,
Or these together shown, the image, face
Can represent of earth, and plaintful case;

Which must lie smoking in the world's vast womb,
And to itself both fuel be and tomb?
Near to that sweet and odoriferous clime,
Where the all-cheering Emperor of Time
Makes spring the cassia, nard, and fragrant balms,
And every hill, and Colin crowns with palms;
Where incense sweats, where weeps the precious myrrh,
And cedars overtop the pine and fir,
Near where the aged Phœnix, tir'd of breath,
Doth build her nest, and takes new life in death:
A valley into wide and open fields
Far it extendeth, * * * * *

[*The rest is wanting.*]

THE RIVER OF FORTH FEASTING:

A Panegyric to the High and Mighty Prince James, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland.

To his Sacred Majesty.

If in this storm of joy and pompous throng,
This nymph (great King) doth come to thee so near
That thy harmonious ears her accents hear,
Give pardon to her hoarse and lowly song:
Fain would she trophies to thy virtues rear;
But for this stately task she is not strong,
And her defects her high attempts do wrong,
Yet as she could she makes thy worth appear.
So in a map is shown this flow'ry place;
So wrought in arras by a virgin's hand
With heaven and blazing stars doth Atlas stand,
So drawn by charcoal is Narcissus face:
She like the morn may be to some bright sun,
The day to perfect that's by her begun.

What blust'ring noise now interrupts my sleep?
What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal deep,
And seem to call me from my wat'ry court?
What melody? what sounds of joy and sport,
Are convey'd hither from each neighbouring spring?
With what loud rumours do the mountains ring?
Which in unusual pomp on tip-toes stand,
And (full of wonder) overlook the land?
Whence comes these glitt'ring throngs, these meteors bright,
This golden people glancing in my sight?
Whence doth this praise, applause, and love, arise?
What load-star eastward draweth thus all eyes?
Am I awake? or have some dreams conspir'd
To mock my sense with what I most desir'd?
View I that living face, see I those looks,
Which with delight were wont t' amaze my brooks?
Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
This age's glory, by these banks of mine?
Then find I true what long I wish'd in vain;
My much beloved prince is come again;
So unto them whose zenith is the pole,
When six black months are past, the sun doth roll:
So after tempest to sea-tossed wights
Fair Helen's brothers show their cheering lights:
So comes Arabia's wonders from her woods,
And far far off is seen by Memphis floods,
The feather'd Sylvans, cloud-like by her fly,
And with triumphing plaudits beat the sky,
Nile marvels, Seraph's priests (entranced) rave,
And in Mydonian stone her shape engrave;
In lasting cedars they do mark the time
In which Apollo's bird came to their clime.
Let Mother Earth now deck'd with flow'rs be seen: [green,
And sweet breath'd zephyrs curl the meadows
Let Heaven weep rubies in a crimson show'r,
Such as on Indies shores they use to pour:
Or with that golden storm the fields adorn,
Which Jove rain'd when his blue-ey'd maid was born.
May never hours the web of day outweave,
May never night rise from her sable cave.
Swell proud my billows, faint not to declare
Your joys as ample as their causes are:
For murmurs hoarse, sound like Arion's harp,
Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp;
And you my nymphs, rise from your moist repair;
Strow all your springs and grots with lilies fair:
Some swiftest footed, get them hence, and pray
Our floods and lakes come keep this holiday;
What e'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
Which see the rising or the setting sun,
Which drink stern Grampius mists, or Ochel's snows:
Stone-rolling Tay, Tyne tortoise-like that flows,
The pearly Don, the Dees, the fertile Spey,
Wild Neverne, which doth see our longest day;
Nes smoking sulphur, Leave with mountains crown'd
Strange Lowmond for his floating isles renown'd:
The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Air,
The snaky Dun, the Ore with rushy hair,
The crystal streaming Nid, loud bellowing Clyde,
Tweed which no more our kingdoms shall divide;
Rank-swelling Annan, Lid with curled streams,
The Esks, the Solway, where they lose their names,
To ev'ry one proclaim our joys and feasts,
Our triumphs; bid all come and be our guests:

And as they meet in Neptune's azure hall,
Bid them bid sea gods keep this festival;
This day shall by our currents be renown'd,
Our hills about shall still this day resound;
Nay, that our love more to this day appear,
Let us with it henceforth begin our year. [rain;
To virgins, flow'rs; to sun-burnt earth, the
To mariners fair winds amidst the main,
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy bleist return.
That day (dear prince) which robb'd us of thy sight,
[Day, no, but darkness and a dusky night]
Did fill our breasts with sighs, our eyes with tears,
Turn'd minutes to sad months, sad months to years,
Trees left to flourish, meadows to bear flow'rs,
Brooks hid their heads within their sedgy bow'rs,
Fair Ceres curst our fields with barren frost,
As if again she had her daughter lost:
The muses left our groves, and for sweet songs
Sat sadly silent, or did weep their wrongs.
You know it, meads; your murmuring woods it know,
Hills, dales, and caves, copartners of their woe;
And you it know, my streams, which from their een
Oft on your glass receiv'd their pearly brine;
O Naiad's dear (said they) Napeas fair,
O nymphs of trees, nymphs which on hills repair.
Gone are those maiden glories, gone that state,
Which made all eyes admire our bliss of late.
As looks the Heaven when never star appears,
But slow and weary shroud them in their spheres,
While Titon's wife embosom'd by him lies,
And world doth languish in a dreary guise:
As looks a garden of its beauty spoil'd,
As woods in winter by rough Boreas foil'd,
As portraits raz'd of colours us'd to be:
So look'd these abject bounds depriv'd of thee.
While as my rills enjoy'd thy royal gleams,
They did not envy Tiber's haughty streams,
Nor wealthy Tagus with his golden ore,
Nor clear Hydaspes which on pearls doth roar,
Nor golden Gange that sees the sun new born,
Nor Achelous with his flow'ry horn,
Nor floods which near Elysian fields do fall:
For why? thy sight did serve to them for all.
No place there is so desert, so alone,
Even from the frozen to the torrid zone,
From flaming Hecla to great Quinsey's lake,
Which thy abode could not most happy make;
All those perfections which by bounteous Heaven
To divers worlds in divers times were given,
The starry senate pow'r'd at once on thee,
That thou exampler might'st to others be,
Thy life was kept till the Three Sisters spun
Their threads of gold, and then it was begun.
With chequer'd clouds when skies do look most fair,
And no disorder'd blasts disturb the air,
When lilies do them deck in azure gowns;
And new-born roses blush with golden crowns,
To prove how calm we under thee should live,
What Halcyonian days thy reign should give,
And to two flow'ry diadems thy right;
The heavens thee made a partner of the light.
Scarce wast thou born, when join'd in friendly bands
Two mortal foes with other clasped hands; [grace
With Virtue Fortune strove, which most should
Thy place for thee, thee for so high a place,
One vow'd thy sacred breast not to forsake,
The other on thee not to turn her back;
And that thou more her loves effects might'st feel,
For thee she left her globe, and broke her wheel.
When years thee vigour gave, O then how clear
Did smothered sparkles in bright flames appear!
Amongst the woods to force the flying hart,
To pierce the mountain wolf with feather'd dart;
See falcons climb the clouds, the fox ensnare,
Outrun the wind-out-running Dædale hare
To breathe thy fiery steed on every plain,
And in meand'ring gyres him bring again,
The press thee making place, and vulgar things,
In Admiration's air, on Glory's wings;
O! thou far from the common pitch didst rise,
With thy designs to dazzle Envy's eyes:
Thou sought'st to know this All's eternal source,
Of ever-turning heaven the restless course, [run,
Their fixed lamps, their lights which wand'ring
Whence moon her silver hath, his gold the sun,
If Fate there be or no, if planets can
By fierce aspects force the free will of man;
The light aspiring fire, the liquid air,
The flaming dragons, comets with red hair,
Heaven's tilting lances, artillery, and bow,
Loud-sounding trumpets, darts of hail, and snow,
The roaring elements, with people dumb,
The earth with what conceiv'd is in her womb.
What on her moves were set unto thy sight,
Till thou didst find their causes, essence, might;
But unto nought thou so thy mind didst strain,
As to be read in man, and learn to reign:
To know the weight and Atlas of a crown,
To spare the humble, proud ones tumble down.
When from those piercing cares which thrones
invest, [rest,
As thorns the rose, thou weary'd would'st thee
With lute in hand, full of celestial fire,
To the Pierian groves thou didst retire:
There garlanded with all Urania's flow'rs,
In sweeter lays than builded Thebes tow'rs,
Or them which charm'd the dolphins in the main,
Or which did call Eurydice again,
Thou sung'st away the hours, till from their sphere
Stars seem'd to shoot, thy melody to hear.
The god with golden hair, the sister maids,
Did leave their Helicon, and Tempe's shades,
To see thine isle, here lost their native tongue,
And in thy world-divided language sung.
Who of thine after age can count the deeds,
With all that Fame in Time's huge annals reads,
How by example more than any law,
This people fierce thou didst to goodness draw;
How while the neighbour worlds (toss'd by the Fates)
So many Phaetons had in their states. [thrones,
Which turn'd to heedless flames their burnish'd
Thou (as ensphered) kept'st temperate thy zones;
In Afric shores the sands that ebb and flow,
The shady leaves on Arden's trees that grow;

He ſure may count, with all the waves that meet
To waſh the Mauritanian Atlas feet.
Though crown'd thou wert not, nor a king by birth,
Thy worth deſerves the richeſt crown on earth
Search this half ſphere, and the Antartic ground,
Where is ſuch wit and bounty to be found?
As into ſilent night, when near the bear,
The virgin huntreſs ſhines at full moſt clear,
And ſtrives to match her brother's golden light,
The hoſt of ſtars doth vaniſh in her ſight,
Arcturus dies; cool'd is the lion's ire,
Po burns no more with Phaetontal fire:
Orion faints to ſee his arms grow black,
And that his flaming ſword he now doth lack:
So Europe's lights, all bright in their degree,
Loſe all their luſtre parallel'd with thee,
By juſt deſcent thou from more kings doſt ſhine,
Then many can name men in all their line:
What moſt they toil to find, and finding hold,
Thou ſcorneſt, orient gems, and flatt'ring gold;
Eſteeming treaſure furer in men's breaſts,
Than when immur'd with marble, clos'd in cheſts;
No ſtormy paſſions do diſturb thy mind,
No miſts of greatneſs ever could thee blind:
Who yet hath been ſo meek? thou life didſt give
To them who did repine to ſee thee live;
What prince by goodneſs hath ſuch kingdoms gain'd?
Who hath ſo long his people's peace maintain'd?
Their ſwords are turn'd to ſcythes, to culters ſpears,
Some giant poſt their antic armour bears:
Now, where the wounded knight his life did bleed,
The wanton ſwain ſits piping on a reed;
And where the cannon did Jove's thunder ſcorn,
The gawdy huntſman winds his ſhrill-tun'd horn:
Her green locks Ceres doth to yellow die,
The pilgrim ſafely in the ſhade doth lie,
Both Pan and Pales careleſs keep their flocks,
Seas have no dangers ſave the winds and rocks:
Thou art this iſle's Palladium, neither can
(Whiles thou doſt live) it be o'erthrown by man.
Let others boaſt of blood and ſpoils of foes,
Fierce rapines, murders, Iliads of woes,
Of hated pomp, and trophies rear'd fair,
Gore-ſpangled enſigns ſtreaming in the air,
Count how they make the Scythian them adore,
The Gaditan and ſoldier of Aurore,
Unhappy boaſting! to enlarge their bounds,
That charge themſelves with cares, their friends with wounds,
Who have no law to their ambitious will,
But man-plagues) born are human blood to ſpill:
Thou a true victor art, ſent from above,
What others ſtrain by force, to gain by love,
World-wand'ring Fame this praiſe to thee imparts,
To be the only monarch of all hearts.
They many fear who are of many fear'd,
And kingdoms got by wrongs, by wrongs are tear'd; [down,
Such thrones as blood doth raiſe, blood throweth
No guard ſo ſure as love unto a crown.
Eye of our weſtern world, Mars-daunting king,
With whoſe renown the earth's ſeven climates ring,
Thy deeds not only claim theſe diadems,
To which Thame, Liſſy, Tay, ſubject their ſtreams:
But to thy virtues rare, and gifts, is due
All that the planet of the year doth view;
Sure if the world above did want a prince
The world above to it would take thee hence.
That Murder, Rapine, Luſt, are fled to hell,
And in their rooms with us the Graces dwell;
That honour more than riches men reſpect,
That worthineſs than gold doth more effect,
That Piety unmaſked ſhows her face,
That Innocency keeps with Power her place,
That long-exil'd Aſtrea leaves the Heaven, [ſeven,
And turneth right her ſword, her weights holds
That the Saturnian world is come again,
Are wiſh'd effects of thy moſt happy reign.
That daily, Peace, Love, Truth, delights increaſe,
And Diſcord, Hate, Fraud, with Incumber's, ceaſe,
That men uſe ſtrength not to ſhed others blood,
But uſe their ſtrength now to do others good;
That Fury is enchain'd, diſarmed Wrath,
That (ſave by Nature's hand) there is no death,
That late grim foes, like brothers other love,
That vultures prey not on the harmleſs dove,
That wolves with lambs do friendſhip entertain,
Are wiſh'd effects of thy moſt happy reign.
That towns increaſe, that ruin'd temples riſe,
That their wind-moving vanes do kiſs the ſkies,
That Ignorance and Sloth hence run away,
That bury'd Arts now reuſe them to the day,
That Hyperion far beyond his bed,
Doth ſee our lions ramp, our roſes ſpread;
That Iber courts us, Tyber not us charms;
That Rhine with hence-brought beams his boſom warms;
That ill doth fear, and good doth us maintain,
Are wiſh'd effects of thy moſt happy reign,
O Virtue's pattern, glory of our times,
Sent of paſt days to expiate the crimes,
Great King, but better far than thou art great,
Whom ſtate not honours, but who honours ſtate,
By wonder born, by wonder firſt inſtall'd,
By wonder after to new kingdoms call'd;
Young kept by wonder from home-bred alarms,
Old ſav'd by wonder from pale traitors harms,
To be for this thy reign, which wonders brings,
A king of wonder, wonder unto kings.
If Pict, Dane, Norman, thy ſmooth yoke had ſeen,
Pict, Dane, and Norman had thy ſubjects been;
If Brutus knew the bliſs thy rule doth give,
Even Brutus joy would under thee to live,
For thou thy people doſt ſo dearly love,
That they a father, more than prince, thee prove.
O days to be deſir'd! Age happy thrice!
If you your heaven-ſent good could duly prize;
But we (half palſy ſick) think never right
Of what we hold, till it be from our ſight,
Prize only ſummer's ſweet and muſked breath,
When armed winters threaten us with death,
In pallid ſickneſs do eſteem of health,
And by ſad poverty diſcern of wealth:
I ſee an age when after ſome few years,
And revolutions of the ſlow-pac'd ſpheres,
Theſe days ſhall be 'bove other far eſteem'd,
And like Auguſtus palmy reign be deem'd.

The names of Arthur, fabulous Paladines,
Grav'n in Time's furly brows, in wrinkled lines,
Of Henreys, Edwards, famous for their fights,
Their neighbour conqueſts, orders new of knights,
Shall by this Prince's name be paſt as far
As meteors are by the Idalian ſtar.
If gray-hair'd Proteus ſongs the truth not miſs,
And gray-hair'd Proteus oft a prophet is,
There is a land hence diſtant many miles,
Outreaching fiction and Atlantic iſles, [name,
Which (homelings) from this little world we
That ſhall emblazon with ſtrange rites his fame,
Shall rear him ſtatues all of pureſt gold,
Such as men gave unto the gods of old,
Name by him temples, palaces, and towns,
With ſome great river, which their fields renowns:
This is that king who ſhould make right each wrong,
Of whom the bards and myſtic Sibyls ſung,
The man long promis'd, by whoſe glorious reign,
This iſle ſhould yet her ancient name regain,
And more of fortunate deſerve the ſtyle, [ſmile.
Than thoſe where heavens with double ſummers
Run on (Great Prince) thy courſe in glory's way,
The end the life, the evening crowns the day;
Heap worth on worth, and ſtrongly ſoar above
Thoſe heights which made the world thee firſt to love:
Surmount thyſelf, and make thine actions paſt
Be but as gleams or lightnings of thy laſt,
Let them exceed thoſe of thy younger time,
As far as autumn doth the flow'ry prime. [eye,
Through this thy empire range, like world's bright
That once each year ſurveys all earth, and ſky,
Now glances on the ſlow and reſty bears,
Then turns to dry the weeping Auſter's tears,
Hurries to both the poles, and moveth even
In the figur'd circle of the heaven:
O long long haunt theſe bounds, which by thy ſight
Have now regain'd their former heat and light.
Here grow green woods, here ſilver brooks do glide,
Here meadows ſtretch them out with painted pride,
Embroid'ring all the banks, here hills aſpire
To crown their heads with the ethereal fire,
Hills, bulwarks of our freedom, giant walls,
Which never friends did ſlight, nor ſword made thralls;
Each circling flood to Thetis tribute pays,
Men here (in health) outlive old Neſtor's days:
Grim Saturn yet amongſt our rocks remains,
Bound in our caves, with many metall'd chains,
Bulls haunt our ſhades like Leda's lover white,
Which yet might breed Peſiphae delight,
Our flocks fair fleeces bear, with which for ſport
Endymion of old the moon did court,
High-palmed harts amidſt our foreſts run,
And, not impal'd, the deep-mouth'd hounds do ſhun;
The rough-foot hare ſafe in our buſhes ſhrouds,
And long-wing'd hawks do perch amidſt our clouds.
The wanton wood-nymphs of the verdant ſpring,
Blue, golden, purple flow'rs ſhall to thee bring,
Pomona's fruits the Paniſks, Thetis girls,
The Thule's amber, with the ocean pearls;
The Tritons, herdſmen of the glaſſy field,
Shall give thee what far diſtant ſhores can yield,
The Serean fleeces, Erythrean gems,
Vaſt Plato's ſilver, gold of Peru ſtreams,
Antartic parrots, Ethiopean plumes,
Sabæan odours, myrrh, and ſweet perfumes:
And I myſelf wrapt in a watchet gown
Of reeds and lilies, on mine head a crown,
Shall incenſe to thee burn, green altars raiſe,
And yearly ſing due Pæans to thy praiſe.
Ah! why ſhould Iſis only ſee thee ſhine?
Is not thy Forth, as well as Iſis thine?
Though Iſis vaunt ſhe hath more wealth in ſtore,
Let it ſuffice thy Forth doth love thee more:
Though ſhe for beauty may compare with Seine,
For ſwans and ſea-nymphs with imperial Rhine,
Yet for the title may be claim'd in thee,
Nor ſhe, nor all the world can match with me.
Now when (by honour drawn) thou ſhalt away
To her already jealous of thy ſtay,
When in her amorous arms ſhe doth thee fold,
And dries thy dewy hairs with hers of gold,
Much aſking of thy fare, much of thy ſport,
Much of thine abſence, long, how e'er ſo ſhort,
And chides (perhaps) thy coming to the north,
Lothe not to think on thy much-loving Forth:
O love theſe bounds, where of thy royal ſtem
More than an hundred wore a diadem.
So ever gold and bays thy brows adorn,
So never time may ſee thy race outworn,
So of thine own ſtill may'ſt thou be deſir'd,
Of ſtrangers fear'd, redoubted, and admir'd;
So Memory thee praiſe, ſo precious hours
May character thy name in ſtarry flow'rs;
So may thy high exploits at laſt make even,
With earth thy empire, glory with the heaven.

SPEECHES

To the High and Excellent Prince Charles, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, at his entering his City of Edinburgh: Delivered from the Pageants, June 15th, 1633.

I. *The Speech of Caledonia, representing the Kingdom.*

THE heavens have heard our vows, our just desires
Obtained are, no higher now aspires
Our wishing thought, since to his native clime
The flower of princes, honour of his time,
Enchearing all our dales, hills, forests, streams,
(As Phœbus doth the summer with his beams)
Is come, and radiant to us in his train
The golden age and virtues brings again;
Prince so much longed for, how thou becalm'st
Mind's easeless anguish, every care embalm'st
With the sweet odours of thy presence: now
In swelling tides joys every where do flow
By thine approach, and that the world may see
What unthought wonders do attend on thee,
This kingdom's angel I, who since that day
That ruthless fate thy parent reft away,
And made a star, appear'd not any where
To gratulate thy coming, come am here.
Hail princes Phœnix, monarch of all hearts,
Sovereign of Love and Justice, who imparts
More than thou canst receive; to thee this crown
Is due by birth; but more, it is thine own
By just desert; and ere another brow [should flow
Than thine should reach the same, my floods
With hot vermilion gore, and every plain
Level the hills with carcases of slain,
This isle become a Red Sea: now how sweet
Is it to me when Love and Laws thus meet
To wreath thy temples with this diadem,
My nurselings sacred fear, and dearest gem:
Nor Roman, Saxon, Pict, by sad alarms
Could this acquire and keep; the heavens in arms
From us repel all perils, nor by wars
Ought here was won, or gaping wounds and scars,
Our Lion's Clymacteric now is past,
And crown'd with bays, he rampeth free at last.
Here are no Serean fleeces, Peru gold,
Aurora's gems, nor wares by Tyrians sold;
Towns swell not here with Babylonian walls,
Nor Nero's sky-resembling gold-ceil'd halls,
Nor Memphis spires, nor Quinzays arched frames
Captiving seas, and giving lands their names:
Faith (milk white faith), of old belov'd so well,
Yet in this corner of the world doth dwell,
With her pure sisters, Truth, Simplicity;
Here banish'd Honour bears them company,
A Mars-adoring brood is here, their wealth,
Sound minds, and bodies of as found a health;
Walls here are men, who fence their cities more
Than Neptune, when he doth in mountains roar,
Doth guard this isle, or all those forts and tow'rs
Amphion's harp rais'd about Thebe's bow'rs,
Heavens arch is oft their roofs, the pleasant shade
Of oak and plain oft serves them for a bed;
To suffer want, soft pleasure to despise,
Run over panting mountains crown'd with ice,
Rivers o'ercome, the wastest lakes appal,
(Being to themselves, oars, steerers, ship and all)
Is their renown; a brave all-daring race,
Courageous, prudent, doth this climate grace;
Yet the firm base on which their glory stands,
In peace true hearts, in wars is valiant hands,
Which here (great King) they offer up to thee,
Thy worth respecting as thy pedigree:
Though it be much to come of princely stem
More is it to deserve a diadem.
Vouchsafe, blest people, ravish'd here with me,
To think my thoughts, and see what I do see,
A prince all gracious, affable, divine,
Meek, wise, just, valiant, whose radiant shine,
Of virtues (like the stars about the pole
Gilding the night) enlight'neth every soul,
Your sceptre sways; a prince born in this age
To guard the innocents from tyrants rage,
To make peace proper, justice to reflow'r,
In desert Hamlet, as in lordly bow'r;
A prince, that though of none he stands in awe,
Yet first subjects himself to his own law,
Who joys in good, and still, as right directs,
His greatness measures by his good effects,
His people's pedestal, who rising high
To grace his throne, makes Scotland's name to fly
On Halcyons wings (her glory which restores)
Beyond the ocean to Columbus shores:
God's sacred picture in this man adore,
Honour his valour, zeal, his piety more,
High value what you hold, him deep engrave
In your heart's heart, from whom all good ye have:
For as Moon's splendour from her brother springs,
The people's welfare streameth from their kings.
Since your love's object doth immortal prove,
O love this prince with an eternal love.
Pray that those crowns his ancestors did wear,
His temples long (more orient) may bear,
That good he reach by sweetness of his sway,
That even his shadow may the bad affray;
That heaven on him what he desires bestow,
That still the glory of his greatness grow,
That your begun felicities may last,
That no Orion do with storms them blast,

That victory his brave exploits attend,
Fast, west, or south, where he his force shall bend;
Till his great deeds all former deeds surmount,
And quail the Nimrod of the Hellespont:
That when his well-spent care all care becalms,
He may in peace sleep in a shade of palms;
And rearing up fair trophies, that heavens may
Extend his life to world's extremest day.

II. *The Song of the Muses at Parnassus.*

At length we see those eyes,
Which cheer both earth and skies;
Now, ancient Caledon,
Thy beauties heighten, richest robes put on,
And let young joys to all thy parts arise.

Here could thy prince still stay,
Each month should turn to May;
We need not star nor sun,
Save him, to lengthen days and joys begun:
Sorrow and night to far climes haste away.

Now Majesty and Love
Combin'd are from above,
Prince never sceptre sway'd,
Lov'd subjects more, of subjects more obey'd,
Which may endure whilst Heaven's great orbs do move.

Joys did you always last,
Life's spark you soon would waste;
Grief follows sweet delight,
As day is shadowed by sable night,
Yet shall remembrance keep you still when past.

III. *The Speeches at the Horoscopal Pageant by the Planets.*

Endymion.

Rous'd from the Latmian cave, where wany years
That empress of the lowest of the spheres,
Who cheers the night, did keep me hid, apart
From mortal wights, to ease her love-sick heart,
As young as when she did me first enclose,
As fresh in beauty as the morning rose;
Endymion, that whilom kept my flocks
Upon Ionia's flow'ry hills and rocks,
And sweet lays warbling to my Cynthia's beams,
Outsang the cygnets of Meander's streams:
To whom (for guerdon) she Heaven's secret bars
Made open, taught the paths and pow'rs of stars;
By this dear lady's strict commandment
To celebrate this day I here am sent.
But whether is this Heaven, which stars do crown,
Or are Heaven's flaming splendours here come down
To beautify this nether world with me?
Such state and glory did e'er shepherd see?
My wits and sense mistrust, and stay amaz'd,
No eye on fairer objects ever gaz'd;
Sure this is Heaven, for every wand'ring star,
Forsaking those great orbs where whirl'd they are,
All dismal sad aspects abandoning,
Are hermet to salute some gracious king;
Nor is it strange if they Heaven's height neglect,
It of undoubted worth is the effect:
Then this it is, thy presence (royal youth)
Hath brought them here within azymuth,
To tell by me (their herald) coming things,
And what each Fate to her stern distaff sings:
Heaven's volume to unclasp, vast pages spread,
Mysterious golden cyphers clear to read:
Hear the then augur of thy future days,
And what the starry senate of thee says;
For, what is firm decreed in heaven above,
In vain on earth strive mortals to improve.

Saturn.

To fair hopes to give reins now it is time,
And soar as high as just desires may climb;
O Halcyonian, clear and happy day!
From sorry wights let sorrow fly away,
And vex Antartic climes, Great Britain's woes
Vanish, for joy now in her zenith glows;
The old Leucadian scythe-bearing sire
(Though cold) for thee feels flames of sweet desire;
And many lustres at a perfect height,
Shall keep thy sceptre's majesty as bright
And strong in power and glory every way,
As when thy peerless parent did it sway,
Ne'er turning wrinkled in Time's endless length,
But one in her first beauty, youthful strength,
Like thy rare mind, which stedfast as the pole
Still fixed stands, however spheres do roll,
More, to enhance with favours this thy reign,
His age of gold he doth restore again,
Love, Justice, Honour, Innocence renew,
Men's sp'rits with white simplicity endue,
Make all to live in Plenty's endless store
With equal shares, none wishing to have more;
No more shall cold the ploughmens hopes beguile,
Skies shall on earth with lovely glances smile;
Which shall untill'd each flow'r and herb bring forth,
And lands to gardens turn of equal worth,
Life (long) shall not be thrall'd to mortal dates,
Thus Heaven's decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

Jove.

Delight of Heaven, sole honour of the earth,
Jove (courting thine ascendant) at thy birth
Proclaimed thee a king, and made it true,
That to thy worth great monarchies are due;
He gave thee what was good, and what was great,
What did belong to love, and what to state,
Rare gifts whose ardours burn the hearts of all,
Like tinder when flint's atoms on it fall.
The Tramontane which thy fair course directs,
Thy counsels shall approve by their effects;
Justice kept low by giants, wrongs, and jars,
Thou shalt relieve, and crown with glistering stars,
Whom nought save law of force could keep in awe,
Thou shalt turn clients to the force of law,
Thou arms shalt brandish for thine own defence,
Wrongs to repel, and guard weak innocence,
Which to thy last effort thou shalt uphold,
As oak the ivy which it doth enfold;
All overcome, at last thyself o'ercome,
Thou shalt make Passion yield to Reason's doom:
For smiles of fortune shall not raise thy mind,
Nor shall disasters make it ere declin'd,
True honour shall reside within thy court,
Sobriety and Truth there still resort;
Keep promis'd faith, thou shalt all treacheries
Detest, and fawning parasites despise,
Thou, others to make rich, shalt not make poor
Thyself, but give, that thou may'st still give more;
Thou shalt no paranymph raise to high place,
For frizl'd locks, quaint pace, or painted face;

On gorgeous raiments, womanizing toys,
The works of worms, and what a moth deſtroys.
The maze of fools, thou ſhalt no treaſure ſpend,
Thy charge to immortality ſhalt tend,
Raiſe palaces, and temples vaulted high,
Rivers o'er arch, of hoſpitality
And ſciences the ruin'd inns reſtore,
With walls and ports encircle Neptune's ſhore,
To new-found worlds thy fleets make hold their courſe,
And find of Canada th' unknown ſource,
People thoſe lands which paſs Arabian fields,
In fragrant woods and muſk which zephyrs yields;
Thou fear'd of none, ſhalt not thy people fear,
Thy people's love thy greatneſs ſhall uprear,
Still rigour ſhall not ſhine, and mercy lour,
What love can do thou ſhalt not do by pow'r;
New and vaſt taxes thou ſhalt not extort,
Load heavy thoſe that bounty ſhould ſupport,
Thou ſhalt not ſtrike the hinge nor maſter-beam
Of thine eſtate, but errors in the ſame
By harmleſs juſtice graciouſly reform,
Delighting more in calm than roaring ſtorm;
Thou ſhalt govern in peace as did thy ſire,
Keep, ſave thine own, and kingdoms new acquire,
Beyond Alcide's pillars, and thoſe bounds
Where Alexander gain'd the Eaſtern crowns,
Till thou the greateſt be amongſt the greats;
Thus Heavens ordain, ſo have decreed the Fates.

Mars.

Son of the lion, thou of loathſome bands
Shalt free the earth, and whate'er thee withſtands
Thy noble paws ſhall tear; the god of Thrace
Shall be thy ſecond; and before thy face,
To Truth and Juſtice, whilſt thou trophies rears,
Armies ſhall fall diſmay'd with panic fears.
As when Aurora in ſky's azure liſts
Makes ſhadows vaniſh, doth diſperſe the miſts,
And in a twinkling with her opal light,
Night's horrors checketh, putting ſtars to flight,
More to enflame thee to this noble taſk,
To thee he here reſigns his ſword and caſk,
A wall of flying caſtles, armed pines
Shall bridge thy ſea like heaven with ſteel that ſhines.
To aid earth's tenants by foul yokes oppreſt,
And fill with fears the great king of the weſt:
To thee already Victory diſplays
Her garlands twin'd with olive, oak, and bays;
Thy triumph finiſh ſhall all old debates?
Thus Heavens decree, ſo have ordain'd the Fates.

Sun.

Wealth, Wiſdom, Glory, Pleaſure ſtouteſt hearts,
Religion, Laws, Hyperion imparts
To thy juſt reign, which ſhall far far ſurpaſs
Of emperors, kings, the beſt that ever was;
Look how he dims the ſtars; thy glory's rays
So darken ſhall the luſtre of theſe days:
For in fair Virtue's zodiac thou ſhalt run,
And in the heaven of worthies be the ſun.
No more contemn'd ſhall hapleſs Learning lie;
The maids of Pindus ſhall be raiſed high;
For bay and ivy which their brows inroll'd,
Thou ſhalt them deck with gems and ſhining gold.
Thou open ſhalt Parnaſſus' cryſtal gates;
Thus Heavens decree, ſo do decree the Fates.

Venus.

The Acidalian queen amidſt thy bays
Shall twine her myrtles, grant thee pleaſant days;
She did make clear thy houſe, and with her light,
Of churliſh ſtars put back the diſmal ſpight;
The Hymenean bed fair brood ſhall grace,
Which on the earth continue ſhall their race;
While Flora's treaſure ſhall the meads endea[l]
While ſweet Pomona roſe-cheek'd fruits ſha[ll]
While Phœbe's beams her brothers emulates;
Thus Heavens decree, ſo have ordain'd the Fates.

Mercury.

Great Atlas nephew, ſhall the works of peace,
(The ſprings of plenty) tillage, trades increaſe,
And arts in time's gulfs loſt again reſtore,
To their perfection; nay, find many more,
More perfect artiſts, Cyclops in their forge
Shall mould thoſe brazen Pyphons, which diſgorge
From their hard bowels metal, flame, and ſmoke,
Muffling the air up in a ſable cloke.
Geryons, harpies, dragons, ſphinges ſtrange,
Wheely, where in ſpacious gires the fume doth range,
The ſea ſhrinks at the blow, ſhake doth the ground,
The world's vaſt chambers doth the ſound rebound;
The Stygian porter leaveth off to bark,
Black Jove appall'd doth ſhrowd him in the dark;
Many a Typhis in adventures toſt
By new-found ſkill ſhall many a maiden coaſt,
With thy fill-winged Argoſes and out,
Which like the ſun ſhall run the earth about;
And far beyond his paths ſcore wavy ways,
To Cathai's lands by Hyperborean ſeas;
He ſhall endue thee both in peace and war,
With wiſdom, which than ſtrength is better far,
Wealth, honour, arms, and arts ſhall grace thy ſtates;
Thus Heavens ordain, ſo do decree the Fates.

The Moon.

O how the fair queen with the golden maids,
The ſun of night, thy happy fortune aids;
Though turban'd princes for a badge her wear,
To them ſhe wane, to thee would full appear;
Her handmaid Thetis daily walks the round
About thy Delos that no force it wound.
Then when thou leſt it, and abroad didſt ſtray,
(Dear pilgrim) ſhe did ſtraw with flowers thy way,
And turning foreign force and counſel vain,
Thy guard and guide return'd thee home again;
To thee ſhe kindgoms, years, bliſs did divine;
Quelling Meduſa's grim ſnakes with her ſhine,
Beneath thy reign Diſcord, (feil Miſchief's forge,
The bane of peoples, ſtates, and kingdoms ſcourge)
Pale Envy (with the cockatrice's eye,
Which ſeeing kills, but ſeen doth forthwith die):
Malice, Deceit, Rebellion, Impudence,
Beyond the Garamants ſhall pack them hence,
With every monſter that thy glory hates,
Thus Heavens decree, ſo have ordain'd the Fates.

Endymion.

That heretofore to thy heroic mind
Hopes did not anſwer as they were deſign'd:

O do not think it ſtrange, times were not come,
And theſe fair ſtars had not pronounc'd their doom;
The deſtinies did on that day attend,
When to this northern region thou ſhalt lend
Thy cheerful preſence, and charg'd with renown,
Set on thy brows the Caledonian crown;
Thy virtues now thy juſt deſire ſhall grace,
Stern chance ſhall change, and to deſert give place,
Let this be known to all the Fates, admit
To their grave counſel, and to every wit
That courts Heaven's inſide; this let Sibyls know,
And thoſe mad Corybants who dance and glow
On Dindymus high tops with frantic fire:
Let this be known to all Apollo's choir;
And people, let it not be hid from you,
What mountains noiſe, and floods proclaim as true:
Wherever Fame abroad his praiſe ſhall ring,
All ſhall obſerve, and ſerve this bleſſed king.

The end of King Charles's entertainment at Edinburgh, 1633.

MISCELLANIES.

I.

All good hath left this age, all tracts of ſhame,
Mercy is baniſhed, and Pity dead,
Juſtice from whence it came to heaven is fled;
Religion maim'd, is thought an idle name,
Faith to diſtruſt, and Malice hath given place,
Envy with poiſon'd teeth hath Friendſhip torn,
Renowned Knowledge is a deſpis'd ſcorn,
Now evil 'tis, all evil not to embrace.
There is no life ſave under ſervile bands,
To make deſert a vaſſal to their crimes,
Ambition with Avarice join hands,
O ever-ſhameful, O moſt ſhameleſs times!
Save that ſun's light we ſee, of good here tell,
This earth we court too much, were very hell,

II.

Doth then the world go thus, doth all thus move?
Is this the juſtice which on earth we find?
Is this that firm decree which all doth bind?
Are theſe your influences, pow'rs above?
Thoſe ſouls which vices moody miſts moſt blind,
Blind Fortune blindly moſt their friend doth prove:
And they who thee (poor idol) Virtue love
Fly like a feather toſs'd by ſtorm and wind.
Ah! (if a providence doth ſway this all,)
Why ſhould beſt minds groan under moſt diſtreſs,
Or why ſhould Pride Humility make thrall,
And injuries the innocent oppreſs?
Heavens hinder, ſtop this fate, or grant a time
When good may have as well as bad their prime.

III. *A Reply.*

Who do in good delight
That ſovereign Juſtice ever doth reward,
And though ſometime it ſmite,
Yet it doth them regard;
For even amidſt their grief,
They find a ſtrong relief,
And death itſelf can work them no deſpite.
Again, in evil who joy,
And do in it grow old,
In midſt of mirth are charg'd with ſin's annoy,
Which is in conſcience ſcroll'd,
And when their life's frail thread is cut by time,
They puniſhment find equal to each crime.

IV.

Look how in May the roſe
At ſulphur's azure fumes,
In a ſhort ſpace her crimſon bluſh doth loſe,
And all amaz'd a pallid white aſſumes.
So time our beſt conſumes,
Makes youth and beauty paſs,
And what was pride turns horror in our glaſs.

V. *To a Swallow building near the Statue of Medea.*

Fond Progne, chattering wretch,
That is Medea, there,
Wilt thou thy younglings hatch?
Will ſhe keep thine, her own who could not ſpare?
Learn from her frantic face
To ſeek ſome fitter place.
What other may'ſt thou hope for, what deſire,
Save Stygian ſpells, wounds, poiſon, iron, fire?

VI *Venus armed.*

To practiſe new alarms
In Jove's great court above,
The wanton queen of Love
Of ſleeping Mars put on the horrid arms,
Where gazing in a glaſs,
To ſee what thing ſhe was,
To mock and ſcoff the blue-ey'd maid did move,
Who ſaid, Sweet queen, thus ſhould you have been dight
When Vulcan took you napping with your knight.

VII. *The Boar's Head.*

Amidst a pleaſant green
Which ſun did ſeldom ſee,
Where play'd Anchiſes with the Cyprian queen,
The head of a wild boar hung on a tree;
And driven by zephyrs breath,
Did fall and wound the lovely youth beneath,
On whom yet ſcarce appears
So much of blood as Venus eyes ſhed tears.
But ever as ſhe wept, her anthem was
Change, cruel change, alas!
My Adon, whilſt thou liv'd, was by thee ſlain,
Now dead, this lover muſt thou kill again!

VIII. *To an Owl.*

Ascalphus, tell me,
So may night's curtain long time cover thee,

So ivy ever may
From irkſome light keep thy chamber and bed,
And in moon's livery clad;
So may'ſt thou ſcorn the choiriſters of day,
When 'plaining thou doſt ſtay
Near to the ſacred window of my dear,
Doſt ever thou her hear
To wake and ſteal ſwift hours from drowſy ſleep?
And when ſhe wakes, doth e'er a ſtol'n ſigh creep
Into thy liſt'ning ear?
If that deaf god doth yet her careleſs keep,
In louder notes my grief with thine expreſs,
Till by thy ſhrieks ſhe think on my diſtreſs.

IX. *Daphnis.*

Now Daphnis arms did grow
In ſlender branches, and her braided hair
Which like gold waves did flow,
In leavy twigs were ſtretched in the air,
The grace of either foot
Transform'd was to a root,
A tender bark enwarps her body fair.
He who did cauſe her ill
Sore wailing ſtood, and from his blubber'd een
Did ſhow'rs of tears upon the Rhine diſtil,
Which water'd thus did bud and turn more green.
O deep deſpair! O heart-appalling grief,
When that doth wo encreaſe ſhould bring relief.

X. *The Bear of Love.*

In woods and deſart bounds
A beaſt abroad doth roam,
So loving ſweetneſs and the honey-comb,
It doth deſpiſe the arms of bees and wounds:
I by like pleaſure led
To prove what heavens did place
Whilſt therewith I am fed,
Reſt careleſs (Bear of Love) of helliſh ſmart,
And how thoſe eyes afflict and wound my heart.

XI. *Five Sonnets for Galatea.*

I.

Strephon, in vain thou brings thy rhymes and ſongs,
Deck'd with grave Pindar's old and wither'd flow'rs.
In vain thou count'ſt the fair Europa's wrongs,
And her whom Jove deceiv'd in golden ſhow'rs.
Thou haſt ſlept never under myrtles ſhade,
Or if that paſſion hath thy ſoul oppreſt
It is but for ſome Grecian miſtreſs dead.
Of ſuch old ſighs thou doſt diſchrge thy breaſt;
How can true love with fables hold a place?
Thou who with fables doſt ſet forth thy love,
Thy love a pretty fable needs muſt prove,
Thou fueſt for grace, in ſcorn more to diſgrace;
I cannot think thou wert charm'd by my looks,
O no, thou learn'dſt thy love in lovers books.

II.

No more with candid words infect mine ear,
Tell me no more how that ye pine in anguiſh
When found ye ſleep: no more ſay that ye languiſh.
No more in ſweet deſpite ſay you ſpread tears.
Who hath ſuch hollow eyes as not to ſee;
How thoſe that are hair-brain'd boaſt of Apollo,
And bold give out the muſes do them follow,
Though in love's library yet no lovers be.
If we, poor ſouls, leaſt favour but them ſhow,
That ſtraight in wanton lines abroad is blaz'd,
Their names do ſoar on our fame's overthrow,
Mark'd is our lightneſs, whilſt their wits are prais'd;
In ſilent thoughts who can no ſecret cover,
He may, ſay we, but not well, be a lover.

III.

Ye who with curious numbers, ſweeteſt art,
Frame Pedal nets our beauty to ſurpriſe,
Telling ſtrange caſtles builded in the ſkies,
And tales of Cupid's bow, and Cupid's dart;
Well, howſoever ye act your fained ſmart,
Moleſting quiet ears with tragic cries,
When you accuſe our chaſtity's beſt part,
Nam'd cruelty, ye ſeen not half too wiſe,
Yea, ye yourſelves it deem moſt worthy praiſe;
Beauty's beſt guard; that dragon which doth keep
Heſperian fruit, the ſpur in you does raiſe;
That Delian wit that otherways may ſleep.
To cruel nymphs your lines do fame afford,
Of many pitiful, not one poor word.

IV.

If it be love to wake out all the night,
And watchful eyes drive out in dewy moans;
And when the ſun brings to the world his light,
To waſte the day in tears and bitter groans.
If it be love to dim weak reaſon's beam
With clouds of ſtrange deſire, and make the mind
In helliſh agonies a heav'n to dream,
Still ſeeking comforts where but griefs we find;
If it be love to ſtain with wanton thought
A ſpotleſs chaſtity, and make it try
More furious flames, than his whoſe cunning wrought
That brazen bull where he entomb'd did fry;
Then ſure is love the cauſer of ſuch woes,
Be ye our lovers, or our mortal foes.

V.

And would you then ſhake off love's golden chain,
With which it is beſt freedom to be bound?
And cruel, do you ſeek to heal the wound
Of love, which hath ſuch ſweet and pleaſant pain?
All that is ſubject unto nature's reign,
In ſkies above, or on this lower round,
When it is long and far ſought, and hath found,
Doth in decadence fall, and ſlack remain;
Behold the moon, how gay her face doth grow,
Till ſhe kiſs all the ſun, then doth decay;
See how the ſeas tumultuouſly do flow,
Till they embrace lov'd banks, then poſt away:
So is't with love, unleſs you love me ſtill;
O, do not think I'll yield unto your will!

XII.

Care's charming ſleep, ſon of the ſable night,
Brother to death, in ſilent darkneſs born,
Deſtroy my languiſh ere the day be light,
With dark forgetting of my care's return,
And let the day be long enough to mourn
The ſhip-wreck of my ill-adventured youth;
Let wat'ry eyes ſuffice to wail their ſcorn,
Without the troubles of the night's untruth;
Ceaſe dreams, fond image of my fond deſires,
To model forth the paſſions of to-morrow;
Let never riſing ſun approve your tears,
To add more grief to aggravate my ſorrow;

Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

XIII. *Comparison of his Thoughts to Pearls.*

With open shells in seas, on heavenly dew,
A shining oyster lusciously doth feed;
And then the birth of that etherial seed
Shows when conceiv'd, if skies look dark or blue:
So do my thoughts (celestial twins) of you,
At whose aspect they first begin and breed,
When they came forth to light, demonstrate true,
If ye then smil'd, or lour'd in mourning weed:
Pearls then are orient fram'd, and fair in form,
If heavens in their conceptions do look clear:
But if they thunder, or do threat a storm,
They sadly dark and cloudy do appear;
Right so my thoughts, and so my notes do change,
Sweet if ye smile, and hoarse if ye look strange.

XIV. *All changeth.*

The angry winds not ay
Do cuff the roaring deep;
And though heavens often weep,
Yet do they smile for joy when comes dismay;
Frosts do not ever kill the pleasant flow'rs,
And love hath sweets, when gone are all the sours.
This said, a shepherd closing in his arms
His dear, who blush'd to feel love's new alarms.

XV. *Silenus to King Midas.*

The greatest gift that from their lofty thrones
The All-governing pow'rs to man can give,
Is, that he never breath, or breathing once,
A suckling ends his days, and leave to live;
For then he neither knows the woe nor joy
Of life, nor fears the Stygian lake's annoy.

XVI. *To his amorous Thought.*

Sweet wanton thought, who art of beauty born,
And who on beauty feed'st, and sweet desire,
Like taper-fly still circling, and still turn
About that flame; that all so much admire
That heavenly fair, which doth out-blush the morn,
Those ivory hands, those threads of golden wire
Thou still surroundest, yet dar'st not aspire;
Sure thou dost well that place not to come near,
Nor see the majesty of that fair court;
For if thou saw'st what wonders there resort,
The poor intelligence that moves that sphere,
Like souls ascending to those joys above,
Back never wouldst thou turn, nor thence remove.
What can we hope for more? what more enjoy?
Since fairest things thus soonest have their end,
And as on bodies shadows do attend,
Soon all our bliss is followed with annoy.
Yet she's not dead, she lives where she did love,
Her memory on earth, her soul above.

XVII. *A Translation.*

I.

Ah! silly soul, what wilt thou say,
When he, whom earth and heaven obey,
Comes man to judge in the last day?

II.

When he a reason asks, why grace
And goodness thou wouldst not embrace,
But steps of vanity didst trace?

III.

That day of terror, vengeance, ire,
Now to prevent thou should'st desire,
And to thy God in haste retire.

IV.

With wat'ry eyes, and high-swollen heart,
O beg, beg in his love a part!
While conscience with remorse doth smart.

V.

That dreaded day of wrath and shame,
In flames shall turn this world's huge frame,
As sacred prophets do proclaim.

VI.

O! with what grief shall earthlings groan,
When that great Judge set on his throne,
Examines strictly every one.

VII.

Shrill-sounding trumpets, through the air,
Shall from dark sepulchres each where
Force wretched mortals to appear.

VIII.

Nature and death amaz'd remain,
To find their dead arise again,
And process with their Judge maintain.

IX.

Display'd then open books shall lie,
Which all those secret crimes descry,
For which the guilty world must die.

X.

The Judge enthron'd (whom bribes not gain)
The closest crimes appear shall plain,
And none unpunished remain.

XI.

O, who then pity shall poor me!
Or who mine advocate shall be?
When scarce the justest pass shall free.

XII.

All wholly holy dreadful King,
Who freely life to thine dost bring,
Of mercy save me, mercy's spring.

XIII.

Then, sweet Jesu, call to mind,
How of thy pains I was the end,
And favour let me that day find.

XIV.

In search of me, thou, full of pain,
Didst sweat blood, death on cross sustain;
Let not these sufferings be in vain.

XV.

Thou Supreme Judge, most just and wise,
Purge me from guilt, which on me lies,
Before that day of thine assize.

XVI.

Charg'd with remorse (lo!) here I groan,
Sin makes my face a blush take on;
Ah, spare me prostrate at thy throne!

XVII.

Who Mary Magdalen didst spare,
And lendst the thief on cross thine ear,
Show me fair hopes I should not fear.

XVIII.

My prayers imperfect are and weak,
But worthy of thy grace them make,
And save me from hell's burning lake.

XIX.

On that great day, at thy right hand,
Grant I amongst thy sheep may stand,
Sequestered from the goatish band.

XX.

When that the reprobates are all
To everlasting flames made thrall,
O, to thy chosen, Lord, me call!

XXI.

That I one of thy company,
With those whom thou dost justify,
May live blest in eternity

XVIII. *A Translation of Sir John Scott's Verses, beginning*, Quod vitæ sectabor iter.

What course of life should wretched mortals take?
In books hard questions large contention make;
Care dwells in houses, labour in the field,
Tumultuous seas affright'ning dangers yield,
In foreign lands thou never canst be blest:
If rich, thou art in fear; if poor, distrest.
In wedlock frequent discontentments swell;
Unmarried persons as in deserts dwell.
How many troubles are with children borne?
Yet he that wants them counts himself forlorn.
Young men are wanton, and of wisdom void:
Gray hairs are cold, unfit to be employ'd.
Who would not one of those two offers try,
Not to be born: or, being born to die?

EPITAPHS.

I. *A Pastoral Elegy on the Death of Sir William Alexander.*

In sweetest prime, and blooming of his age,
Dear Alcon ravish'd from this mortal stage,
The shepherds mourn'd, as they him lov'd before:
Among the rout him Idmon did deplore.
Idmon, who, whether sun in east did rise,
Or dive in west, pour'd torrents from his eyes
Of liquid crystal under hawthorn shade,
At last to trees and rocks this 'plaint he made:
Alcon, delight of heaven, desire of earth,
Offspring of Phœbus, and the muses birth,
The Graces darling, Adon of our plains,
Flame of the fairest nymphs the earth sustains,
What power of thee hath us bereft? What fate,
By thy untimely fall would ruinate
Our hopes? O death! what treasure in one hour
Hast thou dispersed? How dost thou devour
What we on earth hold dearest? All things good?
Too envious heavens, how blast ye in the bud?
The corn the greedy reapers cut not down
Before the fields with golden ears it crown;
Nor doth the verdant fruits the gard'ner pull:
But thou art crept before thy years were full.
With thee (sweet youth) the glories of our fields
Vanish away, and what contentments yields.
The lakes their silver look, the woods their shades,
The springs their crystal want, their verdure meads,
The years their early seasons, cheerful days,
Hills gloomy stand now desolate of rays:
Their amorous whispers zephyrs not us bring,
Nor do air's choristers salute the spring;
The freezing winds our gardens do deflow'r,
Ah, destinies! and you whom skies embow'r,
To his fair spoils his spirit again yet give,
And like another phœnix make him live.
The herbs, though cut, sprout fragrant from their stems,
And make with crimson blush our anadems;
The sun, when in the west he doth decline,
Heaven's brightest tapers at his funerals shine;
His face, when wash'd in the Atlantic seas,
Revives; and cheers the welkin with new rays:
Why should not he, since of more pure a frame
Return to us again; and he the same?
But, wretch, what wish I? To the winds I send
These plaints and prayers; destinies cannot lend
Thee more of time, nor heavens consent will thus,
Thou leave their starry world to dwell with us;
Yet shall they not thee keep amidst their spheres
Without those lamentations and tears.

Thou wast all virtue, courtesy and worth,
And as sun's light is in the moon set forth;
World's supreme excellence in thee did shine:
Nor, though eclipsed now, shalt thou decline,
But in our memories live, while dolphins streams
Shall haunt, whilst eagles stare on Titan beams,
Whilst swains upon their crystal tombs shall sing,
Whilst violets with purple paint the spring.
A gentler shepherd flocks did never feed
On Albion's hills, nor sung to oaten reed: [blaze,
Whilst what she found in thee my muse would
Grief doth distract her, and cut short thy praise.

How oft have we, environ'd by the throng
Of tedious swains, the cooler shades among, [chase
Condemn'd earths glow-worm greatness, and the
Of Fortune scorn'd, deeming it disgrace
To court inconstancy? How oft have we
Some Chloris name graven in each virgin tree,
And finding favours fading, the next day
What we had carv'd we did deface away?
Woeful remembrance! Nor time nor place
Of thy abodement shadows any trace.
But there to me thou shin'st: Late glad desires,
And ye once roses how are ye turn'd briars?
Contentments passed, and of pleasures chief,
Now are ye frightful horrors, hells of grief?

When from thy native soil love had thee driven,
(Thy safe return prefigurating) a heaven
Of flattering hopes did in my fancy move,
Then little dreaming it should atoms prove.
These groves preserve will I, these loved woods,
These orchards rich with fruits, with fish these floods;

My Alcon will return, and once again
His chosen exiles he will entertain.
The populous city holds him, amongst harms
Of some fierce Cyclops, Circe's stronger charms.
These banks (said I) he visit will, and streams,
These silent shades ne'er kist by courting beams.
Far, far off I will meet him, and I first
Shall him approaching know, and first be blest
With his aspect; I first shall hear his voice,
Him find the same he parted, and rejoice
To learn his passed perils, know the sports
Of foreign shepherds, fawns, and fairy courts.
No pleasure to the fields, an happy state
The swains enjoy, secure from what they hate:
Free of proud cares they innocently spend
The day, nor do black thoughts their ease offend;
Wise nature's darlings they live in the world,
Perplexing not themselves how it is hurl'd.
These hillocks Phœbus loves, Ceres these plains,
These shades the Sylvans, and here Pales strains
Milk in the pails; the maids which haunt the springs
Dance on these pastures: here Amyntas sings;
Hesperian gardens, Tempe's shades are here,
Or what the eastern Inde and west hold dear.
Come then, dear youth, the wood-nymphs twine thee boughs
With rose and lily, to impale thy brows.
Thus ignorant, I mus'd, not conscious yet
Of what by Death was done, and ruthless Fate:
Amidst these trances Fame thy loss doth sound,
And through my ears gives to my heart a wound;
With stretch'd out arms I sought thee to embrace,
But clasp'd (amaz'd) a coffin in thy place.
A coffin! of our joys which had the trust, [dust:
Which told that thou wert come but chang'd to
Scarce, even when felt, could I believe this wreck,
Nor that thy time and glory heavens would break.
Now since I cannot see my Alcon's face,
And find nor vows, nor prayers to have place
With guilty stars, this mountain shall become
To me a sacred altar, and a tomb
To famous Alcon: here as days, months, years
Do circling glide, I sacrifice will tears:
Here spend my remnant time, exil'd from mirth,
Till death at last turn monarch of my earth.
Shepherds on Forth, and you by Doven rocks.
Which use to sing and sport, and keep your flocks,
Pay tribute here of tears, ye never had
To aggravate your moans a cause more sad;
And to their sorrows hither bring your 'mands,
Charg'd with sweetest flow'rs, and with pure hands;
(Fair nymphs) the blushing hyacinth and rose
Spread on the place his relic do enclose,
Weave garlands to his memory, and put
Over his herse a verse in cypress cut:
Virtue did die, goodness but harm did give;
After the noble Alcon ceas'd to live,
Friendship an earthquake suffer'd; losing him,
Love's brightest constellation turned dim.

Hymn.

Saviour of mankind, man Emanuel,
Who sinless died for sin, who vanquisht hell,
The first-fruits of the grave, whose life did give
Light to our darkness, in whose death we live,
O strengthen thou my faith, correct my will,
That mine may thine obey: Protect me still,
So that the latter death may not devour
My soul seal'd with thy seal; so in the hour
When thou whose body sanctify'd thy tomb
(Unjustly judg'd) a glorious Judge shalt come
To judge the world with justice; by that sign
I may be known and entertain'd for thine.

II. *An Epitaph of one named Margaret.*

In shells and gold pearls are not kept alone,
A Margaret here lies beneath a stone;
A Margaret that did excel in worth
All those rich gems the Indies both send forth.
Who had she liv'd when good was lov'd of men,
Had made the Graces four, the Muses ten,
And forc'd those happy times her days that claim'd
From her to be the age of pearl still nam'd:
She was the richest jewel of her kind,
Grac'd with more lustre than she left behind,
All goodness, virtue, bounty, and could cheer
The sadest minds, now nature knowing here [best,
How things but shown, then hidden are lov'd
This Margaret shrin'd in this marble chest.

III. *On a Drunkard.*

Nor aramanths nor roses do bequeath
Unto this herse, but tamarisks and wine, [pine,
For that same thirst, though dead, yet doth him
Which made him so carouse while he drew breath.

IV. *Aretinus Epitaph.*

Here Aretine lies, bitter gall,
Who whilst he liv'd spoke evil of all,
Only of God the arrant sot,
Nought said, but that he knew him not.

V. *Verses on the late William Earl of Pembroke.*

I.

The doubtful fears of change so fright my mind,
Though raised in the highest joy in love,
As in this slippery state more grief I find,
Than they who never such a bliss did prove;
But fed with ling'ring hopes of future gain,
Dream not what 'tis to doubt a loser's pain.

II.

Desire a safer harbour is than fear,
And not to rise less danger than to fall;
The want of jewels we far better bear,
Than so possest at once to lose them all:
Unsatisfied hopes time may repair,
When ruin'd faith must finish in despair.

III.

Alas! ye look but up the hill on me,
Which shows to you a fair and smooth ascent,
The precipice behind ye cannot see,
On which high fortunes are too prone'ly bent;
If there I slip, what former joy or bliss
Can heal the bruise of such a fall as this?

IV. *A Reply.*

I.

Who love enjoys, and placed hath his mind
Where fairer virtues fairest beauties grace,
Then in himself such store of worth doth find,
That he deserves to hold so good a place:
For chilling fears how can he be set forth,
Whose fears condemn his own, doubts others worth?

II.

Desire, as flames of zeal, fear, horrors meets,
They rise who fall of falling never prov'd.
Who is so dainty satiate with sweets
To murmur when the banquet is remov'd?
The fairest hopes time in the bud destroys,
When sweet are memories of ruin'd joys.

III.

It is no hill but heaven where you remain;
And whom desert advanced hath so high
To reach the guardian of his burning pain,
Must not repine to fall, and falling die; [breath
His hopes are crown'd, what years of tedious
Can them compare with such a happy death?

VII. *Upon John Earl of Lauderdale's Death.*

I.

Of those rare worthies, who adorn'd our north,
And shin'd like constellations, thou alone
Remained'st last (great Maitland) charg'd with worth,
Second in Virtue's theatre to none.
But finding all eccentric in our times,
Religion into superstition turn'd,
Justice silenc'd, exil'd, or inurn'd:
Truth, Faith, and Charity reputed crimes.
The young man destinate by sword to fall,
And trophies of their countries spoils to rear;
Strange laws the ag'd, and prudent to appal,
And forc'd sad yokes of tyranny to bear:
And for nor great, nor virtuous minds a room,
Disdaining life, thou shroud'st in thee thy tomb.

II.

When misdevotion every where shall take place,
And lofty orators in thund'ring terms
Shall move you (people) to arise in arms,
And churches hallow'd policy deface;
When you shall but one general sepulchre
(As Averroes did one general soul)
On high, on low, on good, on bad confer,
And your dull predecessors rites controul;
Ah spare this monument, great guests it keeps,
Three grave justiciars, whom true worth did raise,
The muses darlings, whose loss Phœbus weeps:
Best mens delight, the glory of their days.
More we would say but fear, and stand in awe
To turn idolaters, and break your law.

III.

Do not repine (blest soul) that humble wits
Do make thy worth the matter of their verse!
No high-strain'd muse our times and sorrows fits;
And we do sigh, not sing, to crown thy herse.
The wisest prince, e'er manag'd Britain's state
Did not disdain in numbers clear and brave,
The virtues of thy sire to celebrate,
And fix a rich memorial on his grave.
Thou didst deserve no less; and here in jet,
Gold, touch, brass, porphyry, or Parian stone,
That by a prince's hand no lines are set
For thee: the cause is now this land hath none.
Such giant moods our parity forth brings,
We all will nothing be, or all be kings.

VIII. *To the obsequies of the blessed Prince James, King of Great Britain.*

Let holy David, Solomon the wise,
That king, whose breast Ægeria did inflame,
Augustus, Helen's son, great in all eyes,
Do homage low to thy Mausolean frame,
And bow before thy laurels anadem.
Set all those sacred swains, which to the skies
By never dying lays have rais'd their name,
From north to south, where sun doth set and rise.
Religion orphan'd, waileth o'er thy urn,
Justice weeps out her eyes, now truly blind,
To Niobe's the remnant virtues turn:
Fame, but to blaze thy glories, stays behind
I' th' world, which late was golden by thy breath,
Is iron turn'd, and horrid by thy death.

IX. *On the Death of a young Lady.*

This beauty which pale death in dust did turn,
And clos'd so soon within a coffin sad,
Did pass like lightning, like to thunder burn,
So little life, so much of worth it had!
Heavens but to show their might here made it shine,
And when admir'd then in the world's disdain
(O tears! O grief!) did call it back again,
Lest earth should vaunt she kept what was divine.
What can we hope for more? what more enjoy?
Sith fairest things thus soonest have their end;
And, as on bodies shadows do attend,
Sith all our bliss is follow'd with annoy!
She is not dead, she lives where she did love,
Her memory on earth, her soul above.

Fond wight, who dream'st of greatness, glory, state,
And worlds of pleasure honours dost devise,
Awake, learn how that here thou art not great,
Nor glorious; by this monument turn wise.
One it enshrineth, sprung of ancient stem,
And if that blood nobility can make,
From which some kings have not disdain'd to take,
Their proud descent, a rare and matchless gem;
A beauty here it holds, alas, too fast,
Than which no blooming rose was more refin'd,
Nor morning's blush more radiant ever shin'd;
Ah! too too like to morn and rose at last.
It holds her who in wit's ascendant far
Did years and sex transcend, to whom the heaven
More virtue than to all this age had given;
For virtue meteor turn'd, when she a star.
Fair mirth, sweet conversation, modesty,
And what those kings of numbers did conceive
By muses nine, and graces more than three,
Lie clos'd within the compass of this grave.
Thus death all earthly glories doth confound,
Lo! how much worth a little dust doth bound.

Far from these banks exiled be all joys,
Contentments, pleasures, music (care's relief):
Tears, sighs plaints, horrors, frightments, sad annoys
Invest these mountains, fill all hearts with grief.
Here nightingales and turtles vent your moans;
Amphrysian shepherd here come feed thy flock,
And read thy hyacinth amidst our groans,
'Plain, echo, thy Narcissus from our rocks.
Lost have our meads their beauty, hills their gems;
Our brooks their crystal, groves their pleasant shade

The faireſt flow'r of all our anadems
Death cropped hath, the Leſbia chaſte is dead.
Thus ſigh'd the Tyne, then ſhrunk beneath his urn,
And meads, brooks, rivers, hills about did mourn.

The flower of virgins in her prime of years
By ruthleſs deſtinies is ta'en away,
And rap'd from earth; poor earth, before this day,
Which ne'er was rightly nam'd a vale of tears.

Beauty to heaven is fled, ſweet modeſty
No more appears; ſhe whoſe harmonious ſounds
Did raviſh ſenſe, and charm mind's deepeſt wounds,
Embalm'd with many a tear now low doth lie.

Fair hopes now vaniſh'd are; ſhe ſhould have grac'd
A prince's marriage-bed; but (lo!) in heaven
Bleſt paramours to her were to be given!
She liv'd an angel, now is with them plac'd.

Virtue is but a name exactly trimm'd,
Interpreting what ſhe was in effect,
A ſhadow from her frame which did reflect,
A portrait by her excellencies limn'd.

Thou whom free-will, or chance hath hither brought,
And read'ſt, Here lies a branch of Maitland's ſtem,
And Seton's offspring; know, that either name
Deſigns all worth yet reacht by human thought.
Tombs (elſewhere) uſe life to their gueſts to give,
Theſe aſhes can frail monuments make live.

X. *Another on the ſame Subject.*

Like to the garden's eye, the flower of flow'rs
With purple pomp that dazzle doth the ſight;
Or as among the leſſer gems of night;
The uſher of the planet of the hours:
Sweet maid, thou ſhined'ſt on this world of ours,
Of all perfections having trac'd the height;
Thine outward frame was fair, fair inward pow'rs,
A ſapphire lantern, and an incenſe light.
Hence the enamour'd heav'n, as too too good
On earth's all-thorny ſoil long to abide,
Tranſlated to their fields ſo rare a bud,
Where from thy ſun no cloud thee now can hide.
Earth moan'd her loſs, and wiſh'd ſhe had the grace
Not to have known, or known thee longer ſpace.

Hard laws of mortal life!
To which made thralls we come without conſent,
Like tapers lighted to be early ſpent;
Our griefs are always rife,
When joys but halting march, and ſwiftly fly
Like ſhadows in the eye:
The ſhadow doth not yield unto the ſun,
But joys and life do waſte, even when begun.

XI. *On the Death of a Nobleman in Scotland, buried at Aithen.*

Aithen, thy pearly coronet let fall,
Clad in ſad robes upon thy temples ſet,
The weeping cypreſs, or the ſable jet.

Mourn this thy nurſling's loſs, a loſs which all
Apollo's choir bemoans, which many years
Cannot repair, nor influence of ſpheres.

Ah! when ſhalt thou find ſhepherd like to him,
Who made thy banks more famous by his worth,
Then all thoſe gems thy rocks and ſtreams ſend forth.

His ſplendour others glow-worm light did dim,
Sprung of an ancient and a virtuous race,
He virtue more than many did embrace.

He fram'd to mildneſs thy half-barbarous ſwains,
The good man's refuge, of the bad the fright,
Unparallel'd in friendſhip, world's delight.
For hoſpitality along thy plains
Far-fam'd, a patron, and a pattern fair,
Of piety, the muſes chief repair.

Moſt debonair in courteſy ſupreme,
Lov'd of the mean, and honour'd by the great,
Ne'er daſht by Fortune, nor caſt down by Fate,
To preſent, and to after times a theme.
Aithen, thy tears pour on this ſilent grave,
And drop them in thy alabaſter cave,
And Niobe's imagery become;
And when thou haſt diſtilled here a tomb,
Enchace in it thy pearls, and let it bear,
Aithen's beſt gem and honour ſhrin'd lies here.

XII.

Fame, regiſter of time,
Write in thy ſcroll, that I
Of wiſdom lover, and ſweet poeſy,
Was cropped in my prime:
And ripe in worth, though green in years, did die,

XIII.

Justice, Truth, Peace, and Hoſpitality,
Friendſhip, and Love, being reſolv'd to die
In theſe lewd times, have choſen here to have
With juſt true pious ——— their grave;
Them cheriſh'd he ſo much, ſo much did grace,
That they on earth would chooſe none other place.

XIV.

When death to deck his trophies ſtopt thy breath,
Rare ornament and glory of theſe parts,
All with moiſt eyes might ſay, and ruthful hearts,
That things immortal vaſſal'd were to death.

What good in parts on many ſhar'd we ſee
From nature, gracious heaven, or fortune flow,
To make a maſter-piece of worth below,
Heaven, nature, fortune gave in groſs to thee.

In honour, bounty, rich, in valour, wit,
In courteſy; born of an ancient race,
With bays in war, with olives crown'd in peace,
Match'd great, with off-pring for great actions fit.

No ruſt of times, nor change, thy virtue wan
With times to change; when truth, faith, love decay'd
In this new age (like Fate) thou fixed ſtay'd
Of the firſt world an all-ſubſtantial man.

As erſt this kingdom given was to thy ſire,
The prince his daughter truſted to thy care;
And well the credit of a gem ſo rare
Thy loyalty and merit did require.

Years cannot wrong thy worth that now appears
By others ſet as diamonds among pearls,
A queen's dear foſter, father to three earls,
Enough on earth to triumph are o'er years.

Life a sea-voyage is, death is the haven,
And fraught with honour there thou hast arriv'd,
Which thousands seeking have on rocks been driven;
That good adorns thy grave which with thee liv'd:
For a frail life which here thou didst enjoy,
Thou now a lasting hast, freed of annoy.

XV.

Within the closure of this narrow grave,
Lie all those graces a good wife could have:
But on this marble they shall not be read,
For then the living envy would the dead.

XVI.

The daughter of a king of princely parts,
In beauty eminent, in virtues chief,
Load-star of love, and loadstone of all hearts,
Her friends and husband's only joy, now grief:
Is here pent up within a marble frame,
Whose parallel no times, no climates claim.

XVII.

Verses frail records are to keep a name,
Or raise from dust men to a life of fame,
The sport and spoil of ignorance; but far
More frail the frames of touch and marble are,
With envy, avarice, time e'er long confound,
Or misdevotion equals with the ground.
Virtue alone doth last, frees man from death,
And, though despis'd and scorned here beneath,
Stands grav'n in angels diamantine rolls,
And blazed in the courts above the poles.
Thou wast fair Virtue's temple, they did dwell,
And liv'd ador'd in thee; nought did excel
But what thou either didst possess or love,
The Graces darling, and the maids of Jove;
Courted by Fame for bounties which the heaven
Gave thee in great, which if in parcels given
To many, such we happy sure might call;
How happy then wast thou who enjoy'dst them all?
A whiter soul ne'er body did invest,
And now (sequester'd) cannot be but blest,
Inrob'd in glory, 'midst those hi'rarchies
Of that immortal people of the skies, [free
Bright saints and angels; there from cares made
Nought doth becloud thy sovereign good from thee.
Thou smil'st at earth's confusions and jars,
And how for Centaur's children we wage wars:
Like honey-flies whose rage whole swarms consumes
Till dust thrown on them makes them vail their plumes,
Thy friends to thee a monument would raise,
And limn thy virtues; but dull grief thy praise
Breaks in the entrance, and our task proves vain,
What duty writes, that woe blots out again:
Yet love a pyramid of sighs thee rears,
And doth embalm thee with farewells and tears.

XVIII.

I.

Though marble, porphyry, and mourning touch,
May praise these spoils, yet can they not too much
For beauty last, and this stone doth close,
Once earth's delight, heaven's care, a purest rose.
And (reader) should'st thou but let fall a tear
Upon it, other flow'rs shall here appear;
Sad violets and hyacinths which grow
With marks of grief, a public loss to show.

II.

Relenting eye, which deigneſt to this stone
To lend a look, behold, here laid in one,
The living, and the dead interr'd, for dead
The turtle in its mate is; and she fled
From earth, her choos'd this place of grief
To bound thoughts, a small and sad relief.
He is this monument, for hers no art
Could frame, a pyramid rais'd of his heart.

III.

Instead of epitaphs and airy praise
This monument a lady chaste did raise
To her lord's living fame, and after death
Her body doth unto this place bequeath,
To rest with his, till God's shrill trumpet sound,
Though time her life, no time her love could bound.

XIX. *To Sir William Alexander.*

Though I have twice been at the doors of death,
And twice found shut those gates which ever mourn
This but a light'ning is, truce ta'en to breath,
For late born sorrows augur fleet return.

Amidst thy sacred cares, and courtly toils,
Alexis, when thou shalt hear wand'ring Fame
Tell, Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal spoils,
And that on earth I am but a sad name;

If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliss those joys heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
To grave this short remembrance on my grave.

Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
The murm'ring Esk, may roses shade the place,

POLEMO-MIDDINIA INTER VITARVAM ET NEBERNAM.

Nymphæ, quæ colitis highissima monta Fifæa,
Seu vos Pittenwema tenent, seu Crelia crosta,
Sive Anstræa domus, ubi nat haddocus in undis,
Codlineusque ingens, ubi fleucca et sketta pererrant
Per costam, et scopulis lobster monifootus in udis
Creepat, et in mediis ludit whitenius undis;
Et vos skipperii, soliti qui per mare breddum
Valde procul lanchare foris, iterumque redire,
Linquite skellatas botus, shippasque picatas,
Whittlantesque simul fechtam memorate bloodæam,
Fechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
Banda Deûm, quoque nympharum cockelsheleatum

Maia ubi ſheepiſeda, atq; ubi ſolgooſifera Baſſa
Swellant in pelago, cum ſol bootatus Edenum
Poſtabat radiis madidis et ſhouribus atris,
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
Quo viſo ad fechtæ noiſam cecidere volucres,
Ad terram, cecidere grues, pliſh plaſhque dedere
Solgooſæ in pelago prope littora Bruntiliana;
Sea ſutor obſtupuit, ſunmique in margine ſaxi
Scartavit præluſtre caput, wingaſque ſlapavit.
Quodque magis, alte volitans heronius ipſe
Ingemiſians clig clag mediis ſhitavit in undis.

Namque a principio ſtoriam tellabimus omnem,
Muckrelium ingentem turbam Vitarva per agros
Nebernæ marchare fecit, et dixit ad illos,
" Ite hodie armati greppis, dryvate caballos
" Nebernæ per croſta, atque ipſas ante feneſtras."
Quod ſi forte ipſa Neberna venerit extra,
Warrantabo omnes, et vos bene defendebo.

Hic aderant Geordy Akinhedius, et little Johnus,
Et Jamy Richœus, et ſtout Michel Henderionus,
Qui jolly tryppas ante alios danſare ſolebat,
Et bobbare bene, et laſſas kiſſare bonæas;
Duncan Olyphantus, valde ſtalvartus, et ejus
Filius eldeſtus jolyboyus, atque oldmoudus,
Qui pleugham longo gaddo dryvare ſolebat;
Et Rob Gib wantonus homo, atque Oliver Hutchin,
Alſhender Aitken,
Et ploucky-fac'd Waty Strang, atque inkneed
At Willy Dick heavy-arſtus homo, pigerrimus omnium,
Qui tulit in pileo maguum rubrumque favorem,
Valde lethus pugnare, ſed hunc corngrevius heros
Noutheadum vocavit, atque illum forcit ad arma.
Inſuper hic aderant Tom. Taylor, et Hen. Watſonus,
Et Tomy Gilchriſtus, et fool Jocky Rohinſonus
Andrew Alſhenderus, et Jamy Tomſonus, et unus
Norland-bornus homo, valde valde anticovenanter,
Nomine Gordonus, valde blackmoudus, et alter
(Deil ſtick it ignoro nomen) ſlavry beardius homo
Qui pottas dightavit, et aſſas jecerat extra.

Denique præ reliquis Geordeum affatur, et inquit,
Geordi mi formane, inter ſtoutiſſimus omnes,
Huc ades et crook ſaddelos, hemmaſque, creileſque,
Brechemmeſque ſimul omnes bindato jumentis;
Ablentemque meum naggum, fattumque mariti
Curſorem, et reliquos troittantes ſumito averos;
In cartis yokkato omnes, extrahito muckam
Croſta per et riggas, atque ipſas ante feneſtras
Nebernæ, et aliquid ſin ipſa contra loquatur,
In ſydis tu pone manus, et dicito fart jade.

Nec mora, formannus cunctos ſlankavit averos,
Workmannoſque ad workam omnes vocavit, et illi
Extemplo cartas bene ſillavere jigantes:
Whiſtlavere viri, workhorſoſque ordine ſwieros
Drivavere foras, donec iterumque iterumque
Fartavere omnes, et ſic turba horrida muſtrat,
Haud aliter quam ſi cum multis Spinola troupis
Proudus ad Oſtendam marchaſſet fortiter urbem.
Interea ante alios dux Piper Laius heros
Præcedens, magnamque gerens cum burdine pypam
Incipit Harlai cunctis ſonare batellum.
Tunc Neberna furens yettam ipſa egreſſa, videnſque
Muck-cartas tranſire viam, valde angria facta
Non tulit affrontam tantam, verum, agmine facto,
Convocat extemplo Barowmannos atque Ladæos,
Jackmannumque, hiremannos, pleughdrivſters atque pleughmannos
Tumlanteſq; ſimul reekoſo ex kitchine boyos,
Hunc qui dirtiferas terſit cum diſhclouty diſhas,
Hunc qui gruelias ſcivit bene lickere plettas,
Et ſaltpanniſumos, et widebricatos ſiſheros,
Hellæoſque etiam ſalteros duxit ab antris,
Coalheughos nigri girnantes more divelli,
Lifeguardamque ſibi fævas vocat improba laſſas,
Maggæam magis doctam milkare cowæas,
Et doctum ſweepare flooras, et ſternere beddas,
Quæque novit ſpinnare, et longas ducere threedas;
Nanſæam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes,
Yellantemque Elpen, longo bardamque Anapellam,
Fartantemque ſimul Gyllam, gliedamque Katæam
Egregie indutam blacko caput ſooty clouto;
Mammæamque ſimul vetulam, quæ ſciverat apte
Infantum teneras blande oſculari arſas;
Quæque lanam cardare ſolet greaſy ſingria Betty.

Tum deum hungræos ventres Neberna gruelis
Farſit, et guttas rawſuinibus implet amaris, [tuin,
Poſtea newbarmæ ingentem dedit omnibus hauſ-
Staggravere omnes, grandeſque ad ſydera riſtas
Barmiſumi attollunt, et ſic ad prælia marchant.
Nec mora marchavit foras longo ordine turma,
Ipſa prior Neberna ſuis ſtout facta ribaldis.
Ruſlæum manibus geſtans furibunda gulæum:
Tandem muckreſilios vocat ad pell-mellia ſlaidos.
" Ite, ait, uglæi fellows, ſi quis modo poſthac
" Muckiſer has noſtras tentet croſſare feneſtras,
" Juro quod ego ejus longum extrahabo thrapellum,
" Et totam rivabo faciem, luggaſque gulæo hoc
" Ex capite cuttabo ferox, totumque videbo [vit."
" Heartbloodum fluere in terram. Sic verba finiObſtupit Vitarva diu dirtfluida, ſed indè
Couragium accipiens, muckreilos ordine cunctos
Middini in medio faciem turnare cœgit.

O qualem primo fleurem guſtaſſes in ipſo
Battelli onſetto! Pugnat muckreillius heros
Fortiter, et muckam per poſteriora cadentem
In creilibus ſhoolare ardet. Sic dirta volavit.
O quale hoc hurly hurly fuit, ſi forte vidiſſes
Pypantes arſas, et flavo ſanguine breeckas
Dripantes, hominumque heartas ad prælia faintas!
O qualis firy fary fuit, namque alteri nemo
Ne vel footbreddum yerdæ yieldare volebat,
Stout erat ambo quidem, valdeque hardheartà catterva!
Tum vero è medio muckdryvſter proſilit unus
Gallantæus homo, et greppam minatur in ipſam
Nebernam, (quoniam miſere ſcaldaverat omnes)
Dirtavitque totam peticotam gutture thicko,
Pearlineaſque ejus ſkirtas, ſilkamque gownæam,
Vaſquineamque rubram muckſherda begariavit.
Et tunc ille fuit valde fainthearttus, et ivit
Valde procul, metuens ſhottam woundumque profundum.
Sed nec valde procul fuerat revengia in illum;
Extemplo Gilliæa ferox invaſit, et ejus
In faciem girnavit atrox, et tigrida facta
Boublentem grippans berdam, ſic dixit ad illum:
Vade domum, filthæe nequam, aut te interficiabo.

Tunc cum gerculeo magnum fecit Gilly whippum,
Ingentemque manu ſherdam levavit, et omnem
Gallantæi hominis gaſhbeardam beſmeariavit;
Sume tibi hoc, inquit, ſneeſing valde operativum,
Pro premio, ſwingere, tuo, tum denique fleido
Ingentem Gilly wamphra dędit, validamque nevellam,
Ingeminatque iterum, donec bis fecerit ignem
Ambobus fugere ex oculis; ſic Gylla triumphat.
Obſtupuit bombaizdus homo; backumque repente
Turnavjt veluti naſus bloodaſſet; et O ſy!
Ter quater exclamat, et ô quam fœde neezavit!
Disjuniumque omne evomuit valde hungrius homo,
Lauſavitque ſupra atque infra, miſerabile viſu,
Et luggas necko imponens, ſic cucurit abſens;
Non audens gimpare iterum, nennworſa tuliſſet.
Hæc Neberna videns yellavit turpia verba,
Et ſy, ſy! exclamat, prope nunc victoria loſta eſt.
Nec mora, terribilem ſillavit dira canonem,
Elatiſque hippis magno cum murmure fartam
Barytonam emiſit, veluti monſmegga cracaſſet.
Tum vero quackarunt hoſtes, flightamque repente
Sumpſerunt, retroſpexit Jackmannus, et ipſe
Sheepheadus metuit ſonitumque ictumque buleti.
Quod ſi King Spanius, Philippus nomine, ſeptem
Hiſce conſimiles habuiſſet forte canones
Batterare ſluſſam, ſluiſſam dingaſſet in aſſam.
Aut ſi tot magnus Ludovicus forte dediſſet
Ingentes fartas ad mœnia Montalbana,
Ipſam continuo townam dingaſſet in yerdam.
Exit Congrevius, wracco omnia tendere videns,
Conſiliumque meum ſi non accipitis, inquit,
Pulchras ſcartabo facies, et vos worriabo:
Sed needlo per ſeuſtram broddatus, inque privatas
Partes ſtobbatus, greitans lookanſque grivate,
Barlafumle clamat, et dixit, O deus! O God!
Quid multis? Sic ſraya fuit, ſic guiſa peracta eſt,
Una nec interea ſpillata eſt droppa cruoris.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

The Scottiſh kirk the Engliſh church do name;
The Engliſh church the Scots a kirk do call.
Kirk, and not church, church and not kirk, O ſhame.
Your Kappa turn in chi, or periſh all.
Aſſemblies meet, poſt biſhops to the court,
If theſe two nations fight, 'tis ſtrangers ſport.

II.

Against the king, Sir, now why would ye fight
Forſooth, becauſe he dubb'd me not a knight?
And ye, my lords, why arm ye 'gainſt King Charles?
Becauſe of lords he would not make us earls.
Earls, why do ye lead forth theſe warlike bands?
Becauſe we will not quit the church's lands.
Moſt holy church-men, what is your intent?
The king our ſtipends largely did augment.
Commons to tumult thus, why are you driven?
Prieſts us perſuade it is the way to heaven.
Are theſe juſt cauſe of war, (good people), grant:
Hoe! plunder! thou ne'er ſwore our covenant.

Give me a thouſand cov'nants, I'll ſubſcrive
Them all, and more, if more ye can contrive,
Of rage and malice; and let every one
Black treaſon bear, not bare rebellion.
I'll not be mock'd, hiſs'd, plunder'd, baniſh'd hence
For more years ſtanding for a * * * * prince.
His caſtles all are taken, and his crown,
His ſword and ſceptre, enſigns of renown,
With that lieutenant, fame did ſo extol,
And captives carried to the capital,
I'll not die martyr for a mortal thing,
'Tis enough to be confeſſor for a king.
Will this you give contentment, honeſt men?
I've written rebels? pox upon the pen.

III.

The king a negative voice moſt juſtly hath,
Since the kirk hath found out a negative faith.

IV.

In parliament one voted for the king,
The crowd did murmur he might for it ſmart;
His voice again being heard, was no ſuch thing,
For that which was miſtaken was a fart.

V.

Bold Scots, at Bannockburn ye kill'd your king,
Then did in parliament approve the fact;
And would ye Charles to ſuch a non-plus bring
To authoriſe rebellion by an act. [may be?
Well, what ye crave, who knows but granted
But if he do't, cauſe ſwaddle him for a baby.

VI. *A Reply.*

Swaddl'd is the baby, and almoſt two years
(His ſwadd'ling time) did neither cry nor ſtir,
But ſtar'd, ſmil'd, did lie ſtill, void of all fears,
And ſleep'd, though barked at by every cur.
Yea had not wak'd, if Leſly that hoarſe nurſe
Had not him hardly rock'd, old wives him curſe.

VII.

The king, nor band, nor hoſt had him to follow
Of all his ſubjects; they were given to thee,
Leſly. Who is the greateſt? By Apollo,
The emperor thou, ſome paiſegrave ſcarce ſeems he.
Could'ſt thou pull lords as we do biſhops down,
Small diſtance were between thee and a crown.

VIII.

When lately Pym deſcended into hell,
Ere he the cups of Lethe did carouſe,
What place that was, he called loud to tell,
To whom, a devil, this is the lower houſe.

IX. *The Statue of Alcides.*

Flora upon a time
Naked Alcides ſtatue did behold,
And with delight admir'd each amorous limb,
Only one fault, ſhe ſaid, could be oft told.
For by right ſymmetry
The craftſman had him wrong'd,
To ſuch tall joints a taller club belong'd:

The club hung by his thigh,
To which the ſtatuary did reply,
Fair nymph, in ancient days your * * * by far
Were not ſo hugely vaſt as now they are.

X.

Great lies they tell, preach our church cannot err,
Leſs lies, who ſay the king's not head of her;
Great lies, who cry we may ſhed others blood,
Leſs lies, who ſwear dumb biſhops are not good;
Great lies they vent, ſay we for God do fight;
Leſs lies, who gueſs the king does nothing right;
Great lies and leſs lies all our aims deſcry.
To pulpits ſome, to camp the reſt apply.

XI. *A Speech at the King's entry into the Town of Linlithgow, pronounced by Mr. James Wiſeman Schoolmaſter there, encloſed in a Plaſter made in the figure of a Lion.*

Thrice royal Sir, here I do you beſeech,
Who art a lion, to hear a lion's ſpeech.
A miracle; for, ſince the days of Æſop,
No lion till thoſe times his voice dar'd raiſe up
To ſuch a majeſty: then king of men
The king of beaſts ſpeaks to thee from his den;
Who, though he now encloſed be in plaſter,
When he was free was Lithgow's wiſe ſchoolmaſter.

XII.

A country maid Amazon like did ride,
To ſit more ſure with leg on either ſide;
Her mother who her ſpy'd ſaid, that ere long
She ſhould juſt penance ſuffer for that wrong;
For when time ſhould on her more years beſtow,
That horſes hair between her thighs would grow.
Scarce winter twice was come (as was her told)
When ſhe found all to frizzle there with gold,
Which firſt made her afraid, then turn'd her ſick,
And forc'd her keep her bed almoſt a week.
At laſt her mother calls, who ſcarce for laughter
Could hear the pleaſant ſtory of her daughter,
But that this frenzy ſhould no more her vex,
She ſwore thus bearded were their weaker ſex;
Which when deny'd, think not (ſaid ſhe) I ſcorn,
Behold the place (poor fool) where thou was born.
The girl that ſeeing cry'd, now void of pain,
Ah mother, you have ridden on the mane.

XIII.

God's judgments ſeldom uſe to ceaſe, unleſs
The ſins which them procur'd men do confeſs:
Our cries are Baal's prieſts, our faſting vain,
Our pray'rs not heard, nor anſwer'd us again,
Till perjury, wrong, rebellion be confeſt,
Think not on peace, nor to be freed of peſt.

XIV.

The king gives yearly to his ſenate gold,
Who can deny but juſtice then is ſold!

XV.

Here Rixus lies, a novice in the laws,
Who 'plains he came to hell without a cauſe.

PHYLLIS, ON THE DEATH OF HER SPARROW.

Ah! if ye aſk, my friends, why this ſalt ſhower
My blubber'd eyes upon this paper pour?
Gone is my ſparrow, he whom I did train,
And turn'd ſo toward, by a cat is ſlain:
No more with trembling wings ſhall he attend
His watchful miſtreſs. Would my life could end;
No more ſhall I him hear chirp pretty lays,
Have I not cauſe to lothe my tedious days?
A Dedalus he was to catch a fly,
Nor wrath, nor rancour men in him could ſpy,
To touch or wrong his tail, if any dar'd
He pinch'd their fingers, and againſt them war'd.
Then might that creſt be ſeen ſhake up and down,
Which fixed was unto his little crown.
Like Hector's, Troy's ſtrong hulwark, when in ire
He rag'd to ſet the Grecian fleet on fire.
But (ah, alas!) a cat this prey eſpies,
Then with a leap did thus our joys ſurpriſe.
Undoubtedly this bird was kill'd by treaſon,
Or otherwiſe had of that fiend had reaſon.
Thus was Achilles by weak Paris ſlain,
And ſtout Camilla fell by Aruns vain.
So that falſe horſe, which Pallas rais'd 'gainſt Troy,
King Priam and that city did deſtroy.
Thou now whoſe heart is big with this frail glory,
Shalt not live long to tell thy honour's ſtory.
If any knowledge reſteth after death
In ghoſts of birds, when they have left to breathe,
My darling's ghoſt ſhall know in lower place,
The vengeance falling on the cattiſh race.
For never cat nor catling I ſhall find,
But mew ſhall they in Pluto's palace blind.
Ye who with gawdy wings and bodies light
Do dint the air, turn hitherwards your flight.
To my ſad tears comply theſe notes of yours,
Unto his idol bring an harv'ſt of flowers;
Let him accept from us, as moſt divine
Sabæan incenſe, milk, food, ſweeteſt wine;
And on a ſtone let us theſe words engrave,
Pilgrim, the body of a ſparrow brave,
In a fierce gluttonous cat's womb clos'd remains,
Whoſe ghoſt now graceth the Elyſian plains.

DIVINE POEMS.

I. *Peter, after the Denial of his Maſter.*

LIKE to the ſolitary pelican
The ſhady groves I haunt, and defarts wild,
Amongſt wood's hurgeſſes, from ſight of man,
From earth's delight, from mine own ſelf exil'd.
But that remorſe which with my fall began,
Relenteth not, nor is by change turn'd mild,
But rents my ſoul, and like a famiſh'd child
Renews its cries, though nurſe does what ſhe can.
Look how the ſhrieking bird that courts the night
In ruin'd wall doth lurk, and gloomy place,
Of ſun, of moon, of ſtars I ſhun the light,
Not knowing where to ſtay, what to embrace:
How to heaven's lights ſhould I lift theſe of mine,
Sith I denied him, who made them ſhine.

II. *On the Virgin Mary.*

THE woeful Mary 'midſt a blubber'd band
Of weeping virgins, near unto the tree
Where God death ſuffer'd, man from death to free,
Like to a plaintful nightingale did ſtand,
Which ſees her younglings reſt before her eyes,
And hath nought elſe to guard them ſave her cries:
Love thither had her brought, and miſbelief
Of theſe ſad news, which charg'd her mind to fears,
But now her eyes more wretched than her tears,
Bear witneſs (ah, too true,) of feared grief:
Her doubts made certain, did her hopes deſtroy,
Abandoning her ſoul to black annoy.
Long fixing down-caſt eyes on earth at laſt
She longing them did raiſe, (O torturing ſight!)
To view what they did ſhun, their ſole delight
Embru'd in his own blood, and naked plac'd,
To ſinful eyes, naked ſave that black vail
Which heaven him ſhrouded with, that did bewail.
It was not pity, pain, grief did poſſeſs
The mother, but an agony more ſtrange,
Cheek's roſes in pale lilies ſtraight did change;
Her ſp'rits (as if ſhe bled his blood) turn'd leſs,
When ſhe him ſaw, woe did all words deny,
And grief her only ſuffer'd ſigh, O my!
O my dear Lord and Son! then ſhe began,
Immortal birth, though of a mortal born,
Eternal bounty which doth heaven adorn,
Without a mother, God; a father, man:
Ah, what haſt thou deſerv'd, what haſt thou done!
Thus to be treat? woe's me, my ſon, my ſon!
Who bruis'd thy face, the glory of this all,
Who eyes engorg'd, load-ſtars to paradiſe,
Who, as thou were a trimmed ſacrifice,
Did with that cruel crown thy brows impale?
Who rais'd thee, whom ſo oft the angels ſerv'd,
Between thoſe thieves who that foul death deſerv'd?
Was it for this thou bred waſt in my womb?
Mine arms a cradle ſerv'd thee to repoſe?
My milk thee fed, as morning-dew the roſe?
Did I thee keep till this ſad time ſhould come,
That wretched men ſhould nail thee to a tree,
And I a witneſs of thy pangs muſt be?
It is not long, the way's beſtrow'd with flowers,
With ſhouts to echoing heavens and mountains roll'd,
Since, as in triumph, I thee did behold
In royal pomp approach'd proud Sion's towers:
Lo, what a change! who did thee then embrace,
Now at thee ſhake their heads, inconſtant race.
Eternal Father, from whoſe piercing eye
Hid nought is found, that in this all is form'd
Deign to vouchſafe a look unto this round,
This round, the ſtage of a ſad tragedy: [know,
Look but if thy dear pledge thou here canſt
On an unhappy tree, a ſhameful ſhow.
Ah! look if this be he, Almighty King,
Before heavens ſpangled were with ſtars of gold,
E'er world a centre had it to uphold,
Whom from eternity thou forth didſt bring.
With virtue, form and light, who did adorn
Sky's radiant globes, ſee where he hangs a ſcorn.
Did all my prayers tend to this? is this
The promiſe that celeſtial Herald made
At Nazareth, when full of joy he ſaid,
I happy was, and from thee did me bleſs;
How am I bleſt? no, moſt unhappy I,
Of all the mothers underneath the ſky.
How true and of choice oracles the choice
Was that bleſt Hebrew? whoſe dear eyes in peace
Mild death did cloſe, e'er they ſaw this diſgrace,
When he foreſpake with more than angel's voice;
The ſun ſhould (malice ſign) be ſet apart
Then, that a ſword ſhould pierce the mother's heart.
But whither doſt thou go, life of my ſoul?
O ſtay a little till I die with thee;
And do I live thee languiſhing to ſee?
And cannot grief frail laws of life controul?
If grief prove weak, come cruel ſquadrons kill
The mother, ſpare the Son, he knows no ill:
He knows no ill, thoſe pangs baſe men are due
To me and all the world, ſave him alone;
But now he doth not hear my bitter moan;
Too late I cry, too late I 'plaints renew;
Pale are his lips, down doth his head decline,
Dim turn thoſe eyes once wont ſo bright to ſhine.
The heavens which in their manſions conſtant move,
That they may not ſeem guilty of this crime,
Benighted have the golden eye of time;
Ungrateful earth, canſt thou ſuch ſhame approve.

And ſeem unmov'd this done upon thy face,
Earth trembled then, and ſhe did hold her peace.

III. *Hymn.*

HIM, whom the earth, the ſea and ſky
Worſhip, adore and magnify;
And doth this threefold engine ſteer,
Mary's pure cloſet now doth bear.

Whom ſun and moon, and creatures all,
Serving at times, obey his call;
Pouring from heaven his ſacred grace,
I' th' virgin's bowels hath ta'en place.

Mother moſt bleſt by ſuch a dower,
Whoſe maker, Lord of higheſt power;
Who this wide world in hand contains,
In thy womb's ark himſelf reſtrains.

Bleſt by a meſſage from heaven brought,
Fertile with Holy Ghoſt full fraught;
Of nations the deſired King,
Within thy ſacred womb doth ſpring.

Lord may thy glory ſtill endure,
Who born waſt of a virgin pure;
The Father's and the Sp'rit's of love
Which endleſs worlds may not remove.

IV. *An Evening Hymn.*

MAKER of all, we thee entreat,
Before the joyful light deſcend,
That thou with wonted mercy great
Us, as our keeper would'ſt defend.

Let idle dreams be far away,
And vain illuſions of the night,
Repreſs our foe, leaſt that he may
Our bodies to foul luſt incite.

Let this, O Father, granted be,
Through our dear Saviour's boundleſs merit,
Who doth for ever live with thee,
Together with the holy Spirit.

V. *Complaint of the Bleſſed Virgin.*

THE mother ſtood with grief confounded,
Near the croſs; her tears abounded,
While her dear Son hanged was,
Through whoſe ſoul, her ſighs forth venting,
Sadly mourning and lamenting,
Sharpeſt points of ſwords did paſs:
O how ſad and how diſtreſs'd,
Was the mother ever-bleſs'd,
Who God's only Son forth-brought.
She in grief and woes did languiſh,
Quaking to behold what anguiſh
To her noble Son was wrought.

VI. *Hymn upon the Nativity.*

CHRIST, whoſe redemption all doth free,
Son of the Father, who alone
Before the world began to be,
Didſt ſpring from him by means unknown.

Thou his clear brightneſs, thou his light,
Thou everlaſting hope of all,
Obſerve the prayers which in thy ſight
Thy ſervants through the world let fall.

O deareſt Saviour bear in mind
That of our body thou a child
Didſt whilom take the natural kind,
Born of the virgin undefil'd.

This much the preſent day makes known,
Paſſing the circuit of the year,
That thou from thy high Father's throne
The world's ſole ſafety didſt appear.

The higheſt heaven, the earth and ſeas,
And all that is within them found,
Becauſe he ſent thee us to eaſe
With mirthful ſongs his praiſe reſound.

We alſo who redeemed are
With thy pure blood from ſinful ſtate,
For this thy birth-day will prepare
New hymns this feaſt to celebrate.

Glory, O Lord, be given to thee
Whom the unſpotted virgin bore,
And glory to thee, Father, be,
And th' Holy Ghoſt for evermore.

VII. *Hymn upon the Innocents.*

HAIL you ſweet babes that are the flowers,
Whom (when you life begin to taſte),
The enemy of Chriſt devours,
As whirlwinds down the roſes caſt.

Firſt ſacrifice to Chriſt you went,
Of offer'd lambs a tender ſort;
With palms and crowns you innocent
Before the ſacred altar ſport.

VIII. *Dedication of a Church.*

JERUSALEM, that place divine,
The viſion of ſweet peace is nam'd,
In heaven her glorious turrets ſhine,
Her walls of living ſtones are fram'd,
While angels guard her on each ſide,
Fit company for ſuch a bride.
She deck'd in new attire from heaven,
Her wedding-chamber now deſcends,
Prepar'd in marriage to be given
To Chriſt, on whom her joy depends.
Her walls wherewith ſhe is encloſ'd,
And ſtreets are of pure gold compoſ'd.
The gates adorn'd with pearls moſt bright
The way to hidden glory ſhow,
And thither by the bleſſed might
Of faith in Jeſus's merits go.
All theſe who are on earth diſtreſt
Becauſe they have Chriſt's name profeſt.
Theſe ſtones the work-men dreſs and beat,
Before they throughly poliſh'd are,
Then each is in his proper ſeat
Eſtabliſh'd by the builder's care.
In this fair frame to ſtand for ever,
So join'd that them no force can ſever.
To God who ſits in higheſt ſeat,
Glory and power given be,
To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
Who reign in equal dignity,
Whoſe boundleſs power we ſtill adore,
And ſing their praiſe for evermore.

IX. *Hymn.*

JESU, our prayers with mildneſs hear,
Who art the crown which virgins decks,
Whom a pure maid did breed and bear,
The ſole example of her ſex.

Thou feeding there where lilies ſpring,
While round about the virgins dance,
Thy ſpouſe doſt to glory bring,
And them with high rewards advance.

The virgins follow in thy ways
Whitherſoever thou doſt go,
They trace thy ſteps with ſongs of praiſe,
And in ſweet hymns thy glory ſhow.

Cauſe thy protecting grace we pray
In all our ſenſes to abound,
Keeping from them all harms which may
Our ſouls with foul corruption wound.

Praiſe, honour, ſtrength, and glory great
To God, the Father, and the Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
While time laſts, and when time is done.

X. *Hymn.*

BENIGN Creator of the ſtars,
Eternal light of faithful eyes,
Chriſt, whoſe redemption none debars,
Do not our humble prayers deſpiſe.

Who for the ſtate of mankind griev'd,
That it by death deſtroy'd ſhould be,
Haſt the diſeaſed world reliev'd,
And given the guilty remedy.

When th' evening of the world drew near,
Thou as a bridegroom deign'ſt to come
Out of thy wedding-chamber dear,
Thy virgin mother's pureſt womb.

To the ſtrong force of whoſe high reign
All knees are bow'd with geſture low,
Creatures which heaven or earth contain,
With rev'rence their ſubjection ſhow.

O holy Lord, we thee deſire,
Whom we expect to judge all faults,
Preſerve us as the times require,
From our deceitful foes aſſaults.

Praiſe, honour, ſtrength, and glory great,
To God, the Father, and the Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
Whilſt time laſts, and when time is done.

XI. *Hymn for Sunday.*

O BLEST Creator of the light,
Who bringing forth the light of days
With the firſt work of ſplendor bright,
The world didſt to beginning raiſe.

Who morn with evening join'd in one
Commandeſt ſhould be call'd the day:
The foul confuſion now is gone,
O hear us when with tears we pray;

Leſt that the mind with fears full fraught,
Should loſe beſt life's eternal gains,
While it hath no immortal thought,
But is inwrapt in ſinful chains.

O may it beat the inmoſt ſky,
And the reward of life poſſeſs;
May we from hurtful actions fly,
And purge away all wickedneſs.

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son who like power haſt,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilſt times and ages laſt.

XII. *Hymn for Monday.*

GREAT Maker of the heavens wide,
Who leaſt things mixt ſhould all confound;
The floods and waters didſt divide,
And didſt appoint the heavens their bound.

Ordering where heavenly things ſhall ſtay,
Where ſtreams ſhall run on earthly ſoil,
That waters may the flames allay,
Leaſt they the globe of earth ſhould ſpoil.

Sweet Lord into our minds infuſe
The gift of everlaſting grace,
That no old faults which we did uſe
May with new frauds our ſouls deface.

May our true faith obtain the light,
And ſuch clear beams our hearts poſſeſs,
That it vain things may baniſh quite,
And that no falſehood it oppreſs.

Dear Father grant what we entreat, &c.

XIII. *Hymn for Tueſday.*

GREAT Maker of man's earthly realm,
Who didſt the ground from waters take,
Which did the troubled land o'erwhelm,
And it unmoveable didſt make.

That there young plants might fitly ſpring,
While it with golden flowers attir'd
Might forth ripe fruit in plenty bring,
And yield ſweet fruit by all deſir'd.

With fragrant greenneſs of thy grace
Our blaſted ſouls of wounds releaſe,
That tears foul ſins away may chaſe,
And in the mind bad motions ceaſe:

May it obey thy heavenly voice,
And never drawing near to ill,
T' abound in goodneſs may rejoice,
And may no mortal ſin fulfil.

Dear Father, &c.

XIV. *Hymn for Wedneſday.*

O HOLY God of heavenly frame,
Who mak'ſt the pole's high centre bright,
And paint'ſt the ſame with ſhining flames,
Adorning it with beauteous light:

Who, framing on the fourth of days
The fiery chariot of the ſun,
Appoint'ſt the moon her changing rays,
And orbs in which the planets run.

That thou might'ſt by a certain bound
'Twixt night and day diviſion make;
And that ſome ſure ſign might be found
To ſhow when months beginning take.

Men's hearts with lightſome ſplendor bleſs,
Wipe from their minds polluting ſpots,
Diſſolve the bond of guiltineſs,
Throw down the heaps of ſinful blots.

Dear Father, &c.

XV. *Hymn for Thurſday.*

O GOD, whoſe forces far extend,
Who creatures which from waters ſpring
Back to the flood doſt partly ſend,
And up to th' air doſt partly bring.

Some in the waters deeply div'd,
Some playing in the heavens above,

That natures from one ſtock deriv'd
May thus to ſeveral dwellings move:

Upon thy ſervants grace beſtow,
Whoſe ſouls thy bloody waters clear,
That they no ſinful falls may know,
Nor heavy grief of death may bear:

That ſin no ſoul oppreſt may thrall,
That none be lifted high with pride,
That minds caſt downward do not fall,
Nor raiſed up may backward ſlide.

Dear Father, &c.

XVI. *Hymn for Friday.*

God, from whoſe work mankind did ſpring,
Who all in rule doſt only keep,
Bidding the dry land forth to bring
All kind of beaſts which on it creep:

Who haſt made ſubject to man's hand
Great bodies of each mighty thing,
That taking life from thy command,
They might in order ſerve their King.

From us thy ſervants (Lord) expel
Theſe errors which uncleanneſs breeds,
Which either in our manners dwell,
Or mix themſelves among our deeds.

Give the rewards of joyful life;
The plenteous gifts of grace increaſe;
Diſſolve the cruel bonds of ſtrife;
Knit faſt the happy league of peace.

Dear Father, &c.

XVII. *Hymn for Saturday.*

O Trinity, O bleſſed light,
O Unity, moſt principal;
The fiery ſun now leaves our ſight,
Cauſe in our hearts thy beams to fall:

Let us with ſons of praiſe divine
At morn and evening thee implore,
And let our glory bow'd to thine
Thee glorify for ever more.

To God the Father glory great,
And glory to his only Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
Both now and ſtill while ages run.

UPON THE SUNDAYS IN LENT.

XVIII. *Hymn.*

O merciful Creator, hear
Our prayers to thee devoutly bent,
Which we pour forth with many a tear
In this moſt holy faſt of Lent.

Thou mildeſt ſearcher of each heart,
Who know'ſt the weakneſs of our ſtrength
To us forgiving grace impart,
Since we return to thee at length.

Much have we ſinned to our ſhame,
But ſpare us who our ſins confeſs;
And for the glory of thy name
To our ſick ſouls afford redreſs.

Grant that the fleſh may be ſo pin'd
By means of outward abſtinence,
As that the ſober watchful mind
May faſt from ſpots of all offence.

Grant this, O bleſſed Trinity;
Pure Unity to this incline,
That the effects of faſts may be
A grateful recompence for thine.

XIX. *On the Aſcenſion Day.*

O Jesu, who our ſouls doſt ſave,
On whom our love and hopes depend,
God from whom all things being have,
Man when the world drew to an end.

What clemency thee vanquiſht ſo,
Upon thee our foul crimes to take,
And cruel death to undergo,
That thou from death us free might make.

Let thine own goodneſs to thee bend,
That thou our ſins may'ſt put to flight;
Spare us, and as our wiſhes tend,
O ſatisfy us with thy ſight;

Mayſt thou our joyful pleaſures be,
Who ſhall be our expected gain,
And let our glory be in thee
While any ages ſhall remain.

XX. *Hymn for Whitſunday.*

Creator, Holy Ghoſt deſcend,
Viſit our minds with thy bright flame,
And thy celeſtial grace extend
To fill the hearts which thou didſt frame:

Who Paraclete are ſaid to be,
Gift which the higheſt God beſtows,
Fountain of life, fire, charity,
Ointment whence ghoſtly bleſſings flows.

Thy ſeven-fold grace thou down doſt ſend,
Of God's right hand thou finger art,
Thou by the Father promiſed
Unto our mouths doſt ſpeech impart.

In our dull ſenſes kindle light;
Infuſe thy love into our hearts,
Reforming with perpetual light
Th' infirmities of fleſhly parts.

Far from our dwelling drive our foe,
And quickly peace unto us bring,
Be thou our guide, before to go,
That we may ſhun each hurtful thing.

Be pleaſed to inſtruct our mind,
To know the Father and the Son,
The Spirit who them both doſt bind,
Let us believe while ages run.

To God the Father glory great,
And to the Son who from the dead
Aroſe, and to the Paraclete
Beyond all time imagined.

XXI. *On the Tranſfiguration of our Lord, the 6th of Auguſt. A Hymn.*

All you that ſeek Chriſt, let your ſight
Up to the height directed be,
For there you may the ſign moſt bright
Of everlaſting glory ſee.

A radiant light we there behold,
Endleſs, unbounded, lofty, high:
Than heaven or that rude heap more old,
Wherein the world confus'd did lie.

The Gentiles this great Prince embrace;
The Jews obey this King's command,

Promis'd to Abraham and his race
A bleſſing while the world ſhall ſtand.

By mouths of prophets free from lies,
Who ſeal the witneſs which they bear,
His Father bidding teſtifies
That we ſhould him believe and hear:

Glory, O Lord, be given to thee,
Who haſt appear'd upon this day;
And glory to the Father be,
And to the Holy Ghoſt for ay.

XXII. *On the Feaſt of St. Michael the Arch-Angel.*

To thee, O Chriſt, thy Father's light,
Life, virtue, which our heart inſpires,
In preſence of thine angels bright,
We ſing with voice and with deſires:
Ourſelves we mutually invite,
To melody with anſwering quires.
With reverence we theſe ſoldiers praiſe,
Who near the heavenly throne abide,
And chiefly him whom God doth raiſe,
His ſtrong celeſtial hoſt to guide;
Michael who by his power diſmays,
And beateth down the devils pride.

AN ELEGY

Upon the Victorious King of Sweden, Guſtavus Adolphus.

LIKE a cold fatal ſweat which uſhers death,
My thoughts hang on me, and by labouring breath
Stopt up with ſighs, my fancy big with woes
Feels two twin mountains ſtruggle in her throws,
Of boundleſs ſorrow th' one, th' other of ſin,
For leſs let no man call it, to begin
Where honour ends in great Guſtavus' flame,
That ſtill burn'd out and waſted to a name,
Does barely live with us, and when the ſtuff
Which fed it fails, the taper turns to ſnuff;
With this poor ſnuff, this airy ſhadow, we
Of fame and honour muſt contented be,
Since from the vain graſp of our wiſhes fled
Their glorious ſubſtances, now he is dead.
Speak it again, and louder, louder yet,
Elſe whilſt we hear the ſound we ſhall forget
What it delivers, let hoarſe rumour cry
Till ſhe ſo many echoes multiply,
That may like numerous witneſſes confute
Our unbelieving ſouls that would diſpute
And doubt this truth for ever, this one way
Is left our incredulity to ſway;
T' awaken our deaf ſenſe, and make our ears
As open, and dilated as our tears.
That we may feel the blow, and feeling grieve
At what we would not fain, but muſt believe,
And in that horrid faith behold the world
From her proud height of expectation hurl'd;
Stooping with him, as if ſhe ſtrove to have
No lower centre now, than Sweden's grave.
O could not all the purchas'd victories
Like to thy fame thy fleſh immortalize?
Were not thy virtue, nor thy valour charms
To guard thy body from thoſe outward harms
Which could not reach thy ſoul? could not thy ſpirit
Lend ſomewhat which thy frailty could inherit,
From thy diviner part that death nor heat
Nor envy's bullets e'er could penetrate?
Could not thy early trophies in ſtern fight
Turn from the Pole, the Dane, the Muſcovite?
Which were thy triumphs, ſeeds as pledges ſown,
That when thy honour's harveſt was ripe grown
With full plum'd wing thou falcon-like could fly,
And cuff the eagle in the German ſky,
Forcing his iron beak, and feathers ſteel
They were not proof 'gainſt thy victorious ſteel.
Could not all theſe protect thee, or prevail,
To fright that coward death, who oft grew pale
To look thee and thy battles in the face?
Alas they could not; deſtiny gives place
To none. Nor is it ſeen that princes lives
Can ſaved be by their prerogatives:
No more was thine; who, clos'd in thy cold lead,
Doſt from thyſelf a mournful lecture read
Of man's ſhort dated glory. Learn you kings,
You are like him but penetrable things,
Though you from demi-gods derive your birth,
You are at beſt but honourable earth.
And howe'er ſifted from that courſer bran
Which doth compound and knead the common man;
Nothing immortal, or from earth refin'd
About you, but your office and your mind.
Hear then, break your falſe glaſſes which preſent
You greater than your Maker ever meant.
Make truth your mirror now, ſince you find all
That flatter you, confuted by his fall.
Yet ſince it was decreed thy life's bright ſun
Muſt be eclips'd e'er thy full courſe was run,
Be proud thou didſt in thy black obſequies
With greater glory ſet than others riſe.
For in thy death, as life, thou holdeſt one
Moſt juſt and regular proportion.
Look how the circles drawn by compaſs meet
Indiviſibly, joined head to feet;
And by continued points which them unite
Grow at once circular, and infinite.
So did thy fate and honour both contend
To match thy brave beginning with thine end;
Therefore thou hadſt inſtead of paſſing bells
The drums, and canons, thunder for thy knells;
And in the field thou didſt triumphing die,
Cloſing thy eye-lids with a victory,

That so by thousands that there lost their breath,
King like, thou might'st be waited on in death.
Liv'd Plutarch now, and would of Cæsar tell,
He could make none but thee his parallel,
Whose tide of glory swelling to the brim
Needs borrow no addition from him:
When did great Julius in any clime
Atchieve so much, and in so short a time?
Or if he did, yet shalt thou in that land
Single for him, and unexampled stand.
When over the Germans first his eagle tow'rd,
What saw the legions which on them he pour'd,
But massy bodies made their swords to try
Subjects, not for his fight, but slavery,
In that so vast expanded piece of ground
(Now Sweden's theatre and scorn), he found
Nothing worth Cæsar's valour, or his fear,
No conqu'ring army, nor a Tilly there,
Whose strength nor wiles, nor practice in the war,
Might the fierce torrent of his triumphs bar;
But that thy winged sword twice made him yield,
Both from his trenches beat, and from the field.
Besides, the Roman thought he had done much
Did he the banks of Rhenus only touch,
But though his march was bounded by the Rhine,
Not Oder nor the Danube thee confine.
And but thy frailty did thy fame prevent,
Thou hadst thy conquest stretch'd to such extent
Thou might'st Vienna reach, and after Spain;
From Mulda to the Baltic ocean.
But death hath span'd thee, nor must we divine
What here thou hadst to finish thy design;
Or who shall thee succeed as champion
For liberty, and for religion.
Thy task is done, as in a watch the spring,
Wound to the height relaxes with the string.
So thy steel nerves of conquest from their steep,
Ascent declin'd, lie slack'd in thy last sleep.
Rest then, triumphant soul, for ever rest,
And, like the phœnix in her spicy nest,
Embalm'd with thine own merit upward fly,
Borne in a cloud of perfume to the sky,
Whilst, as in deathless urns, each noble mind
Treasures thine ashes which are left behind.
And if perhaps no Cassiopeian spark
(Which in the north did thy first rising mark),
Shine o'er thy herse, the breath of our just praise
Shall to the firmament thy virtues raise,
Then fix and kindle them into a star,
Whose influence may crown thy glorious war.

THE FIVE SENSES.

I. *Seeing.*

From such a face whose excellence
May captivate my sovereign's sense,
And make him (Phœbus like) his throne,
Resign to some young Phaeton,
Whose skilless and unstayed hand
May prove the ruin of the land,
Unless great Jove, down from the sky,
Beholding earth's calamity,
Strike with his hand that cannot err,
The proud usurping charioteer,
And cure (though Phœbus grieve) our woe:
From such a face as can work so,
Wheresoever thou hast a being,
Bless my sov'reign and his seeing.

II. *Hearing.*

From jests profane, and flattering tongues,
From bawdy tales and beastly songs,
From after-supper suits, that fear
A parliament or council's ear;
From Spanish treaties that may wound
The country's peace, the gospel's sound;
From Job's false friends, that would entice
My sovereign from heav'ns paradise;
From prophets, such as Achab's were,
Whose flatterings sooth my sovereign's ear;
His frowns more than his Maker's fearing,
Bless my sovereign and his hearing.

III. *Tasting.*

From all fruit that is forbidden
Such for which old Eve was chidden;
From bread of labours, sweat and toil,
From the poor widow's meal and oil;
From blood of innocents oft wrangled
From their estates, and from that's strangled;
From the candid poison'd baits
Of Jesuits and their deceits;
Italian sallads, Romish drugs,
The milk of Babel's proud whore's dugs;
From wine that can destroy the brain,
And from the dangerous figs of Spain,
At all banquets, and all feasting,
Bless my sov'reign and his tasting.

IV. *Feeling.*

From prick of conscience, such a sting
As slays the soul, Heaven bless the king;
From such a bribe as may withdraw
His thoughts from equity or law;
From such a smooth and beardless chin,
As may provoke or tempt to sin;
From such a hand whose moist palm may
My sov'reign lead out of the way;
From things polluted and unclean,
From all things beastly and obscene;
From that may set his soul a reeling,
Bless my sov'reign and his feeling.

V. *Smelling.*

Where myrrh and frankincense is thrown,
The altar's built to gods unknown,
O let my sov'reign never smell,
Such damn'd perfumes are fit for hell.

Let no ſuch ſcent his noſtrils ſtain,
From ſmells that poiſon can the brain,
Heavens ſtill preſerve him. Next I crave
Thou wilt be pleas'd, great God, to ſave
My ſov'reign from a Ganymede,
Whoſe whoriſh breath hath power to lead
His excellence which way it liſt,
O let ſuch lips be never kiſt.
From a breath ſo far excelling,
Bleſs my ſov'reign and his ſmelling.

THE ABSTRACT.

Seeing.

And now, juſt God, I humbly pray,
That thou wilt take the ſlime away;
That keeps my ſovereign's eyes from ſeeing
The things that will be our undoing.

Hearing.

Then let him hear (good God,) the ſounds,
As well of men as of his hounds.

Taſte.

Give him a taſte, and truly too,
Of what his ſubjects undergo.

Feeling, and Smelling.

Give him a feeling of their woes,
And then no doubt his royal noſe
Will quickly ſmell the raſcals forth,
Whoſe black deeds have eclips'd his worth:
They found and ſcourg'd for their offences,
Heavens bleſs my ſovereign and his ſenſes.

THE CHARACTER OF AN ANTI-COVENANTER, OR MALIGNANT.

Would you know theſe royal knaves
Of free-men would turn us ſlaves;
Who our union do defame
With rebellion's wicked name;
Read theſe verſes, and ye will ſpring them.
Then on gibbets ſtraight cauſe hing them.

They complain of ſin and folly,
In theſe times, ſo paſſing holy
They their ſubſtance will not give
Libertines that we may live.
Hold thoſe ſubjects too too wanton,
Under an old king dare canton.

Neglect they do our circular tables,
Scorn our acts and laws as fables,
Of our battles talk but meekly,
With four ſermons pleas'd are weekly,
Swear King Charles is neither Papiſt,
Armenian, Lutheran or Atheiſt:

But that in his chamber-prayers,
Which are pour'd 'midſt ſighs and tears
To avert God's fearful wrath,
Threat'ning us with blood and death;
Perſuade they would the multitude,
This king too holy is and good.

They avouch we'll weep and groan,
When hundred kings we ſerve for one,
That each ſhire but blood affords,
To ſerve the ambition of young lords,
Whoſe debts ere now had been redoubled
If the ſtate had not been troubled.

Slow they are our oath to ſwear,
Slower for its arms to bear,
They do concord love and peace,
Would our enemies embrace
Turn men proſelytes by the word,
Not by muſket, pike and ſword.

They ſwear that for religion's ſake
We may not maſſacre, burn, ſack:
That the beginning of theſe pleas
Sprang from the ill-ſpe'd A, B, C's.
For ſervants that it is not well
Againſt their maſters to rebel,

That that devotion is but ſlight
Doth force men firſt to ſwear, then fight.
That our confeſſion is indeed
Not the Apoſtolic Creed,
Which of negations we contrive,
Which Turk and Jew may both ſubſcrive.

That monies ſhould men's daughters marry,
They on frantic war miſcarry.
Whilſt dear the ſoldiers they pay,
At laſt who will ſnatch all away.
And as times turn worſe and worſe,
Catechiſe us by the purſe.

That debts are paid with bold ſtern looks,
That merchants pray on their count-books;
That juſtice dumb and ſullen frowns
To ſee in croſſets hang'd her gowns;
That preachers ordinary theme
Is 'gainſt monarchy to declaim.

That ſince leagues we began to ſwear,
Vice did ne'er ſo black appear;
Oppreſſion, bloodſhed, ne'er more riſe,
Foul jars between the man and wife;
Religion ſo contemn'd was never
Whilſt all are raging in a fever.

They tell by devils and ſome ſad chance
That that deteſtable league of France,
Which coſt ſo many thouſand lives,
And two kings by rebellious knives,
Is amongſt us, though few deſcry,
Though they ſpeak truth, yet ſay they lie.

He who ſays that night is night,
That cripple folk walk not upright,
That the owls into the ſpring
Do not nightingales out-ſing;
That the ſeas we may not plow,
Ropes make of the rainy bow;
That the foxes keep not ſheep,
That men waking do not ſleep;
That all's not gold doth gold appear,
Believe him not although he ſwear.

To ſuch Sirens ſtop your ear,
Their ſocieties forbear.
Ye may be toſſed like a wave,
Verity may you deceive;
Juſt fools they may make of you,
Then hate them worſe than Turk or Jew.

Were it not a dangerous thing,
Should we again obey the king;
Lords loſe ſhould ſovereignty,
Soldiers haſte back to Germany,
Juſtice ſhould in our towns remain,
Poor men poſſeſs their own again.

Brought out of hell that word of plunder
More terrible than devil or thunder,
Should with the covenant fly away,
And charity amongſt us ſtay;
Peace and plenty ſhould us nouriſh,
True religion 'mongſt us flouriſh.

When you find theſe lying fellows,
Take and flower with them the gallows.
On others you may too lay hold,
In purſe or cheſt, if they have gold.
Who wife or rich are in this nation,
Malignants are by proteſtation.

A PASTORAL SONG.

Phyllis and Damon.

Ph. Shepherd doſt thou love me well?
Da. Better than weak words can tell.
Ph. Like to what, good ſhepherd ſay?
Da. Like to thee fair cruel May.
Ph. O how ſtrange theſe words I find;
Yet to ſatisfy my mind,
Shepherd, without mocking me
Have I any love for thee,
Like to what, good ſhepherd ſay.
Da. Like to thee fair cruel May.
Ph. Better anſwer had it been
To ſay thou lov'd me as thine een.
Da. Woe is me, theſe I love not,
For by them love entrance got,
At that time they did behold
Thy ſweet face and locks of gold.
Ph. Like to what, dear ſhepherd ſay,
Da. Like to thee fair cruel May.
Ph. Once, (dear ſhepherd,) ſpeak more plain,
And I ſhall not aſk again;
Say, to end this gentle ſtrife,
Doſt thou love me as thy life?
Da. No, for it is turn'd a ſlave
To ſad annoys, and what I have
Of life by love's ſtronger force
Is reſt, and I'm but a dead corſe.
Ph. Like to what, good ſhepherd ſay?
Da. Like to thee fair cruel May.
Ph. Learn I pray this, like to thee,
And ſay I love as I do me.
Da. Alas I do not love myſelf,
For I'm ſplit on beauty's ſhelf.
Ph. Like to what, good ſhepherd ſay?
Da. Like to thee fair cruel May.

SONNET TO THE EARL OF STIRLING,

On his "Doomſday," 1637.—Not inſerted in any former Edition.

Like Sophocles (the hearers in a trance)
With crimſon cothurne, on a ſtately ſtage,
If thou march forth (where all with pomp doth glance)
To moan the monarchs of the world's firſt age:
Or if like Phœbus thou thyſelf advance,
All bright with ſacred flames, known by heavens badge,
To make a day, of days which ſcorns the rage:
Whilſt, when they end, it, what ſhould come, doth ſcance.

Thy phœnix-muſe ſtill wing'd with wonders flies
Praiſe of our brooks, ſtain to old Pindus ſprings,
And who thee follow would, ſcarce with their eyes
Can reach the ſphere where thou moſt ſweetly ſings
Though ſtring'd with ſtars, heavens, Orpheus harp enrol,
More worthy thine to blaze about the pole.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

RICHARD CRASHAW.

Containing

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE, SACRED POEMS, || DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES, TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Poet and ſaint! to thee alone are given
The two moſt ſacred names of earth and heaven;
The hard and rareſt union that can be
Next that of Godhead and humanity.
Ah, wretched we, poets of earth! but thou
Wert living the ſame poet which thou'rt now.
Whilſt angels ſing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applauſe ſo ſweet as thine;
Equal ſociety with thee to hold,
Thou needſt not make new ſongs, but ſay the old;
And they (kind ſpirits!) ſhall all rejoice to ſee,
How little leſs than they exalted man may be.

COWLEY'S VERSES ON THE DEATH OF CRASHAW.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF CRASHAW.

Of the perſonal hiſtory of Richard Crashaw, very few particulars have deſcended to poſterity. Moſt of the facts which have been tranſmitted concerning him, were originally told by the Oxford biographer; to whom every lover of literary hiſtory has very great obligations. As the reſearches which have been made in the ſocieties at Cambridge to which he belonged, have furniſhed no new memorials of his perſon or his genius, his biographers have contented themſelves with repeating the few melancholy incidents which originally formed the ſlender hiſtory of his life.

According to Wood, he was the ſon of William Craſhaw, an eminent divine; but the time and place of his birth are not certainly known.

He was educated at the Charter-Houſe, after previouſly ſharing the beneficence of Sir Henry Yelverton and Sir Randolph Crewe; and afterwards became a ſcholar of Pembroke-Hall; and from thence a fellow of Peter-Houſe, Cambridge; where he was diſtinguiſhed for his poetical talents, in 1637; as appears from his Latin *Verſes on the Birth of a Princeſs, the fifth Child of Charles I.* printed in the "Cambridge Congratulations" of that year.

He was afterwards admitted to the degree of Maſter of Arts; in which it is ſuppoſed he was incorporated at Oxford, in 1641; "not that it appears ſo in the public regiſter," ſays Wood, "but in the private obſervations of a certain Maſter of Arts, that was this year living in the univerſity."

In 1634, he publiſhed, at Cambridge, a collection of *Sacred Epigrams*, in Latin, with a dedication to Benjamin Lany, maſter of Pembroke-Hall, "the fruits (as he calls them) of a tender age."

During his reſidence at Cambridge, he diſplayed the extreme tenderneſs and enthuſiaſm of his character, in writing the poems, "which were intituled *Steps to the Temple*," ſays the editor, "becauſe in the Temple of God, under his wing, he led his life in St. Mary's Church, near to Peter-Houſe. There he lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels. There he made his neſt more gladly than David's ſwallow, near the houſe of God; where, like a primitive ſaint, he offered more prayers in the night, than others uſually offer in the day."

In 1644, when the Earl of Mancheſter, under the authority of the Parliament, new-modelled the Univerſity of Cambridge, by expelling ſuch members as refuſed the Covenant, he was ejected from his fellowſhip, and reduced to great indigence.

Being driven from Cambridge, he repaired to London, and lingered there ſome time, without any plan of a livelihood.

At length, for reaſons beſt known to himſelf, and which it would at all times have been impertinent, and is now uſeleſs to inquire after, he embraced the Roman Catholic religion, and ſought a refuge in France.

His converſion has been attributed to motives of intereſt; but he ſeems rather to have been converted by his paſſionate admiration for that fair canonized enthuſiaſt, St. Tereſa of Spain; whoſe pious compoſitions appear to have been his favourite ſtudy.

If he changed his religion from worldly motives, he obtained no advantage from it; as in 1646, he was diſcovered at Paris in a miſerable condition, by Cowley, his generous admirer; who recommended him to the patronage of the exiled Queen, Henrietta Maria.

The Queen, who wanted rather ability than inclination to reward Engliſh Catholics, procured him letters of recommendation to ſeveral perſons in Italy; whither he ſoon went. On his arrival at

Rome, he became Secretary to a Cardinal there; and obtained the office of a Canon in the Church of Loretto; where he died of a fever ſoon after his election, in 1650.

This is all that is known of Craſhaw, an accompliſhed ſcholar, and a devout poet; whoſe writings have not, hitherto, received ſo much attention as they deſerve.

Had the intereſting letters of Cowley been given to the world, by his friend and biographer, Sprat, they would probably have ſupplied us with many particulars relating to a literary exile, ſo warmly beloved by a poet remarkable for the fervency and ſteadineſs of his friendſhip. But although ſuch particulars might have gratified our curioſity, they could hardly have added to the honour which the talents and virtues of Craſhaw have received from the verſes of Cowley on his death.

"Cowley," ſays Dr. Johnſon, with a quaint obſcurity rarely found in his forcible language, "ſeems to have had the ſkill to rate his own performances by their juſt value; and has therefore cloſed his Miſcellanies with the "Verſes upon Craſhaw;" which apparently excel all that have gone before them; and in which there are beauties, which common authors may juſtly think not only above their attainment, but above their ambition."

The "Verſes on the death of Craſhaw," are indeed beautiful, and highly honourable, both to Craſhaw and Cowley; but fine as they are, they are not faultleſs; for Cowley has ſometimes fallen into the principal defect of the poet whom he praiſes. He now and then ſpeaks of ſacred things, with a vulgar and ludicrous familiarity of language; "by which (to uſe a happy expreſſion of Dr. Johnſon's) readers, far ſhort of ſanctity, may be offended in the preſent age, when devotion, perhaps not more fervent, is more delicate."

If the poetical talents of Craſhaw ſeem not to anſwer this glowing panegyric, yet in his higher character of ſaint, he appears to have had the pureſt title to this affectionate eulogy.

His poems were printed, during his exile, in one volume, 8vo, in 1646, by his friend Thomas Car; as he informs us, in a few introductory lines:

> Sweet Craſhaw was his friend, he Craſhaw's brother;
> So Car hath title then; 'twas his intent,
> That what his riches penn'd, poor Car ſhould print;
> Nor fears he check, praiſing that happy one,
> Who was belov'd by all, diſprais'd by none.

The volume is divided into three parts; *1ſt, Steps to the Temple; 2d, Delights of the Muſes; 3d, Sacred Poems, preſented to the Counteſs of Denbigh, by her moſt devoted ſervant, Richard Craſhaw, in hearty acknowledgment of his immortal obligation to her goodneſs and charity.* Perhaps the laſt diviſion, to which Car's verſes are prefixed, was the only one publiſhed in 1646.

The ſecond edition was printed in 12mo, 1648, and afterwards with the falſe date of 1670, and the omiſſion of many paſſages, and entire poems; but accompanied with the *Sacred Epigrams*, in Latin, not in the edition 1648. A judicious ſelection from his works, under the title of "Poetry, by Richard Craſhaw," was printed by Mr. Peregrine Philips, in ſmall 8vo, 1775. His whole works, reprinted from the edition in 1648, are now, for the firſt time, received into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

Though the poetry of Craſhaw was ſinking into utter oblivion, when his merits were aſſerted by Mr. Philips, yet his genius and probity obtained him the admiration and eſteem of his contemporaries.

To his attainments, which were numerous and elegant, all his biographers have borne witneſs. Wood ſays, "he was excellent in five languages, beſides the mother-language, *viz.* Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spaniſh."

He was celebrated by Cowley, the moſt eloquent of his poetical contemporaries; and appears to have been perſonally regarded by Selden, the moſt eminent literary character of his time; who mentions him in his "Table Talk," under the article *Poetry*.

The ſingular incidents of his life, and the peculiar turn of his compoſitions, may in a great meaſure account for the oblivion into which he ſunk for ſo conſiderable a period.

"Craſhaw," ſays Mr. Philips, "was an object of reſentment to the Proteſtants, for having changed his religion in the Puritanical times, from the Church of England, to that of Rome. His book, containing ſome church ſervices, and doctrinal perſuaſives to the Counteſs of Denbigh, and others,

was in a great measure suppressed; and as he finished a short, studious life, in the year 1650, the latter end whereof was wholly devoted to solitude and religious offices, in the Chapel of Loretto, it may not seem extraordinary, that no friend or relation should have attempted to rescue his remembrance from oblivion."

The character of Crashaw, however, has little to fear from the liberality of the present age. Tenderness and piety seem to have been the peculiar characteristics of this amiable poet, at every period of his life. The reader of sensibility, who peruses his *Verses to St. Teresa*, whatever he may think of his tender bigotry, will hardly suspect that his piety was not perfectly sincere.

O! thou undaunted daughter of desires,
By all thy dower of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day;
And by thy thirsts of love, more large than they;
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire;
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss,
That seal'd thy parting soul, and made thee his;
By all the heavens thou hast in him,
Fair sister of the seraphim;
By all of him we have in thee,
Leave nothing of myself in me;
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

The poetry of Crashaw is chiefly devoted to pious subjects. He is a writer of the same class with Herbert and Quarles, though infinitely superior to the former in sublimity and imagination, and to the latter in beauty and tenderness. Quarles has original imagery, striking sentiment, and fertility of expression. Herbert has enthusiasm without sublimity, and conceit without either ingenuity or imagination. Quarles has suffered unmerited neglect. Herbert still lingers among the favourites of the people; though no one who takes up his "Temple," would suspect that he had been public orator of an university, and a favourite of his sovereign; that he had received flattery and praise from Donne and from Bacon; and that the biographers of the day had enrolled his name among the first names of his country.

The title of the first division of Crashaw's poems, seems to have been borrowed from Herbert's "Temple." The additional poems, intituled the "Synagogue," are attributed by Mr. Granger to Crashaw; but they are unworthy of him.

The poetical talents of Crashaw were very great; but it was not given to him to mix the waters of Jordan and Helicon in the same cup, nor to find the bays of Mount Olivet equally verdant with those of Parnassus. His poetry bears marks of a fervid mind, and a poetical imagination; it has strength, warmth, and originality; but it is sometimes debased by the deplorable conceits which characterise the pious poetry of Herbert.

It is sometimes tender and beautiful, and sometimes absurd and disgusting. It is a compound of piety and enthusiasm, sublimity and vulgarity, elegance and affectation, pathos and extravagance. He is an unequal writer; but his compositions are chiefly characterised by tenderness of sentiment, beauty of expression, and harmony of numbers.

One of his most striking performances is a translation of the *Sospetto d' Herode*, from a posthumous and scarce work of Marino, published at Venice, 1633. It is intituled, *Stragi de gli Innocenti*, in four books; 1st, *Sospetto d' Herode*; 2d, *Consiglio de Satrapi*; 3d, *Effecutione della Strage*; 4th, *Il Limbo*. Marino had a strong, though not a refined imagination; and the version of Crashaw is executed with a spirit, equal, if not superior, to the original. Of Marino's poem, it is to be lamented, that poetical readers in general know so little; from the specimen here produced, every English reader must be inclined to wish for more. A very intelligent writer has told us (Maty's Review, 1785), that the whole poem has been rendered into English verse; and that the title-page of the translation stands thus: "The Slaughter of the Innocents, by Herod, written in Italian by the famous Cavalier Marino, in four books, newly Englished, 1675." To which he says, "in my copy is added in writing, En-

gliſhed by T. R.;" to whom the initials T. R. belong, I know not; but the tranſlation ſeems ſuperior to Craſhaw." If this tranſlation is executed in a ſuperior ſtyle to Craſhaw, which ſeems hardly poſſible, it well merits republication.

The particular relation that the *Soſpetto d'Herode* bears to many paſſages in "Paradiſe Loſt," and the great ſublimity of the poetry, are reaſons ſufficient to make it acceptable to every reader of taſte, notwithſtanding its being a tranſlation.

The paſſages in this ſingular performance, which appear to have been imitated by Milton, are in ſtanzas 5, 7, 9, 18, 19, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41.

It is remarkable that Milton, who viſited Italy four years after the publication of "The Slaughter of the Innocents," has taken no notice of it in his Latin epiſtle to his elegant Italian friend Manſo, where he alludes to the other work of Marino; whoſe life is ſuppoſed to have been written by that accompliſhed nobleman, the biographer of Taſſo.

It is to the honour of Craſhaw, that he attracted the notice of Pope, who has condeſcended to borrow ſome lines from him, as every reader of both poets will inſtantly perceive.

"Though it may be deemed wonderful," ſays Mr. Philips, "that writers of eminence in the Engliſh language ſhould have joined in a poetical confederacy, to diveſt this poor gentleman of his rights, and dreſs themſelves in his borrowed robes, without the ſmalleſt acknowledgment; yet how much will the wonder increaſe, when the ſweeteſt verſifier, declaredly at leaſt of the ſame perſuaſion, is found among the number; for whoever reads Mr. Pope's epitaph on Elijah Fenton, will be obliged to confeſs, that he has not only adopted the thoughts, but in ſome places, the very words of Craſhaw's *Epitaph on Mr. Aſhton*. Mr. Pope's faint praiſe might therefore be the moſt probable means of ſecreting his obligations to one, whom he affects rather to contemn; which appears by his epiſtolary correſpondence upon this ſubject with H. Cromwell, Eſq."

The zeal of Mr. Philips, in vindicating the memory of Craſhaw, is commendable; but he ſeems to have unjuſtly accuſed Pope of an invidious deſire to ſink the reputation of his poetical and Catholic brother.

Pope, on the contrary, has drawn his character, though not in full proportion, yet not unfavourably, and with an accuracy and diſcrimination, which appear to have been the reſult of his genuine ſentiments.

"This poem," ſays he, [*Lett.* 22.] ſpeaking of his *Muſic's Duel*, the celebrated Latin production of Strada, on the nightingale, "was many years ſince imitated by Craſhaw; out of whoſe verſes the following are very remarkable.

> From this to that, from that to this he flies,
> Feels Muſic's pulſe in all its arteries;
> Caught in a net, which there Apollo ſpreads,
> His fingers ſtruggle with the vocal threads.

"I take this poet," he adds [*Lett.* 26.], "to have writ like a gentleman, that is, at leiſure hours; and more to keep out of idleneſs, than to eſtabliſh a reputation; ſo that nothing regular or juſt can be expected from him. All that regards deſign, form, fable (which is the ſoul of poetry), all that concerns exactneſs or conſent of parts (which is the body), will probably be wanting; only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expreſſions, and ſomething of a neat caſt of verſe (which are properly the dreſs, gems, or looſe ornaments of poetry), may be found in theſe verſes."

"This author formed himſelf upon Petrarch, or rather on Marino. His thoughts one may obſerve, in the main, are pretty; but oftentimes far-fetched, and too often ſtrained and ſtiffened, to make them appear the greater. To confirm what I have ſaid, you need but look into his firſt poem of the *Weeper*, where the 2d, 4th, 6th, 14th, 21ſt ſtanzas, are as ſublimely dull as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th, and 23d ſtanzas of the ſame copy, are ſoft and pleaſing; and if theſe laſt want any thing, it is an eaſier and more unaffected expreſſion. The remaining thoughts in that poem might have been ſpared, being either but repetitions, or very trivial and mean; and by this example in the firſt, one may gueſs all the reſt to be like this, a mixture of tender, gentle thoughts, and ſuitable expreſſions, of forced and inextricable conceits, and of needleſs fillers-up to the reſt. From all which it is plain, this author writ faſt, and ſet down what came uppermoſt. A reader may ſkim off, and

p'e the clear underneath; but if he goes too deep, he will meet with a mouthful of dregs; either the top or bottom of him are good for little; but what he did in his own natural middle way, is beſt."

"To ſpeak of his numbers, is a little difficult; they are ſo various and irregular, and moſtly Pindaric. 'Tis evident his heroic verſe (the beſt example of which is his *Muſic's Duel*), is careleſsly made up; but one may imagine from what it now is, that had he taken more care, it had been muſical and pleaſing enough; not extremely majeſtic, but ſweet; and the time conſidered of his writing, he was (even as uncorrect as he is), none of the worſt verſifiers" I will juſt obſerve, that the beſt pieces of this author are, a *Paraphraſe on Pſalm XXIII, on Leſſius, Epitaph on Mr. Aſhton, Wiſhes to his ſuppoſed Miſtreſs*, and the *Dies Iræ*.

The partiality of this ſelection of Pope is objectionable, as it excludes the *Soſpetto d'Herode*, and many other pieces of unqueſtionable merit; but on comparing his opinion with the the paſſages of Craſhaw, to which he refers, there ſeems to be no reaſon to queſtion the integrity of his judgment. His not commending the tranſlation from Marino, might proceed from his contempt of the original author, who was then conſidered as the prime corrupter of Italian poetry, and reckoned, by ſevere critics, "too ſublime to be cenſured, and too fantaſtic to be praiſed." It cannot be denied, that he has taken ſome paſſages from Craſhaw without acknowledgment; but it is highly unjuſt to accuſe an author of intentional and invidious ſecrecy, who does not always ſpecify his obligations of this kind; becauſe it is hardly poſſible, from the nature of the human faculties, that he ſhould be able, at all times, to diſtinguiſh the genuine offſpring of his own imagination, from the adopted children of memory.

The following paſſages in Craſhaw, are evidently imitated by Pope; and ſurely no compliment could be more flattering.

All-daring duſt and aſhes, only you,
Of all interpreters, read nature true.——*Death's Lecture.*

O death! all eloquent, you only prove
What duſt we doat on, when 'tis man we love.——*Eloiſa.*

The modeſt front of this ſmall floor,
Believe me, reader, can ſay more
Than many a braver marble can,
Here lies a truly honeſt man.——*Epitaph on Mr. Aſhton.*

This modeſt ſtone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly ſay, here lies an honeſt man.——*Epitaph on Fenton.*

And I, what is my crime? I cannot tell,
Unleſs it be a crime to have lov'd too well.——*3d Elegy on St. Alexias*

Is it in heaven a crime to love too well?——*Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady.*

It is probable, that theſe *Elegies* of Craſhaw, written as the complaint of a tender female, deſerted on her wedding night by her bridegroom, ſuggeſted to Pope the idea of his "Eloiſa."

It is but doing juſtice to this amiable ſcholar, to recommend him to the attention of the claſſical reader, as an elegant writer of Latin verſe. Ovid appears to have been his model for language and verſification; but he has an original character and manner of his own in his Latin, as well as in his Engliſh poetry. Though it is to be wiſhed, that in his Latin compoſitions he had been more attentive to the ſimplicity of Lucretius, Virgil, and Tibullus, yet his pieces diſplay uncommon powers of invention and ſentiment; and are valuable, as much for their fancy and genius, as for their ſtyle and expreſſion.

The following epigram on *Joan. II. Aquæ in vinum verſæ*, the production "of a tender age," is ſelected, becauſe it contains a well-known verſe, which has been frequently celebrated, without being appropriated to its real author.

Unde rubor veſtris, et non ſua purpura lymphis
Quæ roſa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas.
Numen (convivæ) præſens agnoſcite numen,
Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.

The readers of Engliſh poetry are indebted for the following verſion of it, to William Hayley, Eſq. the moſt elegant and claſſical poet of our country.

Whence does the cryſtal redden to the eye,
And lucid water take a roſeate dye?
Here own him preſent, who gives nature law!
This element ſaw God, and bluſh'd with awe.

It is no unpleaſant reflection, to be able to find ſo many elegant writers of Latin among our Engliſh poets; in the firſt rank of which, Craſhaw ſtands very high. Jonſon, Cowley, Craſhaw, May, Milton, Marvell, Smith, Addiſon, Gray, Smart, Johnſon, and Warton, are ſuch writers of Latin verſe, as any country might with juſtice be proud of. The following teſtimonies to his merits deſerve to be inſerted; as they do honour to his genius and virtue, and as they exhibit a contraſt of candid and liberal criticiſm, to exuberant and indiſcriminate praiſe.

"Craſhaw," ſays Winſtanley, "was the darling of the muſes; whoſe delight was the fruitful Mount Sion, more than the barren Mount Parnaſſus; a religious pourer forth of his divine raptures and meditations in ſmooth and pathetic verſe. His poems conſiſt of three parts; the firſt, intituled *Steps to the Temple*, being, for the moſt part, epigrams upon ſeveral paſſages of the New Teſtament, charming the ear with a holy rapture. The ſecond part, *The Delights of the Muſes*, or poems upon ſeveral occaſions, both Engliſh and Latin; ſuch rich pregnant fancies, as ſhewed his heart to be filled with Phœbean fire. The third and laſt part, *Carmen Deo Noſtro*, being hymns and other ſacred poems; all which beſpeak him

The learned author of immortal ſtrains."

"Craſhaw was a poet," ſays the late amiable and ingenious Mr. Headly, "who deſerves preſervation, for better reaſons than his having accidentally attracted the notice of Pope. He has originality in many parts; and, as a tranſlator, is entitled to the higheſt applauſe. With a peculiar devotional caſt, he poſſeſſed one of thoſe ineffable minds, which border on enthuſiaſm; and when fortunately directed, occaſionally produced great things. But he had too much religion to devote his whole ſtrength to poetry; he trifled for amuſement, and never wrote for fame."

"As the original verſes of Craſhaw," ſays the elegant and claſſical Hayley, "are chiefly devoted to pious ſubjects, we ought to obſerve, for the honour both of poetry and religion, that the works of this poet have been neglected, not merely becauſe they are devotional, but becauſe their author has fallen into the worſt defects of ſtyle in his mode of treating ſubjects that peculiarly require a chaſte dignity of expreſſion. He ſeems to have choſen the pious George Herbert for his model. He entruſted his muſe to a very affectionate guardian; whoſe panegyric will not be thought extravagant, when it is remembered, that Craſhaw, however neglected in later days, was the companion of Selden, and the idol of Cowley."

POEMS.

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE.

The Weeper.

I.

Hail, ſiſter ſprings,
Parents of ſilver-forded rills!
Ever bubbling things!
Thawing cryſtal! ſnowy hills!
Still ſpending, never ſpent; I mean
Thy fair eyes, ſweet Magdalen.

II.

Heavens thy fair eyes be,
Heavens of ever-falling ſtars,
'Tis ſeed-time ſtill with thee,
And ſtars thou ſow'ſt, whoſe harveſt dares
Promiſe the earth, to counterſhine
Whatever makes heaven's forehead fine.

III.

But we are deceived all,
Stars indeed they are too true,
For they but ſeem to fall
As heav'n's other ſpangles do:
It is not for our earth and us,
To ſhine in things ſo precious.

IV.

Upwards thou doſt weep,
Heav'n's boſom drinks the gentle ſtream,
Where th' milky rivers creep
Thine floats above, and is the cream.
Waters above the heavens what they be,
We're taught beſt by thy tears, and thee.

V.

Every morn from hence,
A briſk cherub ſomething ſips,
Whoſe ſacred influence
Adds ſweetneſs to his ſweeteſt lips,
Then to his muſic, and his ſong
Taſtes of his breakfaſt all day long.

VI.

Not in the evening's eyes,
When they red with weeping are
For the ſun that dies,
Sits ſorrow with a face ſo fair:
No where but here did ever meet,
Sweetneſs ſo ſad, ſadneſs ſo ſweet.

VII.

When Sorrow would be ſeen,
In her brighteſt majeſty,
(For ſhe is a queen)
Then is ſhe dreſs'd by none but thee,
Then, and only then, ſhe wears
Her proudeſt pearls, I mean thy tears.

VIII.

The dew no more will weep,
The primroſe's pale cheek to deck,
The dew no more will ſleep,
Nuzzled in the lily's neck:
Much rather would it be thy tear,
And leave them both to tremble here.

IX.

There is no need at all
That the balſam-ſweating bough
So coyly ſhould let fall
His med'cinable tears; for now
Nature hath learn'd t' extract a dew,
More ſovereign, and ſweet from you.

X.

Yet let the poor drops weep
(Weeping is the eaſe of woe)
Softly let them creep,
Sad that they are vanquiſh'd ſo.
They though to others no relief
Balſam may be for their own grief.

XI.

Such the maiden gem
By the purpling vine put on
Peeps from her ſtem,
And bluſhes at the bridegroom Sun;
This wat'ry balſam of thy een,
Ripe, will make the richer wine.

XII.

When ſome new bright gueſt,
Takes up among the ſtars a room,
And Heav'n will make a feaſt
Angels with cryſtal vials come,
And draw from theſe full eyes of thine,
Their Maſter's waters: their own wine.

XIII.

Golden though he be,
Golden Tagus murmurs though;
Were his way by thee,
Content and quiet he would go;
So much more rich would he eſteem,
Thy ſilver, than his golden ſtream.

XIV.

Well does the May that lies
Smiling in thy cheeks, confeſs
The April in thine eyes;
Mutual ſweetneſs they expreſs:
No April e'er lent kinder ſhowers,
Nor May return'd more faithful flowers.

XV.

O cheeks! beds of chaſte loves,
By your own ſhowers ſeaſonably daſh'd,
Eyes! neſts of milky doves
In your own wells decently waſh'd.
O wit of love that thus could place,
Fountain and garden in one face!

XVI.

O ſweet conteſt of woes
With loves, and tears, and ſmiles diſputing,
O fair and friendly foes
Each other kiſſing and confuting,
White rain and ſunſhine, cheeks and eyes,
Cloſe in kind contrarieties.

XVII.

But can theſe fair floods be
Friends with the balſam fires that fill thee?
Cauſe great flames agree
Eternal tears ſhould thus diſtil thee?
O floods! O fires! O ſuns! O ſhowers!
Mixt, and made friends by Love's ſweet powers!

XVIII.

'Twas his well pointed dart
That digg'd theſe wells, and dreſs'd this vine,
And taught that wounded heart
The way into thoſe weeping een,
Vain loves avaunt! bold hands forbear!
The Lamb hath dipt his white foot here.

XIX.

And now where'er he ſtrays
Among the Galilæan mountains,
Or more unwelcome ways,
He's follow'd by two faithful fountains,
Two walking baths, two weeping motions;
Portable and compendious oceans.

XX.

O thou, thy Lord's fair ſtore,
In thy ſo rich and large expences,
Even when he ſhow'd moſt poor,
He might provoke the wrath of princes;
What princes wanton'ſt pride e'er could,
Waſh with ſilver, wipe with gold?

XXI.

Who is that kin, but he
Who his crown to be call'd thine,
That thus can boaſt to be
Waited on by a wand'ring mine,
A voluntary mint that ſtrows
Warm ſilver ſhowers, where'er he goes?

XXII.

O precious prodigal!
Fair ſpendthrift of thyſelf! thy meaſure
(Mercileſs love!) is all
Even to thy laſt pearl in thy treaſure:
All places, times, and objects, be
Thy tears ſweet opportunity.

XXIII.

Does the day-ſtar riſe?
Still thy ſtars do fall, and fall;
Does day cloſe his eyes?
Still the fountain weeps for all.
Let night or day do what they will,
Thou haſt thy taſk, thou weepeſt ſtill.

XXIV.

Does thy ſong lull the air?
Thy falling tears keep faithful time;
Does thy ſweet breath'd prayer,
Up in clouds of incenſe climb?
Still at each ſigh, that is, each ſtop,
A bead, that is a tear, doth drop.

XXV.

At theſe thy weeping gates
(Watching their wat'ry motion)
Each winged moment waits,
Takes his tear, and gets him gone.
By thine eyes tinct ennobled thus
Time lays him up: he's precious.

XXVI.

Not ſo long ſhe lived
Shall thy tomb report of thee,
But ſo long ſhe grieved,
Thus muſt we date thy memory:
Others by moments, months, and years
Meaſure their ages, thou by tears.

XXVII.

So do perfumes expire,
So ſigh tormented ſweets, oppreſt
With proud unpitying fire;
Such tears the ſuffering roſe that's vext
With ungentle flames does ſhed,
Sweating in a too warm bed.

XXVIII.

Say ye bright brothers,
The fugitive ſons of thoſe fair eyes
Your fruitful mothers,
What make you here? what hopes can 'tice
You to be born? what cauſe can borrow
You from thoſe neſts of noble ſorrow?

XXIX.

Whither away ſo faſt?
For ſure the ſordid earth
Your ſweetneſs cannot taſte,
Nor does the duſt deſerve your birth:
Sweet, whither haſte you then? O ſay,
Why you trip ſo faſt away?

XXX.

We go not to ſeek
The darlings of Aurora's bed,
The roſe's modeſt cheek,
Nor the violet's humble head:
Though the fields eyes, too, weepers be,
Becauſe they want ſuch tears as we.

XXXI.

Much leſs mean we to trace,
The fortune of inferior gems,
Preferr'd to ſome proud face,
Or perch'd upon fear'd diadems:

Crown'd heads are toys; we go to meet
A worthy object, our Lord's feet.

The Tear.

I.

What bright soft thing is this,
Sweet Mary, thy fair eyes expence?
A moist spark it is,
A wat'ry diamond; from whence
The very term I think was found;
The water of a diamond.

II.

O 'tis not a tear,
'Tis a star about to drop
From thine eye its sphere;
The sun will stoop and take it up,
Proud will his sister be to wear
This thine eye's jewel in her ear.

III.

O 'tis a tear,
Too true a tear; for no sad een
How sad soe'er
Rain so true a tear as thine;
Each drop leaving a place so dear,
Weeps for itself, is its own tear.

IV.

Such a pearl as this is
(Slipt from Aurora's dewy breast)
The rose bud's sweet lip kisses;
And such the rose itself when vext
With ungentle flames, does shed,
Sweating in too warm a bed.

V.

Such the maiden gem,
By the wanton spring put on,
Peeps from her parent stem,
And blushes on the wat'ry sun:
This wat'ry blossom of thy een,
Ripe, will make the richer wine.

VI.

Fair drop, why quak'st thou so?
'Cause thou straight must lay thy head
In the dust? O no,
The dust shall never be thy bed;
A pillow for thee will I bring,
Stuff'd with down of angel's wing.

VII.

Thus carried up on high,
(For to heaven thou must go)
Sweetly shalt thou lie,
And in soft slumbers bathe thy woe,
Till the singing orbs awake thee,
And one of their bright chorus make thee.

VIII.

There thyself shalt be
An eye, but not a weeping one,
Yet I doubt of thee,
Whether th' hadst rather there have shone,
An eye of heaven; or still shine here;
In th' heaven of Mary's eye a tear.

Divine Epigrams.—On the Water of our Lord's Baptism.

Each blest drop, on each blest limb,
Is wash'd itself, in washing him:
'Tis a gem while it stays here,
While it falls hence, 'tis a tear.

Acts viii.—*On the Baptized Ethiopean.*

Let it no longer be a forlorn hope
To wash an Ethiop:
He's wash'd, his gloomy skin a peaceful shade
For his white soul is made;
And now, I doubt not, the Eternal Dove,
A black-fac'd house will love.

On the Miracle of Multiplied Loaves.

See here an easy feast that knows no wound,
That under Hunger's teeth will needs be found,
A subtle harvest of unbounded bread;
What would ye more? here Food itself is fed.

Upon the Sepulchre of our Lord.

Here where our Lord once laid his head,
Now the grave lies buried.

The Widow's Mites.

Two mites, two drops, yet all her house and land
Falls from a steady heart though trembling hand:
The others wanton wealth foams high and brave,
The other cast away, she only gave.

Luke xv.—*On the Prodigal.*

Tell me bright boy, tell me my golden lad,
Whither away so frolic? why so glad?
What all thy wealth in counsel? all thy state?
Are husks so dear? troth 'tis a mighty rate.

On the still surviving Marks of our Saviour's Wounds.

Whatever story of their cruelty,
Or nail, or thorn, or spear have writ in thee,
Are in another sense,
Still legible;
Sweet is the difference,
Once I did spell
Every red letter
A wound of thine,
Now (what is better)
Balsam for mine.

Acts v.—*The Sick implore St. Peter's shadow.*

Under thy shadow may I lurk a while,
Death's busy search I'll easily beguile;
Thy shadow, Peter, must show me the sun,
My light's thy shadow's shadow, or 'tis done.

Mark vii.—*The Dumb healed, and the People enjoined silence.*

Christ bids the dumb tongue speak, it speaks, the sound
He charges to be quiet, it runs round;
If in the first he us'd his finger's touch,
His hands whole strength here could not be too much.

Matth. xxviii.—*Come see the place where the Lord lay.*

Show me himself, himself (bright Sir), O show
Which way my poor tears to himself may go;
Were it enough to show the place and say,
Look Mary here, see where thy Lord once lay:
Then could I show these arms of mine, and say
Look, Mary here, see where thy Lord once lay.

To Pontius washing his hands.

Thy hands are wash'd, but O the water's spilt
That labour'd to have wash'd thy guilt;
The flood, if any can, that can suffice,
Must have its fountain in thine eyes.

To the Infant Martyrs.

Go, smiling souls, your new-built cages break,
In Heaven you'll learn to sing, ere here to speak;
Nor let the milky fonts that bath your thirst

Be your delay,
The place that calls you hence, is at the worſt
Milk all the way.

On the Miracle of Loaves.

Now, Lord, or never, they'll believe on thee:
Thou to their teeth haſt prov'd thy Deity.

Mark iv.—*Why are ye afraid, O ye of little faith?*

As if the ſtorm meant him,
Or 'cauſe Heaven's face is dim,
His needs a cloud:
Was ever froward wind
That could be ſo unkind?
Or wave ſo proud?
The wind had need be angry, and the water black,
That to the mighty Neptune's ſelf dare threaten wreck.
There is no ſtorm but this
Of your own cowardice
That braves you out;
You are the ſtorm that mocks
Yourſelves; you are the rocks
Of your own doubt:
Beſides this fear of danger, there's no danger here;
And he that here fears danger, does deſerve his fear.

On the Bleſſed Virgin's baſhfulneſs.

That on her lap ſhe caſts her humble eye,
'Tis the ſweet pride of her humility.
The fair ſtar is well fix'd, for where, O! where,
Could ſhe have fix'd it on a fairer ſphere?
'Tis heaven, 'tis heaven ſhe ſees; heaven's God there lies,
She can ſee heaven, and ne'er lift up her eyes:
This new gueſt to her eyes, new laws hath given,
'Twas once look up, 'tis now look down to heaven.

Upon Lazarus's Tears.

Rich Lazarus: richer in thoſe gems thy tears,
Then Dives in the robes he wears;
He ſcorns them now, but O. they'll ſuit full well
With th' purple he muſt wear in hell.

Two went up into the Temple to Pray.

Two went to pray? O: rather ſay
One went to brag, th' other to pray:
One ſtands up cloſe, and treads on high,
Where th' other dares not ſend his eye;
One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

Upon the Aſs that bore our Saviour.

Hath only anger an omnipotence
In eloquence?
Within the lips of love and joy doth dwell
No miracle?
Why elſe had Balaam's aſs a tongue to chide
His maſter's pride? [word
And thou (heaven burthen'd beaſt) haſt ne'er a
To praiſe thy Lord?
That he ſhould find a tongue and vocal thunder
Was a great wonder,
But, O! me thinks 'tis a far greater one
That thou find'ſt none.

Matth. viii.—*I am not worthy that thou ſhould'ſt come under my Roof.*

Thy God was making haſte into thy roof,
Thy humble faith, and fear, keeps him aloof.
He'll be thy gueſt, becauſe he may not be,
He'll come—into thy houſe? no, into thee.

Upon the Powder-day.

How fit our well-rank'd feaſts do follow
All miſchief comes after All-Hallow.

I am the Door.

And now thou'rt ſet wide ope, the ſpear's ſad art
Lo! hath unlock'd thee at the very heart:
He to himſelf (I fear the worſt)
And his own hope
Hath ſhut theſe doors of heaven, that durſt
Thus ſet them ope.

Matth. x.—*The Blind cured by the word of our Saviour.*

Thou ſpeak'ſt the word (thy word's a law)
Thou ſpak'ſt and ſtraight the blind man ſaw:
To ſpeak, and make the blind man ſee,
Was never man, Lord, ſpake like thee!
To ſpeak thus was to ſpeak (ſay I)
Not to his ear, but to his eye.

Matth xxvii.—*And he anſwered them nothing.*

O mighty nothing! unto thee,
Nothing, we owe all things that be.
God ſpake once, when he all things made,
He ſav'd all when he nothing ſaid.
The world was made of nothing then;
'Tis made by nothing now again.

To our Lord, upon the Water made Wine.

Thou water turn'ſt to wine (fair friend of life),
Thy foe to croſs the ſweet arts of thy reign,
Diſtils from thence the tears of wrath and ſtrife,
And ſo turns wine to water back again.

Matth xxii.—*Neither durſt any Man from that Day aſk him any more Queſtions.*

'Midst all the dark and knotty ſnares,
Black wit or malice can, or dares,
Thy glorious wiſdom breaks the nets,
And treads with uncontrouled ſteps;
Thy quell'd foes are not only now
Thy triumphs, but thy trophies too:
They both at once thy conqueſts be,
And thy conqueſt's memory.
Stony amazement makes them ſtand
Waiting on thy victorious hand,
Like ſtatues fixed to the fame
Of thy renown, and their own ſhame;
As if they only meant to breathe
To be the life of their own death.
'Twas time to hold their peace, when they
Had ne'er another word to ſay,
Yet is their ſilence unto thee,
The full ſound of thy victory;
Their ſilence ſpeaks aloud, and is
Thy well pronounc'd Panygeris.
While they ſpeak nothing, they ſpeak all
Their ſhare in thy memorial.
While they ſpeak nothing, they proclaim
Thee, with the ſhrilleſt trump of fame.
To hold their peace is all the ways
Theſe wretches have to ſpeak thy praiſe.

Upon our Saviour's Tomb, wherein never Man was laid.

How life and death in thee
Agree!
Thou hadſt a virgin womb,
And tomb,
A Joſeph did betrothe
Them both.

It is better to go into Heaven with one Eye, &c.

One eye? a thousand rather, and a thousand more,
To fix those full-fac'd glories, O he's poor
Of eyes that has but Argus store. [thee,
Yet if thou'lt fill one poor eye, with thy heaven, and
O grant, (sweet Goodness!) that one eye may
All, and every whit of me. [be

Luke xi.—*Upon the dumb Devil cast out, and the slanderous Jews put to Silence.*

Two devils at one blow thou hast laid flat,
A speaking devil this, a dumb one that.
Was't thy full victories fairer increase,
That th' one spake, or that th' other held his peace?

Luke x.—*And a certain Priest coming that way, looked on him, and passed by.*

Why dost thou wound my wounds, O thou that passest by, [eye?
Handling and turning them with an unwounded
The calm that cools thine eye does shipwreck mine, for O!
Venom'd to see one wretched is to make him so.

Luke xi.—*Blessed be the Paps which thou hast sucked.*

Suppose he had been tabled at thy teats,
Thy hunger feels not what he eats:
He'll have his teat e'er long, a bloody one,
The mother then must suck the Son.

To Pontius washing his Blood-stain'd hands.

'S murther no sin? or a sin so cheap
That thou didst heap
A rape upon't? till thy adult'rous touch [face,
Taught her these sullied cheeks, this blubber'd
She was a nymph, the meadows knew none such,
Of honest parentage, of unstain'd race,
The daughter of a fair, and well fam'd fountain,
As ever silver-tipt the side of shady mountain.

See how she weeps, and weeps, that she appears
Nothing but tears,
Each drops a tear, that weeps for her own waste;
Hark how at every touch she does complain her;
Hark how she bids her frighted drops make haste,
And, with sad murmurs, chides the hands that stain her:
Leave, leave for shame, or else (good Judge) decree
What water shall wash this, when this hath washed thee

Matth. xxiii.—*Ye build the Sepulchres of the Prophets.*

Thou trim'st a prophets tomb, and dost bequeath
The life thou took'st from him unto his death:
Vain man! the stones that on his tomb do lie
Keep but the score of them that made him die,

Upon the Infant Martyrs.

To see both blended in one flood,
The mothers milk, the childrens blood,
Makes me doubt if heav'n will gather
Roses hence, or lilies rather.

John xvi.—*Verily, I say unto you, ye shall weep and lament.*

Welcome, my grief, my joy; how dear's
To me my legacy of tears!
I'll weep, and weep, and will therefore
Weep, 'cause I can weep no more:
Thou, thou (dear Lord!) even thou alone,
Giv'st joy, even when thou giv'st none.

John xv.—*Upon our Lord's last comfortable Discourse with his Disciples.*

All Hybla's honey, all that sweetness can,
Flows in thy song (O fair, O dying swan!)
Yet is the joy I take in't small or none;
It is too sweet to be a long-liv'd one.

Luke xvi.—*Dives asking a Drop.*

A drop, one drop, how sweetly one fair drop
Would tremble on my pearl tipt finger's top?
My wealth is gone, O go it where it will,
Spare this one jewel; I'll be Dives still,

Mark xii.—(*Give to Cæsar*—) (*And to God*—)

All we have is God's and yet
Cæsar challenges a debt,
Nor hath God a thinner share,
Whatever Cæsar's payments are;
All is God's; and yet 'tis true
All we have is Cesar's too;
All is Cæsar's; and what odds,
So long as Cæsar's self is God's?

But now they have seen and hated.

Seen? and yet hated thee? they did not see,
They saw thee not, that saw and hated thee:
No, no, they saw thee not, O life, O love,
Who saw ought in thee that their hate could move.

Upon the Crown of Thorns taken from our Blessed Lord's Head, all bloody.

Know'st thou this Soldier? 'tis a much chang'd plant, which yet
Thyself did'st set.
O! who so hard a husbandman did ever find,
A soil so kind?
Is not the soil a kind one which returns
Roses for thorns?

Luke vii.—*She began to wash his Feet with Tears, and wipe them with the hairs of her head.*

Her eyes flood licks his feet's fair stain,
Her hairs flame licks up that again:
This flame thus quencht hath brighter beams,
This flood thus stained, fairer streams.

On St. Peter cutting off Malchus's Ear.

Well, Peter, dost thou wield thy active sword,
Well for thyself (I mean), not for thy Lord:
To strike at ears, is to take heed there be
No witness Peter of thy perjury.

John iii.—*But Men loved Darkness rather than Light.*

The world's light shines, shine as it will,
The world will love its darkness still:
I doubt though, when the world's in hell,
It will not love its darkness half so well.

Acts xxi.—*I am ready not only to be Bound, but to Die.*

Come death, come bands, nor do you shrink, my ears,
At those hard words man's cowardice calls fears.
Save those of fear, no other bands fear I;
No other fear than this, the fear to die

On St. Peter casting away his Nets at our Saviour's call.

Thou hast the art on't Peter, and canst tell
To cast thy nets on all occasions well: [stay,
When Christ calls, and thy nets would have thee
To cast them well's to cast them quite away.

Our Lord in his Circumcision to his Father.

To thee these first fruits of my growing death
(For what else is my life?) lo, I bequeath;
Taste this, and as thou lik'st this lesser flood
Expect a sea, my heart shall make it good.
Thy wrath that wades here now, e'er long shall swim,
The floodgate shall be set wide ope for him.
Then let him drink, and drink, and do his worst
To drown the wantonness of his wild thirst.
Now's but the nonage of my pains, my fears
Are yet both in their hopes, not come to years.
The day of my dark woe is yet but morn,
My tears but tender, and my death new born.
Yet may these unfledg'd griefs give Fate some guess,
These cradle torments have their towardness.
These purple buds of blooming death may be,
Erst the full stature of a fatal tree.
And till my riper woes to age are come,
This knife may be the spear's Præludium.

On the Wounds of our Crucified Lord.

O These wakeful wounds of thine!
Are they mouths? or are they eyes?
Be they mouths, or be they een,
Each bleeding part some one supplies.

Lo, a mouth! whose full bloom'd lips
At too dear a rate are roses:
Lo, a blood-shot eye! that weeps,
And many a cruel tear discloses.

O thou that on this foot hast laid
Many a kiss, and many a tear,
Now thou shalt have all repaid;
What soe'er thy charges were.

This foot hath got a mouth and lips
To pay the sweet sum of thy kisses,
To pay thy tears, an eye that weeps,
Instead of tears, such gems as this is.

The difference only this appears,
(Nor can the change offend)
The debt is paid in ruby-tears,
Which thou in pearls did'st lend.

On our Crucified Lord Naked and Bloody.

They have left thee naked, Lord! O that they had;
This garment too, I would they had deny'd.
Thee with thyself they have too richly clad,
Opening the purple wardrobe of thy side:
O never could there be garment too good
For thee to wear, but this of thine own blood.

Easter Day.

I.

Rise, Heir of fresh eternity
From thy virgin tomb,
Rise mighty Man of wonders, and thy world with thee,
Thy tomb the universal east
Natures new womb,
Thy tomb fair immortalities perfumed nest.

II.

Of all the glories make noon gay,
This is the morn,
This rock bud's forth the fountain of the streams of day,
In joys white annals lives this hour
When life was born,
No cloud scoul on his radiant lids, no tempest lour.

III.

Life, by this Light's nativity
All creatures have,
Death only by this days just doom is forc'd to die:
Nor is death forc'd; for may he lie
Thron'd in thy grave
Death will on this condition be content to die.

On the Bleeding Wounds of our Crucified Lord.

I.

Jesu, no more, it is full tide,
From thy head and from thy feet,
From thy hands and from thy side,
All the purple rivers meet.

II.

What need thy fair head bear a part
In showers, as if thine eyes had none?
What need they help to drown thy heart
That streams in torrents of its own,

III.

Thy restless feet now cannot go
For us and our eternal good,
As they were ever wont, what though?
They swim, alas! in their own blood.

IV.

Thy hands to give thou can'st not lift;
Yet will thy hand still giving be:
It gives, but O itself's the gift;
It gives though bound, though bound 'tis free.

V.

But O thy side, thy deep-digg'd side
That hath a double Nilus going,
Nor ever was the Pharian tide
Half so fruitful, half so flowing.

VI.

No hair so small but pays his river
To this Red Sea of thy blood,
Their little channels can deliver
Something to the general flood.

VII.

But while I speak whither are run
All the rivers nam'd before?
I counted wrong, there is but one,
But O that one is one all o'er.

VIII.

Rain-swoln rivers may rise proud,
Bent all to drown and overflow;
But when indeed all's overflow'd
They themselves are drowned too.

IX.

This thy blood's deluge (a dire chance,
Dear Lord to thee) to us is found
A deluge of deliverance;
A deluge least we should be drown'd.
Ne'er wast thou in a sense so sadly true
The well of living waters, Lord, till now.

Sampson to his Dalilah.

Could not once blinding me, cruel! suffice?
When first I look't on thee I lost mine eyes.

Psalm xxiii.

Happy, me! O happy sheep!
Whom my God vouchsafes to keep;

Even my God, even he it is
That points me to these ways of bliss;
On whose pastures cheerful spring,
All the year doth sit and sing,
And rejoicing smiles to see
Their green backs wear his livery:
Pleasure sings my soul to rest,
Plenty wears me at her breast,
Whose sweet temper teaches me
Nor wanton, nor in want to be.
At my feet the blubb'ring mountain
Weeping melts into a fountain,
Whose soft silver sweating streams
Make high noon forget his beams:
When my wayward breath is flying,
He calls home my soul from dying,
Strokes, and tames my rapid grief,
And does woo me into life:
When my simple weakness strays,
('Tangled in forbidden ways)
He (my shepherd) is my guide;
He's before me, on my side,
And behind me; he beguiles
Craft in all her knotty wiles:
He expounds the giddy wonder
Of my weary steps, and under
Spreads a path as clear as day,
Where no churlish rub says nay
To my joy conducted feet,
Whil'st they gladly go to meet
Grace and Peace, to meet new lays
Tun'd to my great Shepherd's praise,
Come now all ye terrors, sally,
Muster forth into the valley,
Where triumphant darkness hovers
With a sable wing that covers
Brooding horror. Come, thou Death!
Let the damps of thy dull breath
Overshadow even the shade,
And make Darkness self afraid;
There my feet, even there, shall find
Way for a resolved mind!
Still, my Shepherd, still my God
Thou art with me, still thy rod,
And thy staff, whose influence
Gives direction, gives defence:
At the whisper of thy word
Crown'd abundance spreads my board:
While I feast, my foes do feed
Their rank malice not their need,
So that with the self-same bread
They are starv'd and I am fed.
How my head in ointment swims!
How my cup o'erlook's her brims!
So, even so still may I move
By the line of thy dear love;
Still may thy sweet mercy spread
A shady arm above my head,
About my paths, so shall I find
The fair centre of my mind
Thy temple, and those lovely walls
Bright ever with a beam that falls
Fresh from the pure glance of thine eye,
Lighting to eternity;
There I'll dwell, for ever there
Will I find a purer air
To feed my life with, there I'll sup
Balm, and nectar in my cup,
And thence my ripe soul will I breathe
Warm into the arms of death.

Psalm cxxxvii.

On the proud banks of great Euphrates flood,
There we sate, and there we wept:
Our harps that now no music understood,
Nodding on the willows slept,
While unhappy captiv'd we
Lovely Sion thought on thee.
They, they that snatcht us from our country's breast
Would have a song carv'd to their ears
In Hebrew numbers, then (O cruel jest!)
When harps and hearts were drown'd in tears:
Come, they cry'd, come sing and play
One of Sion's songs to day.
Sing? play? to whom (ah!) shall we sing or play
If not Jerusalem to thee?
Ah, thee, Jerusalem! ah sooner may
This hand forget the mastery
Of music's dainty touch, then I
The music of thy memory,
Which when I lose, O may at once my tongue
Lose this fame busy speaking art,
Unparch'd, her vocal arteries unstrung,
No more acquainted with my heart,
On my dry palate's roof to rest
A wither'd leaf, an idle guest.
No, no, thy good Sion alone must crown
The head of all my hope-nurst joys.
But Edom, cruel thou! thou cryd'st down, down
Sink Sion, down and never rise,
Her falling thou did'st urge, and thrust,
And haste to dash her into dust,
Dost laugh? proud Babel's daughter! do, laugh on
Till thy ruin teach thee tears,
Even such as these; laugh, till a venging throng
Of woes, too late do rouse thy fears.
Laugh till thy childrens bleeding bones
Weep precious tears upon the stones.

Quem vidistis Pastores, &c.—*A Hymn of the Nativity. Sung by the Shepherds.*

Chorus.

Come, we shepherds, whose blest sight
Hath met love's noon, in nature's night,
Come, lift we up our loftier song,
And wake the sun that lies too long.

To all our world of well-stoln joy,
He slept, and dream't of no such thing;
While we found out Heav'ns fairer eye,
And kist the cradle of our King;
Tell him he rises now too late,
To show us ought worth looking at.

Tell him we now can show him more
Than he e'er show'd to mortal sight,
Than he himself e'er saw before
Which to be seen needs not his light;
Tell him Tityrus where th' hast been,
Tell him Thyrsis what th' hast seen.

Tit. Gloomy night embrac'd the place
Where the noble infant lay,
The Babe look't up and show'd his face,
In spite of darkness it was day;

It was thy day, Sweet! and did rise,
Not from the east, but from thine eyes.
Chor. It was thy day, Sweet, &c.

Thyrs. Winter chid aloud, and sent
The angry north to wage his wars,
The north forgot his fierce intent,
And left perfumes instead of scars,
By those sweet eyes persuasive powers,
Where he meant frost, he scatter'd flowers.
Chor. By those sweet eyes, &c.

Both. We saw thee in thy balmy nest
Bright dawn of our eternal day!
We saw thine eyes break from their east,
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw thee, and we blest the sight,
We saw thee by thine own sweet light.

Tit. Poor world (said I), what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry stranger!
Is this the best thou canst bestow
A cold, and not too cleanly manger?
Contend ye powers of heav'n and earth
To fit a bed for this huge birth.
Chor. Contend ye powers, &c.

Thyrs. Proud world (said I), cease your contest,
And let the mighty Babe alone,
The phœnix builds the phœnix nest,
Love's architecture is all one,
The Babe whose birth embraves this morn,
Made his own bed ere he was born.
Chor. The Babe, &c.

Tit. I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the places head,
Offering their whitest sheets of snow,
To furnish the fair Infant's bed:
Forbear (said I), be not too bold
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.
Chor. Forbear (said I), &c.

Thyrs. I saw the obsequious Seraphims
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
For well they now can spare their wings
Since Heaven itself lies here below:
Well done (said I), but are you sure
Your down so warm, will pass for pure.
Chor. Well done (said we), &c.

Tit. No, no, your King's not yet to seek
Where to repose his royal head,
See, see, how soon his new bloom'd cheek
'Twixt's mothers breasts is gone to bed
Sweet choice (said I), no way but so
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow.
Chor. Sweet choice, &c.

Both. We saw thee in thy balmy nest
Bright dawn of our eternal day;
We saw thine eyes break from their east,
And chase the trembling shades away:
We saw thee, and we blest the sight,
We saw thee, by thine own sweet light;
Chor. We saw thee, &c.

Full Chorus.

Welcome all wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span,
Summer in winter, day in night,
Heaven in earth, and God in man;
Great little one! Whose all embracing birth
Lift earth to heav'n, stoops heav'n to earth.

Welcome though not to gold nor silk,
To more than Cæsar's birthright is;
Two sister seas of virgin milk,
With many a rarely temper'd kiss
That breath'sat once both maid and mother,
Warms in the one, cools in the other.

She sings thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in thy weeping eye;
She spreads the red leaves of thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing lie;
She 'gainst those mother diamonds tries
The points of her young eagles eyes.

Welcome, though not to those gay flys
Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,
Slippery souls in smiling eyes,
But to poor shepherds, home-spun things,
Whose wealth's their flock; whose wit to be
Well read in their simplicity.

Yet when young April's husband showers,
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first born of her flowers,
To kiss thy feet, and crown thy head.
To thee, dread Lamb! whose love must keep
The shepherds more than they their sheep.

To thee, meek Majesty! soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves;
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves,
Till burnt at last in fire of thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.

SOSPETTO D' HERODE.—LIB. I.

ARGOMENTO.

Casting the times with their strong signs,
Death's Master his own death divines.
Struggling for help, his best hope is
Herod's suspicion may heal his.
Therefore he sends a fiend to wake
The sleeping tyrant's fond mistake;
Who fears (in vain), that he whose birth
Means heaven should meddle with his earth.

I.

Muse, now the servant of soft love's no more,
Hate is thy theme, and Herod, whose unblest
Hand (O what dares not jealous greatness?) tore
A thousand sweet babes from their mothers breast:
The blooms of martyrdom. O be a door
Of language to my infant lips, ye best
Of confessors, whose throats answering his swords,
Gave forth your blood for breath, spoke souls for words.

II.

Great Anthony! Spain's well-beseeming pride,
Thou mighty branch of emperors and kings!
The beauties of whose dawn what eye may bide?
With which the sun himself weighs equal wings;
Map of heroic worth! whom far and wide
To the believing world fame boldly sings:
Deign thou to wear this humble wreath that bows
To be the sacred honour of thy brows.

III.

Nor needs my muſe a bluſh, or theſe bright flow'rs
Other than what their own bleſt beauties bring.
They were the ſmiling ſons of thoſe ſweet bow'rs,
That drink the dew of life, whoſe deathleſs ſpring,
Nor Syrian flame, nor Borean froſt deflowers:
From whence heav'n-labouring bees with buſy wing,
Suck hidden ſweets, which well-digeſted proves
Immortal honey for the hive of loves.

IV.

Thou, whoſe ſtrong hand with ſo tranſcendent worth,
Holds high the rein of fair Parthenope,
That neither Rome, nor Athens can bring forth
A name in noble deeds rival to thee!
Thy fame's full noiſe makes proud the patient earth,
Far more than matter for my muſe and me.
The Tyrrhene ſeas, and ſhores ſound all the fame,
And in their murmurs keep thy mighty name.

V.

Below the bottom of the great abyſs,
There where one centre reconciles all things;
The world's profound heart pants; there placed is
Miſchief's old maſter, cloſe about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing ſnakes, that kiſs
His correſpondent cheeks; theſe loathſome ſtrings
Hold the perverſe prince in eternal ties
Faſt bound, ſince firſt he forfeited the ſkies.

VI.

The judge of torments, and the king of tears,
He fills a burniſh'd throne of quenchleſs fire:
And for his old fair robes of light he wears
A gloomy mantle of dark flames, the tire
That crowns his hated head on high appears;
Where ſev'n tall horns (his empires pride) aſpire.
And to make up hell's majeſty, each horn
Sev'n-creſted Hydra's horribly adorn.

VII.

His eyes, the ſullen dens of death and night,
Startle the dull air with a diſmal red:
Such his fell glances as the fatal light
Of ſtaring comets, that look kingdoms dead.
From his black noſtrils and blue lips in ſpite
Of hell's own ſtink a worſer ſtench is ſpread,
His breath hell's lightning is; and each deep groan
Diſdains to think that Heaven thunders alone.

VIII.

His flaming eyes dire exhalation,
Unto a dreadful pile gives fiery breath;
Whoſe unconſum'd conſumption preys upon
The never-dying life of a long death.
In this ſad houſe of ſlow deſtruction,
(His ſhop of flames) he fries himſelf beneath
A maſs of woes, his teeth for torment gnaſh,
While his ſteel ſides ſound with his tail's ſtrong laſh.

IX.

Three rigorous virgins, waiting ſtill behind,
Aſſiſt the throne of th' iron-ſceptred king;
With whips of thorns and knotty vipers twin'd
They rouſe him, when his rank thoughts need ſting.
Their locks are beds of uncomb'd ſnakes that wind
About their ſhady brows in wanton rings. [reigns,
Thus reigns the wrathful king, and while he
His ſceptre and himſelf both he diſdains.

X.

Diſdainful wretch! how hath one bold ſin coſt
Thee all the beauties of thy once bright eyes?
How hath one black eclipſe cancell'd and croſt
The glories that did gild thee in thy riſe?
Proud morning of a perverſe day! how loſt
Art thou unto thyſelf, thou too ſelf-wiſe
Narciſſus? fooliſh Phaeton? who for all
Thy high-aim'd hopes, gain'd'ſt but a flaming fall.

XI.

From Death's ſad ſhades, to the life-breathing air,
This mortal enemy to mankind's good,
Lifts his malignant eyes, waſted with care,
To become beautiful in human blood.
Where Jordan melts his cryſtal, to make fair
The fields of Paleſtine with ſo pure a flood;
There does he fix his eyes, and there detect
New matter to make good his great ſuſpect.

XII.

He calls to mind th' old quarrel, and what ſpark
Set the contendiug ſons of Heaven on fire:
Oft in his deep thought he revolves the dark
Sybil's divining leaves; he does inquire
Into th' old prophecies, trembling to mark
How many preſent prodigies conſpire
To crown their paſt predictions, both he lays
Together, in his pond'rous mind both weighs,

XIII.

Heaven's golden-winged herald, late he ſaw
To a poor Galilean virgin ſent:
How low the bright youth bow'd, and with what awe
Immortal flowers to her fair hand preſent.
He ſaw th' old Hebrew's womb, neglect the law
Of age and barrenneſs, and her babe prevent
His birth, by his devotion, who began
Betimes to be a ſaint, before a man.

XIV.

He ſaw rich nectar thaws releaſe the rigour
Of th' icy north, from froſt-bound Atlas' hands
His adamantine fetters fall; green vigour
Gladding the Scythian rocks, and Lybian ſands.
He ſaw a vernal ſmile, ſweetly di-figure
Winter's ſad face, and through the flow'ry lands
Of fair Engaddi's honey-ſweating fountains
With manna, milk, and balm, new broach the mountains.

XV.

He ſaw how in that bleſt day-bearing night,
The heav'n-rebuked ſhades made haſte away;
How bright a dawn of angels with new light
Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a day
Of which the morning knew not; mad with ſpight
He mark'd how the poor ſhepherds ran to pay
Their ſimple tribute to the babe, whoſe birth
Was the great buſineſs both of Heaven and earth.

XVI.

He ſaw a threefold ſun, with rich increaſe,
Make proud the ruby portals of the eaſt.

He saw the temple sacred to sweet Peace,
Adore her Prince's birth, flat on her breast.
He saw the falling idols, all confess
A coming Deity. He saw the nest
Of poisonous and unnatural loves, earth-nurst,
Touch'd with the world's true antidote to burst.

XVII.

He saw Heaven blossom with a new-born light,
On which, as on a glorious stranger gaz'd
The golden eyes of night, whose beam made bright
The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blaz'd,
(Nor ask'd leave of the sun) by day as night.
By whom (as Heav'ns illustrious handmaid) rais'd
Three kings (or what is more) three wise men went
Westward to find the world's true Orient.

XVIII.

Struck with these great concurrences of things,
Symptoms so deadly unto death and him;
Fain would he have forgot what fatal strings
Eternally bind each rebellious limb.
He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings,
Which like two bosom'd sails embrac'd the dim
Air, with a dismal shade, but all in vain;
Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain.

XIX.

While thus Heav'ns highest counsels, by the low
Footsteps of their effects, he trac'd too well,
He toss'd his troubled eyes, embers that glow
Now with new rage, and wax too hot for hell.
With his foul claws he fenc'd his furrow'd brow,
And gave a ghastly shriek, whose horrid yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of night,
The while his twisted tail he gnawed for spite.

XX.

Yet on the other side, fain would he start
Above his fears, and think it cannot be.
He studies Scripture, strives to sound the heart,
And feel the pulse of every prophecy.
He knows (but knows not how, or by what art)
The heav'n expecting ages hope to see
A mighty Babe, whose pure unspotted birth,
From a chaste virgin womb should bless the earth.

XXI.

But these vast mysteries his senses smother,
And reason (for what's faith to him) devour;
How she that is a maid should prove a mother,
Yet keep inviolate her virgin flower;
How God's eternal Son should be man's brother,
Poseth his proudest intellectual power.
How a pure spirit should incarnate be,
And Life itself wear Death's frail livery.

XXII.

That the Great Angel blinding light should shrink
His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherd's eye.
That the unmeasur'd God so low should sink,
As pris'ner in a few poor rags to lie.
That from his mother's breast he milk should drink,
Who feeds with nectar Heav'n's fair family,
That a vile manger his low bed should prove,
Who in a throne of stars thunders above.

XXIII.

That he whom the sun serves, should faintly peep
Through clouds of infant flesh: that he the old
Eternal Word should be a child and weep:
That he who made the fire, should fear the cold:
That Heaven's high Majesty his court should keep
In a clay cottage, by each blast controul'd: [fears;
That Glory's self should serve our griefs and
And free Eternity, submit to years.

XXIV.

And further, that the law's eternal Giver,
Should bleed in his own law's obedience;
And to the circumcising knife deliver
Himself, the forfeit of his slave's offence.
That the unblemish'd Lamb, blessed for ever,
Should take the mark of sin, and pain of sense.
These are the knotty riddles, whose dark doubt
Entangles his lost thoughts, past getting out.

XXV.

While new thoughts boil'd in his enraged breast,
His gloomy bosom's darkest character,
Was in his shady forehead seen express.
The forehead's shade in grief's expression there,
Is what in sign of joy among the blest,
The face's lightning, or a smile is here.
Those stings of care that his strong heart oppress,
A desperate, Oh me! drew from his deep breast.

XXVI.

Oh me! (thus bellow'd he); oh me! what great
Portents before mine eyes their powers advance?
And serves my purer sight, only to beat
Down my proud thought and leave it in a trance?
Frown I, and can great Nature keep her seat?
And the gay stars lead on their golden dance;
Can his attempts above still prosp'rous be,
Auspicious still, in spite of hell and me?

XXVII.

He has my Heaven (what would he more) whose bright
And radiant sceptre this bold hand should bear.
And for the never-fading fields of light,
My fair inheritance, he confines me here
To this dark house of shades, horror, and night,
To draw a long-liv'd death, where all my cheer
Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,
That mankind's torment waits upon my tears.

XXVIII.

Dark dusky man, he needs would single forth,
To make the partner of his own pure ray:
And should we powers of Heav'n, spirits of worth,
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?
It shall not be, said I; and climb the north,
Where never wing of angel yet made way.
What though I mist my blow? yet I struck high,
And to dare something, is some victory.

XXIX.

Is he not satisfied? means he to wrest
Hell from me too, and sack my territories?
Vile human nature, means he not t' invest
(O my despite!) with his divinest glories?
And rising with rich spoils upon his breast,
With his fair triumphs fill all future stories?
Must the bright arms of Heav'n, rebuke these eyes?
Mock me, and dazzle my dark mysteries?

XXX.

Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves
Of ſtars that gild the morn in charge were giv'n?
The nimbleſt of the lightning-winged loves?
The faireſt, and the firſt born ſmile of Heav'n?
Look in what pomp the miſtreſs planet moves
Rev'rently circled by the leſſer ſeven,
Such, and ſo rich, the flames that from thine eyes,
Oppreſs'd the common people of the ſkies.

XXXI.

Ah, wretch! what boots thee to caſt back thy eyes
Where dawning hope no beam of comfort ſhows?
While the reflection of thy forepaſt joys,
Renders thee double to thy preſent woes.
Rather make up to thy new miſeries,
And meet the miſchief that upon thee grows.
If hell muſt mourn, Heav'n ſure ſhall ſympathiſe:
What force cannot effect, fraud ſhall deviſe.

XXXII.

And yet whoſe force fear I? have I ſo loſt
Myſelf? my ſtrength too with my innocence?
Come, try who dares, Heav'n, earth, whate'er doſt boaſt,
A borrowed being, make thy bold defence.
Come thy Creator too, what though it coſt
Me yet a ſecond fall? we'd try our ſtrengths.
Heav'ns ſaw us ſtruggle once, as brave a fight
Earth now ſhould ſee, and tremble at the ſight.

XXXIII.

Thus ſpoke th' impatient prince, and made a pauſe,
His foul hags rais'd their heads, and clapp'd their hands.
And all the powers of hell in full applauſe
Flouriſh'd their ſnakes, and toſt their flaming brands.
We (ſaid the horrid ſiſters) wait thy laws,
Th' obſequious handmaids of thy high commands.
Be it thy part, hell's mighty lord, to lay
On us thy dread commands, ours to obey.

XXXIV.

What thy Alecto, what theſe hands can do,
Thou mad'ſt bold proof upon the brow of Heav'n,
Nor ſhould'ſt thou 'bate in pride, becauſe that now,
To theſe thy ſooty kingdoms thou art driven.
Let Heav'n's Lord chide above louder than thou
In language of his thunder, thou art even
With him below; here thou art lord alone
Boundleſs and abſolute; hell is thine own.

XXXV.

If uſual wit and ſtrength will do no good,
Virtues of ſtones nor herbs; uſe ſtronger charms,
Anger and love, beſt hooks of human blood.
If all fail, we'll put on our proudeſt arms,
And pouring on Heav'n's face, the ſea's huge flood
Quench his curl'd fires, we'll wake with our alarms,
Ruin where'er ſhe ſleeps at Nature's feet;
And cruſh the world till his wide corners meet.

XXXVI.

Reply'd the proud king, O my crown's defence,
Stay of my ſtrong hopes, you of whoſe brave worth,
The frighted ſtars took faint experience,
When 'gainſt the thunder's mouth we marched forth;
Still you are prodigal of your love's expence,
In our great projects both 'gainſt Heav'n and earth.
I thank you all, but one muſt ſingle out;
Cruelty, ſhe alone ſhall cure my doubt.

XXXVII.

Fourth of the curſed knot of hags is ſhe,
Or rather all the other three in one;
Hell's ſhop of ſlaughter ſhe does overſee,
And ſtill aſſiſt the execution.
But chiefly there does ſhe delight to be,
Where hell's capacious cauldron is ſet on:
And while the black ſouls boil in their own gore,
To hold them down, and look that none ſeethe o'er.

XXXVIII.

Thrice howl'd the caves of night, and thrice the found,
Thund'ring upon the banks of thoſe black lakes,
Rung through the hollow vaults of hell profound:
At laſt her liſt'ning ears the noiſe o'ertakes,
She lifts her ſooty lamps, and looking round,
A gen'ral hiſs from the whole tire of ſnakes
Rebounding, through hell's inmoſt caverns came,
In anſwer to her formidable name.

XXXIX.

'Mongſt all the palaces in hell's command,
No one ſo mercileſs as this of hers.
The adamantine doors, for ever ſtand
Impenetrable, both to pray'rs and tears;
The walls inexorable ſteel, no hand
Of time, or teeth of hungry ruin fears.
Their ugly ornaments are the bloody ſtains,
Of ragged limbs, torn ſkulls, and daſht out brains.

XL.

There has the purple Vengeance a proud ſeat,
Whoſe ever-brandiſht ſword is ſheath'd in blood.
About her Hate, Wrath, War, and Slaughter ſweat;
Bathing their hot limbs in life's precious flood.
There rude impetuous rage does ſtorm, and fret:
And there, as maſter of this murd'ring brood,
Swinging a huge ſcythe ſtands impartial Death,
With endleſs buſineſs almoſt out of breath.

XLI.

For hangings and for curtains, all along
The walls, (abominable ornaments!)
Are tools of wrath, anvils of torments hung;
Fell executioners of foul intents,
Nails, hammers, hatchets ſharp, and halters ſtrong,
Swords, ſpears, with all the fatal inſtruments
Of Sin, and Death, twice dipt in the dire ſtains
Of brothers mutual blood, and fathers brains.

XLII.

The tables furniſht with a curſed feaſt,
Which harpies, with lean famine feed upon,
Unfill'd for ever. Here among the reſt,
Inhuman Eriſicthon too makes one;
Tantalus, Atreus, Progne, here are gueſts:
Wolviſh Lycaon here a place hath won.
The cup they drink in is Meduſa's ſkull,
Which mixt with gall and blood they quaff brim-full

XLIII.

The foul Queen's moſt abhorred maids of honour
Medea, Jezabel, many a meagre witch,

With Circe, Scylla, ſtand to wait upon her
But her beſt houſewifes are the Parcæ, which
Still work for her, and have their wages from her,
They prick a bleeding heart at every ſtitch.
Her cruel clothes of coſtly threads they weave,
Which ſhort-cut lives of murder'd infants leave.

XLIV.

The houſe is hers'd about with a black wood,
Which nods with many a heavy headed tree.
Each flower's a pregnant poiſon, try'd and good,
Each herb a plague. The winds ſighs timed be
By a black fount, which weeps into a flood
Through the thick ſhades obſcurely might you ſee
Minotaurs, Cyclopſes, with a dark drove
Of dragons, hydras, ſphinxes, fill the grove.

XLV.

Here Diomed's horſes, Phereus dogs appear,
With the fierce lions of Therodamas,
Buſiris has his bloody altar here,
Here Sylla his ſevereſt priſon has.
The Leſtrigonians here their table rear;
Here ſtrong Procruſtes plants his bed of braſs.
Here cruel Scyron boaſts his bloody rocks,
And hateful Schinis his ſo feared oaks.

XLVI.

Whatever ſchemes of blood, fantaſtic frames
Of death Mezentius, or Geryon drew;
Phalaris, Ochus, Ezelimus, names
Mighty in miſchief, with dread Nero too,
Here are they all, here all the ſwords or flames
Aſſyrian tyrants, or Egyptian knew.
Such was the houſe, ſo furniſh'd was the hall,
Whence the fourth fury anſwer'd Pluto's call.

XLVII.

Scarce to this monſter could the ſhady king,
The horrid ſum of his intentions tell;
But ſhe (ſwift as the momentary wing
Of lightning, or the words he ſpoke) left hell.
She roſe, and with her to our world did bring,
Pale proof of her fell preſence. Th' air too well
With a chang'd countenance witneſs'd the ſight,
And poor fowls intercepted in their flight.

XLVIII.

Heav'n ſaw her riſe, and ſaw hell in the ſight.
The fields fair eyes ſaw her, and ſaw no more,
But ſhut their flow'ry lids, for ever night,
And winter ſtrew her way; yea, ſuch a ſore
Is ſhe to nature, that a general fright,
An univerſal palſy ſpreading o'er
The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,
Had not her thick ſnakes hid them from the ſun.

XLIX.

Now had the night's companion from her den,
Where all the buſy day ſhe cloſe doth lie,
With her ſoft wing wip'd from the brows of men
Day's ſweat, and by a gentle tyranny,
And ſweet oppreſſion, kindly cheating them
Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye
Of ſorrow, with a ſoft and downy hand,
Sealing all breaſts in a Lethean band.

L.

When the Erinny's her black pinions ſpread,
And came to Bethle'm, where the cruel king
Had now retir'd himſelf, and borrowed
His breaſt a while from Care's unquiet ſting;
Such as at Thebes dire feaſt ſhe ſhow'd her head
Her ſulphur-breathed torches brandiſhing,
Such to the frighted palace now ſhe comes,
And with ſoft feet ſearches the ſilent rooms.

LI.

By Herod——————now was borne
The ſceptre, which of old great David ſway'd;
Whoſe right by David's image ſo long worn,
Himſelf a ſtranger to, his own had made;
And from the head of Judah's houſe quite torn
The crown, for which upon their necks he laid
A ſad yoke, under which they ſigh'd in vain,
And looking on their loſt ſtate ſigh'd again.

LII.

Up, through the ſpacious palace paſſed ſhe,
To where the king's proudly repoſed head
(If any can be ſoft to tyranny
And ſelf-tormenting ſin) had a ſoft bed.
She thinks not fit ſuch he her face ſhould ſee,
As it is ſeen by Hell; and ſeen with dread.
To change her face's ſtyle ſhe doth deviſe,
And in a pale ghoſt's ſhape to ſpare his eyes.

LIII.

Herſelf a while ſhe lays aſide, and makes
Ready to perſonate a mortal part.
Joſeph the king's dead brother's ſhape ſhe takes,
What he by nature was, is ſhe by art. [ſlakes
She comes to th' king, and with her cold hand
His ſpirits, the ſparks of life, and chills his heart,
Life's forge; fam'd is her voice, and falſe too, be
Her words: ſleep'ſt thou fond man? ſleep'ſt
thou? (ſaid ſhe.)

LIV.

So ſleeps a pilot, whoſe poor bark is preſt
With many a mercileſs o'er maſt'ring wave;
For whom (as dead) the wrathful winds conteſt,
Which of them deep'ſt ſhall dig her wat'ry grave.
Why doſt thou let thy brave ſoul lie ſuppreſt,
In deathlike ſlumbers; while thy dangers crave
A waking eye and hand? look up and ſee
The Fates ripe, in their great conſpiracy.

LV.

Know'ſt thou not how of th' Hebrew's royal ſtem
(That old dry ſtock) a deſpair'd branch is ſprung
A moſt ſtrange Babe! who here conceal'd by them
In a neglected ſtable lies, among
Beaſts and baſe ſtraw: already is the ſtream
Quite turn'd: th' ingrateful rebels this their young
Maſter (with voice free as the trump of Fame)
Their new king, and thy ſucceſſor proclaim.

LVI.

What buſy motions; what wild engines ſtand
On tiptoe in their giddy brains? they've fire
Already in their boſoms; and their hand
Already reaches at a ſword; they hire
Poiſons to ſpeed thee; yet through all the land
What one comes to reveal what they conpire?
Go now, make much of theſe: wage ſtill their
wars. [ſcars.
And bring home on thy breaſt more thankleſs

LVII.

Why did I ſpend my life, and ſpill my blood,
That thy firm hand for ever might ſuſtain
A well pois'd ſceptre? does it now ſeem good
Thy brothers blood be ſpilt, life ſpent in vain?

'Gainſt thy own ſons and brothers thou haſt ſtood
In arms, when leſſer cauſe was to complain:
And now croſs Fates a watch about thee keep,
Canſt thou be careleſs now? now canſt thou sleep?

LVIII.

Where art thou, man? what cowardly miſtake
Of thy great ſelf, hath ſtol'n King Herod from thee?
O call thyſelf home to thyſelf, wake, wake,
And fence the hanging ſword Heav'n throws upon thee.
Redeem a worthy wrath, rouſe thee, and ſhake
Thyſelf into a ſhape that may become thee.
Be Herod, and thou ſhalt not miſs from me
Immortal ſtings to thy great thoughts, and thee.

LIX.

So ſaid, her richeſt ſnake, which to her wriſt
For a beſeeming bracelet ſhe had ty'd
(A ſpecial worm it was as ever kiſs'd
The foamy lips of Cerberus), ſhe apply'd
To the king's heart; the ſnake no ſooner hiſs'd,
But Virtue heard it, and away ſhe hied,
Dire flames diffuſe themſelves through every vein;
This done, home to her hell ſhe hied amain.

LX.

He wakes, and with him ne'er to ſleep), new fears;
His ſweat-bedewed bed hath now betray'd him,
To a vaſt field of thorns, ten thouſand ſpears
All pointed in his heart ſeem'd to invade him:
So mighty were th' amazing characters
With which his feeling dream had thus diſmay'd him,
He his own fancy-framed foes deſies:
In rage, My arms, give me my arms, he cries.

LXI.

As when a pile of food-preparing fire,
The breath of artificial lungs embraves,
The cauldron-priſon'd waters ſtraight conſpire,
And beat the hot braſs with rebellious waves:
He murmurs, and rebukes their bold deſire;
Th' impatient liquor frets, and foams, and raves;
Till his o'erflowing pride ſuppreſs the flame,
Whence all his high ſpirits, and hot courage came.

LXII.

So boils the fired Herod's blood-ſwol'n breaſt,
Not to be ſlak'd but by a ſea of blood.
His faithleſs crown he feels looſe on his creſt,
Which on falſe tyrants head ne'er firmly ſtood.
The worm of jealous envy and unreſt,
To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food,
Makes him impatient of the ling'ring light;
Hate the ſweet peace of all-compoſing Night.

LXIII.

A thouſand prophecies that talk ſtrange things,
Had ſown of old theſe doubts in his deep breaſt.
And now of late came tributary kings,
Bringing him nothing but new fears from th' eaſt,
More deep ſuſpicions, and more deadly ſtings,
With which his fev'rous cares their cold increas'd.
And now his dream (Hell's firebrand) ſtill more bright,
Show'd him his fears, and kill'd him with the ſight.

LXIV.

No ſooner, therefore, ſhall the morning ſee
(Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of day)
But all his counſellors muſt ſummon'd be,
To meet their troubled Lord: without delay
Heralds and meſſengers immediately
Are ſent about, who poſting every way
To th' heads and officers of every band;
Declare who ſends, and what is his command.

LXV.

Why art thou troubled, Herod? what vain fear
Thy blood-revolving breaſt to rage doth move?
Heaven's King, who doffs himſelf weak fleſh to wear,
Comes not to rule in wrath, but ſerve in love.
Nor would he this thy fear'd crown from thee tear,
But give thee a better with himſelf above.
Poor Jealouſy! why ſhould he wiſh to prey
Upon thy crown, who gives his own away?

LXVI.

Make to thy reaſon man, and mock thy doubts,
Look how below thy fears their cauſes are;
Thou art a ſoldier, Herod; ſend thy ſcouts,
See how he's furniſh'd for ſo fear'd a war?
What armour does he wear? A few thin clouts.
His trumpets? tender cries; his men to dare
So much? rude ſhepherds; what his ſteeds? alas
Poor beaſts! a ſlow ox, and a ſimple aſs.

Il fine del primo Libro.

On a Prayer-Book ſent to Mrs. M. R.

Lo, here a little volume, but great book,
A neſt of new-born ſweets,
Whoſe native fires diſdaining
To lie thus folded and complaining
Of theſe ignoble ſheets.

Affect more comely bands
(Fair one) from thy kind hands,
And confidently look
To find the reſt
Of a rich binding in your breaſt.

It is in one choice handful, heaven, and all
Heaven's royal hoſt, encamp thus ſmall;
To prove that true, ſchools uſe to tell,
Ten thouſand angels in one point can dwell.

It is Love's great artillery,
Which here contracts itſelf, and comes to lie
Cloſe couch'd in your white boſom, and from thence,
As from a ſnowy fortreſs of defence,
Againſt the ghoſtly foe to take your part;
And fortify the hold of your chaſte heart.

It is an armory of light;
Let conſtant uſe but keep it bright,
You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts,
More ſwords and ſhields,
Than ſin hath ſnares, or hell hath darts,

Only be ſure
The hands be pure
That hold theſe weapons, and the eyes
Thoſe of turtles, chaſte, and true,
Wakeful, and wiſe;
Here is a friend ſhall fight for you;

Hold but this book before your heart,
Let prayer alone to play its part.
But O the heart
That ſtudies this high art,
Muſt be a ſure houſe-keeper,
And yet no ſleeper.

Dear ſoul be ſtrong,
Mercy will come ere long,
And bring its boſom full of bleſſings;
Flowers of never-fading graces,
To make immortal dreſſings
For worthy ſouls, whoſe wife embraces
Store up themſelves for him, who is alone
The ſpouſe of virgins, and the Virgin's Son.

But if the noble Bridegroom, when he come,
Shall find the loit'ring heart from home,
Leaving its chaſte abode,
To gad abroad,
Among the gay mates of the god of flies;
To take her pleaſure, and to play,
And keep the devil's holiday;
To dance i' th' ſun-ſhine of ſome ſmiling
But beguiling
Sphere of ſweet, and ſugar'd lies,
Some ſlippery pair,
Of falſe, perhaps as fair,
Flattering, but forſwearing eyes.

Doubtleſs ſome other heart
Will get the ſtart,
And ſtepping in before,
Will take poſſeſſion of the ſacred ſtore
Of hidden ſweets, and holy joys;
Words which are not heard with ears
(Thoſe tumultuous ſhops of noiſe),
Effectual whiſpers, whoſe ſtill voice,
The ſoul itſelf more feels than hears.

Amorous languiſhments, luminous trances,
Sights which are not ſeen with eyes,
Spiritual, and ſoul piercing glances,
Whoſe pure and ſubtle lightning flies
Home to the heart, and ſets the houſe on fire,
And melts it down in ſweet deſire;
Yet doth not ſtay
To aſk the windows leave to paſs that way.

Delicious deaths, ſoft exhalations
Of ſoul, dear and divine annihilations;
A thouſand unknown rites;
O joys and rarify'd delights!

A hundred thouſand goods, glories, and graces,
And many a myſtic thing,
Which the divine embraces
Of the dear Spouſe of Spirits, with them will bring,
For which it is no ſhame,
That dull mortality muſt not know a name.

Of all this ſtore
Of bleſſings, and ten thouſand more;
(If, when he come,
He find the heart from home),
Doubtleſs he will unload
Himſelf ſome other where,
And pour abroad
His precious ſweets,
On the fair ſoul whom firſt he meets.

O fair! O fortunate! O rich! O deare!
O happy! and thrice happy ſhe,
Selected dove,
Who'er ſhe be,
Whoſe early love,
With winged vows,
Makes haſte to meet her morning Spouſe
And cloſe with his immortal kiſſes.
Happy indeed who never miſſes,
To improve that precious hour,
And every day
Seize her ſweet prey;
All freſh and fragrant as he riſes,
Dropping with a balmy ſhow'r
A delicious dew of ſpices.

O let the bliſsful heart hold faſt
Her heav'nly armful, ſhe ſhall taſte,
At once ten thouſand paradiſes
She ſhall have power
To rifle and deflower
The rich and roſeal ſpring of thoſe rare ſweets,
Which with a a ſwelling boſom there ſhe meets.
Boundleſs and infinite———
———bottomleſs treaſures,
Of pure inebriating pleaſures.
Happy proof! ſhe ſhall diſcover
What joy, what bliſs,
How many heav'ns at once it is,
To have her God become her lover.

On Mr. G. Herbert's Book, intituled, the Temple of Sacred Poems. Sent to a Gentlewoman.

Know, you fair, on what you look;
Divineſt love lies in this book;
Expecting fire from your eyes,
To kindle this his ſacrifice.
When your hands untie theſe ſtrings,
Think you've an angel by the wings,
One that gladly will be nigh,
To wait upon each morning ſigh.
To flutter in the balmy air,
Of your well-perfumed prayer;
Theſe white plumes of his he'll lend you,
Which every day to heaven will ſend you;
To take acquaintance of the ſphere,
And all the ſmooth-fac'd kindred there.
And though Herbert's name do owe
Theſe devotions, faireſt, know,
That while I lay them on the ſhrine
Of your white hand, they are mine.

A Hymn to the Name and Honour of the Admirable Saint Teresa, Foundreſs of the Reformation of the diſcalced Carmelites, both Men and Women; a Woman for Angelical height of Speculation, for Maſculine Courage of Performance, more than a Woman; who, yet a Child, out-ran Maturity, and durſt plot a Martyrdom.

Love, thou art abſolute ſole lord
Of life and death.———To prove the word,
We'll now appeal to none of all
Thoſe thy old ſoldiers, great and tall
Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down,
With ſtrong arms their triumphant crown:
Such as could with luſty breath,
Speak loud into the face of death,

Their great Lord's glorious name; to none
Of thoſe whoſe ſpacious boſoms ſpread a throne
For love at large to fill: ſpare blood and ſwear,
And ſee him take a private ſeat,
Making his manſion in the mild
And milky ſoul of a ſoft child.
Scarce hath ſhe learn'd to liſp the name,
Of martyr; yet ſhe thinks it ſhame
Life ſhould ſo long play with that breath,
Which ſpent can buy ſo brave a death.
She never undertook to know,
What death with love ſhould have to do;
Nor hath ſhe e'er yet underſtood,
Why to ſhow love, ſhe ſhould ſhed blood,
Yet though ſhe cannot tell you why,
She can love, and ſhe can die.
Scarce hath ſhe blood enough, to make
A guilty ſword bluſh for her ſake;
Yet hath ſhe a heart dare hope to prove,
How much leſs ſtrong is death than love.
Be love but there, let poor ſix years
Be pos'd with the matureſt fears
Man trembles at, you ſtraight ſhall find
Love knows no nonage, nor the mind.
'Tis love, not years, nor limbs, that can
Make the martyr or the man.
Love touch'd her heart, and lo it beats
High, and burns with ſuch brave heats!
Such thirſts to die, as dares drink up
A thouſand cold deaths in one cup.
Good reaſon; for ſhe breathes all fire,
Her weak breaſt heaves with ſtrong deſire,
Of what ſhe may with fruitleſs wiſhes
Seek for amongſt her mother's kiſſes.
Since 'tis not to be had home,
She'll travel for a martyrdom.
No home for her's confeſſes ſhe,
But where ſhe may a martyr be.
She'll to the Moors and try with them,
For this unvalued diadem,
She'll offer them her deareſt breath,
With Chriſt's name in't, in change for death.
She'll bargain with them, and will give
Them God, and teach them how to live
In him; or if they this deny,
For him, ſhe'll teach them how to die.
So ſhall ſhe leave amongſt them ſown,
Her Lord's blood, or at leaſt her own.
Farewell, then, all the world! adieu,
Tereſa is no more for you:
Farewell all pleaſures, ſports, and joys,
(Never till now eſteemed toys):
Farewell whatever dear may be,
Mother's arms or father's knee:
Farewell houſe, and farewell home,
She's for the Moors and martyrdom.

Sweet, not ſo faſt! lo thy fair ſpouſe,
Whom thou ſeek'ſt with ſo ſwift vows
Calls thee back, and bids thee come,
T' embrace a milder martyrdom.
Bleſt powers forbid thy tender life,
Should bleed upon a barbarous knife;
Or ſome baſe hand have power to race,
Thy breaſt's ſoft cabinet, and uncaſe
A ſoul kept there ſo ſweet. O no;
Wiſe Heaven will never have it ſo:
Thou art love's victim, and muſt die
A death more myſtical and high.
Into love's arms thou ſhalt let fall,
A ſtill ſurviving funeral.
His is the dart muſt make the death,
Whoſe ſtroke ſhall taſte thy hallow'd breath;
A dart thrice dipt in that rich flame,
Which writes thy ſpouſe's radiant name
Upon the roof of heav'n, where ay
It ſhines, and with a ſov'reign ray
Beats bright upon the burning faces
Of ſouls, which in that name's ſweet graces
Find everlaſting ſmiles; ſo rare,
So ſpiritual, pure, and fair,
Muſt be th' immortal inſtrument,
Upon whoſe choice point ſhall he ſent,
A life ſo lov'd: and that there be
Fit executioners for thee.
The fair'ſt, and firſt born ſons of fire,
Bleſt Seraphims ſhall leave their quire,
And turn love's ſoldiers, upon thee
To exerciſe their archery.
O how oft ſhalt thou complain
Of a ſweet and ſubtile pain?
Of intollerable joys?
Of a death, in which who dies
Loves his death, and dies again,
And would for ever ſo be ſlain!
And lives, and dies; and knows not why
To live; but that he thus may never leave to die.
How kindly will thy gentle heart,
Kiſs the ſweetly-killing dart?
And cloſe in thine embraces keep,
Thoſe delicious wounds that weep,
Balſam to heal themſelves with. Thus
When theſe thy deaths ſo numerous,
Shall all at laſt die into one,
And melt thy ſoul's ſweet manſion;
Like a ſoft lump of incenſe, haſted
By too hot a fire, and waſted
Into perfuming clouds, ſo faſt
Shalt thou exhale to heav'n at laſt,
In a reſolving ſigh, and then,
O what?—aſk not the tongues of men.
Angels cannot tell. Suffice,
Thyſelf ſhall feel thine own full joys,
And hold them faſt for ever. There,
So ſoon as thou ſhalt firſt appear,
The moon of maiden ſtars, thy white
Miſtreſs attended by ſuch bright
Souls as thy ſhining-felt, ſhall come,
And in her firſt ranks make thee room.
Where 'mongſt her ſnowy family,
Immortal welcomes wait for thee.
O what delight when reveal'd life ſhall ſtand,
And teach thy lips heav'n with her hand,
On which thou now may'ſt to thy wiſhes,
Heap up thy confecrated kiſſes!
What joys ſhall ſeize thy ſoul, when ſhe,
Bending her bleſſed eyes on thee,
(Thoſe ſecond ſmiles of heav'n) ſhall dart,
Her mild rays through thy melting heart?

Angels thy old friends, there shall greet thee,
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
All thy good works which went before,
And waited for thee at the door,
Shall own thee there; and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of crowns with which the king thy spouse,
Shall build up thy triumphant brows;
All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains sit bright upon thee.
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
And thy suff'rings be divine;
Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,
And wrongs repent to diadems.
Ev'n thy death's shall live; and new
Dress the soul, that erst they slew.
Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars,
As keep account of the Lamb's wars.
Those rare-works where thou shalt leave writ,
Love's noble history, with wit
Taught thee by none but him, while here
They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.
Each heavenly word, by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy brows, and be
Both fire to us, and flame to thee;
Whose light shall live bright, in thy face
By glory, in our hearts by grace.
Thou shalt look round about, and see
Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be
Themselves thy crown; sons of thy vows,
The virgin-births, with which thy sovereign spouse
Made fruitful thy fair soul. Go now,
And with them all about thee, bow
To him, put on (he'll say) put on
(My rosy love) that thy rich zone,
Sparkling with the sacred flames,
Of thousand souls, whose happy names
Heav'n keeps upon thy score (thy bright
Life brought them first to kiss the light,
That kindled them to stars) and so
Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord shalt go,
And whereso'er he sets his white
Steps, walk with him those ways of light;
Which who in death would live to see,
Must learn in life to die like thee.

An Apology for the Precedent Hymn, as having been writ when the Author was yet a Protestant.

Thus have I back again to thy bright name,
(Fair flood of holy fires) transfus'd the flame
I took from reading thee. 'Tis to thy wrong
I know, that in my weak and worthless song
Thou here are let to shine, where thy full day
Scarce dawns, O! pardon if I dare to say
Thine own dear books are guilty: for from thence
I learn'd to know that love is eloquence.
That hopeful maxim gave me heart to try,
If, what to other tongues is tun'd so high,
Thy praise might not speak English too. Forbid
(By all the mysteries that here lie hid)
Forbid it mighty love. let no fond hate
Of names and words so far prejudicate;
Souls are not Spaniards too. One friendly flood,
Of baptism, blends them all into a blood.
Christ's faith makes but one body of all souls;
And loves that body's soul. No law controls
Our free traffic for heav'n, we may maintain
Peace, sure, with piety, though it come from Spain.
What soul so e'er in any language can
Speak heav'n like hers, is my soul's countryman.
O 'tis not spanish, but 'tis heav'n she speaks
'Tis heaven that lies in ambush there, and breaks
From thence into a wond'ring reader's breast;
Who feels his warm heart hatch'd into a nest
Of little eagles and young loves, whose high
Flights scorn the lazy du , and things that die.
There are enow whose draughts (as deep as hell)
Drink up all Spain in sack. Let my soul swell
With thee, strong wine of love! let others swim
In puddles; we will pledge this Seraphim.
Bowls full of richer blood than blush of grape
Was ever guilty of. Change we to our shape,
My soul, some drink from men to beasts, O! then,
Drink we till we prove more, not less than men,
And turn not beasts but angels. Let the king,
Me ever into these his cellars bring,
Where flows such wine, as we can have of none,
But him who trod the wine-press all alone.
Wine of youth, life, and the sweet deaths of love,
Wine of immortal mixture; which can prove,
Its tincture from the rosy nectar; wine,
That can exalt weak earth, and so refine
Our dust, that in one draught, mortality
May drink itself up, and forget to die.

On a Treatise of Charity

Rise then, immortal maid Religion rise!
Put on thyself in thine own looks; t' our eyes
Be what thy beauties, not our blots have made thee,
Such as (e'er our dark sins to dust betrayed thee)
Heav'n let thee down new drest, when thy bright birth
Shot thee like light'ning, to th' astonish'd earth.
From th' dawn of thy fair eye-lids wipe away,
Dull mists, and melancholy clouds; take day,
And thine own beams about thee, bring the best
Of whatsoe'er perfum'd thy eastern nest.
Girt all thy glories to thee: then sit down,
Open thy book, fair Queen, and take thy crown.
These learned leaves shall vindicate to thee,
Thy holiest, humblest, hand-maid Charity.
She'll dress thee like thyself, set thee on high,
Where thou shall reach all hearts, command each eye,
Lo, where I see thy off'rings wake, and rise,
From the pale dust of that strange sacrifice,
Which they themselves were; each one putting on
A majesty, that may beseem thy throne.
The holy youth of heav'n whose golden rings,
Girt round thy awful altars, with bright wings,
Fanning thy fair locks (which the world believes,
As much as sees) shall with these sacred leaves,
Trick their tall plumes, and in that garb shall go,
If not more glorious, more conspicuous though.
——Be it enacted then,
By the fair laws of thy firm-pointed pen,
God's services no longer shall put on
A fluttishness, for pure religion:

No longer shall our churches frighted stones,
Lie scatter'd like the burn'd and martyr'd bones
Of dead devotion; nor faint marbles weep,
In their sad ruins; nor religion keep,
A melancholy mansion in those cold
Urns. Like God's sanctuaries they look'd of old:
Now seem they temples consecrate to none,
Or to a new god Desolation.
No more the hypocrite shall th' upright be,
Because he's stiff, and will confess no knee:
While others bend their knee, no more shalt thou
(Disdainful dust and ashes), bend thy brow;
Nor on God's altar cast two scorching eyes,
Bak'd in hot scorn, for a burn'd sacrifice:
But (for a lamb) thy tame and tender heart,
New struck by love, still trembling on his dart;
Or (for two turtle doves) it shall suffice,
To bring a pair of meek and humble eyes.
This shall from henceforth be the masculine theme,
Pulpits and pens shall sweat in; to redeem,
Virtue to action, that life-feeding flame,
That keeps religion warm; not swell a name
Of faith, a mountain word, made up of air,
With those dear spoils that wont to dress the fair,
And fruitful charities full breasts (of old)
Turning her out to tremble in the cold.
What can the poor hope from us, when we be,
Uncharitable ev'n to Charity?

On the Glorious Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

Hark! she is call'd, the parting hour is come:
Take thy farewell, poor world! heav'n must go home,
A piece of heav'nly earth, purer and brighter,
Than the chaste stars, whose choice lamps come to light her,
While through the crystal orbs, clearer than they,
She climbs; and makes a far more milky way.
She's call'd. Hark! how the dear immortal dove,
Sighs to his silver mate. Rise up my love,
Rise up my fair, my spotless one,
The winter's past, the rain is gone:
The spring is come, the flowers appear,
No sweets but thou are wanting here.
Come away my love,
Come away my dove,
Cast off delay:
The court of heav'n is come,
To wait upon thee home;
Come, come away.
——The flowers appear,
Or quickly would, were thou once here.
The spring is come; or if it stay,
'Tis to keep time with thy delay.
The rain is gone, except as much as we
Detain in needful tears, to weep the want of thee.
——The winter's past,
Or if he make less haste,
His answer is, why, she doth so;
If summer come not, how can winter go?
Come away, come away,
The shrill winds chide, the waters weep thy stay,
The fountains murmur; and each loftiest tree,
Bows lowest his leavy top, to look for thee.
Come away my love,
Come away my dove, &c.

She's call'd again; and will she go?
When Heav'n bids come, who can say no?
Heav'n calls her, and she must away,
Heav'n will not, and she cannot stay.
Go then, go (glorious) on the golden wings
Of the bright youth of heav'n that sings
Under so great a burden, go,
Since thy dread Son will have it so.
And while thou goest, our song and we,
Will as we may reach after thee.
Hail, holy Queen, of humble hearts!
We in thy praise will have our parts.
And though thy dearest looks must now be light
To none but the blest heavens, whose bright
Beholders lost in sweet delight,
Feed for ever their fair sight
With those divinest eyes, which we,
And our dark world no more shall see;
Though our poor joys are parted so,
Yet shall our lips never let go
Thy gracious name, but to the last
Our loving song shall hold it fast.
Thy precious name shall be
Thyself to us, and we,
With holy care, will keep it by us.
We to the last
Will hold it fast;
And no assumption shall deny us.
All the sweetest showers
Of our fairest flowers,
Will we strew upon it;
Though our sweets cannot make
It sweeter, they can take
Themselves new sweetness from it.
Maria, men and angels sing,
Maria, mother of our King.
Live, rosy princess, live, and may the bright
Crown of a most incomparable light,
Embrace thy radiant brows: O may the best
Of everlasting joys bathe thy white breast.
Live our chaste love; the holy mirth
Of heav'n, the humble pride of earth.
Live, crown of women, Queen of men;
Live mistress of our song; and when
Our weak desires have done their best,
Sweet angels come, and sing the rest.

A Hymn on the Circumcision of our Lord.

Rise thou best and brightest morning,
Rosy with a double red,
With thine own blush thy cheeks adorning,
And the dear drops this day were shed.

All the purple pride that laces
The crimson curtains of thy bed,
Gilds thee not with so sweet graces,
Nor sets thee in so rich a red.

Of all the fair cheek'd flowers that fill thee
None so fair thy bosom shows,
As this modest maiden lily,
Our sins have sham'd into a rose.

Bid thy golden god the sun,
Burnish'd in his best beams rise,
Put all his red-ey'd rubies on;
Those rubies shall put out their eyes.

Let him make poor the purple east,
Search what the world's close cabinets keep,
Rob the rich births of each bright nest,
That flaming in their fair beds sleep.

Let him embrace his own bright tresses,
With a new morning made of gems;
And wear in those his wealthy dresses,
Another day of diadems.

When he hath done all he may,
To make himself rich in his rise,
All will be darkness, to the day
That breaks from one of those bright eyes.

And soon the sweet truth shall appear,
Dear Babe e'er many days be done:
The moon shall come and meet thee here,
And leave her long-neglected sun.

Here are beauties shall bereave him,
Of all his eastern paramours:
His Persian lovers all shall leave him,
And swear faith to thy sweeter powers.

Nor while they leave him shall they lose the sun,
But in thy fairest eyes find two for one.

ON HOPE. *By way of Question and Answer, between A. Cowley and R. Crashaw.*

Cowley.

HOPE, whose weak being ruin'd is
Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss.
Whom ill and good doth equally confound,
And both the horns of fates dilemma wound.
Vain shadow! that doth vanquish quite
Both at full noon, and perfect night.
The fates of not a possibility
Of blessing thee;
If things then from their ends we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing at all.

Crashaw.

Dear Hope, earth's dowry, and heavens debt,
The entity of things that are not yet;
Subt'lest, but surest being! Thou by whom
Our nothing hath a definition.
Fair cloud of fire, both shade, and light,
Our life in death, our day in night.
Fates cannot find out a capacity
Of hurting thee.
From thee their thin dilemma with blunt horn
Shrinks, like the sick moon at the wholesome morn.

Cowley.

Hope! thou bold taster of delight,
Who, instead of doing so, devour'st it quite.
Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
By clogging it with legacies before.
The joys, which we entire should wed,
Come deflour'd virgins to our bed.
Good fortunes without gain imported be,
So mighty custom's paid to thee.
For joy, like wine kept close, doth better taste:
If it take air before, its spirits waste.

Crashaw.

Thou art love's legacy under lock
Of faith: the steward of our growing stock.
Our crown-lands lie above, yet each meal brings
A seemly portion for the sons of kings.
Nor will the virgin joys we wed
Come less unbroken to our bed,
Because that from the bridal cheek of bliss,
Thou thus steal'st down a distant kiss.
Hope's chaste kiss wrongs no more joys maidenhead,
Than spousal rites prejudge the marriage bed.

Cowley.

Hope! Fortune's cheating lottery,
Where, for one prize, an hundred blanks there be.
Fond archer, Hope, who tak'st thine aim so far,
That still, or short, or wide thine arrows are;
Thine empty cloud the eye, itself deceives
With shapes that our own fancy gives;
A cloud which gilt and painted now appears,
But must drop presently in tears,
When thy false beams o'er Reason's light prevail,
By *ignes fatui*, not north stars we sail.

Crashaw.

Fair Hope! our earlier Heaven: by thee
Young Time is faster to Eternity.
The generous wine with age grows strong not sour;
Nor need we kill thy fruit, to smell thy flower.
Thy golden head never hangs down,
Till in the lap of love's fool noon
It falls, and dies: oh, no! it melts away
As doth the dawn into the day:
As lumps of sugar lose themselves and twine
Their subtle essence with the soul of wine.

Cowley.

Brother of Fear! more gaily clad,
The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad.
Sire of Repentance! shield of fond Desire!
That blows the chemics and the lover's fire,
Still leading them insensibly on
With the strange witchcraft of anon.
By thee the one doth changing nature through
Her endless labyrinths pursue;
And th' other chases woman, while she goes
More ways and turns than hundred Nature knows.

Crashaw.

Fortune, alas! above the world's law wars:
Hope kicks the curl'd heads of conspiring stars.
Her keel cuts not the waves, where our winds stir,
And Fates whole lottery is one blank to her.
Her shafts, and she fly far above,
And forage in the fields of light and love.
Sweet Hope, kind cheat! fair fallacy! by thee
We are not where, or what we be,
But what, and where we would be: thus art thou
Our absent presence, and our future now.

Crashaw.

Faith's sister! nurse of fair Desire!
Fear's antidote! a wise and well stay'd fire
Temper'd 'twixt cold despair, and torrid joy:
Queen regent in young Love's minority.
Though the vext chemic vainly chases
His fugitive gold through all her faces,
And loves more fierce, more fruitless fires assay,
One face more fugitive than all they.
True, Hope's a glorious huntress, and her chase
The God of nature in the field of grace.

A Song of Divine Love.

LORD! when the sense of thy sweet grace,
Sends up my soul to seek thy face,
Thy blessed eyes breed such desire,
I die in love's delicious fire.
O love! I am thy sacrifice;
Be still triumphant blessed eyes.

Still ſhine on me fair funs! that I
Still may behold, though ſtill I die.

The Second Part.

Though ſtill I die, I live again,
Still longing ſo to be ſtill ſlain.
So gainful is ſuch loſs of breath,
I die even in deſire of death.
Still live in me this longing ſtrife,
Of living death and dying life,
For, while thou ſweetly ſlayeſt me,
Dead to thyſelf, I live in thee.

Upon our Bleſſed Saviour's Paſſion.

I.

The wakeful dawning haſtes to ſing
The unknown ſorrows of our King.
The Father's Word, and Wiſdom, made
Man, for man by man's betray'd;
The world's Price ſet to ſale, and by the bold
Merchants of death and ſin, is bought and ſold;
Of his beſt friends (yea of himſelf) forſaken,
By his worſt foes (becauſe he would) betray'd and taken.

II.

The early morn bluſhes to ſay
It could not riſe ſo ſoon as they,
Call'd Pilate up, to try if he
Could lend them any cruelty. [lies,
Their hands with laſhes arm'd, their tongues with
And loathſome ſpittle blots thoſe beauteous eyes,
The bliſsful ſprings of joy, from whoſe all-cheering ray [drinks day.
The fair ſtars fill their wakeful fires, the ſun himſelf

III.

The third hour's deafen'd with the cry
Of crucify him, crucify.
So goes the vote (nor aſk them why?)
Live Barrabas and let God die.
But their's wit in wrath, and they will try,
A hail more cruel than their crucify;
For while in ſport he wears a ſpiteful crown,
The ſerious ſhowers along his decent face run ſadly down.

IV.

Now is the noon of Sorrow's night,
High in his patience as their ſpight,
For the faint Lamb, with weary limb,
Bears that huge tree which muſt bear him;
That fatal plant, ſo great of fame,
The fruit of ſorrow and of ſhame,
Shall ſwell with both for him, and mix
All woes into one crucifix.
Is tortur'd thirſt itſelf too ſweet a cup?
Gall, and more bitter mocks, ſhall make it up.
Are nails blunt pens of ſuperficial ſmart:
Contempt and ſcorn can ſend ſure wounds to ſearch the inmoſt heart.

V.

The ninth, with awful horror hearkened to thoſe groans
Which taught attention even to rocks and ſtones.
Hear, Father, hear! thy Lamb at laſt complains
Of ſome more painful thing than all his pains,
Then bows his all-obedient head and dies,
His own love's and our great ſins ſacrifice.
The ſun ſaw that, and would have ſeen no more;
The centre ſhook; her uſeleſs vail th' inglorious temple tore.

VI.

But there were rocks could not relent at this,
Lo, for their own hearts they rend his;
Their deadly hate lives ſtill, and hath
A wild reſerve of wanton wrath.
Superfluous ſpear! But there's a heart ſtands by
Will look no wounds he loſt, no death's ſhall die;
Gather now thy grief's ripe fruit, great mother-maid, [ſad tree's ſhade.
Then ſit thee down, and ſing thine even ſong in the

VII.

The nightening hour comes laſt to call
Us to our own lives funeral,
A heartleſs taſk! Yet Hope takes head,
And lives in him that here lies dead:
Run, Mary, run! Bring hither all the bleſt
Arabia, for thy royal Phœnix neſt,
Power on thy nobleſt ſweets, which, when they touch
This ſweeter body, ſhall indeed be ſuch.
But muſt thy bed, Lord, be a borrow'd grave,
Who lend'ſt to all things all the life they have?
O rather uſe this heart, thus far a fitter ſtone,
'Cauſe though a hard, and cold one, yet it is thine own.

Chriſt's Victory.

Christ, when he dy'd
Deceiv'd the croſs,
And on death's ſide
Threw all the loſs:
The captive world awak'd and found
The priſoners looſe, the jailor bound.

O dear and ſweet diſpute
'Twixt death's and love's far different fruit,
Different as far
As antidotes and poiſons are:
By the firſt fatal tree
Both life and liberty
Were ſold and ſlain;
By this they both look up and live again.

O ſtrange myſterious ſtrife,
Of open death and hidden life!
When on the croſs my King did bleed,
Life ſeem'd to die, death dy'd indeed.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES.

Muſic's Duel.

Now weſtward Sol had ſpent the richeſt beams
Of noon's high glory, when hard by the ſtreams
Of Tiber, on the ſcene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak, there ſat
A ſweet lutes-maſter: in whoſe gentle airs
He loſt the day's heat and his own hot cares.
Cloſe in the covert of the leaves there ſtood
A nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood:

(The sweet inhabitants of each glad tree,
Their muse, their syren, harmless syren she)
There stood she list'ning, and did entertain
The music's soft report: and mould the same
In her own murmurs, that whatever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good:
The man perceiv'd his rival and her art,
Dispos'd to give the light-foot lady sport
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informs it, in a sweet præludium
Of closer strains; and ere the war begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string,
Charg'd with a flying touch: and straightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions,
Quick volumes of wild notes; to let him know
By that shrill taste, she could do something too.
His nimble hands instinct them taught each string
A capring cheerfulness, and made them sing
To their own dance; now negligently rash
He throws his arm, and with a long drawn dash
Blends all together; then distinctly trips
From this to that; then quick returning skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, every where
Meets art with art; sometimes, as if in doubt,
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note,
Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
A clear unwrinkled song; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it
By short diminutives, that being rear'd
In controverting warbles evenly shar'd,
With her sweet self she wrangles. He amaz'd
That from so small a channel should be rais'd
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet; that tickled with rare art
The tattling strings (each breathing in his part)
Most kindly do fall out; the grumbling base
In surly groans disdains the trebles grace;
The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides,
Until his finger (moderator) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
Hoarse, shrill, at once; as when the trumpets call
Hot Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and woo
Mens hearts into their hands: this lesson too
She gives him back; her supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill
The pliant series of her slippery song;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thundering volleys float,
And roll themselves over her lubric throat
In panting murmurs, still'd out of her breast,
That ever-bubbling spring; the sugar'd nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
Bathing in streams of liquid melody;
Music's best seed-plot, where, in ripen'd airs,
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, plow'd by her breath
Which there reciprocally laboureth
In that sweet soil, it seems a holy choir
Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre,
Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swell their throats
In cream of morning Helicon, and then
Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their mattens sing:
(Most divine service) whose so early lay
Prevents the eye-lids of the blushing day!
There you might hear her kindle her soft voice
In the close murmur of her sparkling noise,
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream, so long
Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest,
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the wav'd back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train.
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs; she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epod of a graver note,
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird;
Her little soul is ravish'd: and so pour'd
Into loose ecstasies, that she is plac'd
Above herself, music's enthusiast.
Shame now and anger mix'd a double stain
In the musician's face; yet once again
(Mistress) I come; now reach a strain my lute
Above her mock, or be for ever mute.
But tune a song of victory to me,
As to thyself, sing thine own obsequy:
So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
And with a quivering coyness tastes the strings.
The sweet-lip'd sisters musically frighted,
Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted.
Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs
Of his own breath; which married to his lyre
Doth tune the spheres, and make heaven's self look higher.
From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels music's pulse in all her arteries,
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,
Following those little rills, he sinks into
A sea of Helicon; his hand does go
Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,
Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.
The humourous strings expound his learned touch
By various glosses; now they seem to grutch,
And murmur in a buzzing din, then gingle
In shrill tongu'd accents, striving to be single.
Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke
Gives life to some new grace; thus doth h' invoke
Sweetness by all her names; thus, bravely thus
(Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heav'd on the surges of swoln rhapsodies,

Whose flouriſh (meteor-like) doth curl the air
With fl ſh of high-bo n fancies: here and there
Dancing in lofty meaſures, and anon
Creeps on the ſoft touch of a tender tone:
Wh le trembling murmurs melting in wild airs
Runs to and fro, complaining his ſweet cares
Becauſe thoſe precious myſteries that dwell,
In muſic's raviſh'd ſoul he dares not tell,
B t whiſper to the world: thus do they vary,
Each ſtrain his note, as if they meant to carry
Thei maſter's bleſt ſoul (ſnatch'd out at his ears
By a ſtrong ecſtacy) thr ugh all the ſpheres
Of muſic's heaven; and ſeat it there on high
In th' empyreum of pure harmony.
At length, (after ſo long, ſo l ud a ſtrife
Of all the ſtrings, ſtill breathing the beſt life
Of bleſt variety attending on
His fingers faireſt revolution
In many a ſweet riſe, many as ſweet a fall)
A full mouth diapaſon ſwallows all.

This done, he lifts what ſhe would ſay to this,
And ſhe, although her breath's late exerciſe
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
Yet ſummons all her ſweet powers for a note.
Alas, in vain! for while (ſweet ſoul) ſhe tries
To meaſure all thoſe wild diverſities
Of chatt'ring ſtrings, by the ſmall ſize of one
Poor ſimple voice, rais'd in a natural tone;
She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies.
She dies: and leaves her life the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute O fit to have
(That liv'd ſo ſweetly) dead, ſo ſweet a grave!

Upon the Death of a Gentleman.

FAITHLESS and fond mortality!
Who will ever credit thee?
Fond and faithleſs thing! that thus,
In our beſt hopes beguileſt us.
What a reckoning haſt thou made,
Of the hopes in him we laid?
For life by volumes lengthened,
A line or two, to ſpeak him dead.
For the laurel in his verſe,
The ſullen cypreſs o'er his herſe.
For a ſilver-crowned head,
A dirty pillow in death's bed.
For ſo dear, ſo deep a truſt,
Sad requital, thus much duſt!
Now though the blow that ſnatch him hence,
Stopt the mouth of eloquence,
Though ſhe be dumb e'er ſince his death,
Not us'd to ſpeak but in his breath,
Yet if at leaſt ſhe not denies,
The ſad language of our eyes,
We are contented: for than this
Language none more fluent is.
Nothing ſpeaks our grief ſo well
As to ſpeak nothing; come then tell
Thy mind in tears who-e'er thou be,
That ow'ſt a name to miſery.
Eyes are vocal, tears have tongues,
And there be words not made with lungs;
Sententious ſhowers, O let them fall,
Their cadence is retorical.
Here's a theme will drink th' expence,
Of all thy watery eloquence.

[illegible] then, only be expreſt
This much, he's dead, and weep the reſt.

Upon the Death of Mr Herrys.

A PLANT of noble ſtem, forward and fair,
As ever whiſper'd to the morning air, [pride,
Thriv'd in theſe happy grounds, the earth's juſt
Whoſe riſing glories made ſuch haſte to hide
His head in clouds, as if in him alone
Impatient nature had taught motion
To ſtart from time, and cheerfully to fly
Before, and ſeize upon maturity.
Thus grew this gracious plant, in whoſe ſweet ſhade,
The ſun himſelf oft wiſh'd to ſit, and made
The morning muſes perch like birds, and ſing
Among his branches: yea, and vow'd to bring
His own delicious phœnix from the bleſt
Arabia, there to build her virgin neſt,
To hatch her ſelf in; 'mongſt his leaves the day
Freſh from the roſy eaſt rejoic'd to play.
To them ſhe gave the firſt and faireſt beam
That waited on her birth: ſhe gave to them
The pureſt pearls, that wept her evening death.
The balmy zephyrs got ſo ſweet a breath
By often kiſſing them, and now begun
Glad time to ripen expectation
The timorous maiden-bloſſoms on each bough,
Peep'd forth their firſt bluſhes: ſo that now
A thouſand ruddy hopes ſmil'd in each bud,
And flatter'd every greedy eye that ſtood
Fix'd in delight, as if already there
Thoſe rare fruits dangled, whence the golden year
His crown expected, when (O Fate! O Time!
That ſeldom lett'ſt a bluſhing youthful prime
Hide his hot beams in ſhade of ſilver age;
So rare is hoary virtue) the dire rage
Of a mad ſtorm theſe bloomy joys all tore,
Raviſh'd the maiden bloſſoms, and down bore
The trunk. Yet in this ground his precious root
Still lives, which when weak time ſhall be pour'd out
Into eternity, and circular joys
Dance in an endleſs round, again ſhall riſe
The fair ſon of an ever-youthful ſpring,
To be a ſhade for angels while they ſing:
Mean while who e'er thou art that paſſeſt here,
O do thou water it with one kind tear.

Upon the Death of the deſired Mr. Herrys.

DEATH, what doſt? O hold thy blow;
What thou doſt, thou doſt not know;
Death thou muſt not here be cruel,
This is nature's choiceſt jewel.
This is he in whoſe rare frame,
Nature labour'd for a name,
And meant to leave his precious feature,
The pattern of a perfect creature.
Joy of goodneſs, love of art,
Virtue wears him next her heart.
Him the muſes love to follow,
Him they call their Vice-Apollo.
Apollo golden though thou be,
Th'art not fairer than is he.
Nor more lovely liſt'ſt thy head,
Bluſhing from thine eaſtern bed.
The glories of thy youth ne'er knew,
Brighter hopes than he can ſhew.

Why then ſhould it e'er be ſeen,
That his ſhould fade, while thine is green?
And wilt thou, (O cruel boaſt!)
Put poor nature to ſuch coſt?
O 'twill undo our common mother,
To be at charge of ſuch another.
What! think we to no other end,
Gracious heavens do uſe to ſend
Earth her beſt perfection,
But to vaniſh and be gone?
Therefore only give to day,
To morrow to be ſnatch'd away?
I've ſeen indeed the hopeful bud,
Of a ruddy roſe that ſtood
Bluſhing, to behold the ray
Of the new ſaluted day;
(His tender top not fully ſpread)
The ſweet daſh of a ſhower now ſhed,
Invited him no more to hide
Within himſelf the purple pride
Of his forward flower, when lo
While he ſweetly 'gan to ſhow
His ſwelling glories, Auſter ſped him,
Cruel Auſter thither hy'd him,
And with the ruſh of one rude blaſt,
Sham'd not ſpitefully to waſte
All his leaves, ſo freſh, ſo ſweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet.
I've ſeen the morning's lovely ray,
Hover o'er the new-born day,
With roſy wings ſo richly bright,
As if he ſcorn'd to think of night;
When a ruddy ſtorm whoſe ſcoul
Made heavens radiant face look foul,
Call'd for an untimely night,
To blot the newly bloſſom'd light,
But were the roſe's bluſh ſo rare,
Were the morning's ſmile ſo fair
As is he, nor cloud, nor wind
But would be courteous, would be kind.
Spare him! Death, O! ſpare him then,
Spare the ſweeteſt among men.
Let not Pity with her tears,
Keep ſuch diſtance from thine ears.
But O! thou wilt not, can'ſt not ſpare,
Haſte hath never time to hear.
Therefore if he needs muſt go,
And the Fates will have it ſo,
Softly may he be poſſeſt,
Of his monumental reſt.
Safe, thou dark home of the dead,
Safe, O! hide his loved head.
For Pity's ſake O! hide him quite,
From his mother nature's ſight:
Leſt for grief his loſs may move
All her births abortive prove.

Another.

If ever Pity were acquainted
With ſtern Death, if e'er he fainted,
Or forgot the cruel vigour
Of an adamantine rigour,
Here, O! here, we ſhould have known it,
Here, or no where, he'd have ſhown it.
For he whoſe precious memory,
Bathes in tears of every eye:
He to whom our ſorrow brings,
All the ſtreams of all her ſprings:
Was ſo rich in grace and nature,
In all the gifts that bleſs a creature;
The freſh hopes of his lovely youth,
Flouriſh'd in ſo fair a growth;
So ſweet the temple was, that ſhrin'd
The ſacred ſweetneſs of his mind;
That could the Fates know to relent,
Could they know what mercy meant;
Or had ever learn'd to bear,
The ſoft tincture of a tear:
Tears would now have flow'd ſo deep,
As might have taught grief how to weep.
Now all their ſteely operation,
Would quite have loſt the cruel faſhion.
Sickneſs would have gladly been,
Sick himſelf to have ſav'd him:
And his fever wiſh'd to prove,
Burning only in his love.
Him when wrath itſelf had ſeen,
Wrath itſelf had loſt his ſpleen.
Grim deſtruction here amaz'd,
Inſtead of ſtriking would have gaz'd.
Even the iron pointed pen,
That notes the tragic dooms of men
Wet with tears ſtill'd from the eyes,
Of the flinty deſtinies;
Would have learn'd a ſofter ſtyle,
And have been aſham'd to ſpoil
His life's ſweet ſtory, by the haſte,
Of a cruel ſtop ill plac'd.
In the dark volume of our fate,
Whence each leaf of life hath date,
Where in ſad particulars,
The total ſum of man appears.
And the ſhort clauſe of mortal breath,
Bound in the period of death,
In all the book if any where
Such a term as this, Spare here,
Could have been found, 't would have been read,
Writ in white letters o'er his head:
Or cloſe unto his name annex'd,
The fair gloſs of a fairer text.
In brief, if any one were free,
He was that one, and only he.
But he, alas! even he is dead,
And our hopes fair harveſt ſpread
In the duſt. Pity now ſpend
All the tears that grief can lend.
Sad mortality may hide;
In his aſhes all her pride;
With this inſcription o'er his head
" All hope of never dying, here lies dead."

His Epitaph.

PASSENGER who e'er thou art,
Stay a while, and let thy heart
Take acquaintance of this ſtone,
Before thou paſſeſt farther on.
This ſtone will tell thee that beneath,
Is entomb'd the crime of death;
The ripe endowments of whoſe mind
Left his years ſo much behind,
That numb'ring of his virtues praiſe,
Death loſt the reckoning of his days;

And believing what they told,
Imagin'd him exceeding old.
In him perfection did set forth
The strength of her united worth.
Him his wisdom's pregnant growth
Made so reverend, even in youth,
That in the centre of his breast
(Sweet as is the Phœnix nest)
Every reconciled grace
Had their general meeting place.
In him goodness joy'd to see.
Learning learn humility.
The splendor of his birth and blood
Was but the gloss of his own good.
The flourish of his sober youth
Was the pride of naked truth.
In composure of his face,
Liv'd a fair, but manly grace.
His mouth was rhetoric's best mold,
His tongue the touchstone of her gold.
What word so e'er his breath kept warm,
Was no word now but a charm:
For all persuasive graces thence
Suck'd their sweetest influence.
His virtue that within had root,
Could not choose but shine without.
And th' heart-bred lustre of his worth,
At each corner peeping forth,
Pointed him out in all his ways,
Circled round in his own rays:
That to his sweetness, all mens eyes
Were vow'd loves flaming sacrifice.
Him, while fresh and fragrant time
Cherish'd in his golden prime;
E'er Hebe's hand had overlaid
His smooth cheeks with a downy shade;
The rush of death's unruly wave,
Swept him off into his grave.
Enough, now (if thou can'st) pass on,
For now, (alas!) not in this stone
(Passenger whoe'er thou art)
Is he entomb'd, but in thy heart.

An Epitaph upon Husband and Wife, who died and were buried together.

To these, whom death again did wed,
This grave's their second marriage-bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force,
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sunder man and wife,
'Cause they both lived but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep;
Peace, the lovers are asleep:
They (sweet turtles) folded lie,
In the last knot love could tie.
And though they lie as they were dead,
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead;
(Pillow hard, and sheets not warm)
Love made the bed, they'll take no harm.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And th' eternal morrow dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into that light
Whose day shall never die in night.

An Epitaph upon Dr. Brooke.

A BROOKE whose stream so great, so good,
Was lov'd, was honour'd, as a flood:
Whose banks the muses dwelt upon,
More than their own Helicon;
Here at length, hath gladly found
A quiet passage under ground;
Meanwhile his loved banks now dry,
The muses with their tears supply.

Upon Mr. Stainough's Death.

DEAR relics of a dislodg'd soul, whose lack
Makes many a mourning paper put on black!
O stay a while, e'er thou draw in thy head,
And wind thyself up close in thy cold bed:
Stay but a little while, until I call
A summons, worthy of thy funeral. [powers,
Come then youth, beauty, and blood, all ye soft
Whose silken flatteries swell a few fond hours
Into a false eternity; come, man,
Hyperbolized nothing! know thy span; [bow
Take thine own measure here: down, down, and
Before thyself in thine idea; thou
Huge emptiness! Contract thyself, and shrink
All thy wide circle to a point, O sink!
Lower and lower yet; till thy lean size,
Call heav'n to look on thee with narrow eyes;
Lesser and lesser yet; till thou begin
To show a face, fit to confess thy kin,
Thy neighbourhood to nothing
Proud looks, and lofty eye-lids here put on
Yourselves in your unfeign'd reflexion;
Here gallant ladies! this unpartial glass,
(Though you be painted) shows you your true face.
Those death-seal'd lips are they dare give the lie
To the loud boasts of poor mortality.
Those curtain'd windows, this retired eye,
Out-stares the lids of large look'd tyranny.
This posture is the brave one. This that lies
Thus low, stands up (methinks) thus, and defies
The world————
All daring dust and ashes! only you
Of all interpreters read nature true.

To the Queen, upon her numerous Progeny. A Panegyric.

BRITAIN! the mighty oceans lovely bride!
Now stretch thyself, fair isle, and grow; spread wide
Thy bosom, and make room. Thou art oppress
With thine own glories, and art strangely blest
Beyond thyself: For, lo! the gods, the gods
Come fast upon thee; and those glorious odes
Swell thy full honours to a pitch so high
As sits above thy best capacity.
Are they not odes? and glorious? that to thee
Those mighty genii throng, which well might be
Each one an ages labour? that thy days
Are gilded with the union of those rays
Whose each divided beam would be a sun
To glad the sphere of any nation?
Sure, if for these thou mean'st to find a seat
Th' hast need, O Britain, to be truly great.
And so thou art; their presence makes thee so:
They are thy greatness, gods, where'er they go,
Bring their Heav'n with them; their great foot-steps place
An everlasting smile upon the face

Of the glad earth they tread on. While with thee
Thoſe beams that an pliate mortality,
And teach it to expatiate, and ſwell
To maje y and fulneſs, deign to dwell,
Thou by thyſelf may'ſt ſit, bleſt iſle, and ſee
How thy great mother Nature doats on thee.
Thee, therefore, from the reſt apart ſhe hurl'd,
And ſeem'd to make an iſle, but made a world.
Time yet hath dropt few plumes ſince hope turn'd joy,
And took into his arms the princely boy,
Whoſe birth la ble the bed of his ſweet mother,
And bad us fir ſalute our prince a brother.
Bright Charles. thou ſweet dawn of a glorious day!
Centre of thoſe thy grandſires (ſhall I ſay,
Henry and James? or, Mars and Phœbus rather?
If this were Wiſdom's God, that War's ſtern father,
'Tis but the ſame is ſaid: Henry and James
Are Mars and Phœbus under diverſe names.)
O thou full mixture of thoſe mighty ſouls
Whoſe vaſt intelligences tun'd the poles
Of peace and war; thou, for whoſe manly brow
Both laurels twine into one wreath, and woo
To be thy garland: ſee, ſweet prince, O! ſee,
Thou, and the lovely hopes that ſmile in thee,
Are ta'en out and tranſcrib'd by thy great mother:
See, ſee thy real ſhadow; ſee thy brother,
Thy little ſelf in leſs: trace in theſe een
The beams that dance in thoſe full ſtars of thine.
From the ſame ſnowy alabaſter rock
Thoſe hands and thine were hewn; theſe cherries mock
The coral of thy lips: thou wert of all
This well-wrought copy the fair principal.
Juſtly, great Nature, didſt thou brag, and tell
How ev'n th' had drawn that faithful parallel,
And match'd thy maſter-piece. O! then go on,
Make ſuch another ſweet compariſon
Seeſt thou that Mary there? O! teach her mother
To ſhew her to herſelf in ſuch another
Fellow this wonder too; nor let her ſhine
Alone, light ſuch another ſtar, and twine
Their roſy beams, that ſo the morn for one
Venus may have a conſtellation.
These words ſcarce waken'd Heaven, when (lo) our vows
Sat on upon the noble infants brows.
Th' a t pair'd, ſweet princeſs: In this well-writ book
Read over thyſelf, peruſe each line, each look.
And when th' haſt ſumm'd up all thoſe blooming kiſſes,
Cloſe up the book, and claſp it with thy kiſſes.
So have I ſeen (to dreſs their miſtreſs May)
Two ſilken ſiſter-flowers conſult, and lay
Their baſhful cheeks together: newly they
Peep'd from their buds, ſhow'd like the garden's eyes
Scarce wak'd: like was the crimſon of their joys:
Like were the tears they wept, ſo like, that one
Seem'd but the others kind reflection.
And now 'twere time to ſay, ſweet queen, no more.
Fair ſource of princes, is thy precious ſtore
Not yet exhau ? O no. Heavens have no bound,
But in their infinite and endleſs rou d
Embrace themſelves. Our meaſure is not theirs;
Nor may the pov'rty of mans narrow prayers
Span their immenſity More princes come:
Rebellion and thou by miſchief, make room:
War, blood, and death (names all averſe from joy)
Hear this, we have an ther bright-ey'd boy:
That word's a warrant, by whoſe virtue I
Have full authority to bid you die.
Die, die foul miſbegotten monſters, die:
Make haſte away, or ere the world's bright eye
Bluſh to a cloud of blood. O! far from men
Fly hence, and in your hyperborean den
Hide you for evermore, and murmur there
Where none but hell may hear, nor our ſoft air
Shrink at the hateful ſound. Meanwhile we bear
High as the brow of Heaven, the noble noiſe
And name of theſe our juſt and righteous joys,
Where envy ſhall not reach them, nor thoſe ears
Whoſe tune keeps time to ought below the ſpheres.
But thou, ſweet ſupernumerary ar,
Shine forth; nor fear the threats of boiſterous war.
The face of things has therefore frown'd a while
On purpoſe, that to thee and thy pure ſmile
The world might owe an univerſal calm;
While thou, fair Halcyon, on a ſea of balm [head,
Shalt float; where, while thou lay'ſt thy lovely
The angry billows ſhall but make thy bed
Storms, when they look on thee, ſhall straight relent;
And tempeſts, when they taſte thy breath, repent
To whiſpers ſoft as thine own ſlumbers be,
Or ſouls of virgins which ſhall ſigh for thee.
Shine then, ſweet ſupernumerary ſtar;
Nor fear the boiſterous names of blood and war:
Thy birth-day is their deaths nativity;
They've here no other buſineſs but to die.
But ſtay, what glimpſe was that? why bluſh'd the day?
Why ran the ſtarted air trembling away?
Who's this that comes circled in rays that ſcorn
Acquaintance with the ſun? what ſecond morn
At mid-day opes a preſence which Heavens eye
Stands off and points at? Is't ſome deity
Stept from her throne of ſtars, deigns to be ſeen?
Is it ſome deity? or is't our queen?
'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe her awful beauties chaſe
The day's abaſhed glories, and in face
Of noon wear their own ſunſhine. O thou bright
Miſtreſs of wonders! Cynthia's is the night;
But thou at noon doſt ſhine, and art all day
(Nor does thy ſun deny't) our Cynthia.
Illuſtrious ſweetneſs! in thy faithful womb,
That neſt of heroes, all our hopes, find room.
Thou art the mother-phœnix, and thy breaſt
Chaſte as that virgin-honour of the eaſt,
But much more fruitful is; nor does, as ſhe,
Deny to mighty love a deity.
Then let the eaſtern world brag and be proud
Of one coy phœnix, while we have a brood,
A brood of phœnixes; while we have brother
And ſiſter-phœnixes, and ſtill the mother. [creaſe
And may we long! Long may'ſt thou live t' in-
The houſe and family of phœnixes.

Nor may the life that gives their eye-lids light
Ere prove the dismal morning of thy night:
Ne'er may a birth of thine be bought so dear
To make his costly cradle of thy bier.
O may'st thou thus make all the year thine own,
And see such names of joy sit white upon
The brow of every month: And when thou'st done,
May'st in a son of his find every son
Repeated, and that son still in another,
And so in each child often prove a mother.
Long may'st thou, laden with such clusters, lean
Upon thy royal elm, fair vine! And when
The heav'ns will stay no longer, may thy glory
And name dwell sweet in some eternal story!

Pardon, bright Excellence, an untun'd string,
That in thy ears thus keeps a murmuring.
O speak a lowly muses pardon, speak
Her pardon, or her sentence; only break
Thy silence. Speak, and she shall take from thence
Numbers, and sweetness, and an influence
Confessing thee. Or if too long I stay,
O speak thou, and my pipe hath nought to say:
For see Apollo all this while stands mute,
Expecting by thy voice to tune his lute.

But gods are gracious; and their altars make
Precious the off'rings that their altars take.
Give then this rural wreath fire from thine eyes,
This rural wreath dares be thy sacrifice.

Upon Ford's two Tragedies.—Love's Sacrifice, and the Broken Heart.

Thou cheat'st us Ford, mak'st one seem two by art.
What is love's sacrifice, but the broken heart.

On a Foul Morning, being then to take a Journey.

Where art thou, Sol, while thus the blindfold day
Staggers out of the east, loses her way
Stumbling on night: Rouze thee, illustrious youth,
And let no dull mists choak the light's fair growth.
Point here thy beams; O glance on yonder flocks,
And make their fleeces golden as thy locks.
Unfold thy fair front, and there shall appear
Full glory, flaming in her own free sphere.
Gladness shall clothe the earth, we will enstile
The face of things, an universal smile.
Say to the sullen morn, thou com'st to court her;
And wilt command proud Zephyrus to sport her
With wanton gales: his balmy breath shall lick
The tender drops which tremble on her cheek;
Which rarified, and in a gentle rain
On those delicious banks distill'd again,
Shall rise in a sweet harvest, which discloses
To every blushing bed of new-born roses.
He'll fan her bright locks, teaching them to flow,
And frisk in curl'd meanders; he will throw
A fragrant breath suck'd from the spicy nest
O th' precious phœnix, warm upon her breast.
He with a dainty and soft hand will trim,
And brush her azure mantle, which shall swim
In silken volumes; wheresoe'er she'll tread,
Bright clouds like golden fleeces shall be spread.
Rise, then, (fair blew-ey'd maid) rise and discover
Thy silver brow, and meet thy golden lover.
See how he runs, with what a hasty flight,
Into thy bosom, bath'd with liquid light.
Fly, fly profane fogs, far hence fly away,
Taint not the pure streams of the springing day,
With your dull influence; it is for you,
To sit and scoul upon night's heavy brow;
Not on the fresh cheeks of the virgin morn,
Where nought but smiles, and ruddy joys are worn.
Fly, then, and do not think with her to stay;
Let it suffice, she'll wear no mask to day.

Upon the Fair Ethiopian, sent to a Gentlewoman.

Lo here the fair Charicliа! in whom strove
So false a fortune, and so true a love.
Now after all her toils by sea and land,
O may she but arrive at your white hand,
Her hopes are crown'd, only she fears that then
She shall appear true Ethiopian.

On Marriage.

I would be married, but I'd have no wife,
I would be married to a single life.

To the Morning.—Satisfaction for Sleep.

What succour can I hope the muse will send
Whose drowsiness hath wrong'd the muses friend?
What hope Aurora to propitiate thee,
Unless the muse sing my apology?
O in that morning of my shame! when I
Lay folded up in sleep's captivity,
How at the sight did'st thou draw back thine eyes,
Into thy modest veil? how did'st thou rise
Twice dy'd in thine own blushes, and did'st run
To draw the curtains, and awake the sun?
Who rousing his illustrious tresses came,
And seeing the loath'd object, hid for shame
His head in thy fair bosom, and still hides
Me from his patronage; I pray, he chides:
And pointing to dull Morpheus, bids me take
My own Apollo, try if I can make
His Lethe be my Helicon; and see
If Morpheus have a muse to wait on me.
Hence 'tis my humble fancy finds no wings
No nimble rapture starts to heaven and brings
Enthusiastic flames, such as can give
Marrow to my plump genius, make it live
Drest in the glorious madness of a muse,
Whose feet can walk the milky way, and choose
Her starry throne; whose holy heats can warm
The grave, and hold up an exalted arm
To lift me from my lazy urn, to climb
Upon the stooping shoulders of old time,
And trace eternity.—But all is dead,
All these delicious hopes are buried
In the deep wrinkles of his angry brow,
Where mercy cannot find them: but O! thou
Bright lady of the morn, pity doth lie
So warm in thy soft breast it cannot die.
Have mercy then, and when he next shall rise
O! meet the angry god, invade his eyes,
And stroke his radiant cheeks; one timely kiss
Will kill his anger, and revive my bliss.
So to the treasure of thy pearly dew,
Thrice will I pay three tears, to show how true
My grief is; so my wakeful lay shall knock
At th' oriental gates; and duly mock
The early lark's shrill orizons, to be
An anthem at the day's nativity.
And the same rosy-finger'd hand of thine,
That shuts night's dying eyes, shall open mine.

But thou, faint god of sleep, forget that I
Was ever known to be thy votary.
No more my pillow shall thine altar be,
Nor will I offer any more to thee
Myself a melting sacrifice; I'm born
Again a fresh child of the buxom morn, [so?
Heir of the sun's first beams; why threat'st thou
Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre? go,
Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful woe,
Sickness, and sorrow, whose pale lids ne'er know
Thy downy finger, dwell upon their eyes,
Shut in their tears; shut out their miseries.

Love's Horoscope.

Love, brave Virtue's younger brother,
Erst hath made my heart a mother,
She consults the conscious spheres,
To calculate her young son's years.
She asks if sad, or saving powers,
Gave omen to his infant hours;
She asks each star that then stood by
If poor Love shall live or die.

Ah, my heart, is that the way?
Are these the beams that rule thy day?
Thou know'st a face in whose each look,
Beauty lays ope Love's fortune-book;
On whose fair revolutions wait
The obsequious motions of Love's fate;
Ah, my heart, her eyes and she
Have taught thee new astrology.
How e'er Love's native hours were set,
Whatever starry synod met,
'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
If poor Love shall live or die.

If those sharp rays putting on
Points of death, bid Love begone,
(Though the Heavens in counsel sate,
To crown an uncontrolled fate,
Though their best aspects twin'd upon
The kindest constellation,
Cast amorous glances on his birth,
And whisper'd the confederate earth
To pave his paths with all the good
That warms the bed of youth and blood;)
Love has no plea against her eye
Beauty frowns, and Love must die.

But if her milder influence move,
And gild the hopes of humble Love:
(Though Heaven's inauspicious eye
Lay black on Love's nativity;
Though every diamond in Jove's crown
Fixt his forehead to a frown,)
Her eye a strong appeal can give,
Beauty smiles and Love shall live.

O! if Love shall live, O! where,
But in her eye, or in her ear,
In her breast, or in her breath,
Shall I hide poor Love from death?
For in the life ought else can give,
Love shall die, although he live.

Or if Love shall die, O! where,
But in her eye, or in her ear,
In her breath, or in her breast,
Shall I build his funeral nest?

While Love shall thus entombed lie,
Love shall live, although he die.

Out of Virgil.—In the Praise of the Spring.

All trees, all leavy groves confess the spring
Their gentle friend, then, then the lands begin
To swell with forward pride, and feed desire
To generation; Heavens Almighty Sire
Melts on the bosom of his Love, and pours
Himself into her lap in fruitful showers.
And by a soft insinuation, mixt
With earth's large mass, doth cherish and assist
Her weak conceptions; no lone shade, but rings
With chatt'ring birds delicious murmurings.
Then Venus mild instinct (at set times) yields
The herds to kindly meetings, then the fields
(Quick with warm Zephyr's lively breath) la forth
Their pregnant bosoms in a fragrant birth.
Each body's plump and juicy, all things full
Of supple moisture: no coy twig but will
Trust his beloved bosom to the sun
(Grown lusty now;) no vine so weak and young
That fears the foul-mouth'd Auster, or those storm
That the south-west wind hurries in his arms,
But hastes her forward blossoms, and lays out,
Freely lays out her leaves: Nor do I doubt
But when the world first out of Chaos sprang,
So smil'd the days, and so the tenor ran
Of their felicity. A spring was there,
An everlasting spring, the jolly year
Led round in this great circle; no wind's breath
As then did smell of winter, or of death.
When life's sweet light first shone on beasts, an when
From their hard mother earth, sprang hardy men
When beasts took up their lodging in the wood,
Stars in their higher chambers, never cou'd
The tender growth of things endure the sense
Of such a change, but that the Heav'n's indulgenc
Kindly supplies sick nature, and doth mold
A sweetly temper'd mien, nor hot nor cold.

With a Picture sent to a Friend.

I paint so ill, my piece had need to be
Painted again by some good poesy.
I write so ill, my slender line is scarce
So much as th' picture of a well-limb'd verse:
Yet may the love I send be true, though I
Send nor true picture, nor true poesy.
Both which away, I should not need to fear,
My Love, or feign'd, or painted should appear

In Praise of Lessius, his Rule of Life.

Go, now, and with some daring drug,
Bait thy disease, and while they tug
Thou to maintain their precious strife,
Spend the dear treasure of thy life:
Go, take physic, doat upon
Some big-nam'd composition,
The oraculous doctors mystic bills,
Certain hard words made into pills;
And what at last shall gain by these?
Only a costlier disease.
That which makes us have no need
Of physic, that's physic indeed.
Hark hither, reader; wilt thou see
Nature her own physician be.

Will't see a man all, his own wealth,
His own physic, his own health?
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well?
Her garments that upon her sit,
As garments should do close and fit?
A well cloth'd soul; that's not oppress,
Nor choakt with what she should be dress?
A soul sheath'd in a crystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine?
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aerial veil is drawn
O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide
More sweetly shows the blushing bride.
A soul whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy steams?
A happy soul that all the way,
To heav'n rides in a summer's day?
Would'st see a man whose well warm'd blood,
Bathes him in a genuine flood,
A man whose tuned humours be,
A set of rarest harmony;
Would'st see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile
Age; would'st see December smile?
Would'st see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts free spirits, flattering
Winters self into a spring?
In some, would'st see a man that can
Live to be old and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours,
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends.
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay,
A kiss, a sigh, and so away;
This rare one reader, would'st thou see
Hark hither; and thyself be he.

The Beginning of Heliodorus.

The smiling morn had newly wak'd the day,
And tipt the mountains with a tender ray:
When on a hill (whose high imperious brow
Looks down, and sees the humble Nile below
Lick his proud feet, and haste into the seas (cules)
Through the great mouth that's nam'd from Her-
A band of men, rough as the arms they wore
Look'd round, first to the sea, then to the shore.
The shore that showed them what the sea deny'd,
Hope of a prey. There to the main land ty'd
A ship they saw, no men she had; yet prest
Appear'd with other lading, for her breast
Deep in the groaning waters wallowed
Up to the third ring; o'er the shore was spread
Death's purple triumph, on the blushing ground
Life's late forsaken houses all lay drown'd
In their own bloods dear deluge, some new dead,
Some panting in their yet warm ruins bled:
While their affrighted souls, now wing'd for flight,
Lent them the last flash of her glimmering light.
Those yet fresh streams which crawled every where
Show'd that stern war had newly bath'd him there.
Nor did the face of this disaster show
Marks of a fight alone, but feasting too,
A miserable and a monstrous feast,
Where hungry war had made himself a guest:
And coming late had eat up guests and all,
Who prov'd the feast to their own funeral, &c.

Out of the Greek.—Cupid's Crier.

Love is lost, nor can his mother
Her little fugitive discover:
She seeks, she sighs, but no where spies him;
Love is lost; and thus she cries him.
O yes! if any happy eye,
This roving wanton shall descry;
Let the finder surely know
Mine is the wag; 'tis I that owe
The winged wand'rer; and that none
May think his labour vainly gone,
The glad descrier shall not miss,
To taste the Nectar of a kiss
From Venus' lips; but as for him
That brings him to me, he shall swim
In riper joys! more shall be his
(Venus assures him) than a kiss.
But lest your eye discerning slide,
These marks may be your judgment's guide;
His skin as with a fiery blushing
High-colour'd is; his eyes still flushing
With nimble flames, and though his mind
Be ne'er so curst, his tongue is kind:
For never were his words in ought
Found the pure issue of his thought.
The working bees soft melting gold,
That which their waxen mines enfold,
Flow not so sweet as do the tones
Of his tun'd accents; but if once
His anger kindle, presently
It boils out into cruelty,
And fraud: He makes poor mortals hurts
The objects of his cruel sports.
With dainty curls his froward face
Is crown'd about; but O! what place,
What fartherst nook of lowest hell
Feels not the strength, the reaching spell
Of his small hand? Yet not so small
As 'tis powerful therewithall.
Though bare his skin, his mind he covers,
And like a saucy bird he hovers
With wanton wing, now here, now there,
'Bout men and women, nor will spare
Till at length he perching rest,
In the closet of their breast.
His weapon is a little bow,
Yet such a one as (Jove) knows how,
Ne'er suffer'd, yet his little arrow,
Of heavens high'st arches to fall narrow.
The gold that on his quiver smiles,
Deceives mens fears with flattering wiles.
But O! (too well my wounds can tell)
With bitter shaft's 'tis sauc'd too well.
He is all cruel, cruel all;
His torch imperious though but small
Makes the sun (of flames the fire)
Worse then sun-burnt in his fire.
Whereso'er you chance to find him
Seize him, bring him, (but first bind him);
Pity not him, but fear thyself
Though thou see the crafty elf,
Tell down his silver-drops unto thee,
They're counterfeit, and will undo thee.

With baited ſmiles if he diſplay
His fawning cheeks, look not that way:
If he offer ſugar'd kiſſes,
Start, and ſay, The ſerpent hiſſes.
Draw him, drag him, though he pray,
Woo, entreat, and crying ſay,
Prithee, ſweet, now let me go,
Here's my quiver, ſhafts, and bow;
I'll give thee all; take all, take heed
Leſt his kindneſs make thee bleed,
Whate'er it be Love offers, ſtill preſume [ſume.
That though it ſhines, 'tis fire and will con-

On Nanus Mounted upon an Ant.

High mounted on an Ant Nanus the tall,
Was thrown, alas! and got a deadly fall,
Under th' unruly beaſt's proud feet he lies
All torn: with much ado yet e'er he dies,
He ſtrains theſe words: Baſe Envy, do laugh on.
Thus did I fall, and thus fell Phaeton.

Upon Venus putting on Mars's Arms.

What! Mars's ſword? fair Cytherea ſay,
Why art thou arm'd ſo deſperately to day?
Mars thou haſt beaten naked; and, O! then
What need'ſt thou put on arms againſt poor men?

Upon the Same.

Pallas ſaw Venus arm'd, and ſtraight ſhe cry'd,
Come if thou dar'ſt, thus, thus let us be try'd.
Why fool! ſays Venus, thus provok'ſt thou me,
That being nak'd, thou know'ſt could conquer thee?

Upon Biſhop Andrews's Picture, before his Sermons.

This reverend ſhadow caſt that ſetting ſun,
Whoſe glorious courſe through our horizon run,
Leſt the dim face of this dull hemiſphere,
All one great eye, all drown'd in one great tear.
Whoſe fair illuſtrious ſoul, led his free thought
Through learning's univerſe, and (vainly) ſought
Room for her ſpacious ſelf, until at length
She found the way home, with an holy ſtrength
Snatch'd herſelf hence to heaven: fill'd a bright place;
'Mongſt thoſe immortal fires, and on the face
Of her great Maker fixt her flaming eye,
There ſtill to read true pure divinity.
And now that grave aſpect hath deign'd to ſhrink
Into this leſs appearance; if you think,
'Tis but a dead face, art doth here bequeath:
Look on the following leaves, and ſee him breath.

Out of Martial.

Four teeth thou had'ſt that, rank'd in goodly ſtate,
Kept thy mouth's gate.
The firſt blaſt of thy cough left two alone,
The ſecond, none.
This laſt cough Ælia, cought out all thy fear,
Thou'ſt left the third cough now no buſineſs here.

Out of the Italian.—A Song.

To thy lover,
Dear, diſcover
That ſweet bluſh of thine that ſhameth
(When thoſe roſes
It diſcloſes)
All the flowers that Nature nameth.
In free air,
Flow thy hair;
That no more ſummer's beſt dreſſes,
Be beholden
For their golden
Locks, to Phœbus flaming treſſes.
O deliver
Love his quiver,
From thy eyes he ſhoots his arrows,
Where Apollo
Cannot follow,
Feather'd with his mother's ſparrows.
O envy not
(That we die not)
Thoſe dear lips whoſe door encloſes
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother pearls, and ſiſter roſes.
From theſe treaſures
Of ripe pleaſures
One bright ſmile to clear the weather.
Earth and heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.
The air does woo thee,
Winds cling to thee;
Might a word once fly from out thee,
Storm and thunder
Would ſit under,
And keep ſilence round about thee.
But if Nature's
Common creatures,
So dear glories dare not borrow:
Yet thy beauty
Owes a duty,
To my loving ling'ring ſorrow.
When to end me
Death ſhall ſend me
All his terrors to affright me:
Thine eyes Graces
Gild their faces,
And thoſe terrors ſhall delight me.
When my dying
Life is flying,
Thoſe ſweet airs that often flew me
Shall revive me,
Or reprive me,
And to many deaths renew me.

Out of the Italian.

Love now no fire hath left him,
We two betwixt us have divided it.
Your eyes the light hath reft him,
The heat commanding in thy heart doth ſit.
O. that poor Love be not forever ſpoiled,
Let my heat to your light be reconciled.
So ſhall theſe flames, whoſe worth
Now all obſcured lies,
(Dreſt in thoſe beams) ſtart forth
And dance before your eyes.
Or elſe partake my flames,
(I care not whither)
And ſo in mutual names
Of love, burn both together.

Another.

WOULD any one the true cauſe find
How Love came nak'd, a boy, and blind?
'Tis this; liſt'ning one day too long,
To th' ſyrens in my miſtreſs' ſong,
The eccſtacy of a delight
So much o'er maſt'ring all his might,
To that one ſenſe, made all elſe thrall,
And ſo he loſt his clothes, eyes, heart and all.

On the Frontiſpiece of Iſaacſon's Chronology explained.

IF with diſtinctive eye and mind, you look
Upon the front, you ſee more than one book.
Creation is God's book, wherein he writ
Each creature, as a letter filling it.
Hiſtory is creation's book, which ſhows
To what effects the ſeries of it goes.
Chronology's the book of hiſtory, and bears
The juſt account of days, months, and years.
But reſurrection, in a later preſs,
And new edition, is the ſum of theſe.
The language of theſe books had all been one,
Had not th' aſpiring tower of Babylon
Confus'd the tongues, and in a diſtance hurl'd
As far the ſpeech, as men o'th' new fill'd world.
Set then your eyes in method, and behold
Time's emblem, Saturn; who, when ſtore of gold
Cain'd the firſt age, devour'd that birth, he fear'd;
Till Hiſtory, Time's eldeſt child, appear'd,
And Phœnix like, in ſpight of Saturn's rage,
Forc'd from her aſhes, heirs in every age.
From th' riſing ſun, obtaining by juſt ſuit,
A ſpring's engender, and an autumn's fruit.
Who in thoſe volumes at her motion pend,
Unto creation's Alpha doth extend.
Again aſcend, and view chronology,
By optic ſkill pulling far hiſtory
Nearer; whoſe hand the piercing eagle's eye
Strengthens, to bring remoteſt objects nigh.
Under whoſe feet, you ſee the ſetting ſun,
From the dark gnomon, o'er her volumes run,
Drown'd in eternal night, never to riſe,
Till reſurrection ſhow it to the eyes
Of earth-worn men; and her ſhrill trumpet's ſound
Affright the bones of mortals from the ground.
The columns both are crown'd with either ſphere
To ſhow chronology and hiſtory bare,
No other Culmen than the double art,
Aſtronomy, geography, impart.

Or Thus.

LET hoary time's vaſt bowels be the grave
To what his bowels birth and being gave;
Let nature die, (phœnix-like) from death
Revived nature takes a ſecond breath;
If on Time's right hand, ſit fair Hiſtory.
If, from the ſeed of empty ruin, ſhe
Can raiſe ſo fair an harveſt, let her be
Ne'er ſo far diſtant, yet Chronology
(Sharp-ſighted as the eagle's eye, that can
Out ſtare the broad-beam'd day's meridian)
Will have a perſpicil to find her out,
And, through the night of error and dark doubt,
Diſcern the dawn of truth's eternal ray,
As when the roſy morn buds into day.
Now that time's empire might be amply fill'd,
Babel's bold artiſts ſtrive (below) to build
Ruin a temple; on whoſe fruitful fall
Hiſtory rears her pyramids more tall
Than were th' Egyptian, (by the life theſe give,
Th' Egyptian pyramids themſelves muſt live:)
On theſe ſhe lifts the world; and on their baſe
Shows the two terms and limits of time's race:
That the creation is: the judgment this;
That the world's morning, this her midnight is.

An Epitaph upon Mr Aſton a conformable Citizen.

THE modeſt front of this ſmall floor,
Believe me, reader, can ſay more
Than many a braver marble can;
Here lies a truly honeſt man.
One whoſe conſcience was a thing,
That troubled neither church nor king.
One of thoſe few that in this town,
Honour all preachers, hear their own.
Sermons he heard, yet not ſo many
As left no time to practiſe any.
He heard them reverendly, and then
His practice preach'd them o'er again.
His parlour ſermons rather were
Thoſe to the eye, then to the ear.
His prayers took their price and ſtrength,
Not from the lewdneſs, nor the length.
He was a Proteſtant at home,
Not only in deſpight of Rome.
He lov'd his father; yet his zeal
Tore not off his mother's veil.
To th' church he did allow her dreſs,
True beauty, to true holineſs.
Peace, which he lov'd in life, did lend
Her hand to bring him to his end.
When age and death call'd for the ſcore,
No ſurfeits were to reckon for.
Death tore not, (therefore) but ſans ſtrife
Gently untwin'd his thread of life.
What remains then, but that thou
Write theſe lines, reader, in thy brow;
And by his fair example's light,
Burn in thy imitation bright.
So, while theſe lines can but bequeath
A life perhaps unto his death,
His better epitaph ſhall be,
His life ſtill kept alive in thee.

Out of Catullus.

COME and let us live my dear,
Let us love and never fear,
What the ſoureſt fathers ſay:
Brighteſt Sol that dies to day
Lives again as blithe to morrow;
But if we, dark ſons of ſorrow,
Set, O then, how long a night
Shuts the eyes of our ſhort light?
Then let amorous kiſſes dwell
On our lips, begin and tell
A thouſand, and a hundred ſcore,
An hundred, and a thouſand more;
Till another thouſand ſmother
That, and that wipe of another.
Thus, at laſt, when we have number'd
Many a thouſand many a hundred,
We'll confound the reckoning quite,
And loſe ourſelves in wild delight:

While our joys ſo multiply,
As ſhall mock the envious eye.

Wiſhes to his (ſuppoſed) Miſtreſs.

Who ere ſhe be,
That not impoſſible ſhe,
That ſhall command my heart and me;

Where ere ſhe lie,
Lock'd up from mortal eye,
In ſhady leaves of deſtiny;

Till that ripe birth
Of ſtudied fate ſtand forth,
And teach her fair ſteps to our earth;

Till that divine
Idæa, take a ſhrine
Of cryſtal fleſh, through which to ſhine;

Meet you her my wiſhes,
Beſpeak her to my bliſſes,
And be ye call'd my abſent kiſſes.

I wiſh her beauty,
That owes not all his duty
To gaudy tire, or gliſt'ring ſhooty.

Something more than
Taffata or tiſſue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

More than the ſpoil
Of ſhop, or ſilk-worms toil,
Or a bought bluſh, or a ſet ſmile.

A face that's beſt,
By its own beauty dreſt,
And can alone command the reſt.

A face made up,
Out of no other ſhop
Than what nature's white hand ſets ope.

A cheek where youth,
And blood, with pen of truth
Write, what the reader ſweetly ru'th.

A cheek where grows
More than a morning roſe,
Which to no box his being owes.

Lips, where all day
A lover's kiſs may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Looks that oppreſs
Their richeſt tires, but dreſs
And clothe their ſimpleſt nakedneſs.

Eyes that diſplaces
The neighbour diamond, and out-faces
That ſunſhine, by their own ſweet graces.

Treſſes that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themſelves more precious are.

Whoſe native ray,
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems, that in their bright ſhades play.

Each ruby there,
Or pearl that dare appear,
Be its own bluſh, be its own tear.

A well tam'd heart,
For whoſe more noble ſmart,
Love may be long chooſing a dart.

Eyes that beſtow
Full quivers on love's bow;
Yet pay leſs arrows than they owe.

Smiles that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm,
That chaſtity ſhall take no harm.

Bluſhes that bin
The burniſh of no ſin,
Nor flames of ought too hot within.

Joys that confeſs
Virtue their miſtreſs,
And have no other head to dreſs.

Fears, fond and flight,
As the coy brides, when night
Firſt does the longing lover right.

Tears quickly fled,
And vain, as thoſe are ſhed
For a dying maidenhead.

Days that need borrow,
No part of their good morrow,
From a fore ſpent night of ſorrow.

Days that in ſpight
Of darkneſs, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

Nights ſweet as they,
Made ſhort by lovers play,
Yet long by th' abſence of the day.

Life that dares ſend
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, ſay, Welcome friend.

Sydnæan ſhowers
Of ſweet diſcourſe, whoſe powers
Can crown old winter's head with flowers.

Soft ſilken hours,
Open ſun's ſhady bowers;
'Bove all, nothing within that lours.

What ere delight
Can make day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of night.

In her whole frame,
Have nature all the name,
Art and ornament the ſhame.

Her flattery,
Picture and poeſy,
Her counſel her own virtue be.

I wiſh her ſtore
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wiſhes; and I wiſh——no more.

Now if time knows,
That her whoſe radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows.

Her whoſe juſt bays,
My future hopes can raiſe,
A trophy to her preſent praiſe.

Her that dares be,
What theſe lines wiſh to ſee;
I ſeek no further, it is ſhe.

'Tis ſhe, and here,
Lo! I unclothe and clear,
My wiſhes cloudy character.

May ſhe enjoy it.
Whoſe merit dare apply it;
But modeſty dares ſtill deny it.

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wiſhes,
And determine them to kiſſes.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions, but her ſtory.

SACRED POEMS.

Anagram on Craſhaw.

WAS Car then Craſhaw, or was Craſhaw Car,
Since both within one name combined are?
Yes, Car's Craſhaw, he Car; 'tis love alone
Which melts two hearts, of both compoſing one;
So Craſhaw's ſtill the fame: ſo much deſired
By ſtrongeſt wits; ſo honour'd, ſo admired;
Car was but he that enter'd as a friend
With whom he ſhar'd his thoughts, and did commend [other:
(While yet he liv'd) this work; they lov'd each
Sweet Craſhaw was his friend; he Craſhaw's brother:
So Car hath title then; 'twas his intent
That what his riches pen'd, poor Car ſhould print;
Nor fears he check, praiſing that happy one
Who was belov'd by all, diſprais'd by none.
To wit, being pleas'd with all things, he pleas'd all;
Nor would he give nor take offence; befal,
What might, he would poſſeſs himſelf: and live
As dead (devoid of intereſt) 't all might give
Diſeaſe t' his well compoſed mind; foreſtall'd
With heavenly riches: which had wholly call'd
His thoughts from earth, to live above in th' air
A very bird of paradiſe. No care
Had he of earthly traſh. What might ſuffice
To fit his ſoul to heavenly exerciſe.
Sufficed him; and may we gueſs his heart
By what his lips bring forth, his only part
Is God and godly thoughts. Leaves doubt to none
But that to whom one God is all; all's one.
What he might eat or wear he took no thought,
His needful food he rather found then ſought.
He ſeeks no downs, no ſheets, his bed's ſtill made
If he can find, a chair or ſtool, he's laid,
When day peeps in; he quits his reſtleſs reſt;
And ſtill poor ſoul, before he's up he's dreſt.
Thus dying did he live, yet liv'd to die
In th' virgins lap, to whom he did apply
His virgin thoughts and words, and thence was ſtyl'd
By foes, the chaplain of the virgin mild,
While yet he liv'd without: his modeſty
Imparted this to ſome, and they to me.
Live happy then, dear ſoul, enjoy thy reſt
Eternally by pains thou purchaſedſt,
While Car muſt live in care; who was thy friend
Nor cares he how he live, ſo in the end,
He may enjoy his deareſt Lord and thee;
And ſit and ſing more ſkilful ſongs eternally.

THOMAS CAR.

Dedication to the nobleſt and beſt of Ladies, the Counteſs of Denbigh.

WHAT heaven-entreated heart is this?
Stands trembling at the gate of bliſs;
Holds faſt the door, yet dares not venture
Fairly to open it and enter,
Whoſe definition is a doubt
'Twixt life and death, 'twixt in and out.
Say, ling'ring fair! why comes the birth
Of your brave ſoul ſo ſlowly forth?
Plead your pretences (O you ſtrong
In weakneſs) why you chooſe ſo long
In labour of yourſelf to lie,
Nor daring quite to live nor die:
Ah linger not, lov'd ſoul! a ſlow
And late conſent was a long no.
Who grants at laſt, long time try'd,
And did his beſt to have deny'd,
What magic bolts, what myſtic bars
Maintain the will in theſe ſtrange wars!
What fatal, what fantaſtic bands,
Keep the free heart from its own hands!
So when the year takes cold, we ſee
Poor waters their own priſoners be,
Fetter'd, and lock'd up faſt they lie
In a ſad ſelf-captivity,
Th' aſtoniſh'd nymphs their floods ſtrange fate deplore
To ſee themſelves their own ſeverer ſhore.
Thou that alone canſt thaw this cold,
And fetch the heart from its ſtrong hold;
Almighty Love! end this long war,
And of a meteor make a ſtar.
O fix this fair indefinite,
And 'mongſt thy ſhafts of ſovereign light
Chooſe out that ſure deciſive dart
Which has the key of this cloſe heart,
Knows all the corners of't, and can control
The ſelf-ſhut cabinet of an unſearch'd ſoul.
O let it be at laſt, love's hour;
Raiſe this tall trophy of thy pow'r;
Come once the conquering way; not to confute
But kill this rebel word, irreſolute,
That ſo, in ſpight of all this peeviſh ſtrength
Of weakneſs, ſhe may write, Reſolv'd at length.
Unfold at length, unfold fair flow'r,
And uſe the ſeaſon of Love's ſhow'r,
Meet his well-meaning wounds, wiſe heart!
And haſte to drink the wholeſome dart;
That healing ſhaft, which heav'n till now
Has in Love's quiver hid for you.

O dart of Love! arrow of light!
O happy you, if it hit right;
It must not fall in vain, it must
Not mark the dry regardless dust.
Fair one, it is your fate; and brings
Eternal words upon its wings.
Meet it with wide-spread arms, and see
Its seat your soul's just centre be.
Disband dull fears; give faith the day,
To save your life, kill your delay;
It is Love's siege, and sure to be
Your triumph, though his victory.
'Tis cowardice that keeps this field,
And want of courage not to yield.
Yield then, O yield, that Love may win
The fort at last, and let life in.
Yield quickly, lest perhaps you prove
Death's prey, before the prize of love.
This fort of your fair self, if 't be not won,
He is repulst indeed, but you 're undone.

To the Name above every Name, the Name of Jesus. A Hymn.

I SING the Name which none can say,
But touch'd with an interior ray;
The Name of our new peace, our good,
Our bliss, and supernatural blood.
The Name of all our lives and loves,
Hearken, and help ye holy doves,
The high-born brood of day, the bright
Candidates of blissful light,
The heirs elect of love, whose names belong
Unto the everlasting life of song;
All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast,
Of this unbounded name build your warm nest,
Awake my glory, soul (if such thou be
And that fair word at all refer to thee)
Awake and sing,
And be all wing,
Bring hither thy whole self, and let me see
What of thy parent Heaven yet speaks in thee;
O thou art poor
Of noble powers I see,
And full of nothing else but empty me,
Narrow, and low, and infinitely less
Than this great morning's mighty business.
One little word or two
(Alas) will never do;
We must have store,
Go, soul, out of thyself, and seek for more;
Go and request
Great Nature for the key of her huge chest
Of heav'ns, the self involving set of spheres,
Which dull mortality more feels than hears;
Then rouse the nest
Of nimble art, and traverse round
The airy shop of soul appeasing sound,
And beat a summons in the same
All Sovereign Name,
To warn each several kind
And shape of sweetness, be they such
As sigh with supple wind,
Or answer artful touch,
That they convene and come away,
To wait at the love crowned doors of this illustrious day.
Shall we dare this, my soul? we'll do't and bring
No other note for't but the Name we sing.
Wake lute and harp,
And every sweet lipt thing
That talks with tuneful string,
Start into life; and leap with me
Into a habit fit of self tun'd harmony;
Nor must you think it much
T' obey my bolder touch,
I have authority in Love's name to take you,
And to the work of love this morning wake you;
Wake in the name
Of him who never sleeps, all things that are,
Or, what's the same,
Are musical,
Answer my call
And come along,
Help me to meditate mine immortal song.
Come ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,
Bring all your household stuff of heav'n on earth;
O you my soul's most certain wings,
Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,
Bring all the store
Of sweets you have, and murmur that you have no more.
Come ne'er to part,
Nature and art
Come, and come strong
To the conspiracy of our spacious song,
Bring all the powers of praise
Your powers of well united worlds can raise;
Bring all your lutes, and harps of heav'n and earth,
Whate'er co-operates to the common mirth,
Vessels of vocal joys,
Or you more noble architects of intellectual noise,
Cymbals of heav'n or human spheres,
Solicitors of souls or ears,
And when you're come with all
That you can bring, or we can call,
O may you fix
For ever here, and mix
Yourselves into the long
And everlasting series of a deathless song;
Mix all your many worlds above
And loose them into one of love.
Cheer thee my heart
For thou too hast thy part
And place in the great throng
Of this unbounded, all embracing song.
Powers of my soul be proud
And speak aloud
To all the dear-bought nations, this redeeming Name,
And in the wealth of one rich word proclaim
New smiles to nature.
May it be no wrong,
Blest heav'ns, to you, and your superior song,
That we dark sons of dust and sorrow
Awhile dare borrow
The name of your delights, and our desires,
And fit it to so far inferior lyres;
Our murmurs have their music too,
Ye mighty orbs, as well as you,

Nor yield the nobleſt neſt
Of warbling ſeraphims, to the cares of love,
A choicer leſſon than the loyal breaſt
Of a poor panting turtle dove.
And we low worms, have leave to do [you.
The ſame bright buſineſs (ye third heavens) with
Gentle ſpirits, do not complain,
We will have care
To keep it fair
And ſend it back to you again.
Come lovely name appear forth from the bright
Regions of peaceful light,
Look from thine own illuſtrious home,
Fair King of Names, and come,
Leave all thy native glories in their gorgeous neſt,
And give thyſelf awhile the gracious gueſt
Of humble ſouls, that ſeek to find
The hidden ſweets,
Which man's heart meets,
When thou art maſter of the mind.
Come lovely Name, life of our hope!
Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!
Unlock thy cabinet of day,
Deareſt ſweet, and come away.
Lo, how the thirſty lands [hands!
Gaſp for thy golden ſhowers, with long-ſtretch'd
Lo, how the labouring earth
That hopes to be
All heavens by thee,
Leaps at thy birth.
The attending world, to wait thy riſe,
Firſt turn'd to eyes,
And then, not knowing what to do,
Turn'd them to tears, and ſpent them too.
Come royal Name, and pay th' expence
Of all thy precious patience.
O! come away,
And kill the death of this delay.
O! ſee ſo many worlds of barren years
Melted, and meaſur'd out in ſeas of tears;
O ſee, the weary lids of wakeful hope
(Love's eaſtern windows) all wide ope,
With curtains drawn,
To catch the day-break of thy dawn;
O! dawn at laſt, long-look'd for day,
Take thine own wings and come away.
Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes among
The conduct of adoring ſpirits, that throng
Like diligent bees, and ſwarm about it;
O! they are wiſe,
And know what ſweets are ſuck'd from out it;
It is the hive
By which they thrive,
Where all the hoard of honey lies,
Lo, where it comes, upon the ſnowy doves
Soft back, and brings a boſom big with loves;
Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of day!
Unfold thy fair conceptions, and diſplay
The birth of our bright joys;
O! thou compacted
Body of bleſſings, ſpirit of ſouls extracted!
O! diſſipate thy ſpicy powers,
(Cloud of condenſed ſweets) and break upon us
In balmy ſhowers,
O fill our ſenſes, and take from us
All force of ſo profane a fallacy,
To think ought ſweet but that which ſmells of thee.
Fair, flow'ry Name; in none but thee,
And thy nectareal fragrancy,
Hourly there meets
An univerſal ſynod of all ſweets,
By whom it is defined thus,
That no perfume
For ever ſhall preſume
To paſs for odoriferous,
But ſuch alone whoſe ſacred pedigree
Can prove itſelf ſome kin (ſweet Name) to thee.
Sweet Name, in thy each ſyllable;
A thouſand bleſt Arabias dwell;
A thouſand hills of frankincenſe;
Mountains of myrrh, and beds of ſpices,
And ten thouſand paradiſes
The ſoul taſtes thee takes from thence.
How many unknown worlds there are
Of comforts which thou haſt in keeping!
How many thouſand mercies there,
In Pity's loſt lap, lie a ſleeping!
Happy he who has the art
To awake them,
And to take them
Home and lodge them in his heart.
O that it were as it was wont to be!
When thy old friends of fire, all full of thee
Fought againſt frowns with ſmiles, gave glorious
To perſecutions, and againſt the face [chaſe
Of death, and fierceſt dangers, durſt with brave
And ſober pace, march on to meet a grave.
On their bold breaſts about the world they bare
thee,
And to the teeth of hell ſtood up to teach thee;
In centre of their inmoſt ſouls they wore thee
Where racks and torments ſtriv'd in vain to reach
thee.
Little, alas! thought they
Who tore the fair breaſts of thy friends,
Their fury but made way
For thee: and ſerv'd therein thy glorious ends.
What did their weapons but with wider pores
Enlarge thy flaming breaſted lovers
More freely to tranſpire
That impatient fire
The heart that hides thee hardly covers?
What did their weapons but ſet wide the doors
For thee? Fair purple doors of Love's deviſing;
The ruby windows which enrich'd the eaſt
Of thy ſo oft repeated riſing.
Each wound of theirs was thy new morning;
And re-enthron'd thee in thy roſy ne,
With bluſh of thine own blood thy day adorning.
It was the wit of love o'erflow'd the bounds
Of wrath, and made thee way through all thoſe
wounds.
Welcome dear, all-adored name!
For ſure there is no knee
That knows not thee.
Oh! if there be ſuch ſons of ſhame,
Alas! What will they do
When ſtubborn rocks ſhall bow,
And hills hang down their heav'n ſaluting heads
To ſeek for humble beds

Of duſt, wherein the baſhful ſhades of night
Next to their own low nothing they may ly,
And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread majeſty?
They that by Love's mild dictate now
Will not adore thee
Shall then, with juſt confuſion, bow
And break before thee.

In the Glorious Epiphany of our Lord God, a Hymn ſung as by the Three Kings.

Bright Babe! whoſe awful beauties make
The morn incur a ſweet miſtake,
For whom th' officious heav'ns deviſe
To diſinherit the ſun's riſe,
Delicately to diſplace
The day, and plant it fairer in thy face.
1. O thou born King of loves,
2. Of lights,
3. Of joys.
Chorus. Look up, ſweet Babe, look up and ſee,
For love of thee,
Thus far from home
The eaſt is come,
To ſeek herſelf in thy ſweet eyes.
1. We who ſtrangely went aſtray,
Loſt in a bright
Meridian night,
2. A darkneſs made of too much day,
3. Beckon'd from far
By thy fair ſtar,
Lo at laſt have found our way. [Weſt,
Chorus. To thee thou Day of Night! thou Eaſt of
Lo we at laſt have found the way:
To thee the world's great univerſal Eaſt,
The general and indifferent Day.
1. All-circling Point, all-cent'ring Sphere,
The world's one, round, eternal Year,
2. Whoſe full, and all unwrinkled face
Nor ſinks nor ſwells with time, or place,
3. But every where, and every while,
Is one conſiſtent ſolid ſmile;
1. Not vex'd and toſt,
2. 'Twix't ſpring and froſt,
3 Nor by alternate ſhreds of light [night.
Sordidly ſhifting hands with ſhades and
Chorus. O little All! In thy embrace
The world lies warm, and like his place,
Nor does his full globe fail to be
Kiſt on both his cheeks by thee;
Time is too narrow for thy year
Nor makes the whole world thy half ſphere.
1. To Thee, to Thee
From him we flee,
2. From him, whom by a more illuſtrious lie
The blindneſs of the world did call the eye:
3. To him, who by theſe mortal clouds haſt made
Thyſelf our Sun, though thine own ſhade.
1. Farewell the world's falſe light,
Farewell the white
Ægypt, a long farewell to thee
Bright idol, black idolatry,
The dire face of inferior darkneſs hiſt,
And courted in the pompous maſk of a more ſpecious miſt.
2. Farewell, farewell!
The proud and miſplac'd gates of hell,
Perch'd in the morning's way,
And double gilded as the doors of day;
The deep hypocriſy of death, and night,
More deſperately dark, becauſe more bright.
3. Welcome the world's ſure Way!
Heav'ns wholeſome Ray;
Chorus. Welcome to us, and we
(Sweet) to ourſelves, in Thee.
1. The deathleſs Heir of all thy Father's day!
2. Decently born,
Emboſom'd in a much more roſy morn,
The bluſhes of thy all-unblemiſh'd mother.
3. No more that other
Aurora ſhall ſet ope
Her ruby caſements, or hereafter hope
From mortal eyes
To meet religious welcomes at her riſe.
Chorus. We (precious ones!) in you have won
A gentler morn, a juſter ſun.
1. His ſuperficial beams ſun burnt our ſkin,
2. But left within
3. The night, and winter ſtill of death and ſin.
Chorus. Thy ſofter, yet more certain darts,
Spare our eyes, but pierce our hearts.
1. Therefore with his proud Perſian ſpoils
2. We court thy more concerning ſmiles,
3. Therefore with his diſgrace
We gild the humble cheek of thy chaſte place,
Chorus. And at thy feet pour forth his face.
1. The doating nations now no more
Shall any day, but thine adore;
2. Nor (much leſs) ſhall they leave theſe eyes
For cheap Ægyptian deities.
3 In whatſoe'er more ſacred ſhape
Of ram, he-goat, or reverend ape,
Theſe beauteous raviſhers oppreſt ſo ſore
The too hard tempted nations.
1. Never more
By wanton heifer ſhall be worn
2. A garland or a gilded horn,
The altar-ſtall'd ox, fat Oſiris, now
With his fair ſiſter cow
Shall kick the clouds no more;
3. But lean and tame,
See his horn'd face, and die for ſhame.
Chorus. And Mithra now ſhall be no name;
1. No longer ſhall the immodeſt luſt
Of adulterous godleſs duſt
Fly in the face of heav'n,
2. As if it were
The poor world's fault, that he is fair,
3. Nor with perverſe loves, and religious rapes
Revenge thy bounties in their beauteous ſhapes,
And puniſh beſt things worſt; becauſe they ſtood
Guilty of being much for them too good.
1. Proud ſons of death! that durſt compel,
Heav'n itſelf to find them hell;
2. And by ſtrange will of madneſs wreſt
From this world's eaſt, the others weſt.
3. All idolizing worms! that thus could crowd
And urge their ſun into thy cloud;

Forcing his ſometimes eclips'd face to be
A long deliquium to the light of thee.

Chorus. Alas! with how much heavier ſhade
The ſhamefac'd lamp hung down his head;
For that one eclipſe he made,
Than all thoſe he ſuffered?

1. For this he look'd ſo big, and every morn,
With a red face confeſt his ſcorn,
Or hiding his vex'd cheeks in a hir'd miſt
Kept them from being ſo unkindly kiſt.

2. It was for this the day did riſe
So oft with blubber'd eyes,
For this the evening wept; and we ne'er knew
But call'd it dew.

3. This daily wrong
Silenc'd the morning ſuns; and damp'd their ſong; [thus

Chorus. Nor was't our deafneſs, but our ſins that
Long made th' harmonious orbs, all mute to us.

1. Time has a day in ſtore
When this ſo proudly poor
And ſelf oppreſſed ſpark, that has ſo long
By the love-ſick world been made
Not ſo much their ſun as ſhade,
Weary of this glorious wrong,
From them and from himſelf ſhall flee
For ſhelter to the ſhadow of thy tree.

Chorus. Proud to have gain'd this precious loſs,
And chang'd his falſe crown for thy croſs.

2. That dark day's dear doom ſhall define
Whoſe is the maſter fire, which ſun ſhould ſhine?
That fable-judgment ſeat ſhall by new laws
Decide and ſettle the great cauſe
Of controverted light,

Chorus. And nature's wrongs rejoice to do Thee right.

3. That forfeiture of noon to night ſhall pay
All the idolatrous theftsdone by this night of day,
And the great penitent preſs his own pale lips
With an elaborate love eclipſe,
To which the low world's laws
Shall lend no cauſe,

Chorus. Save thoſe domeſtics, which he borrows
From our ſins, and his own ſorrows,

1. Threefad hours ſackcloth then ſhall ſhow to us
His penance, as our fault, conſpicuous,

2. And he more needfully and nobly prove
The nations terror now, than 'erſt their love.

3. Their hated love's chang'd into wholeſome fears,

Chorus. The ſhutting of his eye ſhall open theirs.

1. As by a fair-eye'd fallacy of day
Miſled, before they loſt their way,
So ſhall they, by the ſeaſonable fright,
Of an unſeaſonable night,
Loſing it once again, ſtumble on true light.

2. And as before his too bright eye
Was their more blind idolatry,
So his officious blindneſs now ſhall be,
Their black, but faithful perſpective of Thee.

3. His new prodigious night,
Their new, and admirable light,
The ſupernatural dawn of thy pure day,
While wondering they
(The happy converts now of him
Whom they compell'd before to be their ſin)
Shall henceforth ſee
To kiſs him only as their Rod,
Whom they ſo long courted as God.

Chorus. And the beſt uſe of him they worſhip'd be
To learn of him at leaſt to worſhip Thee.

1. It was their weakneſs woo'd his beauty,
But it ſhall be
Their wiſdom now as well as duty
T'enjoy his blot; and as a large black letter
Uſe to ſpell thy beauties better,
And make the night itſelf their torch to Thee.

2. By the oblique ambuſh of this cloſe night,
Couch'd in the conſcious ſhade,
The right eye'd Areopagite
Shall with a vigorous gueſs invade
And catch thy quick reflex; and ſharply ſee
On this dark ground,
To deſcant Thee. [chaſe,

3. O prize of the rich Spirit! with what fierce
Of this ſtrong ſoul, ſhall he
Leap at thy lofty face,
And ſeize the ſwift flaſh, in rebound
From this obſequious cloud;
Once call'd a ſun,
Till dearly thus undone;

Chorus. Till thus triumphantly tam'd (O! ye two
Twin-ſuns) and taught now to negotiate you.

1. Thus ſhall that reverend child of light
2. By being ſcholar firſt of that new night,
3. Come forth great Maſter of the myſtic day,
And teach obſcure mankind a more cloſe way,
By the frugal negative light
Of a moſt wiſe and well abuſed night,
To read more legible thine original ray,

Chorus. And make our darkneſs ſerve thy day,
Maintaining 'twixt thy world and ours
A commerce of contrary powers,
A mutual trade
'Twixt ſun, and ſhade,
By confederate black and white,
Borrowing day and lending night.

1. Thus we, who when with all the noble powers
That (at thy coſt) are call'd not vainly ours,
We vow to make brave way
Upwards, and preſs on for the pure intelligential prey;

2. At leaſt to play
The amorous ſpies,
And peep and proſer at thy ſparkling throne,

3. Inſtead of bringing in the bliſsful prize
And faſt'ning on thine eyes,
Forfeit our own,
And nothing gain
But more ambitious loſs, at leaſt of brain;

Chorus. Now by abaſed lids ſhall learn to be
Eagles; and ſhut our eyes that we may ſee,

The Cloſe.

Therefore, to Thee, and thine auſpicious ray,
(Dread ſweet!) lo thus
At leaſt by us,

The delegated eye of day [pay;
Does firſt his ſceptre, then himſelf, in ſolemn tribute
Thus he undreſſes
His ſacred unſhorn treſſes;
At thy adored feet, thus, he lays down
1. His glorious tire
Of flame and fire,
2. His glittering robe, (3.) his ſparkling crown,
1. His gold, his (2.) myrrh, (3.) frankincenſe,
Chorus. To which he now has no pretence;
For being ſhow'd by this day's light, how far
He is from ſun, enough to make thy ſtar,
His beſt ambition now, is but to be
Something a brighter ſhadow (ſweet) of Thee.
Or on heav'ns azure forehead high to ſtand
Thy golden Index; with a duteous hand,
Pointing us home to our own Sun
The world's and his hyperion.

To the Queen's Majeſty, upon his dedicating to her the foregoing Hymn.

MADAM,

'MONGST thoſe long rows of crowns that gild your race,
Theſe royal ſages ſue for decent place.
The day-break of the nations, their firſt ray
When the dark world dawn'd into Chriſtian day,
And ſmil'd'ith' Babe's bright face, the purpling bud
And roſy down of the right royal blood.
Fair firſt-fruits of the Lamb. Sure kings in this
They took a kingdom while they gave a kiſs.
But the world's homage, ſcarce in theſe well blown,
We read in you (dear queen) ripe and full grown.
For from this day's rich ſeed of diadems
Does riſe a radiant crop of royal ſtems,
A royal harveſt of crown'd heads that meet
And crowd for kiſſes from the Lamb's white feet.
In this illuſtrious throng, your lofty flood
Swells high, fair confluence of all high-born blood.
With your bright head whole groves of ſceptres bend
Their wealthy tops, and for theſe feet contend.
So ſwore the Lamb's great Sire, and ſo we ſee't,
Crowns, and the heads they kiſs, muſt court theſe feet.
Fix here, fair majeſty! may your heart ne'er miſs
To reap new crowns and kingdoms from that kiſs,
Nor may we miſs the joy to meet in you
The aged honours of this day ſtill new;
May the great time, in you, ſtill greater be,
While all the year is your epiphany;
While your each day's devotion duly brings,
Three kingdoms to ſupply this day's three kings.

The Recommendation.

THESE hours, and that which hovers o'er my end,
Into thy hands, and heart, Lord, I commend.

Take both to thine account, that I and mine
In that hour and in theſe, may be all thine.

That as I dedicate my devouteſt breath,
To make a kind of life for my Lord's death;

So from his living, and life-giving death,
My dying life may draw a new, and never-fleeting breath.

VEXILLA REGIS.—*The Hymn of the Holy Croſs.*

I.

LOOK up, languiſhing ſoul! lo where the fair
Badge of thy faith calls back thy care,
And bids thee ne'er forget
Thy life is one long debt
Of love to him, who on this painful tree,
Paid back the fleſh he took for thee.

II.

Lo, how the ſtreams of life from that full neſt
Of loves, thy Lord's too liberal breaſt,
Flow in an amorous flood
Of water wedding blood.
With theſe he waſh'd thy ſtain, transfer'd thy ſmart.
And took it home to his own heart.

III.

But though great love, greedy of ſuch ſad gain
Uſurp'd the portion of thy pain,
And from the nails and ſpear
Turn'd the ſteel point of fear,
Their uſe is chang'd, not loſt; and now they move
Not ſtings of wrath, but wounds of love.

IV.

Tall tree of life! thy truth makes good
What was till now ne'er underſtood,
Though the prophetic king
Struck loud his faithful ſtring.
It was thy wood he meant ſhould make the throne
For a more than Solomon.

V.

Large throne of love! royally ſpread
With purple of too rich a red.
Thy crime is too much duty;
Thy burden too much beauty;
Glorious or grievous more? thus to make good
Thy coſtly cruelty with thy King's own blood.

VI.

Even balance of both worlds! our world of ſin,
And that of grace heav'n wag'd in him,
Both with one price were weighed,
Both with one price were paid,
Soon as the right-hand ſcale rejoic'd to prove
How much death weigh'd more light than love.

Live, O! for ever live and reign,
The Lamb whom his own love hath ſlain,
And let thy loſt ſheep live for to inherit
That kingdom which thy bleſſed death did merit.

CHARITAS NIMIA.—*Or, the Dear Bargain.*

LORD! what is man? why ſhould he coſt you
So dear? what had his ruin loſt you?
Lord! what is man, that thou haſt over-bought
So much a thing of nought?
Love is too kind. I ſee, and can
Make but a ſimple merchant man:
'Twas for ſuch ſorry merchandiſe,
Bold painters have put out his eyes.
Alas, ſweet Lord, what wer't to thee,
If there were no ſuch worms as we?
Heav'n ne'er the leſs ſtill heav'n would be,
Should mankind dwell
In the deep hell,
What have his woes to do with thee?
Let him go weep

O'er his own wounds;
Seraphims will not ſleep,
Nor ſpheres let fall their faithful rounds:
Still would the youthful ſpirits ſing,
And ſtill the ſpacious palace ring:
Still would thoſe beauteous miniſters of light
Burn all as bright,
And bow their flaming heads before thee;
Still thrones and dominations would adore thee;
Still would thoſe wakeful ſons of fire
Keep warm thy praiſe
Both nights and days,
And teach thy lov'd name to their noble lyre.
Let froward duſt then do its kind,
And give itſelf for ſport to the proud wind;
Why ſhould a piece of peeviſh clay plead ſhares
In the eternity of thy old cares?
Why ſhould'ſt thou bow thy awful breaſt to ſee,
What mine own madneſſes have done with me?
Should not the king ſtill keep his throne,
Becauſe ſome deſperate fool's undone?
Or will the world's illuſtrious eyes
Weep for every worm that dies?
Will the gallant ſun,
E'er the leſs glorious run?
Will he hang down his golden head,
Or e'er the ſooner ſeek his weſtern bed,
Becauſe ſome fooliſh fly
Grows wanton, and will die?
If I was loſt in miſery,
What was it to thy heav'n and thee?
What was it to the precious blood,
If my foul heart call'd for a flood?
What if my faithleſs ſoul and I
Would needs fall in,
With guilt and ſin?
What did the Lamb that he ſhould die?
What did the Lamb that he ſhould need,
When the wolf ſins, himſelf to bleed?
If my baſe luſt
Bargain'd with death, and well-beſeeming duſt;
Why ſhould the white
Lamb's boſom write
The purple name,
Of my ſins ſhame?
Why ſhould his unſtain'd breaſt make good
My bluſhes with his own heart-blood?

O my Saviour, make me ſee,
How dearly thou haſt paid for me,
That loſt again, my life may prove,
As then in death, ſo now in love.

Sancta Maria Dolorum; *or, The Mother of Sorrows: a Pathetical deſcant upon the Devout Plain-ſong of* Atabat Mater Doloroſa.

I.

In ſhade of death's ſad tree
Stood doleful ſhe;
Ah, ſhe now by none other
Name to be known, alas! but Sorrow's mother.
Before her eyes,
Her's, and the whole world's joys,
Hanging all torn ſhe ſees; and in his woes,
And pains, her pangs, and throes:
Each wound of his from every part,
Are more at home in her own heart.

II.

What kind of marble then
Is that cold man,
Who can look on and ſee,
Nor keep ſuch noble ſorrows company?
Sure even from you
(My flints) ſome drops are due,
To ſee ſo many unkind ſwords conteſt
So faſt for one ſoft breaſt;
While with a faithful mutual flood,
Her eyes bleed tears, his wounds weep blood.

III.

O! coſtly intercourſe,
Of deaths, and worſe,
Divided loves, while ſon and mother
Diſcourſe alternate wounds to one another,
Quick deaths that grow,
And gather as they come and go:
His nails write ſwords in her, which ſoon her heart
Pays back with more than their own ſmart;
Her ſwords ſtill growing with his pain,
Turn ſpears, and ſtreight come home again.
She ſees her Son, her God
Bow with a load
Of borrow'd ſins, and ſwim
In woes that were not made for him:
Ah, hard command
Of love! here muſt ſhe ſtand
Charg'd to look on, and with a ſtedfaſt eye
See her life die,
Leaving her only ſo much breath,
As ſerves to keep alive her death.

V.

O! mother, turtle dove,
Soft ſource of love,
That theſe dry lids might borrow
Something from thy full ſeas of ſorrow;
O! in that breaſt
Of thine (the nobleſt neſt [cline,
Both of Love's fires, and floods) might I re-
This hard cold heart of mine,
The chill lump would relent, and prove
Soft ſubject for the ſiege of love.

VI.

O! teach thoſe wounds to bleed
In me, me ſo to read
This book of love thus writ
In lines of death, my life may copy it.
With loyal cares,
O. let me here claim ſhares,
Yield ſomething to thy ſad prerogative,
(Great Queen of griefs) and give,
Oh! give me too my tears; who though all ſtone,
Think much that thou ſhould'ſt mourn alone.

VII.

Shall I in ſins ſet there
So deep a ſhare
(Dear wounds) and only now,
In ſorrows draw no dividend with you,
O! be more wiſe
If not more juſt, mine eyes,

Flow tardy founts, and into decent ſhowers
Diſſolve my days and hours,
And if thou yet (faint ſoul) defer
To bleed with him, fail not to weep with her.

VIII.

Lend, O! lend ſome relief,
At leaſt an alms of grief,
To a heart who by ſad right of ſin
Could prove the whole ſum (too ſure) due to him;
By all thoſe ſtings
Of love, ſweet bitter things, [heart,
Which theſe torn hands tranſcrib'd on thy true
O! teach mine too the art,
To ſtudy thee ſo, till we mix
Wounds, and become one crucifix.

IX.

O! let me ſuck the wine
So long of this chaſte vine,
Till drunk of thy dear wounds I be
A loſt thing to the world as it to me,
O! faithful friend
Of me and of my end,
Let my life end in love, and lie beneath
Thy dear loſt vital death,
Lo! heart, thy hope's whole plea, her precious breath, [death.
Pour'd out in prayers for thee, in thy Lord's

The Hymn of St. Thomas, in Adoration of the Bleſſed Sacrament.

With all the pow'rs my poor heart hath
Of humble love and loyal faith,
Thus low (my hidden life!) I bow to thee,
Whom too much love hath bow'd more low for me.
Down, down, proud ſenſe! diſcourſes die,
Keep cloſe, my ſoul's inquiring eye!
Nor touch nor taſte muſt look for more,
But each ſit ſtill in his own door.

Your ports are all ſuperfluous here,
Save that which lets in faith, the ear.
Faith is my ſkill; faith can believe
As faſt as love new laws can give.
Faith is my force; faith ſtrength affords
To keep pace with thoſe pow'rful words:
And words more ſure, more ſweet than they,
Love could not think, truth could not ſay.

O! let thy wretch find that relief,
Thou didſt afford the faithful thief;
Plead for me, Love! allege and ſhow
That faith has farther, here, to go,
And leſs to lean on; becauſe then
Though hid as God, wounds writ thee man,
Thomas might touch; none but might ſee
At leaſt the ſuff'ring ſide of thee;
And that too was thyſelf which thee did cover,
But here ev'n that's hid too which hides the other.

Sweet! conſider then, that I
Though allow'd not hand nor eye
To teach at thy lov'd face; nor can
Taſte thee, God, or touch thee man;
Both yet believe and witneſs thee
My Lord too, and my God, as loud as he.

Help, Lord, my hope increaſe;
And fill my portion in thy peace.
Give love for life, nor let my days,
Grow, but in new pow'rs to name thy praiſe.

O! dear memorial of that death
Which lives ſtill, and allows us breath;
Rich, royal food! bountiful bread!
Whoſe uſe denies us to the dead;
Whoſe vital guſt alone can give
The ſame leave both to eat and live;
Live ever Bread of loves, and be
My life, my ſoul, my ſurer ſelf to me.

O ſoft ſelf-wounding pelican!
Whoſe breaſt weeps balm for wounded man:
Ah! this way bend thy benign flood,
To a bleeding heart that gaſps for blood;
That blood, whoſe leaſt drops ſovereign be
To waſh my worlds of ſins from me.

Come love! come Lord! and that long day
For which I languiſh, come away.
When this dry ſoul thoſe eyes ſhall ſee,
And drink the unſeal'd ſource of thee.
When glory's ſun faith's ſhade ſhall chaſe,
Then for thy veil give me thy face. *Amen.*

The Hymn of the Bleſſed Sacrament.—Lauda Sion Salvatorum.

I.

Rise, royal Sion! Riſe and ſing
Thy ſoul's kind Shepherd, thy heart's King.
Stretch all thy powers, call, if thou can,
Harps of heaven, and hands of man.
This ſovereign ſubject fits above
The beſt ambitions of thy love.

II.

Lo! the bread of life, this day's
Triumphant text, provokes thy praiſe;
The living and life-giving bread,
To the great twelve diſtributed,
When Life himſelf at point to die,
Of love was his own legacy.

III.

Come, Love! and let us work a ſong
Loud and pleaſant, ſweet and long;
Let lips and hearts lift high their noiſe
Of ſo juſt and ſolemn joys,
Which on his white brows this bright day
Shall hence forever bear away.

IV.

Lo! the new law of a new law,
With a new Lamb, bleſſes the board;
The aged Paſcha pleads not years,
But ſpies Love's dawn and diſappears.
Types yield to truths; ſhades ſhrink away;
And their night dies into our day.

V.

But leaſt that die too, we are bid
Ever to do what he once did;
And by a mindful myſtic breath,
That we may live, revive his death;
With a well-bleſt bread and wine
Tranſum'd, and taught to turn divine.

VI.

The heav'n-inſtructed houſe of faith,
Here a holy dictate hath:
That they but lend their form and face,
Themſelves with reverence leave their place,
Nature and name, to be made good
By a nobler bread, more needful blood.

VII.

Where Nature's laws no leave will give,
Bold Faith takes heart, and dares believe.
In different ſpecies, names not things,
Himſelf to me my Saviour brings.
As meat in that, as drink in this;
But ſtill in both, on Chriſt he is.

VIII.

The receiving mouth here makes,
Nor wound nor breach in what he takes.
Let one, or one thouſand be
Here dividers, ſingle He
Bears home no leſs, all they no more,
Nor leave they both leſs than before.

IX.

Though in itſelf this ſovereign feaſt
Be all the ſame to every gueſt,
Yet on the ſame (life-meaning) bread
The child of death eats himſelf dead.
Nor is't Love's fault, but ſin's dire ſkill,
That thus from life, can death diſtil.

X.

When the bleſt ſigns thou broke ſhalt ſee,
Hold but thy faith entire as He,
Who, howſoe'er clad, cannot come
Leſs than whole Chriſt in every crumb,
In broken forms, a ſtable faith
Untoucht her precious total hath.

XI.

Lo! the life-food of angels then
Bow'd to the lowly mouths of men!
The childrens bread, the bridegroom's wine,
Not to be caſt to dogs or ſwine.

XII.

Lo! the full, final, ſacrifice,
On which all figures fixt their eyes!
The ranſom'd Iſaac, and his ram;
The manna, and the Paſchal lamb.

XIII.

Jeſu! Maſter, juſt and true!
Our food, and faithful ſhepherd too!
O by thyſelf vouchſafe to keep,
As with thyſelf thou feed'ſt thy ſheep.

XIV.

O! let that love, which thus makes thee
Mix with our low mortality,
Lift our mean ſouls, and ſet us up
Convictors of thine own full cup.
Co-heirs of ſaints; that ſo all may
Drink the ſame wine, and the ſame way.
Nor change the paſture, but the place,
To feed of thee, in thine own face.

The Hymn.—Dies iræ dies illa.—*In Meditation of the Day of Judgment.*

I.

Hear'ſt thou, my ſoul, what ſerious things,
Both the Pſalm and Sybil ſings,
Of a ſure Judge, from whoſe ſharp ray,
The world in flames ſhall fly away.

II.

O that fire! before whoſe face
Heav'n and earth ſhall find no place.
O thoſe eyes! whoſe angry light
Muſt be the day of that dread night.

III.

O that trump! whoſe blaſt ſhall run
An even round with the circling ſun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

IV.

Horror of nature, hell and death?
When a deep groan from beneath,
Shall cry, we come, we come; and all
The caves of night anſwer one call.

V.

O that book! whoſe leaves ſo bright,
Will ſet the world in ſevere light:
O the Judge! whoſe hand, whoſe eye,
None can endure, yet none can fly.

VI.

Ah, then! poor ſoul, what wilt thou ſay,
And to what patron chooſe to pray,
When ſtars themſelves ſhall ſtagger, and
The moſt firm foot no more than ſtand.

VII.

But thou giv'ſt leave, (dread Lord!) that we
Take ſhelter from thyſelf in thee;
And with the wings of thine own dove
Fly to thy ſceptre of ſoft love.

VIII.

Dear, remember in that day
Who was the cauſe thou cam'ſt this way:
Thy ſheep was ſtray'd; and thou would'ſt be
Even loſt thyſelf in ſeeking me.

IX.

Shall all that labour, all that coſt
Of love, and ev'n that loſs be loſt?
And this lov'd ſoul, judg'd worth no leſs
Than all that way and wearineſs.

X.

Juſt mercy, then, thy reck'ning be
With my price, and not with me:
'Twas paid at firſt with too much pain
To be paid twice, or once in vain.

XI.

Mercy, (my Judge) mercy I cry,
With bluſhing cheek, and bleeding eye,
The conſcious colours of my ſin
Are red without, and pale within.

XII.

O, let thine own ſoft bowels pay
Thyſelf, and ſo diſcharge that day;
If ſin can ſigh, Love can forgive,
O ſay the word, my ſoul ſhall live.

XIII.

Thoſe mercies which thy Mary found,
Or who thy croſs confeſs'd and crown'd;
Hope tells my heart, the ſame loves be
Still alive, and ſtill for me.

XIV.

Though both my prayers and tears combine,
Both worthleſs are, for they are mine;

But thou thy bounteous ſelf ſtill be,
And ſhow thou art, by ſaving me.

XV.

O! when thy laſt frown ſhall proclaim
The flocks of goats, to folds of flame,
And all thy loſt ſheep found ſhall be,
Let come ye bleſſed, then call me.

XVI.

When the dread Ite, ſhall divide
Thoſe limbs of death, from thy left ſide;
Let thoſe life-ſpeaking lips command,
That I inherit the right hand.

XVII.

O! hear a ſuppliant heart all cruſh't,
And crumbled into contrite duſt:
My hope, my fear, my judge, my friend,
Take charge of me, and of my end.

The Hymn.—O Glorioſa Domina.

Haſt, moſt high, moſt humble one!
Above the world; below thy Son,
Whoſe bluſh the moon beauteouſly mars,
And ſtains the timerous light of ſtars.
He that made all things had not done,
Till he had made himſelf thy Son.
The whole world's hoſt would be thy gueſt,
And board himſelf at thy rich breaſt;
O boundleſs hoſpitality!
The feaſt of all things feeds on thee.
The firſt Eve, mother of our fall,
E'er ſhe bore any one, flew all.
Of her unkind gift might we have
The inheritance of a haſty grave;
Quick buried in the wanton tomb
Of one forbidden bit;
Had not a better fruit forbidden it;
Had not thy healthful womb
The world's new eaſtern window been,
And given us heaven again in giving him.
Thine was the roſy dawn that ſprung the day,
Which renders all the ſtars ſhe ſtole away.
Let then the aged world be wiſe, and all
Prove nobly, here, unnatural:
'Tis gratitude to forget that other,
And call the maiden Eve their mother.
Ye redeem'd nations far and near,
Applaud your happy ſelves in her,
(All you to whom this love belongs)
And keep't alive with laſting ſongs.
Let hearts and lips ſpeak loud, and ſay,
Hail, door of life, and ſource of day!
The door was ſhut, the fountain ſeal'd;
Yet light was ſeen and life reveal'd;
The fountain ſeal'd, yet life found way.
Glory to thee, great virgin's Son,
In boſom of thy Father's bliſs:
The ſame to thee, ſweet Spirit be done;
As ever ſhall be, was, and is, *Amen.*

The Flaming Heart, upon the Book and Picture of the Seraphical Saint Teresa, as ſhe is uſually expreſſed with a Seraphim beſide her.

Well, meaning readers! you that come as friends,
And catch the precious name this piece pretends,
Make not ſo much haſte to admire.
That fair cheek'd fallacy of fire,
That is a ſeraphim they ſay,
And this the great Tereſia.
Readers be rul'd by me, and make
Here a well plac'd, and wiſe miſtake.
You muſt tranſpoſe the picture quite,
And ſpell it wrong to read it right;
And him for her, and her for him,
And call the ſaint, the ſeraphim.
Painter, what did'ſt thou underſtand
To put her dart into his hand?
See, even the years, and ſize of him,
Shew this the mother ſeraphim.
This is the miſtreſs flame; and duteous he
Her happier fire-works, here, comes down to
fee.
O moſt poor ſpirited of men!
Had thy cold pencil kiſt her pen,
Thou could'ſt not ſo unkindly err,
To ſhow us this faint ſhade for her.
Why man, this ſpeaks pure mortal frame,
And mocks with female froſt love's manly flame.
One would ſuſpect thou mean'ſt to paint,
Some weak, inferior, woman faint.
But had thy pale-fac'd purple took
Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright book,
Thou would'ſt on her have heap't up all
That could be form'd ſeraphical.
But e'er this youth of fire wore fair
Roſy fingers, radiant hair.
Glowing cheeks, and gliſt'ring wings,
All thoſe, fair and flagrant things;
But before all, that fiery dart,
She fill'd the hand of this great heart.
Do then as equal right requires,
Since his the bluſhes be, and her's the fires;
Reſume and rectify thy rude deſign,
Undreſs thy ſeraphim into mine,
Redeem this injury of thy art,
Give him the veil, give her the dart,
Give him the veil, that he may cover
The red cheeks of a rival'd lover;
Aſham'd that our world now can ſhow
Neſts of new ſeraphims here below.
Give her the dart, for it is ſhe
(Fair youth) ſhoots both thy ſhafts and thee.
Say, all ye wiſe and well pierc'd hearts
That live, and die amid'ſt her darts;
What is't your taſteful ſpirits do prove
In that rare life of her, and love?
Say, and bear witneſs. Sends ſhe not,
A ſeraphim at every ſhot?
What magazines of immortal arms there ſhine!
Heav'ns great artillery in each love-ſpun-line.
Give then the dart to her, who gives the flame;
Give him the veil, who kindly takes the ſhame.
But if it be the frequent fate
Of worſt faults to be fortunate;
If all's preſcription, and proud wrong
Hearkens not to an humble ſong;
For all the gallantry of him,
Give me the ſuff'ring ſeraphim.
His be the bravery of all thoſe bright things;
The glowing cheeks, the glittering wings
The roſy hand, the radiant dart,
Leave her alone the flaming heart.

Leave her that, and thou ſhalt leave her,
Not one looſe ſhaft, but Love's whole quiver.
For in Love's field was never found,
A nobler weapon than a wound.
Love's paſſives are his activ'ſt part,
The wounded is the wounding heart.
O heart! the equal poiſe of Love's both parts,
Big alike with wounds and darts,
Live in theſe conquering leaves; live all the ſame
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame.
Live here great heart; and love, and die, and kill,
And bleed, and wound, and yield, and conquer ſtill.
Let this immortal life, where'er it comes,
Walk in a crowd of Loves, and martyrdoms.
Let myſtic deaths wait on't; and wiſe ſouls be,
The love-flame-witneſſes of this life of thee.

To Mrs. M. R. Counſel concerning her Choice.

DEAR, heav'n-deſigned ſoul!
Among'ſt the reſt
Of ſuiters that beſiege your maiden breaſt,
Why may not I
My fortune try,
And venture to ſpeak one good word,
Not for myſelf, alas! but for my dearer Lord?
You've ſeen already in this lower ſphere,
Of froth and bubbles what to look for here;
Say, gentle ſoul, what can you find,
But painted ſhapes,
Peacocks and apes,
Illuſtrious flies,
Gilded dunghills, glorious lies,
Goodly ſurmiſes
And deep diſguiſes,
Oaths of water, words of wind?
Truth bids me ſay, 'tis time you ceaſe to truſt,
Your ſoul to any ſon of duſt;
'Tis time you liſten to a braver love,
Which from above,
Calls you up higher,
And bids you come,
And chooſe your room,
Among his own fair ſons of fire,
Where you among,
The golden throng,
That watches at his palace doors,
May paſs along
And follow thoſe fair ſtars of yours;
Stars much too fair and pure to wait upon,
The falſe ſmiles of a ſublunary ſun.
Sweet, let me propheſy, that at laſt 'twill prove
Your wary love
Lays up his purer, and moſt precious vows,
And means them for a far more worthy ſpouſe,
Then this world of lies can give ye.
Ev'n for him, with whom nor coſt,
Nor love, nor labour can be loſt;
Him who never will deceive ye.
Let not my Lord, the mighty lover
Of ſouls diſdain, that I diſcover
The hidden art
Of his high ſtratagem to win your heart,
It was his heav'nly art,
Kindly to croſs you
In your miſtaken love;
That at the next remove,
Thence he might toſs you,
And ſtrike your troubled heart
Home to himſelf, to hide it in his breaſt,
The bright ambroſial neſt
Of love, of life, and everlaſting reſt.
Happy miſtake!
That thus ſhall wake
Your wiſe ſoul never to be won,
Now with a love below the ſun.
Your firſt choice fails: O, when you chooſe again,
May it not be amongſt the ſons of men.

Alexias. The Compleint of the forſaken Wife of Alexis.

Elegy I.

I, LATE the Roman youths loud praiſe and pride,
Whom long none could obtain, though thouſands try'd,
Lo, here am left (alas!) for my loſt mate
T' embrace my tears, and kiſs an unkind fate.
Sure in my early woes ſtars were at ſtriſe,
And tried to make a widow ere a wife:
Nor can I tell (and this new tears doth breed)
In what ſtrange path my lord's fair footſteps bleed.
O! knew I where he wander'd, I would ſee
Some ſolace in my ſorrows certainty.
I'd ſend my woes in words ſhould weep for me,
(Who knows how powerful well-writ prayers would be:)
Sending's too ſlow a word. Myſelf would fly.
Who knows my own heart's woes ſo well as I:
But how ſhall I ſteal hence? Alexis, thou,
Ah, thou thyſelf, alas! haſt taught me how.
Love, too, that leads the way, would lend the wings
To bear me harmleſs through the hardeſt things,
And where love lends the wing and leads the way,
What dangers can there be dare ſay me nay?
If I be ſhipwreck'd, love ſhall teach to ſwim;
If drown'd, ſweet is the death endur'd for him.
The noted ſea ſhall change its name with me;
I 'mongſt the bleſt ſtars a new name ſhall be.
And ſure when lovers make their wat'ry graves
The weeping mariner will augment the waves.
For who ſo hard, but paſſing by that way,
Will take acquaintance of my woes, and ſay
Here 'twas the Roman maid found a hard fate,
While through the world ſhe ſought her wand'ring mate;
Here periſh'd ſhe, poor heart, heavens, be my vows
As true to me, as ſhe was to her ſpouſe.
O live, ſo rare a love! live! And in thee
The too frail life of female conſtancy.
Farewell, and ſhine, fair ſoul! Shine there above
Firm in thy crown, as here faſt in thy love;
There thy loſt fugitive th' haſt found at laſt;
Be happy, and for ever hold him faſt.

Elegy II.

THOUGH all the joys I had fled hence with thee,
Unkind! yet are my tears ſtill true to me.
I'm wedded o'er again, ſince thou art gone,
Nor could'ſt thou, cruel, leave me quite alone.
Alexis widow now is Sorrow's wife,
With him ſhall I weep out my weary life,

Welcome my fad ſweet mate! Now have I got
At laſt a conſtant love that leaves me not;
Firm he, as thou art falſe. Nor need my cries
Thus vex the earth, and tear the beauteous ſkies.
For him, alas! ne'er ſhall I need to be
Troubleſome to the world thus as for thee;
For thee I talk to trees, with ſilent groves
Expoſtulate my woes and much wrong'd loves.
Hills, and relentleſs rocks, or if there be
Things that in hardneſs more allude to thee,
To theſe I talk in tears, and tell my pain,
And anſwer too for them in tears again.
How oft have I wept out the weary ſun:
My wat'ry hour-glaſs hath old Time's out-run.
O I am learned grown; poor love and I
Have ſtudied over all aſtrology;
I'm perfect in heav'ns ſtate; with every ſtar
My ſkilful grief is grown familiar.
Riſe, faireſt of thoſe fires, whate'er thou be,
Whoſe roſy beam ſhall point my ſun to me;
Such as the ſacred light that erſt did bring
The eaſtern princes to their infant King;
O riſe, pure lamp! and lend thy golden ray,
That weary love at laſt may find his way.

Elegy III.

Rich churliſh land! that hidſt ſo long in thee
My treaſures, rich, alas! by robbing me.
Needs muſt my mis'ries owe that man a ſpight,
Whoe'er he be, was the firſt wand'ring knight.
O! had he ne'er been at that cruel coſt,
Nature's virginity had ne'er been loſt:
Seas had not been rebuk'd with ſawcy oars,
But ly'n lock'd up ſafe in their ſacred ſhores;
Men had not ſpurn'd at mountains, nor made wars
With rocks, nor bold hands ſtruck the world's ſtrong bars.
Not loſt in too large bounds, our little Rome,
Full ſweetly with itſelf had dwelt at home;
My poor Alexis then, in peaceful life,
Had under ſome low roof lov'd his plain wife.
But now, ah me! from where he has no foes
He flies, and into wilful exiles goes.
Cruel, return; O tell the reaſon why
Thy deareſt parents have deſerv'd to die.
And I, what is my crime, I cannot tell,
Unleſs it be a crime t' have lov'd too well.
If heats of holier love, and high deſire
Make big thy fair breaſt with immortal fire,
What needs my virgin lord fly thus from me
Who only wiſh his virgin wife to be?
Witneſs, chaſte heavens! no happier vows I know
Than to a virgin grave untouch'd to go;
Love's trueſt knot by Venus is not ty'd,
Nor do embraces only make a bride.
The bleſſed virgin (and men chaſte as you)
Was maiden-wife, and maiden mother too.
Cecilia, glory of her name and blood,
With happy gain her maiden vows made good.
The luſty bridegroom made approach: young man
Take heed (ſaid ſhe) take heed, Valerian!
My boſom's guard, a ſpirit great and ſtrong,
Stands arm'd to ſhield me from all wanton wrong.
My chaſtity is ſacred, and my ſleep
Wakeful, her dear vows undefil'd to keep.
Pallas bears arms, forſooth; and ſhould there be
No fortreſs built for true virginity?
No facing gorgon this, none, like the reſt
Of your learn'd lies. Here you'll find no ſuch jeſt.
I am yours. O were my God, my Chriſt ſo too,
I'd know no name of love on earth, but you.
He yields. And ſtraight baptiz'd, obtains the grace
To gaze on the fair ſoldier's glorious face.
Both mix'd at laſt their blood in one rich bed
Of roſy martyrdom, twice married:
O burn our Hymen bright in ſuch high flame,
Thy torch terreſtrial love hath here no name.
How ſweet's the mutual yoke of man and wife,
When holy fires maintain loves heavenly life!
But I (ſo help me heav'n my hopes to ſee)
When thouſands fought my love, lov'd none but thee;
Still as their vain tears my firm vows did try
Alexis he alone is mine (ſaid I.)
Half true, alas! half falſe, proves that poor line,
Alexis is alone, but is not mine.

Deſcription of a Religious Houſe and Condition of Life. From Barclay.

No roofs of gold, o'er riotous tables ſhining;
Whole days, and ſuns devour'd with endleſs dining;
No ſails of Tyrian ſilk proud pavements weeping,
Nor ivory couches, coſtly ſlumbers keeping;
Falſe lights of flaring gems; tumultuous joys;
Halls full of flatt'ring men, and friſking boys;
Whate'er falſe ſhows of ſhort and ſlippery good,
Mix the mad ſons of men in mutual blood.
But walks, and unſhorn woods; and ſouls juſt ſo
Unforc'd and genuine, but not ſhady though
Our lodgings hard and homely, as our fare;
That chaſte, and cheap, as the few clothes we wear;
Thoſe courſe and negligent, as the natural locks
Of theſe looſe groves; rough as th' unpoliſh'd rocks.
A haſty portion of preſcribed ſleep;
Obedient ſlumbers; that can wake, and weep,
And ſing, and ſigh, and work, and ſleep again;
Still rolling a round ſphere of ſtill-returning pain.
Hands full of hearty labours; pains that pay
And prize themſelves; do much, that more they may;
And work, for work, not wages; let to-morrow's
New drops waſh off the ſweat of this day's ſorrows.
A long and daily-dying life, which breathes
A reſpiration of reviving deaths.
But neither are there thoſe ignoble ſtings
That nip the boſom of the world's beſt things,
And laſh earth-labouring ſouls.
No cruel guard of diligent cares that keep
Crown'd woes awake, as things too wiſe for ſleep:
But reverend diſcipline, and religious fear,
And ſoft obedience, find ſweet biding here.
Silence and ſacred reſt, peace and pure joys,
Kind loves keep houſe, lie cloſe, and keep no noiſe.
And room enough for monarchs, while none ſwells
Beyond the kingdoms of contentful cells.
The ſelf-rememb'ring ſoul ſweetly recovers,
Her kindred with the ſtars, not baſely hovers
Below; but meditates her immortal way,
Home to the original ſource of light, and intellectual day.

Death's Lecture; the funeral of a Young Gentleman.

Dear relics of a diſlodg'd ſoul, whoſe lack
Makes many a mourning paper put on black!
O ſtay a while, ere thou draw in thy head,
And wind thyſelf up cloſe in thy cold bed:
Stay but a little while, until I call
A ſummons, worthy of thy funeral.
Come then, youth, beauty, and blood, all ye ſoft powers,
Whoſe ſilken flatteries ſwell a few fond hours
Into a falſe eternity; come man,
Hyperbolized nothing! know thy ſpan;
Take thine own meaſure here: down, down, and bow
Before thyſelf in thine idea; thou
Huge emptineſs! Contract thyſelf, and ſhrink
All thy wide circle to a point. O ſink
Lower and lower yet; till thy lean ſize
Call heav'n to look on thee with narrow eyes;
Leſſer and leſſer yet; till thou begin
To ſhow a face, fit to confeſs thy kin,
Thy neighbourhood to nothing.
Proud looks, and lofty eyelids here put on
Yourſelves in your unfeign'd reflection;
Here gallant ladies! this impartial glaſs,
(Though you be painted) ſhows you your true face.
Thoſe death-ſeal'd lips are they dare give the lie
To the loud boaſts of poor mortality.
Thoſe curtain'd windows, this retired eye,
Out-ſtares the lids of large-look'd tyranny.
This poſture is the brave one. This that lies
Thus low, ſtands up (methinks) thus, and defies
The world.———
All daring duſt and aſhes! only you
Of all interpreters read nature true.

POEMATA ET EPIGRAMMATA.

Dedicatio Reverendo admodum viro Benjamino Lany, S. S. Theologiæ Profeſſori, aulæ Pembrochianæ Cuſtodi digniſſimo, ex ſuorum minimis minimus R. Craſhaw cuſtodiam cæleſtem P.

Suus eſt et florum fructus; quibus fruimur, ſi non utilius, delicatiùs certé. Neque etiam rarum eſt quòd ad ſpem veris, de ſe per flores ſuos quaſi pollicentis, adultioris anni, ipſiuſq. adeó autumni exigamus fidem. Ignoſcas igitur (vir colendiſſime) properanti ſub ora Apollinis ſui, primæq. adoleſcentiæ laſciviâ exultanti Muſæ. Teneræ ætatis flores adfert, non fructus feræ: quos quidem exigere ad feram illam et ſobriam maturitatem, quam in fructibus expectamus meritò, durum fuerit; forſan et ipſâ hâc præcoci importunitate ſuâ placituros magis: Tibi præſertim quem paternus animus (quod fieri ſolet) intentum tenet omni ſuæ ſpei divolulu, quo tibi de tuorum indole promittas aliquid. Ex more etiam eorum, qui in præmium laboris ſui pretiúmq. patientiæ feſtini, ex iis quæ ſeverunt ipſi et excoluerunt, quicquid eſt floſculi prominulum, primâ quaſi verecundiâ auras et apertum Jovem experientis arripiunt avidè, ſaporémq. illi non tam ex ipſius indole et ingenio quam ex animi ſui affectu, foventis in eo curas ſuas et ſpes, affingunt Patere igitur (reverende cuſtos) hanc tibi ex iſtiuſmodi floribus corollam necti; convivalem verò: nec aliter paſſuram Sidus illud oris tui auſpicatiſſimum, niſi (quâ eſt etiam amœnitate) remiſſiore radio cùm ſe reclinat, et in tantum de ſe demit. Neque ſanè hoc ſcriptionis genere (modò partes ſuas ſatis præſtiterit) quid eſſe potuit otio Theologico accommodatius, quo nimirum res ipſa Theologica Poëtâ amœnitate delinita majeſtatem ſuam venuſtate commendat. Hoc demum quicquid eſt, amare tamen poteris; et voles, ſcio; non ut magnum quid, non ut egregium, non ut te dignum denique, ſed ut tuum: tuum ſummo jure; utpote quod è tua gleba, per tuum radium, in manum denique tuam evocatum fuerit. Quod reſtat hujus libelli fatis, exorandus es igitur (vir ſpectatiſſime) ut quem ſinu tam facili privatum excepiſti, cum jam ore magis publico alloquentem te non aſperneris. Stes illi in limine, non auſpicium modo ſuum, ſed et argumentum. Enimvero epigramma ſacrum tuus ille, vultus vel eſt, vel quid ſit docet; ubi nimirum amabili diluitur ſeverum et ſanctum ſuavi demulcetur. Pronum me vides in negatam mihi provinciam; laudum tuarum, intelligo; quas mihi cum modeſtia tua abſtulerit, reliquum mihi eſt neceſſariò ut ſim brevis: imo verò longus nimiúm; utpote cui argumentum iſtud abſciſſum fuerit, in quo unicè poteram, et ſine tædio, prolixus eſſe. Vale, virorum ornatiſſime, neque dedigneris quòd colere audeam genii tui ſerenitatem ſupplex tam tenuis, et (quoniam numen quoq. hoc de ſe non negat) amare etiam. Interim verò da veniam muſæ in tantum ſibi non temperanti, quin in hanc ſaltem laudis tuæ partem, quæ tibi ex rebus ſacris apud nos ornatis meritiſſima eſt, iſtiuſmodi carmine involare auſa ſit, qualicunque.

Salve, alme cuſtos Pierii gregis:
Per ovem erudito exhalat in otio;
Seu frigus udi captet antri,
Sive Jovem nitidóſque ſoles.

Non ipſe cuſtos pulchrior invias
Egit ſub umbras Æmonios greges;
Non ipſe Apollo notus illis
Lege ſuæ meliore cannæ.

Tu si sereno des oculo frui,
Sunt rura nobis, sunt juga, sunt aquæ,
Sunt plectra dulcium sororum;
(Non alio mihi nota Phœbo.)

Te dante, castos composuit sinus;
Te dante, mores sumpsit; et in suo
Videnda vultu, pulvere mque
Religio cinere mque nescit.

Stat cincta digna fronde decens caput:
Suósque per te fassa palàm Deos,
Comísque, Diva, vestibúsque
Ingenium dedit ordinémque.

Jámque ecce nobis amplior es modò
Majórque cerni. Quale jubar tremit
Sub os! verecundúsque quantâ
Mole sui genuis laborat!

Jam qui serenas it tibi per genas,
Majore cœlo Sidus habet suum;
Majorque circum cuspidatæ
Ora comit tua flos diei.

Stat cansa, Nempe hanc ipse Deus, Deus,
Hanc ara, per te pulchra, diem tibi
Tuam refundit, obvióque
It radio tibi se colenti.

Ecce, ecc! sacro in limine, dum pio
Multúmq. prono poplite amas humum,
Altaria annuunt ab alto;
Et refluis tibi plaudit alis

Pulchro incalescens officio, puer
Quicunq. crispo fidere crinium,
Vultúque non satente terram,
Currit ibi roseus satelles.

Et jure. Nam cùm sana tot inviis
Mœrent ruinis, ipsàq; (ceu preces
Manúsque, non decora supplex,
Tendat) opem rogat, heu negatam!

Tibi ipsa voti est ara sui rea.
Et solvet. O quàam semper apud Deum
Litabis illum, cujus aræ
Ipse preces priùs audiisti!

Venerabili viro Magistro Tournay, tutori suo summè observando.

Messis inauravit Cereri jam quarta capillos,
Vitis habet Bacchum quarta corona suæ,
Nostra en quo, primis plumæ vix alba pruinis,
Ausa tuo Musa est nidificare sinu.
Hîc nemus, hîc soles, et cœlum mitius illi:
Hîc sua quod musis umbra vel aura dedit.
Sedit ibi secura malus quid moverit auster,
Quæ gravis hybernum vexerit aba Jovem.
Nescio quo interea multùm tibi murmure nota est:
Nempe sed hoc poteras murmur amare tamen.
Tandem ecce (heu simili de prole puerpera) tandem
Hoc tenero tenera est pignore facta parens.
Jámqu. meam hanc sobolem (rogo) quis sinus alter haberet?
Quis mihi tam noti nempe teporis erat?
Sed quoq; et ipsa Meus (de te) meus, improba, tutor
(Quàm primùm potuit dicere) dixit, erit,
Has ego legitime, nec lævo sidere natæ
Non puto degeneres indolis esse notas;
Nempe quòd illa suo patri tam semper apertos,
Tam semper faciles nôrit adire sinus.
Ergò tuam tibi sune tuas eat illa sub alas:
Hoc quoque de nostro, quod tuearis, habe.
Sic quæ suada tuo fontem sibi fecit in ore,
Sancto et securo melle perennis eat.
Sic tua, sic nullas siren non mulceat aures,
Aula cui plausus et sua serta dedit
Sic tuus ille (precor) Tagus aut eat obice nullo,
Aut omni (quod adhuc) obice major eat.

Ornatissimo viro præceptori suo colendissimo, Magistro Brook.

O mihi qui nunquam nomen non dulce fuisti
Tunc quoque cùm domini fronte timendus eras!
Ille ego pars vestri qnondum intactissima regni,
De nullo virgæ nota labore tuæ,
Do tibi quod de te per secula longa queretur
Quòd de me nimiùm non metuendus eras:
Quod tibi turpis egotorpentis inertia sceptri
Tam ferulæ tulerim mitia jura tuæ.
Scilicet in foliis quicquid peccabitur istis,
Quod tua virga statim vapulet, illud erit.
Ergò tibi hæc pænas pro me mea pagina pendat.
Hîc agitur virgæ res tibi multæ tuæ.
In me igitur quicquid nimis illa pepercerit olim,
Id licet in fœtu vindicet omne meo.
Hîc tuus inveniet fatis in quo sæviat unguis,
Quòdq. veru docto trans obelisceus eat.
Scilicet hæc mea sunt; hæc quæ mala scilicet: ô si
(Quæ tua nempe forent) hîc meliora forent!
Quaslacunq. suum nôrunt hæc flumina fontem.
(Nilus ab ignoto fonte superbus eat)
Nec certé nihil est quâ quis sit origine. Fontes
Esse solent fluvii nomen honórq. sui.
Hic quoq. tam parvus (de me mea secula dicant)
Non parvi soboles hic quoq. fontis erat.
Hoc modò et ipse velis de me dixisse, meorum
Ille fuit minimus. Sed fuit ille meus.

In Pictorem Reverendissimi Episcopi, D. Andrews.

Hæc charta monstrat, fama quem mostrat magis
Sed et ipsa quem fama quem dum monstrat satis,
Ille, ille solus totam implevit Tubam,
Tot ora solus domuit et famam quoque
Fecit modestam: mentis igneæ pater,
Agiliq. radio Lucis æternæ vigil,
Per alta rerum pondera indomito vagus
Cucurrit animo, quippe naturam ferox
Exhausit ipsam, mille fœtus Artibus,
Et mille linguis ipse se in gentes procul
Variavit omnes, fuitq. toti simul
Cognatus orbi: sic sacrum et solidum jubar
Saturumq. cœlo pectus ad patrios libens
Porrexit ignes: hâc eum (lector) vides,
Hâc (ecce) chartâ, O utinam et audires quoque!

Votiva Domûs Petrensis pro domo Dei.

Ut magis in mundi votis, aviumq. querelis
Jam veniens solet esse Dies, ubi cuspide primâ
Palpitat, et roseo lux prævia ludit ab ortu;
Cùm nec abest Phœbus, nec Eois lætus habenis
Totus adest, volucrúmq; procul vaga murmura mulcet:

Nos ità; quos nuper radiis afflavit honeſtis
Religioſa Dies. noſtríq; per atria cæli
(Sacra domus noſtrum eſt cœlum) jam luce tenellâ
Libat adhuc trepidæ fax nondum firma Diei:
Nos ità jam exercet uimii impatientia voti,
Spéq. ſui propiore premit.—
—Quis pectora tanti
Tendit amor cœpti! Deſiderio quàm longo
Lentæ ſpes inhian! domus ô dulciſſima rerum!
Plena Deo domus! ah, quis erit, quis (dicimus) ille
(O bonus, ô ingens meritis, ô proximus ipſi,
Quem vocat in ſua dona, Deo!) quo vindice totas
Excutiant tenebras hæc ſancta crepuſcula?—
—Quando,
Quando erit, ut tremelæ flos heu tener illę Diei,
Qui velut ex oriente ſuo jam altaria circùm
Lambit, et ambiguo nobis procul annuit aſtro,
Plenis ſe pandat foliis, et lampade totâ
Lætus (ut è medio cùm Sol micat aureus axe)
Attonitam penetrare domum bene poſſit adulto
Sidere, nec dubio pia mœnia mulceat ore?
Quando erit, ut convexa ſuo quoque pulchra ſereno
Floreſcant, roſéóq. tremant laquearia riſu?
Quæ nimiùm informis tanquam ſibi conſcia frontis
Perpetuis jam ſe luſtran lacrymantia guttis.
Quando erit, ut claris meliori luce feneſtris
Plurima per vitreos vivat pia pagina vultus?
Quando erit, ut ſacrum nobis celebrantibus hymnum
Organicos facili, et nunquam fallente ſuſurro
Nobile murmur agat nervos; pulmonis iniqui
Fiſtula nec monitus nec faciat male fida ſiniſtros?
Denique, quicquid id eſt, quod res hîc ſacra requirit
Fauſta illa, et felix (ſitq ô tua) dextra, ſuam cue
Debeat hæc Aurora diem. Tibi ſupplicat ipſa,
Ipſa tibi facit ara preces. Tu jam illius audi,
Audiet illa tuas. Dubium eſt (modò porrige dextram)
Des magis, an capias: aude tantùm eſſe beatus,
Et danum hoc lucrare tibi.——
——Scis ipſe volucres
Quæ rota volvat opes; has ergò hîc fige perennis
Fundamenta domûs petrenſi in rupe; tuámq.
Fortunæ ſic deme rotam. Scis ipſe procaces
Divitias quàm prona vagos vehat ala per Euros,
Divitiis illas, agè, deme volucribus alas,
Fácq. ſuus noſtras illis ſit nidus ad aras:
Remigii ut tandem pennas melioris adeptæ,
Scrapiant Dominúmq. ſuum ſuper æthera ſecum.
Felix â quiſic potuit bene pro idus uti
Proverbs xxii. 5.—Fortunæ pennis et opum levitate ſuarum,
Devitiiſque ſuis aquilæ ſic addidit alas.

In cæterorum Operum difficili Parturitione Gemitus.

O FELIX nimis illa, et noſtræ nobile nomen
Invidiæ volucris. facili quæ funere ſurgens
Mater odora ſui nitidæ nova fila juventæ,
Et feſtinatos peragit ſibi fata per ignes.
Illa, haud natales tot tardis menſibus horas
Tam miſeris tenuata moris, ſalutu velut uno
In nova ſecla rapit ſeſe, et caput omne decorat
Explicat in frondes, roſeóq. repullulat ortu.
Cinnameos ſimul illa rogos conſcenderit, omnem
Læta bibit Phœbum, et jam jam victricibus alis
Plaudit humum, cineréſque ſuos.
——Heu! diſpare fato
Nos ferimur. ſeniorq ſuo ſub Apolline Phœnix
Petrenſis mater, dubias librata per auras
Pendet adhuc, quæritq. ſinum in quo ponat inertes
Exuvias, ſpoliiſq ſuæ reparata ſenectæ
Ore pari ſurgat, ſimiliq. per omnia vultu.
At nunc heu nixu ſecli melioris in ipſo
Deliquium patitur!—
At nunc heu lentæ longo in molimine vitæ
Interea moritur! Dubio ſtant Mœnia vultu
Parte ſui pulchra, et fratres in fœdera muros
Invitant fruſtrà nec reſpondentia Saxis
Saxa ſuis. Mœrent opera intermiſſa, manúſq.
Implorant.——
——Succurre piæ, ſuccurre parenti,
O quiſquis pius es. Illi ſuccurre parenti,
Quam ſibi tot ſanctæ matres habuere parentem.
Quiſquis es, ô tibi, crede, tibi hot hiantia ruptis
Mœnibus ora loqui! matrem tibi, crede verendam
Muros tam longo laceros ſenioq. ſitúque
Ceu canos monſtrare ſuos. Succurre roganti.
Per tibi plena olim, per jam ſibi ſicca precatur
Ubera, nè deſis ſenio. Sic longa juventus
Te foveat, querulæ nunquam ceſſura fenectæ.

Epitaphium in Gulielmum Herriſium.

SISTE te paulum (viator) ub longum ſiſti
Neceſſe erit, huc tempe properare te ſcias
quocunque properas.
Moræ prætium erit
Et Lacrimæ,
Si jacere hic ſcias
Gulielmum
Splendidæ Herriſiorum familiæ
Splendorem maximum:
Quem cum talem vixiſſe intellexeris,
Et vixiſſe tantum;
Diſcas licet
In quantas ſpes poſſit
Aſſurgere mortalitas,
De quantis cadere.
Quem { Infantem, Effexia—— } vidit
{ Juvenem, Cantabrigia }
Senem, ah infœlix utraq.
Quod non vidit.
Qui
Collegii Chriſti Alumnus,
Aulæ Pembrokianæ ſocius,
Utriq. ingens amoris certamen fuit,
Donec
Dulciſſ. Lites eluſit Deus,
Eumque cœleſtis Collegii
Cujus ſemper alumnus fuit
ſocium fecit;
Qui et ipſe Collegium fuit,
In quo
Muſæ omnes et gratiæ,
Nullibi magis ſorores,
Sub præcide religione
In tenaciſſimum ſodalitium coaluere.
Quem { Oratoriæ Poetam / Poetica Oratorem / Utraque Philoſophum / Chriſtianum Omnes } Agnovere,

Qui { Fide / Spe / Charitate / Humilitate } { Mundum / Cœlum / Proximum / Seipsum / Cujus } Superavit.

Sub verna fronte senilis animus,
Sub morum facilitate, severitas virtutis;
Sub plurima indole, pauci anni;
Sub majore modestia, maxima indoles.
adeo se occuluerunt
ut vitam ejus
Pulchram dixeris et pudicam dissimulationem:
Imo vero et morte,
Ecce enim in ipso funere
Dissimulari se passus est.
Sub tantillo marmore tantum hospitem,
Eo nimerum majore monumento
quo minore tumulo.
Eo ipso die occubuit quo ecclesia
Anglica nec ad vesperas legit,
Raptus est ne militia mutaret intellectum ejus;
Scilicet. Id. Octobris, Anno. Sal. 1631.

In Eundem.

Ite meæ lacrymæ, (nec enim moror) ite. Sed oro
Tantùm nè miseræ claudite vocis iter.
O liceat querulos verbis animare dolores!
Et saltem ah periit, dicere, noster amor.
Ecce negant tamen; ecce negant, lacrymæq. rebelles
Pergunt indomitâ præcipitántq. viâ.
Visne (o chare! igitur te nostra silentia dicant?
Vis fleat assidua murmure mutus amor!
Flebit. Et urna suos semper bibet humeda rores,
Et fidas semper semper habebit aquas.
Intereà quicunq. estis, nè credite mirum
Si veræ lacrymæ non didicêre loqui.

Natalis Principis Mariæ.

Cresce, ô dulcibus imputanda Divis,
O crescе, et propera, puella princeps,
In matris propera venire partes.
Et cùm par breve fulminum minorum,
Illinc Carolus, et Jacóbus indè,
In patris faciles subire famam,
Ducent fata furoribus decoris;
Cùm terror sacer, Angliciq. magnum
Murmur nominis increpabit omnem
Latè Bosporon, Ottomanicásque
Non picto quatiet tremere lunas;
Te tunc altera, nec timenda paci,
Poscent prælia. Tu potens pudici
Vibratrix oculi, pios in hostes
Latè dulcia fata dissipabis.
O cùm flos teuer ille, qui recenti
Pressus sidere jam sub ora ludit,
Olim fortior omne cuspidatos
Evolvet latus aureum per ignes;
Quiq imbellis adhuc, adultus olim,
Puris expatiabitur genarum
Campis imperiosior Cupido;
O quàm certa superbiore pennâ
Ibunt spicula, melleæque mortes,
Exul antibus hinc et inde turmis,
Quoquò jusseris, impigrè volabunt!
O quot corda calentium deorum
De te vulnera delicata discent!
O quot pectora principum magistris
Fient molle negotium sagittis!
Nam quæ non poteris per arma ferri,
Cui matris, sinus atque utrumque sidus
Magnorum patet officina amorum?
Hinc sumas licet, ô puella princeps,
Quantacunque opus est tibi phare trâ.
Centum sume Cupidines ab uno
Matris lumine, gratiasque centum,
Et centum veneres: adhuc manebunt
Centum mille Cupidines; manebunt.
Ter centum venerésque gratiæque
Puro fonte superstites per ævum,

In Serenissimæ Reginæ patrum hyemalem.

Serta, puer: (quis nunc flores non præbeat hortus?)
Texe mihi facili pollice serta, puer.
Quid tu nescio quos narras mihi, stulte, Decembres?
Quid mihi cum nivibus? da mihi serta, puer.
Nix? et hyems? non est nostras quid tale per oras;
Non est: vel si sit, non tamen esse potest.
Ver agitur: quæcunque trucem dat larva Decembrem,
Quid fera cunq. fremant frigora, ver agitur.
Nonne vides quali se palmite regia vitis
Prodit, et in sacris quæ sedet suva jugis?
Tam letis quæ bruma solet ridere racemis?
Quas hyemis pingit purpura tanta genas?
O Maria! O divum soboles, genitrixque Deorum!
Siccine nostra tuus tempora ludus erunt?
Siccine tu cum vere tuo nihil horrida brumæ
Sydera, nil madidos sola morare notos?
Siccine sub mediâ poterunt tua sergere brumâ,
Atque suas solùm lilia nôsse nives?
Ergò vel invitis nivibus, frendentibus Austris,
Nostra novis poterunt regna tumere rosis?
O bona turbatrix anni, quæ limite noto
Tempora sub signis non finis ire suis!
O piæ prædatrix hyemis, quæ tristia mundi
Murmura tam dulci sub ditione tenes!
Perge precor nostris vim pulchram ferre calendis:
Perge precor menses sic numerare tuos.
Perge intempestiva atq. importuna videri;
Inq. uteri titulos sic rape cuncta tui.
Sit nobis, sit sæpe hyemes sic cernere nostras
Exhæredatas floribus ire tuis.
Sæpe sit has vernas hyemes Maiosq. Decembres,
Has per te roseas sæpe videre nives.
Altera gens varium per sydera computet annum,
Atq. suos ducant per vaga signa dies,
Nos deceat nimiis tantum permittere nimbis?
Tempora tam tetricas ferre Britanna vices?
Quin nostrum tibi nos omnem donabimus aunum:
In partus omnem expende, Maria, tuos.
Sit tuus illeuterus nostri bonus arbiter anni:
Tempus et in titulos transeat omne tuos.
Nam quæ alia induerit tam dulcia nomine mensis?
Art quâ tam posset candidus ire togâ
Hanc laurum Janus sibi verticue vellet utroq,
Hanc sibi vel tota Chloride Maius emet.
Tota suam (vere expulso) respublica florum
Reginam cuperent te, sobolémve tuam.
O bona sors anni, cùm cuncti ex ordine menses
Hic mihi Corolides, hic Marianus erit!

Natalis Ducis Eboracensis.

Et verò iam tempus erat tibi, maxima mater,
Dulcibus his oculis accelerare diem;

Tempus erat, nè quà tibi baſia blanda vacarent;
Sarcina nè collo ſit minùs apta tuo:
Scilicet ille tuus, timor et ſpes ille ſuorum,
Quo primùm es felix pignore facta parens,
Ille ferox iras jam nunc meditatur et enſes,
Jam patris magìs eſt, jam magìs ille ſuus.
Indolis O ſtimulos! vix dum illi tranſiit infans;
Jámq. ſibi impatiens arripit ille virum.
Improbus ille ſuis adeò negat ire ſub annis:
Jam nondum puer eſt, major et eſt puero.
Si quìs in aulæis pictas animatus in iras
Stat leo, quem doctâ cuſpide luſit acus,
Hoſtis (io!) eſt; neq. enim ille alium dignatibur hoſtem;
Nempe decet tantas non minor ira manus.
Tunc haſtâ gravis adverſu furit, (haſta bacillum eſt:)
Mox falſum vero vulnere pectus hiat.
Stat leo, ceù ſtupeat tali bene fixus ab hoſte;
Ceu quid in his oculis vel timeat vel amet,
Tam torvum, tam dulce micant: neſcire fatetur
Mars ne ſub his oculis eſſet, an eſſet amor.
Quippe illic Mars eſt, ſed qui bene poſſit amari;
Eſt et amor cerrè, ſed metuendus amor:
Talis amor, talis Mars eſt ibi cernere; qualis
Seu puer hic eſſet, ſive vir ille Deus.
Hic tibi jam ſcitus ſuccedit in oſcula fratris,
Res (ecce!) in luſus non operoſa tuos.
Baſia jam veniant tua quantâcunque caterva;
Jam quocunque tuus murmure ludat amor.
En! Tibi materies tenera et tractabilis hic eſt:
Hic ad blanditias eſt tibi cera ſatis.
Salve infans, tot baſiolis molle argumentum,
Maternis labiis dulce negotiolum;
O ſalve! Nam te nato, puer auree, natus
Et Carolo et Mariæ tertius eſt oculus.

In faciem Auguſtiſſ. Regis à morbilis integram.

Musa redi; vocat alma parens academia: Noſter
En redit, ſtore ſuo ſtoer Apollo redit.
Vultus adhuc ſuus, et vultu ſua purpura tantùm
Vivit, et admixt as pergit amare nives.
Túne illas violare genas? tune illa profanis,
Morbe ferox, tentas ire per ora notis?
Tu Phœbi faciem tentas, vaniſſime? Noſtra
Nec Phœbe maculas novit habere ſuas.
Ipſa ſui vindex facies morbum indignatur;
Ipſa ſedet radiis ô bene tuta ſuis:
Quippe illic deus eſt, cœlúmque et ſanctius aſtrum;
Quippe ſub his totus ridet Apollo genis.
Quòd facie rex tutus erat, quòd cætera tactus:
Hinc hominem rex eſt faſſus, et inde deum.

Ad Carolum Primum, Rex Redux.

Ille redit, redit. Hoc populi bona murmura volvunt;
Publicus hoc (audin'?) plauſus ad aſtra refert:
Hoc omni ſedet in vultu commune ſerenum;
Omnibus hinc una eſt lætitiæ facies.
Rex noſter, lux noſtra redit; redeuntis adora
Arridet totis Anglia læta genis:
Quiſque ſuos oculos oculis accendit abiſtis;
Atque novum ſacro ſumit ab ore diem.
Fortè roges tanto quæ digna pericula plauſu
Evadat Carolus, quæ mala, quóſve metus:

Anne pererrati male-fida volumina ponti
Auſa illum terris penè negare ſuis:
Hoſpitis an nimii rurſus ſibi conſcia, telius
Vix bene ſperatum reddat ibera caput.
Nil horum; nec enim malè fida volumina ponti,
Aut ſacrum tellus vidit Ibera caput.
Verus amor tamen hæc ſibi falſa pericula fingit:
(Falſa peric'la ſolet fingere verus amor)
At Carolo qui falſa timet, nec vera timeret:
(Vera peric'la ſolet temnere verus amor)
Illi falſa timens, ſibi vera pericula temnens,
Non ſolùm eſt fidus, ſed quoq. fortis amor.
Interea noſtri fatìs ille eſt cauſa triumphi:
Et fatìs (ah!) noſtri cauſa doloris erat.
Cauſa doloris erat Carolus, ſoſpes licèt eſſet;
Anglia quòd ſaltem dicere poſſet, abeſt.
Et fatis eſt noſtri Carolus nunc cauſa triumphi;
Dicere quòd ſaltem poſſumus, ille redit.

Ad Principem nondum natum, Reginâ gravidâ.

Nascere nunc; ô nunc! quid enim, puer alme, moraris?
Nulla tibi dederit dulcior hora diem.
Ergóne tot tardos (ô lente!) morabere menſes?
Rex redit. Ipſe veni, et dic bone, gratus ades.
Nam quid ave noſtrum? quid noſtri verba trium|phi?
Vagitu meliùs dixeris iſta tuo.
At maneas tamen: et nobis nova cauſa triumphi
Sic demum fueris; nec nova cauſa tamen:
Nam, quoties Carolo novus aut nova naſcitur infans,
Revera toties Carolus ipſe redit.

Joann. ii.—*Aquæ in vinum verſæ.*

Unde rubor veſtris, et non ſua purpura lymphis?
Quæ roſa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?
Numen (convivæ) præſens agnoſcite numen:
Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.

On the birth of a Princeſs, the fifth child of Charles I.*
(*Not printed in any former edition*)

Principi recens natæ nomen matetnæ indolis.

Cresce, O dulcibus imputanda Divis
O, creſce, et propera, puella Princeps,
In Matris propera venire partes.
Et cum par breve fulminum minorum
Illinc Carolus et Jacobus inde,
In Patris faciles ſubire famam,
Ducent fata furoribus decoris,
Cum terror ſacer, Anglicique magnum
Murmur nominis increpabit omnem
Late Boſporon, Ottomanicaſque
Non fiſto quatiet tremore lunas,
Te nunc altera, nec timenda pace,
Poſcent prælia. Tu potens pudici
Vibratrix oculi, pios in hoſtes
Late dulcia fata diſſipabis.
O cum flos tener ille, qui recenti
Preſſus ſidere jam ſub ora ludet,
Olim fortior omne cuſpidatos
Evolvet latus aurcum per ignes;

* *From* "*Concentus et gratula'io muſarum Cantabrigienſium ad ſereniſſimum Britanniarum Regem Carolum de quinta ſua ſobole, clariſſima principe, ſibi ſuper feliciſſime nata.*" *Cantabrigiæ* 1637.

Quique imbellis adhuc, adultus olim,
Puris expatiabitur genarum
Campis imperiosior Cupido;
O quam certe superbiore penna
Ibunt spicula, melleque mortes,
Exultantibus hinc et inde turmis,
Quoque jusseris, impigre volabunt!
O quot corde calentium deorum
De te vulnera delicata discent!
O quot pectora Principum magistris
Fient molle negotium sagittis!
Nam quæ non poteris per arma ferri,
Cui matris sinus atque utrumque sus
Magnorum patet officina Amorum?
Hinc sumas licet, O puella Princeps,
Quantacunque opus est tibi pharetra.
Centum sume Cupidines ab uno
Matris lumine, Gratiasque centum,
Et centum Veneres; adhuc manebunt
Centum mille Cupidines; manebunt
Ter centum Veneresque, Gratiæque
Puro fonte superstites per ævum.

Rich. Crashaw, A. B. Co
S. Pet. Socius.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

Containing

GONDIBERT,
MADAGASCAR,
ODES,

ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,
EPITAPHS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Methinks heroic poeſie till now
Like ſome fantaſtique fairy-land did ſhow,
Gods, devils, nymphs, witches, and giant's race,
And all but man, in man's beſt work had place;
There like ſome worthy knight, with ſacred arms,
Doſt drive the monſters thence, and end the charms:
Inſtead of theſe doſt men and manners plant,
The things which that rich ſoil did chiefly want.

COWLEY'S VERSES TO DAVENANT.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF DAVENANT.

WILLIAM DAVENANT was born in the parish of St. Martin's, Oxford, about the end of February 1605-6. He was a younger son of Mr. John Davenant, "a very grave and discreet citizen," says Wood, "and a sufficient vintner," who kept the Crown-Inn on the west side of the Corn-Market; a house frequented by the immortal Shakspeare, in his annual journies from London to Warwickshire. His mother, according to the MSS. of Aubrey, was exceedingly beautiful and very elegant, both in her conversation and address. Davenant, in his social moments, would sometimes insinuate that Shakspeare might have had his reasons for his visits there, and "say that it seemed to him that he writ with the very spirit that Shakspeare [wrote with], and was contented enough to be thought his son." This idea, hazarded "when he was pleasant over a glass of wine with his most intimate friends," probably without the least reference to his real sentiments, has been since circulated by Mr. Malone, and other respectable writers, as not destitute of foundation; though the circumstances of the story are evidently improbable, as gallantry, and more especially adultery, were not the fashionable vices of that age; and as Shakspeare, more particularly, seems remarkable for the chastity and amiable purity of his morals.

The casting a stain on the virtue of a woman of unblemished reputation, and fixing the imputation of baseness and guilt on the moral conduct of the most exalted genius that ever lived, are not sufficiently authorised by the mere suggestions of fancy, or the inclination of tracing out a poetical pedigree for a writer, whose own merit is sufficient to ensure him the remembrance of posterity.

Very early in life he gave tokens of a lively and promising genius, and a propensity to poetry, which, it is said, was very much encouraged by Shakspeare. It is certain that he admired Shakspeare more than any English poet, and that one of the first essays of his muse was a poem on his death, which happened when Davenant was about ten years old.

He received the first rudiments of classical learning from Mr. Edward Sylvester, who kept, at that time, a grammar-school in the parish of All Saints, Oxford, of distinguished reputation.

In the year 1621, the same in which his father was Mayor of the City, he was entered a Member of Lincoln College, under the tuition of Mr. Daniel Hough, where he prosecuted his academical studies for some time; but took no degree.

Wood, at the same time that he acknowledges the strength of his genius, and even distinguishes him by the title of the "Sweet Swan of Isis," informs us that he "obtained there some smattering in logic; but his genius, which was always opposite to it, led him in the pleasant paths of poetry; so that though he wanted much of University learning, yet he made as high and noble flights in the poetical faculty, as fancy could advance without it."

On his quitting the University, "wherein I presume," says Wood, "he made but a short stay," he repaired to London, in hopes of making his fortune at Court, where he became a page to the magnificent Frances Duchess of Richmond, who kept, in those days, a kind of Court of her own.

He was afterwards received into the family of the celebrated Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, himself a writer, and a friend to the muses, who encouraged his poetical studies, and promoted his interest.

This amiable and accomplished nobleman having been barbarously assassinated on the 30th September 1628, in the 74th year of his age, Davenant was left without a patron; and it is probable, that views of profit as well as amusement might now induce him to commence a writer for the stage.

He appears to have attempted dramatic composition some time before; for his tragedy called *The Cruel Brother*, was licensed by the Master of the Revels, January 12. 1626-7, but no account is given of its representation.

In 1629, he produced *The Tragedy of Albovine, King of Lombardy*, which is commonly called his first play. It was acted with great success, and printed with a dedication to the unfortunate

Car, Earl of Somerset, and copies of recommendatory verses by Sir Henry Blount, Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, Richard Clerk, Robert Elice, William Habington, Roger Lort, Thomas Elice, and the Honourable Henry Howard.

From this time he was a constant attendant on the Court, where he was highly regarded by the Earl of Dorset, Lord Treasurer Weston, and other persons of distinction, and very much caressed by Carew, Suckling, Honourable Henry Howard, Endymion Porter, Esq. Henry Jermyn, Esq. afterwards Earl of St. Albans, and all the great wits of that time.

Within this period he wrote several plays, which were licensed by the Master of the Revels, in the following order; *The Colonel*, July 22. 1629,—*The Just Italian*, October 2. 1629,—*The Wits*, January 19. 1633-4,—*Love and Honour*, November 20. 1634,—*News from Plymouth*, August 1. 1635,—*Platonic Lovers*, November 16. 1635,—*Unfortunate Lovers*, April 16. 1638,—*Fair Favourite*, November 17. 1638,—*The Spanish Lovers*, November 30. 1639; probably the play which in his works is called *The Distresses*.

He contributed also several masques for the entertainment of the Court, which were exhibited in the following order: *The Temple of Love*, 1634; *The Triumphs of the Prince D'Amour*, 1635; *Britannia Triumphans*, 1637; *Salmacida Spolia*, 1639; printed without any author's name, but written by Davenant. "Cœlum Britannicum," arranged among his works, was written by Carew.

The representation of his dramatic pieces, which were in general well received, procured him a considerable accession of personal interest, and the peculiar patronage of the Queen, by whose recommendation, he was promoted to the laurel, which was vacant by the death of Jonson, in August 1637, in opposition to the pretensions of May, the English Lucan, who was countenanced by Charles I. both a judge and patron of poetry.

It has been commonly understood, that he received this favour from the crown, immediately after the death of Jonson; but it appears that he was not appointed Poet-Laureat, till December 13. 1638, sixteen months afterwards, when he obtained from his Majesty a grant of an annuity of 100 l. *per annum*, which he enjoyed as Poet-Laureat, till his death.

He repaid this mark of the royal favour by continuing to direct the diversions of the Court, as long as the troubles of those times would permit; and by demonstrating his ardent gratitude and unshaken zeal for the cause of the Royal Family, as soon as the war broke out between the King and the Parliament.

Some time within this period, he published the first edition of his *Miscellaneous Poems*, consisting of Addresses to his Patrons, New Years Compliments to the Queen, and other things of a like nature.

In May 1641, he was accused to the Parliament of being concerned in a design for seducing the army from their adherence to parliamentary authority; and a proclamation being issued for apprehending him, he was arrested, and committed to the custody of a serjeant at arms. In the month of July following, he was bailed, and soon after found it necessary for him to withdraw to France; where he continued for some time. He afterwards returned to England, with some military stores, which the Queen sent over for the Marquis of Newcastle's army, and offering his service to his Lordship, who was himself a dramatist, and his old friend and patron, he was appointed by him Lieutenant-General of his Ordnance.

In his military capacity, he appears to have behaved well; for, at the siege of Gloucester, in September, 1643, he received the honour of knighthood from the king, as an acknowledgment of his bravery and signal services.

On the decline of the Royalists, whose cause he had espoused, he sought refuge in France, where he embraced the Popish religion, and was well received by the queen, and taken much into her confidence.

In the summer of 1646, he was sent, by advice from the queen, to persuade King Charles to comply with some temporising steps, which she considered as necessary to his interests, and particularly, to give up the church.

Clarendon, who was his intimate friend, has given a full account of this transaction [*Hist. Reb. p.* 495.] though not much to his advantage, yet with all the tenderness due to his acknowledged sense of Davenant's good intentions.

He appears to have been impertinently forward on the occasion; and was dismissed the royal presence, with unusual reprehension.

Upon his return to Paris, to give an account of his ill ſucceſs to thoſe who ſent him, he projected the plan of his *Gondibert*, an heroic poem of a new kind, the two firſt books of which he finiſhed at the Louvre, where he lived with his friend Henry Jermyn, Eſq.; and, "being very fond of them," ſays Wood, "did print them [1651] with a large epiſtle to Hobbes of Malmeſbury, and Hobbes's excellent epiſtle to him, before them," together with commendatory verſes by Cowley and Waller.

It was attacked, in a ſatirical pamphlet, by Denham, Sir Allen Broderick, and other wits of the king's little Court, under the following title, "Certain Verſes, written by ſeveral of the Author's Friend's, to be reprinted with the Second Edition of Gondibert." London, 1653.

An anſwer was returned by Davenant, with ſome temper, in a ſimilar vein, intitled, "*The Incomparable Poem of Gondibert, vindicated from the Wit-Cabals of four Eſquires, Clinias, Dametas, Sancho, and Jack Pudding.*" London, 1655.

There is a copy of verſes, alluding to this circumſtance, in "Howell's Poems," 1664, p. 105, intitled, "Of ſome who blending their brains together, plotted how to beſpatter one of the muſes choiceſt ſons and ſervants, Sir W. Davenant, knight and poet."

In 1648, he publiſhed a ſecond edtiion of his *Miſcellaneous Poems* in 8vo, with his *Madagaſcar*, addreſſed to Prince Rupert, which was certainly written, and probably printed ſix years before, as appears by the commendatory verſes prefixed by Suckling. The dedicatory inſcription, to *Endymion Porter and Henry Jermyn*, is very ſingular and laudable.

In 1650 he, at the inſtigation of the Queen, collected a body of unemployed artificers, and, by permiſſion of the French King, ſet ſail for the loyal colony of Virginia.

He was, however, intercepted by a ſhip, belonging to the parliament, and ſent a priſoner to Cowes Caſtle, in the Iſle of Wight.

Here, with great manlineſs of mind, he alleviated the tedioufneſs of confinement, by continuing his heroic poem; and, having written about the half of the third book, he thought fit to ſtop ſhort again, finding himſelf, as he imagined, "under the ſhadow of death."

The Parliament having delivered him over, by an ordinance, to be tried by a High-Commiſſion Court, he was removed to the Tower of London, and for ſome time his life was in danger; nor is it certainly known how it was ſaved.

Aubrey in his MSS. ſays, that it was owing to the interpoſition of two aldermen of York, whom he had taken in his military capacity, under the Marquis of Newcaſtle, and to whom he not only extended every indulgence; but, upon their being either unable or unwilling to pay their ranſom, he ſtudiouſly gave an opportunity of eſcaping.

Theſe men, it is ſaid, on hearing that his life was in danger, haſtened to town, and interceded for him ſo effectually, as to obtain, by the favour of Lord Keeper Whitelocke, his pardon, and afterwards his liberty.

Dr. Newton attributes his acquittal to the interference of Milton, whoſe intereſt was powerful at that time; and who, at the reſtoration, received a ſimilar piece of ſervice from Davenant, for which his country owes him everlaſting gratitude.

Wood mentions the mediation of Milton and the two aldermen, as being jointly employed in preſerving him from the violence of party rage.

On obtaining his liberty, he ſet about reſtoring to notice, the inſulted altars of the Muſes, which, when we take into the account the ſeverity and gloominеſs of the times, required no inconſiderable ſhare both of fortitude and addreſs.

Plays were abſolutely prohibited. At laſt, however, he partially accompliſhed his ends, by opening a theatre at Rutland-Houſe, under the auſpices of Lord Keeper Whitelocke, Sir John Maynard, and other men of taſte and learning; and exhibited a ſpecies of dramatic interludes, called *Entertainments*, haſtily got up for the occaſion, and formed partly from the Italian, and partly from the French ſtyle.

His *Firſt Day's Entertainment at Rutland-Houſe, by Declamation and Muſic after the Manner of the Ancients*, was performed May 21. 1656; and, being well received, he grew bolder by ſucceſs, and produced ſeveral regular plays, which were exhibited in the following order: *The Siege of Rhodes*, 1656, *The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*, 1658, *The Hiſtory of Sir Francis Drake*, 1659, Entertainments, and *The Fair Favourite*, a tragi-comedy, *Law againſt Lovers*, a tragi-comedy, *Play-houſe to be*

Let, a drama of five acts, each being a diſtinct performance, *The Siege*, a tragi-comedy, *The Diſtreſſes*, a tragedy. Theſe plays were afterwards reviſed, and printed in 1673.

Soon after the reſtoration, he obtained a patent for the repreſentation of dramatic pieces, under the title of the Duke's Company, of the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

In Spring 1662, he opened the Duke's theatre with his *Siege of Rhodes*, which he had reviewed and made a regular drama; and in which he introduced, for the firſt time, on a public theatre, female performers, and painted ſcenery.

He afterwards produced *The Rivals*, a comedy, in which is the famous ballad, "My lodging is on the cold ground," printed in 1668, but not inſerted in his works, *The Man's the Maſter*, a comedy, *Macbeth*, a tragedy, altered from Shakſpeare, and joined with Dryden in *The Tempeſt*, or *The Inchanted Iſland*, an alteration from Shakſpeare, which was his laſt performance.

He died at his houſe in Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, on the 7th of April 1668, in the 64th year of his age, and was interred in Weſtminſter Abbey. On his grave ſtone is inſcribed, in imitation of Jonſon's ſhort epitaph, O RARE SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT!

"His firſt lady," ſays Aubrey, "was Dr ————s daughter, phyſician, by whom he had a very beautiful and ingenious ſon, that died above twenty years ſince. His ſecond lady was daughter of ——; by whom he had ſeveral children. I ſaw ſome very young ones at the funeral. His eldeſt is Charles Davenant, the doctor, who inherits his father's beauty and fancy. He practiſes at Doctor's Commons. He wrote a play, called *Circe*, which has taken very well." He is better known as a moſt valuable political writer. In 1771, were publiſhed in 5 vols. 8vo, "The political and commerical works of that celebrated writer Charles Davenant, LLD. collected and reviſed by Sir Charles Whitworth, M. P." a publication which has greatly contributed to the diffuſion and utility of his writings. His youngeſt ſon, William, was bred to the Church, and beneficed in Surrey, and unfortunately drowned in France in 1681. He tranſlated M. la Mothe le Vayer's "animadverſions on the famous Greek and Latin Hiſtorians," printed at Oxford, 8vo. 1698.

His works, conſiſting of his *Plays*, *Gondibert*, *Madagaſcar*, and *Miſcellaneous Poems*, were collected and publiſhed by Henry Herringman, in one volume folio, in 1673, and dedicated by his widow to the Duke of York.

At preſent, none of his plays keep the ſtage, though ſome of them highly deſerve the notice of the public; and no edition of his poems has been given in a hundred and twenty years. His *Gondibert* and *Madagaſcar*, with a ſmall ſelection from the maſs of his miſcellaneous poetry, is now, for the firſt time, received into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

Amidſt the various avocations which a life of incident ſubjected him to, the mind of Davenant muſt have been ſingularly fertile, and his wit peculiarly ready, or we ſhould not have had ſuch a bulky collection as his works afford us. He appears to have been engaged in a variety of contradictory characters. He was, by turns, a ſoldier, a projector, an envoy, a manager, and a wit. As a man, his character appears to have been, in every reſpect, perfectly amiable: honour, courage, gratitude, integrity, genius, and vivacity, ſeem to have been the predominant features of his mind.

All his biographers allow that he was very handſome, and very amorous; and it appears that he was ſo unlucky as to carry the tokens of his irregular gallantries in the depreſſion of his noſe, which became the ſubject of much raillery among the contemporary wits. Wood ſays that this accident aroſe from his familiarity with "a handſome black girl in Axe-yard, Weſtminſter, on whom he thought when he ſpoke of *Dalga* in his *Gondibert*," [*B.* III. *Can.* VI. *St.* XXXI.]. It muſt have happened pretty early in life, ſince it is mentioned by Suckling in his "Seſſion of the Poets," who differs from Wood in ſaying that it happened in France:

Will. Davenant, aſhamed of a fooliſh miſchance
That he had got lately travelling in France,
Modeſtly hop'd the handſomeneſs of's muſe,
Might any deformity about him excuſe.
Surely the company had been content
If they could have found any precedent;
But in all their records, in verſe or in proſe,
There was none of a laureat who wanted a noſe.

Dr. Johnſon, ſpeaking of the "Rehearſal," obſerves, "that this farce was originally intended againſt Davenant, who, in the firſt draught, was characteriſed by the name of Bilboa. There is one paſſage in the "Rehearſal" ſtill remaining, which ſeems to have related originally to Davenant. Bayes hurts his noſe, and comes in with brown paper applied to the bruiſe. How this affected Dryden does not appear. Davenant's noſe had ſuffered ſuch diminution, that a patch upon that part evidently denoted him." Sir Robert Howard is alſo ſaid to have been originally characterized by the name of Bilboa.

As a dramatiſt, Davenant's rank ſeems as yet undetermined. He certainly yields to none of his contemporaries, except Dryden, Etherege, Otway, and Lee. His numerous dramas have had their day, and are forgotten. His *Entertainments*, which were ſufficiently well intended as ſubſtitutes for better things, did but make way for and announce the inundation of paltry puppet-ſhews and rhyming tragedies which accompanied Charles and the Reſtoration, and corrupted the ſources of public taſte. Some good conſequences, however, reſulted to the ſtage from the hand of Davenant: He was the firſt, who, after the Reſtoration, introduced painted ſcenery, and filled the property-room with that apparatus which before had been ſo much wanting, and which adds brilliancy and reſpect to a theatre. Through his means the celebrated Betterton was brought more immediately forward to the eye of the public. We are indebted to him for the great addition the ſtage has received in the adoption of women, as all female characters were, before his time, ſuſtained by young men. "I found him," ſays Dryden in his preface to the *Tempeſt*, "of ſo quick a fancy, that nothing was propoſed to him on which he could not quickly produce a thought extremely pleaſant and ſurpriſing. And, as his fancy was quick, ſo likewiſe were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other, and his imaginations were ſuch as could not eaſily enter into any other man. His corrections were ſober and judicious; and he corrected his own writings much more ſeverely than thoſe of another man, beſtowing twice the time and labour in poliſhing, which he uſed in invention."

As a poet, the reputation of Davenant depends chiefly on his *Gondibert*. His *Madagaſcar* has been praiſed by Suckling and other wits, at leaſt as much as it deſerves. It has ſome vigorous paſſages and ſome happy lines. His occaſional poems have many beauties of ſentiment and expreſſion, with many defects of ſtyle, and many thoughts which, in this cold age, will be termed conceits, though they only diſtinguiſh wit and poetry from plain ſenſe and proſe. The verſification ſometimes offends the ear, but the candour, gratitude, tenderneſs, friendſhip, and good nature, expreſſed in them, make ſufficient amends for the roughneſs of ſome, and the want of eaſe and perſpicuity in others. His *Elegies* and *Epitaphs* may be read with pleaſure. The *Burleſque Epiſtle* has the humour and pleaſantry of the burleſque pieces of his friend Butler, and Cotton, an original writer, whoſe accidental excluſion from this collection is to be regretted. The verſes, *To the Queen, entertained at Night by the Counteſs of Anglieſey*, deſerve particular commendation, for eaſe and uninterrupted ſweetneſs of flow. Pope ſeems to have been fully ſenſible of their merit.

Smooth as the face of waters firſt appear'd;
Ere tides began to ſtrive, or winds were heard;
Kind as the willing ſaints, and calmer far
Than in their ſleeps forgiven hermits are.

Thus Pope:

Still as the ſea, ere winds were taught to blow.

Again,

Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiven. *Eloiſa.*

The epic poem of *Gondibert* is unqueſtionably the nobleſt production of his genius; and would do honour to any writer of any age or country. The fate which it has experienced conveys reproach upon the inconſtancy of national taſte. When it was firſt publiſhed, it was condemned by ſome perſons and applauded by others; ſo, among the critics of the preſent day, it has met with both cenſurers and defenders. Several of our moſt eminent critics have condemned *Gondibert*, merely becauſe it does not correſpond with their reſpective ſyſtems.

Mr. Hayley, in his "Epiſtles on Epic Poetry," has ſpoken of it with a ſeverity which we do not uſually find in that elegant writer:

Poor Davenant march'd before, with nobler aim,
His keen eye fix'd upon the palm of Fame;

But cruel Fortune doom'd him to rehearse
A theme ill-chosen, in ill-chosen verse. *Ep.* III.

In the notes to "Epistle V." he observes: "The epic poems, both of Davenant and Voltaire, "Discourse upon have sufficient defects to account for any neglect which may be their lot."

"Dr. Blackwell, Mr. Granger, and Dr. Knox, are on the unfavourable side of the question. Their sentence has been passed in short and incidental remarks. The objections of Dr. Hurd in his Poetical Imitation," are more important:

"When a writer," says that learned and elegant critic, "who is driven by so many powerful motives to the imitation of preceding models, revolts against them all, and determines at any rate to be *original*, nothing can be expected but an awkward straining in every thing. *Improper method, forced conceits, and affected expression*, are the certain issue of such obstinacy. Let me exemplify what has been here said in the case of a very eminent person, who, with all the advantages of art and nature, that could be required to adorn the true poet, was ruined by this single error. The person I mean was Sir William Davenant; whose *Gondibert* will remain a perpetual monument of the mischiefs which must ever arise from the affectation of originality, in lettered and polite poets.

"The great author, when he projected his plan of an heroic poem, was so far from intending to steer his course by *example*, that he sets out, in his preface, with upbraiding the followers of Homer, as a base and timorous crew of *coasters*, who would not adventure to launch forth on the ocean of invention. He professedly makes his own merit to consist in 'an endeavour to lead truth through unfrequented and new ways, and from the most remote shades, by representing nature, though not in an affected, yet in an unusual dress.' These were the principles he went upon; let us now attend to the success of his endeavours.

"The *method* of his work is defective in many respects. For instance, in the two following. Observing the large compass of the ancient epic, for which he saw no cause in nature, and which he supposed had been followed merely from a blind deference to the authority of the first model, he resolved to construct an heroic poem in the narrower, and, as he conceived, juster plan of the dramatic poems. And, because it was their practice, for the purpose of *raising the passions*, by a close accelerated plot, and for the convenience of *representation*, to conclude their subject in *five acts*, he affects to restrain himself within the same limits. The event was, that by cutting himself off, by this means, from the opportunity of digressive ornaments, which contribute so much to the pomp of the epic poetry; and what is more essential, from the advantage of the most gradual and circumstantial narration, which gives an air of *truth and reality* to the fable, he failed in obtaining the proper end of this poem, *admiration*, produced by a grandeur of design and variety of important incidents, and sustained by all the energy and minute particularity of description.

"It was essential to the epos to raise and exalt the fable by the intervention of *supernatural agency*. This, again, the poet mistook for the prejudice of the affected imitation of Homer, 'who had so often led them into heaven and hell, till by conversation with God and ghosts, they sometimes deprive us of those natural probabilities in story, which are instructive to human life.' Here, then, he would needs be original; and so, by recording only the affairs of men, hath fairly omitted a necessary part of the epic plan, and that which, of all others, had given the greatest state and magnificence to its construction. Yet here, to do him justice, one thing deserves our commendation. It had been the way of the Italian romancers, who were at that time the best poets, to run very much into prodigy and enchantment. 'Not only to exceed the *work*, but also the possibility of nature, they would have impenetrable armours, inchanted castles, invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying horses, and a thousand other things, which are easily feigned by them that dare.' These conceits, he rightly saw, had too slender a foundation in the serious belief of his age, to justify a relation of them. And, had he only dropped these, his conduct had been without blame. But, as it is the weakness of human nature, the observation of this extreme determined him to the other, of admitting nothing, however well established in the general opinion, that was *supernatural*.

"And as here he did too much, so, in another respect, it may be observed, he did too little. The romancers, before spoken of, had carried their notions of *gallantry* in ordinary life, as high, as they have done those *preternatural agencies*, in their marvellous fictions. Yet here this original genius, who was not to be held by the shackles of superstition, suffered himself to be entrapped in the

ſilken net of *love and honour*; and ſo hath adopted, in his draught of *characters*, that elevation of ſentiment which a change of manners could not but diſpoſe the reader to regard as *fantaſtic* in the Gothic romance; at the ſame time, that he rejected what had the trueſt grace in the ancient epic, a *ſober intermixture of religion*.

"The *execution* of this poem was anſwerable to the general *method*. His *ſentiments* are frequently forced, and ſo tortured by an affectation of wit, that every ſtanza hath the air of an epigram. And the *expreſſion* in which he clothes them, is ſo quaint and figurative, as turns his deſcription almoſt into a continued riddle.

"Such was the effect of a ſtudious affectation of originality, in a writer, who, but for this miſconduct, had been in the firſt rank of our poets. His endeavour was to keep clear of the models, in which his youth had been inſtructed, and which he perfectly underſtood. And in this, indeed, he ſucceeded. But the ſucceſs loſt him the poſſeſſion of, what his great ſoul ſeems to have been full of, a true and permanent glory, which hath ever ariſen, and can only ariſe from the unambitious ſimplicity of nature, *contemplated* in her own proper form, or, by *reflection*, in the faithful mirror of thoſe very models he ſo much dreaded."

While the preſent writer ſtrongly feels the force of the ſentiments which are here advanced, it is no ſmall pleaſure to him that ſo much juſtice is done to Davenant's great abilities. If he had not purſued a miſtaken plan, it is allowed by Dr. Hurd, that he would have been in the firſt rank of our poets.

With all its faults, *Gondibert* has ſtill its ſincere and ardent admirers.

Mr Headley has particularly diſtinguiſhed himſelf in its behalf. "It is to his *Gondibert*," ſays that amiable and ingenious writer, "that Davenant has to truſt for his fame; and it particularly merits a re-publication. From its total rejection of ſupernatural agency, it has afforded the critics an ample ſubject of contention. After all, it ſeems but candid to examine every work by thoſe rules which the author preſcribed himſelf in the compoſing of it; every contrary ſtep is but trying a man of one country by the laws of another. What right have we, therefore, to be offended at not finding the critical acts paſſed by Ariſtotle originally, and re-echoed by Boſſu and the French critics, rigidly obſerved, when it was the author's profeſſed intention to write without them. We may, with the ſame propriety, accuſe Shakſpeare for not adhering to the unities. It was Davenant's intention to make an experiment, and let him be heard in his own words: 'If I be accuſed of innovation, or to have tranſgreſſed againſt the method of the ancients, I ſhall think myſelf ſecure in believing, that a poet, who hath wrought with his own inſtruments at a new deſign, is no more anſwerable for diſobedience to predeceſſors, than law-makers are liable to thoſe laws which themſelves have repealed.' In Biſhop Hurd he has found a formidable accuſer. Yet, (ſuppoſing him amenable to a court of criticiſm) many palliations may be urged in his defence. There can ſcarce ſubſiſt a doubt, but that, in denying himſelf the opportunity of indulging his fancy in the appendages of Divine aſſiſtance, the dignity of the poem has been conſiderably diminiſhed; yet, if we recollect the ſituation he ſtood in as to time, it will appear that his conduct did not reſult from a perverſe and affected determination of deviating from rules long eſtabliſhed, and long approved, but from a ſerious and ſenſible conviction, that ſuch machinery as thoſe rules ſupplied him with, was no longer practicable. The ſpirit of common ſenſe, which in his day began to ſhow itſelf, would certainly have revolted againſt Heathen mythology. The Gothic ſyſtem, which the Italian ſchool preſented him with, was already hacknied and worn out, and no longer foſtered and kept alive by the reliſh for chivalry, which prevailed even when Spenſer wrote. The religion of his country afforded no inſtance, that might ſerve to keep him in countenance, or juſtify an application of ſuch hallowed materials, to ſo light, and perhaps ſo unworthy, a purpoſe. Thoſe united objections, made (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) a ſort of poetical Atheiſt of Davenant, and reduced him to the neceſſity of purſuing a plan of his own, and of relying on the natural powers of his genius. With his pen in his hand, he ſeems boldly to have exclaimed with Mezentius:

"*Dextra mihi Deus*, et telum quod miſſile libro."

But Dr. Aikin has moſt eminently diſtinguiſhed himſelf in defence of *Gondibert*. In him it has deſervedly found a warm admirer, and a moſt intelligent critic, and one who has been the firſt to recommend it to the attention of the readers of Engliſh poetry.

In his "Miſcellaneous Pieces" he has devoted a long eſſay to *Gondibert*, in which he ſucceſsfully vindicates the *method* of the poem, from the objections of Dr. Hurd, and exhibits a particular analyſis of it, which does equal honour to Davenant and his generous admirer.

"With reſpect to its *execution*," ſays this candid and ingenious writer, "the juſtice of Dr. Hurd's cenſure cannot be controverted. The author's faulty *execution*, however, aroſe from a ſource directly contrary to the "dread of imitation." Imitation itſelf led him to it; for almoſt all the models of polite literature exiſting in his own country, and indeed in the other poliſhed nations of Europe, were characteriſed by the very ſame vitiation of taſte. Among our own writers, it is ſufficient to inſtance Donne, Suckling, and Cowley, for this conſtant affectation of wit and uncommon ſentiment, and for a conſequent obſcurity of expreſſion. Yet all theſe, and Sir W. Davenant, perhaps, in a more eminent degree than the reſt, had for great occaſions, above the temptation of trifling, a majeſtic and nervous ſimplicity, both of thought and expreſſion; which, with our more refined taſte and language, we have never been able to equal.

"The meaſure choſen for this poem, is what we now almoſt confine to elegy. This choice do not appear very judicious. A redundancy of thought, running out into parentheſes, ſeems to have been produced, or at leaſt encouraged by the meaſure. But I think he has generally preſerved a force and majeſty of expreſſion." The remarks of the ſame able and ingenious writer on Book II. Cant. 3. and 4. afford an agreeable ſpecimen of candid and judicious criticiſms. *Great Nature's Office*, *Nature's Nurſery*, *The Cabinet of Death*, *The Monument of Baniſhed Minds*, and *The Temples of Prayer*, *Penitence*, *and Praiſe* in the houſe of *Aſtragon*, are deſcribed with circumſtances of peculiar attraction and intereſt. The picture of *Birtha* is exquiſitely pleaſing.

He concludes his maſterly analyſis, with lamenting, as every reader muſt do, the abrupt termination of the ſtory.

"The plot" ſays he "is at length involved in ſo many intricate, and apparently inextricable difficulties, that it is ſcarce poſſible to conceive a ſatisfactory termination. Perhaps the poet was ſenſible of a want of power to extricate himſelf, and choſe thus to ſubmit to a voluntary bankruptcy of invention, rather than hazard his reputation by going farther. In his poſtſcript, indeed, he excuſes himſelf on account of ſickneſs, and approaching diſſolution. However diſappointed we may be by his abrupt departure from ſcenes which he has filled with confuſion, we ought not to forget the pleaſures already received from them. 'If (ſays he to his reader, with more than the ſpirit of a dying man), thou art one of thoſe, who has been warmed with poetic fire, I reverence thee as my judge.' From ſuch a judicature this *noble fragment* would, I doubt not, acquire for him what the critic laments his having loſt, "the poſſeſſion of that true and permanent glory, of which his large ſoul appears to have been full." What Davenant left undone has been attempted by a writer of inferior abilities. In a collection of poems, profeſſing to be "The Miſcellaneous Works of Mr. John Gay, vol. IV." printed in 1773, a continuation of *Gondibert*, in three additional cantos, is inſerted under the name of Gay. The impoſition is undeniable, but the *imitation* merits the attention of the admirers of *Gondibert*.

The preceding remarks muſt convince every reader, that the ſeverity of criticiſm to which *Gondibert* has been expoſed, has ariſen more from ſyſtem, and learned prejudice, than juſtice. That the ſentiments are frequently far-fetched and affected, and the expreſſions quaint and obſcure, is but too obviouſly apparent; and theſe faults, together with the want of harmony in the verſification, will ſufficiently account for the neglect into which the poem is fallen, though intereſting in its ſtory, and thick-ſown with beauties.

On the whole (with the exception that *Gondibert* would have received both dignity and embelliſhment from divine agency, could the adoption of any ſuch ſyſtem have been practicable) the writer of theſe prefaces agrees with the very liberal opinions of Dr. Aikin, whoſe authority is ſufficient to juſtify his endeavours to give this valuable *fragment* an opportunity to make good its claim to notice, on the general idea of its being the work of an elevated genius, pregnant with a rich ſtore of free and noble ſentiment, faſhioned by an intimate commerce with the great world, and boldly purſuing an original, but not an unſkilful plan.

PREFACE.

TO HIS MUCH HONOURED FRIEND, MR. HOBBES.

SIR,

SINCE you have done me the honour to allow this poem a daily examination, as it was writing, I will preſume, now it hath attained more length, to give you a longer trouble; that you may yield me as great advantages by cenſuring the method, as by judging the numbers and the matter. And becauſe you ſhall paſs through this new building with more eaſe to your diſquiſition, I will acquaint you what care I took of my materials ere I began to work.

But firſt, give me leave (remembering with what difficulty the world can ſhow any heroic poem, that in a perfect glaſs of nature gives us a familiar and eaſy view of ourſelves), to take notice of thoſe quarrels which the living have with the dead: and I will (according as all times have applyed their reverence), begin with Homer; who, though he ſeems to me ſtanding upon the poets famous hill, like the eminent ſea-mark, by which they have in former ages ſteered; and though he ought not to be removed from that eminence, leſt poſterity ſhould preſumptuouſly miſtake their courſe, yet ſome (ſharply obſerving how his ſucceſſors have proceeded no farther than a perfection of imitating him), ſay, that as ſea-marks are chiefly uſeful to coaſters, and ſerve not thoſe who have the ambition of diſcoverers, that love to ſail in untried ſeas, ſo he hath rather proved a guide for thoſe, whoſe ſatisfied wit will not venture beyond the track of others, than to them, who affect a new and remote way of thinking, who eſteem it a deficiency and meanneſs of mind, to ſtay and depend upon the authority of example.

Some there are that object, that even in the likelihoods of ſtory (and ſtory, wherever it ſeems moſt likely, grows moſt pleaſant), he doth too frequently intermix ſuch fables, as are objects lifted above the eyes of nature; and as he often interrogates his Muſe, not as his rational ſpirit, but as a familiar, ſeparated from his body, ſo her replies bring him where he ſpends time in immortal converſation; whilſt, ſupernaturally, he doth often advance his men to the quality of gods, and depoſe his gods to the condition of men.

His ſucceſſor to fame (and conſequently to cenſure), is Virgil; whoſe toils nor virtue cannot free him from the peeviſhneſs, or rather curioſity, of divers readers. He is upbraided by ſome (who perhaps are affected antiquaries, and make priority of time the meaſure of excellence), for gaining his renown by imitation of Homer: whilſt others (no leſs bold with that ancient guide), ſay, he hath ſo often led him into heaven and hell, till, by converſation with gods and ghoſts, he ſometimes deprives us of thoſe natural probabilities in ſtory, which are inſtructive to human life: And others affirm (if it be not irreverence to record their opinion), that even in wit, he ſeems deficient, by many omiſſions; as if he had deſigned a penance of gravity to himſelf, and to poſterity: And by their obſerving that continued gravity, methinks they look upon him as on a muſician compoſing of anthems; whoſe excellence conſiſts more in the ſolemnneſs, than in the fancy; and upon the body of his work, as on the body of a giant, whoſe force hath more ſtrength than quickneſs, and of patience than activity.

But theſe bold cenſurers are in danger of ſo many enemies; as I ſhall wiſely ſhrink from them, and only obſerve, that if any diſciples of unimitable Virgil can prove ſo formal as to eſteem wit (as if it were levity), an imputation to the heroic muſe (by which malevolent word, *wit*, they would diſgrace her extraordinary height); yet if thoſe grave judges will be held wiſe, they muſt endure the fate of wiſe men, who always have but few of their ſociety; for many more than conſiſt of their number (perhaps not having the ſullenneſs to be of it), are taken with thoſe bold flights, and think it is with the Muſe (whoſe noble quarry is men), as with the eagle, who when he ſoars high, ſtoops more proſperouſly, and is moſt certain of his prey. And ſurely poets (whoſe buſineſs ſhould repreſent the world's true image often to our view), are not leſs prudent than painters; who, when they draw landſkips, entertain not the eye wholly with even proſpect, and a continued flat; but, for variety, terminate the ſight with lofty hills, whoſe obſcure heads are ſometimes in the clouds.

Lucan, who choſe to write the greateſt actions that ever were allowed to be true (which, for

fear of contemporary witneſſes, obliged him to a very cloſe attendance upon fame), did not obſerve that ſuch an enterpriſe rather beſeemed an hiſtorian than a poet: For wiſe poets think it more worthy to ſeek out truth in the paſſions, than to record the truth of actions; and practiſe to deſcribe mankind juſt as we are perſuaded or guided by inſtinct; not particular perſons, as they are lifted, or levelled by the force of fate; it being nobler to contemplate the general hiſtory of nature, than a ſelected diary of fortune: And painters are no more than hiſtorians, when they draw eminent perſons (though they term that drawing to the life); but when by aſſembling divers figures in a larger volume, they draw paſſions (though they term it but ſtory), then they increaſe in dignity, and become poets.

I have been thus hard, to call him to account for the choice of his argument, not merely as it was ſtory, but becauſe the actions he recorded were ſo eminent, and ſo near his time, that he could not aſſiſt truth with ſuch ornaments as poets, for uſeful pleaſure, have allowed her; leſt the feigned complexion might render the true ſuſpected. And now I will leave to others the preſumption of meaſuring his hyperboles; by whoſe ſpace and height they maliciouſly take the dimenſion of wit; and ſo miſtake him in his boiling youth (which had marvellous forces) as we diſreliſh excellent wine, when fuming in the lee.

Statius (with whom we may conclude the old heroics), is as accountable to ſome for his obligations to Virgil, as Virgil is to others for what he owes to Homer; and more cloſely than Virgil waits on Homer, doth Statius attend Virgil; and follows him there alſo, where nature never comes, even into heaven and hell: And therefore he cannot eſcape ſuch as approve the wiſdom of the beſt dramatics; who, in repreſentation of examples, believe they prevail moſt on our manners, when they lay the ſcene at home in their own country; ſo much they avoid thoſe remote regions of heaven and hell: As if the people (whom they make civil by an eaſy communication with reaſon; and familiar reaſon is that which is called the civility of the ſtage), were become more diſcreet than to have their eyes perſuaded by the deſcending of gods in gay clouds, and more manly than to be frighted with the riſing of ghoſts in ſmoke.

Taſſo (who revived the heroic flame, after it was many ages quenched), is held, both in time and merit, the firſt of the moderns; an honour by which he gains not much, becauſe the number he excells muſt needs be few, which affords but one fit to ſucceed him; for I yield to their opinion, who permit not Arioſto, no not Du Bartas, in his eminent rank of the heroics; rather than to make way by their admiſſion for Dame Marino, and others. Taſſo's honour, too, is chiefly allowed him, where he moſt endeavours to make Virgil his pattern: And again, when we conſider from whom Virgil's ſpirit is derived, we may obſerve how rarely human excellence is found; for heroic poeſy (which, if exact in itſelf, yields not to any other human work), flowed but in few; and even thoſe ſtreams deſcended but from one Grecian ſpring: and it is with original poems, as with the original pieces of painters, whoſe copies abate the exceſſive price of the firſt hand.

But Taſſo, though he came late into the world, muſt have his ſhare in that critical war, which never ceaſes amongſt the learned; and he ſeems moſt unfortunate, becauſe his errors, which are derived from the ancients, when examined, grow in a great degree excuſable in them; and by being his, admit no pardon. Such as are his counſel aſſembled in heaven; his witches expeditions through the air; and enchanted woods, inhabited with ghoſts. For though the elder poets (which were then the ſacred prieſts), fed the world with ſupernatural tales, and ſo compound the religion, of pleaſure and myſtery (two ingredients which never failed to work upon the people); whilſt for the eternity of their chiefs (more refined by education), they ſurely intended no ſuch vain proviſion. Yet a Chriſtian poet, whoſe religion little needs the aids of invention, hath leſs occaſion to imitate ſuch fables, as meanly illuſtrate a probable heaven, by the faſhion and dignity of courts; and make a reſemblance of hell, out of the dreams of frighted women; by which they continue and increaſe the melancholy miſtakes of the people.

Spenſer may ſtand here as the laſt of this ſhort file of heroic poets; men whoſe intellectuals were of ſo great a making (though ſome have thought them liable to thoſe few cenſures we have mentioned), as perhaps they will, in worthy memory, outlaſt even makers of laws, and founders of empires, and all but ſuch as muſt therefore live equally with them, becauſe they have recorded their names. And ſince we have dared to remember thoſe exceptions, which the curious have againſt them, it will not be expected I ſhould forget what is objected againſt Spenſer; whoſe obſolete language we are conſtrained to mention, though it be grown the moſt vulgar accuſation that is laid to his charge.

Language (which is the only creature of man's creation), hath, like a plant, ſeaſons of flouriſhing and decay; like plants, is removed from one ſoil to another; and by being ſo tranſplanted, doth often gather vigour and increaſe. But as it is falſe huſbandry to graft old branches upon young ſtocks, ſo we may wonder that our language (not long before his time created out of a confuſion of others, and then beginning to flouriſh like a new plant), ſhould, as helps to its increaſe, receive from his hand new grafts of old withered words. But this vulgar exception ſhall only have the vulgar excuſe; which is, that the unlucky choice of his ſtanza hath, by repetition of rhyme, brought him to the neceſſity of many exploded words.

If we proceed from his language to his argument, we muſt obſerve with others, that his noble and moſt artful hands deſerved to be employed upon matter of a more natural, and therefore of a more uſeful kind. His allegorical ſtory (by many held defective in the connection), reſembling, methinks, a continuance of extraordinary dreams; ſuch as excellent poets and painters, by being overſtudious, may have in the beginning of fevers: And thoſe moral viſions are juſt of ſo much uſe to human application, as painted hiſtory; when with the couzenage of lights it is repreſented in ſcenes,

by which we are much leſs informed than by actions on the ſtage.

Thus, Sir, I have, perhaps, taken pains to make you think me malicious, in obſerving how far the curious have looked into the errors of others; errors which the natural humour of imitation hath made ſo like in all (even from Homer to Spenſer), as the accuſations againſt the firſt appear but little more than repetition in every proceſs againſt the reſt: And comparing the reſemblance of error in perſons of one generation, to that which is in thoſe of another age, we may find it exceeds not any where, notoriouſly, the ordinary proportion. Such limits to the progreſs of every thing (even of worthineſs, as well as defect), doth imitation give: for whilſt we imitate others, we can no more excel them, than he that ſails by others maps, can make a new diſcovery: and to imitation, nature (which is the only viſible power, and operation of God), perhaps, doth needfully incline us to keep from exceſſes. For though every man be capable of worthineſs and unworthineſs (as they are defined by opinion), yet no man is built ſtrong enough to bear the extremities of either, without unloading himſelf upon others ſhoulders, even to the wearineſs of many. If courage be worthineſs, yet where it is overgrown into extremes, it becomes as wild and hurtful as ambition; and ſo what was reverenced for protection, grows to be abhorred for oppreſſion: If learning (which is not knowledge, but a continued ſailing by fantaſtic and uncertain winds towards it), be worthineſs, yet it hath bounds in all philoſophers; and Nature, that meaſured thoſe bounds, ſeems not ſo partial, as to allow it in any one a much larger extent than in another; as if in our fleſhy building, ſhe conſidered the furniture and the room alike and together; for as the compaſs of diadems commonly fits the whole ſucceſſion of thoſe kings that wear them, ſo throughout the whole world, a very few inches may diſtinguiſh the circumference of the heads of their ſubjects: Nor need we repine that Nature hath not ſome favourites, to whom ſhe doth diſpenſe this treaſure, *knowledge*, with a prodigious liberality: For as there is no one that can be ſaid vaſtly to exceed all mankind, ſo divers that have in learning tranſcended all in ſome one province, have corrupted many with that great quantity of falſe gold; and the authority of their ſtronger ſcience had often ſerved to diſtract, or pervert their weaker diſciples.

And as the qualities which are termed good are bounded, ſo are the bad; and likewiſe limited, as well as gotten by imitation; for amongſt thoſe that are extraordinary, either by birth or brain (for with the uſual pride of poets, I paſs by common crowds, as negligently as princes move from throngs that are not their own ſubjects), we cannot find any one ſo egregious (admitting cruelty and avarice for the chiefeſt evils, and errors in government or doctrine, to be the greateſt errors), but that divers of former or ſucceeding times may enter the ſcales with them, and make the balance even; though the paſſion of hiſtorians would impoſe the contrary on our belief; who in diſpraiſe of evil princes, are often as unjuſt and exceſſive as the common people: For there was never any monarch ſo cruel, but he had living ſubjects; nor ſo avaritious, but that his ſubjects were richer than himſelf; nor ever any diſeaſe in government ſo extremely infectious, as to make univerſal anarchy; or any error in doctrine ſo ſtrong by the maintainer, but that truth (though it wreſtled with her often, and in many places), hath at ſome ſeaſon, and on ſome ground, made her advantages and ſucceſs apparent: Therefore we may conclude, that nature, for the ſafety of mankind, hath as well (by dulling and ſtopping our progreſs with the conſtant humour of imitation), given limits to courage and to learning, to wickedneſs and to error, as it hath ordained the ſhelves before the ſhore, to reſtrain the rage and exceſſes of the ſea.

But I feel, Sir, that I am falling into the dangerous fit of a hot writer; for inſtead of performing the promiſe which begins this preface, and doth oblige me (after I had given you the judgment of ſome upon others), to preſent myſelf to your cenſure, I am wandering after new thoughts; but I ſhall aſk your pardon, and return to my undertaking.

My argument I reſolved ſhould conſiſt of Chriſtian perſons; for ſince religion doth generally beget, and govern manners, I thought the example of their actions would prevail moſt upon our own, by being derived from the ſame doctrine and authority; as the particular ſects, educated by philoſophers, were diligent and pliant to the dictates and faſhions of ſuch as derived themſelves from the ſame maſter, but lazy and froward to thoſe who converſed in other ſchools: Yet all theſe ſects pretended to the ſame beauty, *virtue*; though each did court her more fondly, when ſhe was dreſſed at their own homes, by the hands of their acquaintance: And ſo ſubjects bred under the laws of a prince (though laws differ not much in morality, or privilege throughout the civil world, being every where made for direction of life, more than for ſentences of death), will rather die near that prince, defending thoſe they have been taught, than live by taking new from another.

Theſe were partly the reaſons why I choſe a ſtory of ſuch perſons as profeſſed Chriſtian Religion; but I ought to have been moſt inclined to it, becauſe the principles of our religion conduce more to explicable virtue, to plain demonſtrative juſtice, and even to honour (if Virtue, the mother of Honour, be voluntary and active in the dark, ſo as ſhe need not laws to compel her, nor look for witneſſes to proclaim her), than any other religion that ever aſſembled men to divine worſhip. For that of the Jews doth ſtill conſiſt in a ſullen ſeparation of themſelves from the reſt of human fleſh; which is a fantaſtical pride of their own cleanneſs, and an uncivil diſdain of the imagined contagiouſneſs of others; and at this day, their canonizing in tribes, and ſhineſs of alliance with neighbours, deſerves not the term of mutual love, but rather ſeems a beſtial melancholy of herding in their own walks. That of the Ethnics, like this of Mahomet, conſiſted in the vain pride of empire, and never enjoined a Jewiſh ſeparation, but drew all nations together; yet not as their companions of the ſame ſpecies, but as ſlaves to a yoke: Their ſanctity wa honour, and their hreo only an impudent con

rage, or dexterity in deſtroying. But Chriſtian religion hath the innocence of village neighbourhood, and did anciently, in its politics, rather promote the intereſt of mankind than of ſtates, and rather of all ſtates than of one; for particular endeavours only in behalf of our own homes, are ſigns of a narrow moral education; not of the vaſt kindneſs of Chriſtian religion, which likewiſe ordained as well an univerſal communion of boſoms, as a community of wealth. Such is Chriſtian religion in the precepts, and was once ſo in the picture. But I am reſolved my poem ſhould repreſent thoſe of a former age; perceiving it is with the ſervants of Chriſt, as with other ſervants under temporal power, who with all cleanneſs, and even with officious diligence, perform their duty in their maſters ſight; but ſtill as he grows longer abſent, becomes more ſlothful, unclean, and falſe. And this, who evercompares the preſent with the primitive times, may too palpably diſcern.

When I conſidered the actions which I meant to deſcribe (thoſe inferring the perſons), I was again perſuaded rather to chooſe thoſe of a former age, than the preſent; and in a century ſo far removed, as might preſerve me from their improper examinations, who know not the requiſites of a poem, nor how much pleaſure they loſe (and even the pleaſures of heroic poeſy are not unprofitable), who take away the liberty of a poet, and fetter his feet in the ſhackles of an hiſtorian: For why ſhould a poet doubt in ſtory to mend the intrigues of fortune by more delightful conveyances of probable fictions, becauſe auſtere hiſtorians have entered into bond to truth; an obligation which were in poets as fooliſh and unneceſſary as is the bondage of falſe martyrs, who lie in chains for a miſtaken opinion: But by this I would imply, that truth, narrative and paſt, is the idol of hiſtorians (who worſhip a dead thing), and truth, operative, and by effects continually alive, is the miſtreſs of poets, who hath not her exiſtence in matter, but in reaſon.

I was likewiſe more willing to derive my theme from elder times, as thinking it no little mark of ſkilfulneſs to comply with the common infirmity; for men, even of the beſt education, diſcover their eyes to be weak, when they look upon the glory of virtue (which is great actions), and rather endure it at diſtance than near; being more apt to believe, and love the renown of predeceſſors, than of contemporaries, whoſe deeds excelling theirs in their own ſight, ſeem to upbraid them; and are not reverenced as examples of virtue, but envied as the favours of Fortune: But to make great actions credible, is the principal art of poets; who, though they avouch the utility of fictions, ſhould not (by altering and ſubliming ſtory), make uſe of their privilege to the detriment of the reader; whoſe incredulity (when things are not repreſented in proportion), doth much allay the reliſh of his pity, hope, joy, and other paſſions: For we may deſcend), to compare the deceptions in poeſy to thoſe of them that profeſs dexterity of hand, which reſembles conjuring; and to ſuch we come not with the intention of lawyers, to examine the evidence of facts, but are content (if we like the carriage of their feigned motion), to pay for being well deceived.

As in the choice of time, ſo of place, I have complyed with the weakneſs of the generality of men; who think the beſt objects of their own country ſo little to the ſize of thoſe abroad, as if they were ſhowed them by the wrong end of a proſpective: for man (continuing the appetites of his firſt childhood, till he arrive at his ſecond, which is more ♠oward), muſt be quieted with ſomething that he thinks excellent, which he may call his own; but when he ſees the like in other places (not ſtaying to compare them), wrangles at all he has. This leads us to obſerve the craftineſs of the comics, who are only willing when they deſcribe humour (and humour is the drunkenneſs of a nation, which no ſleep can cure), to lay the ſcene in their own country; as knowing we are (like the ſon of Noah), ſo little diſtaſted to behold each others ſhame, that we delight to ſee even that of a father: yet when they would ſet forth greatneſs and excellent virtue (which is the theme of tragedy), publicly to the people, they wiſely (to avoid the quarrels of neighbourly envy), remove the ſcene from home. And by their example I travailed too; and Italy (which was once the ſtage of the world), I have made the theatre; where I ſhow, in either ſex, ſome patterns of human life, that are, perhaps, fit to be followed.

Having told you why I took the actions that ſhould be my argument, from men of our own religion, and given you treaſons for the choice of the time and place deſigned for thoſe actions; I muſt next acquaint you with the ſchools where they were bred; not meaning the ſchools where they took their religion, but morality; for I know religion is univerſally rather inherited than taught: and the moſt effectual ſchools of morality are courts and camps: yet towards the firſt, the people are unquiet through envy; and towards the other through fear; and always jealous of both for injuſtice, which is the natural ſcandal caſt upon authority and great force. They look upon the outward glory, or blaze of courts, as wild beaſts in dark nights ſtare on their hunters torches; but though the expences of courts (whereby they ſhine), is that conſuming glory in which the people think their liberty is waſted, (for wealth is their liberty, and loved by them even to jealouſy, being themſelves a coarſer ſort of princes, apter to take than to pay), yet courts (I mean all abſtracts of the multitude; either by king or aſſemblies) are not the ſchools where men are bred to oppreſſion, but the temples where ſometimes oppreſſors take ſanctuary: a ſafety which our reaſon muſt allow them. For the ancient laws of ſanctuary (derived from God) provided chiefly for actions that proceeded from neceſſity; and who can imagine leſs than a neceſſity of oppreſſing the people, ſince they are never willing either to buy their peace, or to pay for war?

Nor are camps the ſchools of wicked deſtroyers, more than the inns of court (being the nurſery of judges) are the ſchools of murderers; for as judges are avengers of private men againſt private robbers, ſo are armies the avengers of the public

against public invaders, either civil or foreign, and invaders are robbers, though more in countenance than those of the highway, because of their number. Nor is there other difference between armies when they move towards sieges or battle, and judges moving in their circuit (during the danger of extraordinary malefactors) with the guards of the county; but that the latter is a less army, and of less discipline. If any man can yet doubt of the necessary use of armies, let him study that which was anciently called a Monster, the multitude, (for wolves are commonly harmless when they are met alone, but very uncivil in herds) and he will not find that all his kindred by Adam are so tame and gentle as those lovers that were bred in Arcadia; or to reform his opinion, let him ask why (during the utmost age of history) cities have been at the charge of defensive walls, and why fortification hath been practised so long, till it is grown an art?

I may now believe I have usefully taken from courts and camps, the patterns of such as will be fit to be imitated by the most necessary men; and the most necessary men are those who become principal by prerogative of blood, (which is seldom unassisted with education) or by greatness of mind, which in exact definition is virtue. The common crowd (of whom we are hopeless) we desert, being rather to be corrected by laws (where precept is accompanied with punishment) than to be taught by poesy; for few have arrived at the skill of Orpheus, or at his good fortune, whom we may suppose to have met with extraordinary Grecian beasts, when so successfully he reclaimed them with his harp. Nor is it needful that heroic poesy should be levelled to the reach of common men: for, if the examples it presents prevail upon their chiefs, the delight of imitation (which we hope we have proved to be as effectual to good as to evil) will rectify by the rules which those chiefs establish of their own lives, the lives of all that behold them; for the example of life doth as much surpass the force of precept, as life doth exceed death.

In the choice of these objects (which are as sea marks to direct the dangerous voyage of life) I thought fit to follow the rule of coasting maps, where the shelves and rocks are described as well as the safe channel; the care being equal how to avoid as to proceed: and the characters of men (whose passions are to be eschewed) I have derived from the distempers of love or ambition: for love and ambition are too often the raging fevers of great minds. Yet ambition (if the vulgar acception of the word were corrected) would signify no more than an extraordinary lifting of the feet in the rough ways of honour, over the impediments of fortune; and hath a warmth (till it be chafed into a fever) which is necessary for every virtuous breast: for good men are guilty of too little appetite to greatness, and it either proceeds from that they call contentedness, (but contentedness when examined, doth mean something of laziness as well as moderation), or from some melancholy precept of the cloister; where they would make life (for which the world was only made) more unpleasant than death: as if nature, the vicegerent of God, (who, in providing delightful varieties, which virtuous greatness can best possess, or assure peaceably to others, implicitly commanded the use of them) should, in the necessaries of life, (life being her chief business), though in her whole reign she never committed one error, need the counsel of friars, whose solitude makes them no more fit for such direction, than prisoners long fettered are for a race.

In saying this, I only awaken such retired men as evaporate their strength of mind by close and long thinking; and would every where separate the soul from the body, ere we are dead, by persuading us (though they were both created, and have been long companions together), that the preferment of the one must merely consist in deserting the other; teaching us to court the grave, as if during the whole lease of life, we were like moles to live under ground; or as if long and well dying, were the certain means to live in heaven: yet reason (which though the most profitable talent God hath given us, some divines would have philosophers to bury in the napkin, and not put it to use) persuades us, that the painful activeness of virtue (for faith, on which some wholly depend, seems but a contemplative boast, till the effects of it grow exemplary by action), will more probably acquire everlasting dignities. And surely, if these severe masters (who, though obscure in cells, take it ill if their very opinions rule not all abroad) did give good men leave to be industrious in getting a share of governing the world, the multitudes (which are but tenants to a few monarchs) would endure that subjection which God hath decreed them, with better order, and more ease; for the world is only governed, because the wicked take more pains to get authority than the virtuous; for the virtuous are often preached into retirement, which is to the public as unprofitable as their sleep; and the erroneousness of such lazy rest, let philosophers judge; since nature (of whose body man thinks himself the chiefest member) hath not any where, at any time, been respited from action, (in her called motion), by which she universally preserves and makes life. Thus much of ambition, which should have succeeded something I was saying of love.

Love, in the interpretation of the envious, is softness; in the wicked, good men suspect it for lust; and in the good, some spiritual men give the name of charity. And these are but terms to this which seems a more considered definition; that indefinite love is lust; and lust, when it is determined to one is love: this definition too, but intrudes itself on what I was about to say, which is, that love is the most acceptable imposition of nature, the cause and preservation of life, and the very healthfulness of the mind, as well as of the body; but lust (our raging fever) is more dangerous in cities than the calenture in ships.

Now, Sir, I again ask your pardon, for I have again digressed; my immediate business being to tell you, that the distempers of love and ambition are the only characters I designed to expose as objects of terror: and that I never meant to prostitute wickedness in the images of low and

contemptible people, as if I expected the meaneſt of the multitude for my readers (ſince only the rabble is ſeen at common executions), nor intended to raiſe iniquity to that height of horror, till it ſeemed the fury of ſomething worſe than a beaſt. In order to the firſt, I believe the Spartans (who, to deter their children from drunkenneſs, accuſtomed their ſlaves to vomit before them), did, by ſuch fulſome examples, rather teach them to diſdain the ſlaves than to lothe wine; for men ſeldom take notice of the vice in abject perſons, eſpecially where neceſſity conſtrains it. And, in the obſervation of the ſecond, I have thought, that thoſe horrid ſpectacles (when the later race of Gladiators made up the exceſſes of Roman feaſts) did more induce the gueſts to deteſt the cruelty of mankind, than increaſe their courage by beholding ſuch an impudent ſcorn of life.

I have now given you the account of ſuch proviſions as I made for this new building: and you may next pleaſe (having examined the ſubſtance) to take a view of the form; and obſerve, if I have methodically and with diſcretion, diſpoſed of the materials, which with ſome curioſity I had collected. I cannot diſcern by any help from reading, or learned men, (who have been to me the beſt and briefeſt indexes of books) that any nation hath in repreſentment of great actions (either by heroics or dramatics) digeſted ſtory into ſo pleaſant and inſtructive a method as the Engliſh by their drama: and by that regular ſpecies (though narratively and not in dialogue) I have drawn the body of an heroic poem; in which I did not only obſerve the ſymmetry (proportioning five Books to five Acts, and Cantos to Scenes, the ſcenes having their number ever governed by occaſion) but all the ſhadowings, happy ſtrokes, ſecret graces, and even the drapery, which, together make the ſecond beauties, I have, I hope, exactly followed: and thoſe compoſitions of ſecond beauty, I obſerve in the drama to be the underwalks, interweaving, or correſpondence of leſſer deſign in Scenes, not the great motion of the main plot, and coherence of the Acts

The firſt Act is the general preparative, by rendering the chiefeſt characters of perſons, and ending with ſomething that looks like an obſcure promiſe of deſign. The ſecond begins with an introducement of new perſons, ſo finiſhes all the characters, and ends with ſome little performance of that deſign which was promiſed at the parting of the firſt Act. The third makes a viſible correſpondence in the underwalks (or leſſer intrigues) of perſons; and ends with an ample turn of the main deſign, and expectation of a new. The fourth (ever having occaſion to be the longeſt) gives a notorious turn to all the underwalks, and a counter-turn to that main deſign which changed in the third. The fifth begins an entire diverſion of the main, and dependent plot; then makes the general correſpondence of the perſons more diſcernable, and ends with an eaſy untying of thoſe particular knots, which made a contexture of the whole; leaving ſuch ſatisfaction of probabilities with the ſpectator, as may perſuade him that neither fortune in the fate of the perſons, nor the writer in the repreſentment, have been unnatural or exorbitant. To theſe meanders of the Engliſh ſtage, I have cut out the walks of my poem; which in this deſcription may ſeem intricate and tedious; but will I hope, when men take pains to viſit what they have here deſcribed, appear to them as pleaſant as a ſummer paſſage on a crooked river, where going about and turning back, is as delightful as the delays of parting lovers.

In placing the argument as a proem before every Canto, I have not wholly followed the example of the moderns; but averted it from that purpoſe to which I found it frequently uſed, for it hath been intended by others, as the contents of the Chapter, or as a bill of fare at a Venetian feaſt, which is not brought before the meat to raiſe an expectation, but to ſatisfy the longing curioſity of the gueſts. And, that which I have called my argument, is only meant as an aſſiſtance to the reader's memory, by containing brief hints, ſuch as if all the arguments were ſucceſsfully read, would make him eaſily remember the mutual dependencies of the general deſign; yet, each rather mentions every perſon acting, than their actions: but he is very unſkilful that by narratives before an hiſtorical poem prevents expectation; for ſo he comes to have as little ſucceſs over the reader (whom the writer ſhould ſurpriſe, and, as it were, keep priſoner for a time) as he hath on his enemies, who commanding a party out to take them, (and commonly readers are juſtly enemies to writers) imparts openly the deſign ere he begins the action; or he may be ſaid to be as unluckily officious as he that leads a wooing to a miſtreſs, one that already hath newly enjoyed her.

I ſhall ſay a little, why I have choſen my interwoven ſtanza of four, though I am not obliged to excuſe the choice; for numbers in verſe muſt, like diſtinct kind of muſic, be expoſed to the uncertain and different taſte of ſeveral ears. Yet, I may declare, that I believed it would be more pleaſant to the reader, in a work of length, to give this reſpite or pauſe, between every ſtanza (having endeavoured that each ſhould contain a period) than to run him out of breath with continued couplets. Nor doth alternate rhyme, by any lowlineſs of cadence, make the ſound leſs heroic, but rather adapt it to a plain and ſtately compoſing of muſic; and the brevity of the ſtanza renders it leſs ſubtle to the compoſer, and more eaſy to the finger, which in *ſtilo recitativo*, when the ſtory is long, is chiefly requiſite. And, this was indeed (if I ſhall not betray vanity in my confeſſion) the reaſon that prevailed moſt towards my choice of this ſtanza, and my diviſion of the main work into Cantos, every Canto including a ſufficient accompliſhment of ſome worthy deſign or action; for I had ſo much heat (which you, Sir, may call pride) as to preſume they might (like the works of Homer, ere they were joined together and made a volume by the Athenian king) be ſung at village-feaſts, though not to monarchs after victory, nor to armies before battle. For ſo (as an inſpiration of glory into the one, and of valour into the other) did Homer's ſpirit, long after his bodies reſt, wander in muſic about Greece.

Thus you have the model of what I have already built, or ſhall hereafter join to the ſame frame. If I be accuſed of innovation, or to have tranſgreſſed againſt the method of the ancients; I ſhall think myſelf ſecure in believing, that a poet who hath wrought with his own inſtruments at a new deſign, is no more anſwerable for diſobedience to predeceſſors, than law-makers are liable to thoſe old laws which themſelves have repealed.

Having deſcribed the outward frame, the large rooms within, the leſſer conveyances, and now the furniture; it were orderly to let you examine the matter of which that furniture is made: but though every owner who hath the vanity to ſhow his ornaments or hangings, muſt endure the curioſity and cenſure of him that beholds them; yet I ſhall not give you the trouble of inquiring what is, but tell you of what I deſigned their ſubſtance; which is, Wit: and wit is the laborious, and the lucky reſultances of thought, having towards its excellence (as we ſay of the ſtrokes of painting) as well a happineſs as care.

Wit is not only the luck and labour, but alſo the dexterity of thought, rounding the world, like the ſun, with unimaginable motion; and bringing ſwiftly home to the memory univerſal ſurveys. It is the ſoul's powder, which, when ſuppreſſed, (as forbidden from flying upward) blows up the reſtraint, and looſeth all force in a farther aſcenſion towards heaven, and yet by nature is much leſs able to make any inquiſition downward towards hell, but breaks through all about it, (as far as the utmoſt it can reach) removes, uncovers, makes way for light, where darkneſs was encloſed, till great bodies are more examinable by being ſcattered into parcels; and, till all that find its ſtrength (but moſt of mankind are ſtrangers to wit, as Indians are to powder) worſhip it for the effects, as derived from the Deity. It is in divines, humility, examplarineſs and moderation; in ſtateſmen, gravity, vigilance, benign complacency, ſecrecy, patience, and diſpatch: in leaders of armies, valour, painfulneſs, temperance, bounty, dexterity in puniſhing and rewarding, and a ſacred certitude of promiſe. It is in poets a full comprehenſion of all recited in all theſe; and an ability to bring thoſe comprehenſions into action, when they ſhall go ſo far as to forget the true meaſure of what is of greateſt conſequence to humanity, (which are things righteous, pleaſant, and uſeful) as to think the delights of greatneſs equal to that of poeſy; or the chiefs of any profeſſion more neceſſary to the world than excellent poets. Laſtly, Though wit be not the envy of ignorant men, it is often of evil ſtateſmen, and of all ſuch imperfect great ſpirits, as have in it a leſs degree than poets; for though no man envies the excellence of that, which in no proportion he ever taſted, (as men cannot be ſaid to envy the condition of angels) yet we may ſay the devil envies the ſupremacy of God, becauſe he was in ſome degree partaker of his glory.

That which is not, yet is accounted wit, I will but ſlightly remember; which ſeems very incident to imperfect youth and ſickly age; young men (as if they were not quite delivered from childhood, whoſe firſt exerciſe is language) imagine it conſiſts in the muſic of words, and believe they are made wiſe by refining their ſpeech, above the vulgar dialect; which is a miſtake almoſt as great as that of the people who think orators (which is a title that crowns at riper years thoſe that have practiſed the dexterity of tongue) the ableſt men; who are indeed ſo much more unapt for governing, as they are more fit for ſedition; and it may be ſaid of them as of the witches of Norway, who can ſell a ſtorm for a dollar, which for ten thouſand they cannot allay. From the eſteem of ſpeaking, they proceed to the admiration of what are commonly called conceits, things that ſound like the knacks or toys of ordinary epigrammatiſts; and from thence, after more converſation and variety of objects, grow up to ſome force of fancy; yet, even then, like young hawks they ſtray and fly far off; uſing their liberty as if they would never return to the lure; and often go at check ere they can make a ſteady view, and know their game.

Old men that have forgot their childhood, and are returning to their ſecond, think it lies in a kind of tinkling of words; or elſe in a grave telling of wonderful things, or in comparing of times, without a diſcovered partiality; which they perform ſo ill by favouring the paſt, that, as it is obſerved, if the bodies of men ſhould grow leſs, though but an unmeaſurable proportion in ſeven years: yet reckoning from the flood, they would not remain in the ſtature of frogs; ſo if ſtates and particular perſons had impaired in government, and increaſed in wickedneſs, proportionably to what old men affirm they have done from their own infancy to their age, all public policy had been long ſince confuſion, and the congregated world would not ſuffice now to people a village.

The laſt thing they ſuppoſe to be wit is their bitter morals, when they almoſt declare themſelves enemies to youth and beauty; by which ſeverity they ſeem cruel as Herod, when he ſurpriſed the ſleeping children of Bethlehem; for youth is ſo far from wanting enemies, that it it mortally its own; ſo unpractiſed, that it is every where cozened more than a ſtranger among Jews; and hath an infirmity of ſight more hurtful than blindneſs to blind men; for though it cannot chooſe the way, it ſcorns to be led. And beauty, though many call themſelves her friends, hath few but ſuch as are falſe to her: though the world ſets her on a throne, yet all about her (even her graveſt counſellers) are traitors, though not in conſpiracy, yet in their diſtinct deſigns; and to make her certain not only of diſtreſs but ruin, ſhe is ever purſued by her moſt cruel enemy, the great deſtroyer, Time. But I will proceed no farther upon old men, nor in recording miſtakes; leaſt, finding ſo many more than there be verities, we might believe we walk in as great obſcurity as the Egyptians when darkneſs was their plague. Nor will I preſume to call the matter, of which the ornaments or ſubſtantial parts of this poem are compoſed, Wit; but only tell you my endeavour was, in bringing truth, too often abſent, home to mens boſoms, to lead her through unfrequented

and new ways, and from the most remote shades, by representing nature, though not in an affected, yet in an unusual dress.

It is now fit, after I have given you so long a survey of the building, to render you some account of the builder, that you may know by what time, pains, and assistance, I have already proceeded, or may hereafter finish my work; and in this I shall take occasion to accuse and condemn, as papers unworthy of light, all those hasty digestions of thought which were published in my youth; a sentence not pronounced out of melancholy rigour, but from a cheerful obedience to the just authority of experience: For that grave mistress of the world, Experience, (in whose profitable school those before the flood stayed long; but we, like wanton children, come thither late, yet too soon are called out of it, and fetched home by death) hath taught me, that the engenderings of unripe age become abortive and deformed; and that after obtaining more years, those must needs prophesy with ill success, who make use of their visions in wine; that when the ancient poets were valued as prophets, they were long and painful in watching the correspondence of causes, ere they presumed to foretel effects: and that it is a high presumption to entertain a nation (who are a poet's standing guest, and require monarchial respect) with hasty provisions. Such posting I have long since forborn; and during my journey in this work, have moved with a slow pace, that I might make my surveys as one that travelled not to bring home the names, but the proportion and nature of things: and in this I am made wise by two great examples; for the friends of Virgil acknowledge he was many years in doing honour to Æneas (still contracting at night into a closer force the abundance of his morning strengths); and Statius seems rather to boast than blush, when he confesses he was twice seven years in renowning the war between Argos and Thebes.

Next to the usefulness of time, (which here implies ripe age), I believed pains most requisite to this undertertaking; for though painfulness in poets (according to the usual negligence of our nation in examining, and their diligence to censure) seems always to discover a want of natural force, and is traduced, as if poesy concerned the world no more than dancing; whose only grace is the quickness and facility of motion; and whose perfection is not of such public consequence, that any man can merit much by attaining it with long labour; yet let them consider, and they will find (nor can I stay long ere I convince them in the important use of poesy) the natural force of a poet more apparent, by but confessing that great forces ask great labour in managing, than by an arrogant braving the world, when he enters the field with his undisciplined first thoughts: For a wise poet, like a wise general, will not show his strengths till they are in exact government and order; which are not the postures of chance, but proceeed from vigilance and labour.

Yet to such painful poets some upbraid the want of extemporary fury, or rather inspiration; a dangerous word, which many of late have successfully used; and inspiration is a spiritual fit, derived from the ancient Ethnic poets, who then, as they were priests, were statesmen too, and probably loved dominion; and as their well dissembling of inspiration begot them reverence then, equal to that which was paid to the laws, so these who now profess the same fury, may perhaps, by such authentic example, pretend authority over the people, it being not unreasonable to imagine, they rather imitate the Greek poets than the Hebrew prophets, since the latter were inspired for the use of others; and these, like the former, prophesy for themselves. But though the ancient poets are excused, as knowing the weak constitution of those deities, from whom they took their priesthood, and the frequent necessity of dissembling, for the ease of government; yet these, (who also from the chief to the meanest, are statesmen and priests, but have not the luck to be poets) should not assume such saucy familiarity with a true God.

From the time and labour required to my poem, let me proceed to my assistants, by which I shall not so much attest my own weakness, as discover the difficulties and greatness of such a work; for when Solomon made use of his neighbours towards his building, he lost no reputation, nor by demanding those aids was thought a less prince; but rather published his wisdom in rightly understanding the vast extent of his enterprise, who likewise, with as much glory, made use of fellers of wood, and hewers of stone, as of learned architects; nor have I refrained to be obliged to men of any science, as well mechanical as liberal; nor when memory (from that various and plentiful stock, with which all observers are furnished, that have had diversity of life) presented me by chance with any figure, did I lay it aside as useless, because at that instant I was not skilful to manage it artfully; but I have staid and recorded such objects, till by consulting right masters, I have disposed of them without mistake; it being no more shame to get learning at that very time, and from the same text, when and by which we instruct others, than for a forward scout, discovering the enemy, to save his own life at a pass, where he then teaches his party to escape.

In remembering mine own helps, I have considered those which others in the same necessity have taken; and find that writers (contrary to my inclination) are apter to be beholding to books than to men; not as the first are in their possession, (being more constant companions, than deareſt friends), but because they commonly make such use of treasure found in books, as of other treasure belonging to the dead, and hidden under ground; for they dispose of both with great secrecy, defacing the shape or images of the one, as much as of the other, through fear of having the original of their stealth or abundance discovered. And the next cause why writers are more in libraries than in company, is, that books are easily opened, and learned men are usually shut up, by a froward or envious humour of retention, or else unfold themselves, so as we may read more of their weakness and vanity than wisdom, imitating the holiday-custom in great cities, where

the ſhops of chaundry and ſlight wares are familiary open, but thoſe of ſolid and ſtaple merchandiſe are proudly locked up.

Nor indeed can it be expected that all great doctors are of ſo benign a nature, as to take pains in gaining treaſure (of which knowledge is the greateſt) with intent to enrich others, ſo eaſily, as if they ſtood every where with their pockets ſpread, and ready to be picked; nor can we read of any father, who ſo far and ſecretly adopted his ſon to a book of his own writing, as that his ſon might be thought author of that written wit, as much as his father was author of him; nor of any huſband that to his darling wife would ſo far ſurrender his wiſdom, as that in public he could endure to let her uſe his dictates, as if ſhe would have others think her wiſer than himſelf. By this remembrance of that uſual parſimony in owners of wit, towards ſuch as would make uſe of their plenty, I lament the fortune of others, and may wiſh the reader to congratulate mine; for I have found friends as ready as books to regulate my conceptions, or make them more correct, eaſy, and apparent. But though I am become ſo wiſe, by knowing myſelf, as to believe, the thoughts of divers tranſcend the beſt which I have written; yet I have admitted from no man any change of my deſign, nor very ſeldom of my ſenſe; for I reſolved to have this poem ſubſiſt and continue throughout with the ſame complexion and ſpirit, though it appear but like a plain family, of a neighbouring alliance, who marry into the ſame moderate quality and garb, and are fearful of introducing ſtrangers of greater rank, leſt the ſhining preſence of ſuch, might ſeem to upbraid, and put all about them out of countenance.

And now, Sir, that the reader may (whom writers are fain to court, draw in, and keep with artifice, ſo ſhy men grow of books) believe me worthy of him, I cannot forbear to thank you in public, for examining, correcting, and allowing this poem in parcels, ere it arrived at the contexture, by which you have performed the juſt degrees of proceeding with poets; who, during the gaiety and wantonneſs of the muſe, are but as children to philoſophers (though of ſome giant race) whoſe firſt thoughts (wild and roaming far off) muſt be brought home, watched, and interrogated, and after they are made more regular, be encouraged and praiſed for doing well, that they may delight in aiming at perfection. By ſuch a method the muſe is taught to become miſtreſs of her own and others ſtrength: and who is he ſo learned (how proud ſoever with being cheriſhed in the boſom of fame) that can hope, when through the ſeveral ways of ſcience, he ſeeks nature in her hidden walks, to make his journey ſhort, unleſs he call you to be his guide; and who ſo guided can ſuſpect his ſafety, even when he travels through the enemy's country? for ſuch is the vaſt field of learning, where the learned (though not numerous enough to be an army) lie as ſmall parties, maliciouſly in ambuſh, to deſtroy all new men that look into their quarters. And from ſuch, you and thoſe you lead, are ſecure; becauſe you move not by common maps, but have painfully made your own proſpect; and travel now like the ſun, not to inform yourſelf, but enlighten the world.

And likewiſe, when by the ſtrict ſurvey and government that hath been had over this poem, I ſhall think to govern the reader, (who though he be noble, may perhaps judge of ſupreme power like a very commoner, and rather approve authority, when it is in many, than in one) I muſt acquaint him, that you had not alone the trouble of eſtabliſhing and deſtroying, but enjoyed your intervals and eaſe by two c leagues; two that are worthy to follow you into the cloſets of princes, if the knowledge of men paſt, (of whom books are the remaining minds) or of the preſent (of whom converſation is the uſeful and lawful ſpy) may make up ſuch greatneſs, as is fit for great courts; or if the rays that proceed from poetry be not a little too ſtrong for the ſight of modern princes; who now are too ſeldom taught in their youth, like eaglets to fortify their eyes, by often ſoaring near the ſun. And though this be here but my teſtimony, it is too late for any of you to diſclaim it; for ſince you have made it valid by giving yours of Gondibert under your hands, you muſt be content to be uſed by me, as princes are by their preferred ſubjects; who, in the very act of taking honour, return it to the giver; as benefits received by the creature, manifeſt the power, and redound to the glory of the Creator.

I am now, Sir, (to your great comfort, that have been thus ill and long diverted) arrived at my laſt conſideration, which is to ſatisfy thoſe who may inquire why I have taken ſo much pains to become an author? Or, why any man ſtays ſo long ſweating at invention, when moſt readers have ſo imperfect ſtomachs, as they either devour books with over haſty digeſtion, or grow to lothe them from a ſurfeit. And why I more eſpecially made my taſk an heroic poem? I ſhall involve the two firſt queſtions in one; as ſubmitting to be concerned amongſt the generality of writers, whoſe enemies being many, and now mine, we muſt join forces to oppoſe them.

Men are chiefly provoked to the toil of compiling books, by love of fame, and often by officiouſneſs of conſcience, but ſeldom with expectation of riches; for thoſe that ſpend time in writing to inſtruct others, may find leiſure to inform themſelves, how mean the proviſions are which buſy and ſtudious minds can make for their own ſedentary bodies: and learned men (to whom the reſt of the world are but infants) have the ſame fooliſh affection in nouriſhing others minds, as pelicans in feeding their young; which is, at the expence of the very ſubſiſtence of life. It is then apparent they proceed by the inſtigation of fame or conſcience; and I believe many are perſuaded by the firſt (of which I am one) and ſome are commanded by the ſecond. Nor is the deſire of fame ſo vain as divers have rigidly imagined; fame being (when belonging to the living) that which is more gravely called a ſteady and neceſſary reputation; and without it, hereditary power, or acquired greatneſs can never quietly govern the world. It is of the dead a muſical glory, in which God,

the author of excellent goodneſs, vouchſafes to take a continual ſhare; for the remembered virtues of great men are chiefly ſuch of his works (mentioned by King David) as perpetually praiſe him; and the good fame of the dead prevails by example much more than the reputation of the living, becauſe the latter is always ſuſpected by our envy, but the other is cheerfully allowed, and religiouſly admired; for admiration (whoſe eyes are ever weak) ſtand ſtill, and gaze upon great things acted far off; but when they are near, walks ſlightly away as from familiar objects. Fame is to our ſons a ſolid inheritance, and not unuſeful to remote poſterity; and to our reaſon it is the firſt, though but a little taſte of eternity.

Thoſe that write by the command of conſcience (thinking themſelves able to inſtruct others, and conſequently obliged to it) grow commonly the moſt voluminous; becauſe the preſſures of conſcience are ſo inceſſant, that ſhe is never ſatisfied with doing enough: for ſuch as be newly made the captives of God (many appearing ſo to themſelves, when they firſt begin to wear the ſetters of conſcience) are like common ſlaves when newly taken; who, terrified with a fancy of the ſeverity of abſolute maſters, abuſe their diligence out of fear, and do ill rather than appear idle. And this may be the cauſe why libraries are more than double lined with ſpiritual books, or tracts of morality; the latter being the ſpiritual counſels of laymen; and the neweſt of ſuch great volumes (being uſually but tranſcriptions or tranſlations) differ ſo much from the ancients, as later days from thoſe of old, which difference is no more than an alteration of names, by removng the Ethnics to make way for the Saints. Theſe are the effects of their labours, who are provoked to become authors merely out of conſcience; and conſcience we may again aver to be often ſo unſkilful and timorous, that it ſeldom gives a wiſe and ſteady account of God, but grows jealous of him as an adverſary, and is after melancholy viſions like a fearful ſcout after he hath ill ſurveyed the enemy, who then makes incongruous, long, and terrible tales.

Having confeſſed that the deſire of fame made me a writer, I muſt declare, why in my riper age I choſe to gain it more eſpecially by an heroical poem; and the Heroic being by moſt allowed to be the moſt beautiful of poems, I ſhall not need to decide the quarrels of poets about the degrees of excellence in poeſy: but it is not amiſs ere I avow the uſefulneſs of the ſcience in general (which was the cauſe of my undertaking), to remember the value it had from the greateſt and moſt worthy ſpirits in all ages: for I will not abſtain (though it may give me the reputation but of common reading) to mention, that Piſiſtratus, (though a tyrant) lived with the praiſe, and died with the bleſſing of all Greece, for gathering the ſcattered limbs of Homer's works into a body; and that great Alexander, by publicly converſing with it, attained the univerſal opinion of wit; the fame of ſuch inward forces conducing as much to his conqueſts, as his armies abroad: that the Athenian priſoners were thought worthy of life and liberty for ſinging the tragedies of Euripides: that Thebes was ſaved from deſtruction by the victor's reverence to the memory of Pindar: that the elder Scipio, (who governed all the civil world) lay continually in the boſom of Ennius: that the great Numantin and Lælius (no leſs renowned) were openly proud, when the Romans believed they aſſiſted Terence in his comedies: that Auguſtus (to whom the myſteries of univerſal empire were more familiar than domeſtic dominion to modern kings) made Virgil the partner of his joys, and would have divided his buſineſs with Horace: and that Lucan was the fear and envy of Nero. If we approach nearer our own times, we may add the triumphal entry which the Papacy gave to Petrarch: and how much Taſſo is ſtill the glory and delight of Italy.

But as in this haſty muſter of poets, and liſting their confederates, I ſhall, by omitting many, deprive them of that which is due from fame; ſo I may now by the opinion of ſome divines, (whom, notwithſtanding, I will reverence in all their diſtinct habits and faſhions of the mind) be held partial and too bold, by adding to the firſt number, (though I range them upon holy ground, and aſide) Moſes, David, and Solomon, for their ſongs, pſalms, and anthems; the ſecond being the acknowledged favourite of God, whom he had gained by excellent praiſes in ſacred poeſy. And I fear (ſince poeſy is the cleareſt light by which they find the ſoul who ſeek it), that poets have in their fluent kindneſs, diverted from the right uſe, and ſpent too much of that ſpiritual talent in the honour of mortal princes: for divine praiſe (when in the high perfection as in poets, and only in them) is ſo much the uttermoſt and whole of religious worſhip, that all other parts of devotion ſerve but to make it up.

LXXXIX.

Praiſe, is devotion fit for mighty minds;
The diff'ring world's agreeing ſacrifice;
Where heaven divided, faiths united finds:
But pray'r in various diſcord upward flies.

XC.

For pray'r the ocean is, where diverſely
Men ſteer their courſe, each to a ſev'ral coaſt;
Where all our int'reſts ſo diſcordant be,
That half beg winds by which the reſt are loſt.

XCI.

By penitence when we ourſelves forſake,
'Tis but in wiſe deſign on piteous heav'n;
In praiſe we nobly give what God may take,
And are without a beggar's bluſh forgiven.

XCII.

Its utmoſt force, like powder's is unknown;
And tho' weak kings exceſs of praiſe may fear,
Yet when 'tis here, like powder dang'rous grown,
Heav'ns vault receives what would the palace tear.

After this contemplation, how acceptable the voice of poeſy hath been to God, we may (by deſcending from heaven to earth), conſider how uſeful it is to men; and among men divines are the chief, becauſe ordained to temper the rage of human power by ſpiritual menaces, as by ſudden and

ſtrange threatenings, madneſs is frighted into reaſon; and they are ſent hither as liegers from God, to conſerve in ſtedfaſt motion the ſlippery joints of government, and to perſuade an amity in divided nations: therefore to divines I firſt addreſs myſelf; and preſume to aſk them, why, ever ſince their dominion was firſt allowed at the great change of religions, (though ours more than any inculcates obedience, as an eaſy medicine to cool the impatient and raging world into a quiet reſt), mankind hath been more unruly than before? it being viſible that empire decreaſed with the increaſe of Chriſtianity; and that one weak prince did anciently ſuffice to govern many ſtrong nations: but now one little province is too hard for their own wiſe king; and a ſmall republic hath ſeventy years maintained their revolt to the diſquiet of many monarchs. Or, if divines reply, we cannot expect the good effects of their office, becauſe their ſpiritual dominion is not allowed as abſolute; then it may be aſked them more ſeverely, Why it is not allowed? for wherever there hath been great degrees of power (which have been often and long in the church) it diſcovers (though worldly viciſſitude be objected as an excuſe) that the managers of ſuch power, ſince they endeavoured not to enlarge it, believed the increaſe unrighteous; or were in acting or contriving that endeavour, either negligent or weak: for power, like the haſty vine, climbs up apace to the ſupporter; but if not ſkilfully attended and dreſſed, inſtead of ſpreading and bearing fruit, grows high and naked; and then (like empty title) being ſoon uſeleſs to others, becomes neglected and unable to ſupport itſelf.

But if divines have failed in governing princes (that is, of being entirely believed by them), yet they might have obliquely ruled them, in ruling the people, by whom, of late, princes have been governed; and they might probably rule the people, becauſe the heads of the church (wherever Chriſtianity is preached) are tetrarchs of time, of which they command the fourth diviſion; for to no leſs the Sabbaths, and days of ſaints amount; and during thoſe days of ſpiritual triumph, pulpits are thrones, and the people obliged to open their ears, and let in the ordinances and commands of preachers, who likewiſe are not without ſome little regency throughout the reſt of the year; for then they may converſe with the laity, from whom they have commonly ſuch reſpect (and reſpect ſoon opens the door to perſuaſion), as ſhows their congregations not deaf in thoſe holy ſeaſons, when ſpeaking predominates.

But notwithſtanding theſe advantages, the pulpit hath little prevailed; for the world is in all regions reverſed, or ſhaken by diſobedience, an engine with which the great angels (for ſuch were the devils, and had faculties much more ſublimed than men) believed they could diſorder Heaven. And it is not want of capacity in the lower auditory that makes doctrine ſo unſucceſsful; for the people are not ſimple, ſince the gentry (even of ſtrongeſt education) lack ſufficient defence againſt them, and are hourly ſurpriſed in (their common ambuſhes) their ſhops: For on ſacred days they walk gravely and ſadly from temples, as if they had newly buried their ſinful fathers; at night, ſleep as if they never needed forgiveneſs, and riſe with the next ſun, to lie in wait for the noble and the ſtudious. And though theſe quiet cozeners are amongſt the people eſteemed their ſteady men, yet they honour the courage and more active parts of ſuch diſobedient ſpirits, as diſdaining thus tamely to deceive, attempt bravely to rob the ſtate; and the ſtate, they believe (though the helm were held by apoſtles) would always conſiſt of ſuch arch-robbers, as whoever ſtrips them, but waves the tedious ſatisfaction which the lazy expect from laws, and comes a ſhorter way to his own.

Thus unapt for obedience (in the condition of beaſts, whoſe appetite is liberty, and their liberty a licence of luſt), the people have often been, ſince a long and notorious power hath continued with divines, whom, though with reverence we accuſe for miſtaken lenity, yet are we not ſo cruel to expect they ſhould behave themſelves to ſinners like fierce Phineas, or preach with their ſwords drawn, to kill all they cannot perſuade; but our meaning is to ſhow, how much their Chriſtian meekneſs hath deceived them in taming this wild monſter the people, and a little to rebuke them for neglecting the aſſiſtance of poets, and for upbraiding the Ethnics, becauſe the poets managed their religion, as if religion could walk more proſperouſly abroad, than when morality (reſpectfully, and bare-headed as her uſher) prepares the way; it being no leſs true, that during the dominion of poeſy, a willing peaceful obedience to ſuperiors becalmed the world, than that obedience, like the marriage yoke, though a reſtraint more needful and advantageous than liberty, and hath the ſame reward of pleaſant quietneſs, which it anciently had, when Adam, till his diſobedience, enjoyed Paradiſe. Such are the effects of ſacred poeſy, which charms the people with harmonious precepts, and whoſe aid divines ſhould not diſdain, ſince their Lord (the Saviour of the world) vouchſafed to deliver his doctrine in parabolical fictions.

Thoſe that be of next importance are leaders of armies, and ſuch I meaſure not by the ſuffrages of the people, who give them reſpect as Indians worſhip the evil ſpirit, rather for fear of harm than for affection, but eſteem them as the painful protectors and enlargers of empire, by whom it actively moves; and ſuch active motion of empire is as neceſſary as the motion of the ſea, where all things would putrify and infect one another, if the element were quiet; ſo it is with mens minds on ſhore, when that element of greatneſs and honour, empire, ſtands ſtill, of which the largeneſs is likewiſe as needful as the vaſtneſs of the ſea; for God ordained not huge empire as proportionable to the bodies, but to the minds of men; and the minds of men are more monſtrous, and require more ſpace for agitation and the hunting of others, than the bodies of whales. But he that believes men ſuch moderate ſheep, as that many are peacefully contained in a narrow fold, may be better informed in America, where little kings

never enjoy a harmleſs neighbourhood, unleſs protected defenſively amongſt themſelves, by an emperor that hath wide poſſeſſions, and priority over them (as in ſome few places); but when reſtrained in narrow dominion, where nobody commands and hinders their nature, they quarrel like cocks in a pit, and the ſun in a day's travel there, ſees more battles (but not of conſequence, becauſe their kings, though many, are little) than in Europe in a year.

To leaders of armies, as to very neceſſary men (whoſe office requires the uttermoſt aids of art and nature, and reſcues the ſword of juſtice, when it is wreſted from ſupreme power by commotion), I now addreſs myſelf, and muſt put them in mind (though not upbraidingly) how much their mighty predeceſſors were anciently obliged to poets, whoſe ſongs (recording the praiſes of conduct and valour) were eſteemed the chiefeſt rewards of victory; and ſince nature hath made us prone to imitation (by which we equal the beſt or the worſt) how much thoſe images of action prevail upon our minds, which are delightfully drawn by poets; for the greateſt of the Grecian captains have confeſſed that their counſels have been made wiſe, and their courages warm by Homer; and ſince praiſe is a pleaſure which God hath invited, and with which he often vouchſafed to be pleaſed when it was ſent him by his own poet; why is it not lawful for virtuous men to be cheriſhed and magnified with hearing their vigilance, valour, and good fortune (the latter being more the immediate gift of heaven, becauſe the effect of an unknown cauſe) commended and made eternal in poeſy? But perhaps the art of praiſing armies into great and inſtant action, by ſinging their former deeds (an art with which the ancients made empire ſo large) is too ſubtle for modern leaders, who as they cannot reach the heights of poeſy, muſt be content with a narrow ſpace of dominion, and narrow dominion breeds evil, peeviſh, and vexatious minds and a national ſelf opinion, like ſimple Jewiſh arrogance; and the Jews were extraordinary proud in a very little country: for men in contracted governments are but a kind of priſoners, and priſoners by long reſtraint grow wicked, malicious to all abroad, and fooliſh eſteemers of themſelves, as if they had wrong in not enjoying every thing which they can only ſee out of windows.

Our laſt application is to ſtateſmen and makers of laws, who may be reaſonably reduced to one, ſince the ſecond differ no more from the firſt than judges (the copies of law-makers), differ from their originals; for judges, like all bold interpreters, by often altering the text, make it quite new; and ſtateſmen (who differ not from law-makers in the act, but in the manner of doing), make new laws preſumptuouſly without the conſent of the people, but legiſlators more civilly ſeem to whiſtle to the beaſt, and ſtroak him into the yoke; and in the yoke of ſtate the people (with too much pampering), grow ſoon unruly and draw awry; yet ſtateſmen and judges (whoſe buſineſs is governing, and the thing to be governed is the people), have amongſt us (we being more proud and miſ-

taken than any other famous nation), looked gravely upon poetry, and with a negligence that betrayed a northerly ignorance, as if they believed they could perform their work without it. But poets (who with wiſe diligence ſtudy the people, and have in all ages, by an inſenſible influence, governed their manners), may juſtly ſmile when they perceive that divines, leaders of armies, ſtateſmen, and judges, think religion, the ſword, or (which is unwritten law, and a ſecret confederacy of chiefs), policy, or law, (which is written, but ſeldom rightly read), can give without the help of the muſes, a long and quiet ſatisfaction in government; for religion is to the wicked and faithleſs (who are many), a juriſdiction againſt which they readily rebel, becauſe it rules ſeverely, yet promiſeth no worldly recompence for obedience, obedience being by every humane power invited, with aſſurances of viſible advantage. The good (who are but few), need not the power of religion to make them better, the power of religion proceeding from her threatenings, which, though mean weapons, are fitly uſed, ſince ſhe hath none but baſe enemies. We may obſerve too, that all virtuous men are ſo taken up with the rewards of Heaven, that they live as if out of the world; and no government receives aſſiſtance from any man merely as he is good, but as that goodneſs is active in temporal things.

The ſword is in the hand of juſtice no guard to government, but then when juſtice hath an army for her own defence; and armies, if they were not pervertible by faction, yet are to commonwealths like kings phyſicians to poor patients, who buy the cure of their diſordered bodies at ſo high a rate, that they may be ſaid to change their ſickneſs for famine. Policy (I mean of the living, not of the dead, the one being the laſt rules or deſigns governing the inſtant, the other thoſe laws that began empire), is as mortal as ſtateſmen themſelves, whoſe inceſſant labours make that hectic fever of the mind which inſenſibly diſpatches the body; and when we trace ſtateſmen through all the hiſtories of courts, we find their inventions ſo unneceſſary to thoſe that ſucceed at the helm, or ſo much envied as they ſcarce laſt in authority till the inventors are buried; and change of deſigns in ſtateſmen (their deſigns being the weapons by which ſtates are defended), grows as deſtructive to government as a continual change of various weapons is to armies, which muſt receive with ruin any ſudden aſſault, when want of practice makes unactiveneſs. We cannot urge that the ambition of ſtateſmen (who are obnoxious to the people), doth much diſorder government, becauſe the people's anger, by a perpetual coming in of new oppreſſors, is ſo diverted in conſidering thoſe whom their eyes but lately left; as they have not time enough to riſe for the public; and evil ſucceſſors to power are in the troubled ſtream of ſtate, like ſucceeding tides in rivers, where the mud of the former is hidden by the filth of the laſt.

Laws, if very ancient, grow as doubtful and difficult as letters on buried marble, which only antiquaries read; but if not old, they want that reverence which is therefore paid to the virtues of

anceſtors, becauſe their crimes come not to our remembrance; and yet great men muſt be long dead whoſe ills are forgotten. If laws be new, they muſt either be made by very angels, or by men that have ſome vices; and thoſe being ſeen make their virtues ſuſpected; for the people no more eſteem able men, whoſe defects they know (though but errors incident to humanity), than an enemy values a ſtrong army having experience of their errors. And new laws are held but the projects of neceſſitous power, new nets ſpread to entangle us, the old being accounted too many, ſince moſt are believed to be made for forfeitures; and ſuch letting of blood (though intended by law-makers for our health), is to the people always out of ſeaſon; for thoſe that love life with too much paſſion (and money is the life-blood of the people), ever fear a conſumption. But be law-makers as able as nature or experience (which is the beſt art), can make them, yet, though I will not yield the wicked to be wiſer than the virtuous, I may ſay, offences are too hard for the laws, as ſome beaſts are too wylie for their hunters, and that vice overgrows virtue, as much as weeds grow faſter than medicinal herbs; or rather that ſin, like the fruitful ſlime of Nilus, doth increaſe into ſo many various ſhapes of ſerpents (whoſe walks and retreats are winding and unknown), that even juſtice (the painful purſuer of miſchief), is become weary, and amazed.

After theſe meditations, methinks government reſembles a ſhip, where, though divines, leaders of armies, ſtateſmen, and judges are the truſted pilots, yet it moves by the means of winds as uncertain as the breath of opinion, and is laden with the people, a freight much looſer and more dangerous than any other living ſtowage, being as troubleſome in fair weather as horſes in a ſtorm. And how can theſe pilots ſteadily maintain their courſe to the land of peace and plenty, ſince they are often divided at the helm? For divines (when they conſider great chiefs), ſuppoſe armies to be ſent from God for a temporary plague, not for continual juriſdiction; and that God's extreme puniſhments (of which armies be the moſt violent), are ordained to have no more laſtingneſs than the extremes in nature. They think (when they conſider ſtateſmen), policy hath nothing of the dove, and being all ſerpent, is more dangerous than the dangers it pretends to prevent; and that out-witting (by falſehood and corruption), adverſe ſtates or the people, (though the people be often the greater enemy, and more perilſome being neareſt) is but giving reputation to ſin, and that to maintain the public by politic evils, is a baſe proſtitution of religion; and the proſtitution of religion is that unpardonable whoredom which ſo much angered the prophets. They think law nothing but the Bible forcibly uſurped by covetous lawyers, and diſguiſed in a paraphraſe more obſcure than the text; and that it is only want of juſt reverence to religion, which doth expoſe us to the charges and vexations of law.

The leaders of armies accuſe divines, for unwiſely raiſing the war of the world by oppoſite doctrine, and for being more indiſcreet in thinking to appeaſe it by perſuaſion, forgetting that the diſpatchful end of war is blows, and that the natural region for diſputes when nations are engaged (though by religion) is the field of battle, not ſchools and academies, which they believe (by their reſtleſs controverſies) leſs civil than camps, as inteſtine quarrel is held more barbarous than foreign war. They think ſtateſmen to them (unleſs dignified with military office) but mean ſpies, that like African foxes (who attend on lions, ranging before and about for their valiant prey) ſhrink back till the danger be ſubdued, and then with inſatiate hunger come in for a ſhare: yet ſometimes with the eye of envy (which enlarges objects like a multiplying glaſs) they behold theſe ſtateſmen, and think them immenſe as whales; the motion of whoſe vaſt bodies can in a peaceful calm trouble the ocean till it boil; after a little haſty wonder, they conſider them again with diſdain of their low conſtraints at court, where they muſt patiently endure the little follies of ſuch ſmall favourites, as wait even near the wiſeſt thrones; ſo fantaſtically weak ſeem monarchs in the ſickneſs of care, (a fever in the head) when for the humorous pleaſures of diverſity, they deſcend from purple beds and ſeek their eaſe upon the ground. Theſe great leaders ſay alſo, that law moves ſlowly as with fettered feet, and is too tedious in redreſs of wrongs, whilſt in armies juſtice ſeems to ride poſt, and overtakes offenders ere the contagion of crimes can infect others; and though in courts and cities great men fence often with her, and with a forcive ſlight put by her ſword; yet when ſhe retires to camps, ſhe is in a poſture not only to puniſh the offences of particular greatneſs, but of injurious nations.

Stateſmen look on divines, as men whoſe long ſolitude and meditations on heaven hath made them ſtrangers upon earth, and it is acquaintance with the world and knowledge of man, that makes abilities of ruling: for though it may be ſaid that a ſufficient belief of doctrine would beget obedience, (which is the uttermoſt deſign of governing) yet ſince diverſity of doctrine doth diſtract all auditors, and make them doubtfully diſpoſe their obedience, (even towards ſpiritual powers, on which many would have the temporal depend) therefore ſtateſmen think themſelves more fit to manage empire than divines, whoſe uſefulneſs conſiſts in perſuaſion, and perſuaſion is the laſt medicine (being the moſt deſperate) which ſtateſmen apply to the diſtemper of the people: for their diſtemper is madneſs, and madneſs is beſt cured with terror and force. They think that leaders of armies are to great empire as great rivers to the continent, which make an eaſy acceſs of ſuch benefits as the metropolis (the ſeat of power) would elſe at vaſt diſtances with difficulty reach: yet often like proud rivers when they ſwell, they deſtroy more by once overflowing their borders at home, than they have in long time acquired from abroad; they are to little empire like the ſea to low iſlands, by nature a defence from foreigners, but by accident when they rage, a deluge to their own land; and at all ſeaſons ſtateſmen believe them more dangerous to government than them-

ſelves, for the popularity of ſtateſmen is not ſo frequent as that of generals; or if by rare ſufficiency of art it be gained; yet the force of crowds in cities, compared to the validity of men of arms and diſcipline, would appear like the great number of ſheep to a few wolves, rather a cauſe of comfort than of terror. They think that chief miniſters of law by unſkilful integrity, or love of popularity (which ſhows the mind as meanly born as bred) ſo earneſtly purſue the protection of the people's right, that they neglect the public intereſt, and though the people's right and public intereſt be the ſame, yet uſually by the people, the miniſters of law mean private men, and by the other the ſtate; and ſo the ſtate and the people are divided, as we may ſay a man is divided within himſelf, when reaſon and paſſion diſpute about conſequent actions; and if we were called to aſſiſt at ſuch inteſtine war, we muſt ſide with reaſon according to our duty, by the law of nature, and nature's law, though not written in ſtone (as was the law of religion) hath taken deep impreſſion in the heart of man, which is harder than marble of mount Sinai.

Chief miniſters of law, think divines in government ſhould, like the penal ſtatutes, be choicely, and but ſeldom uſed; for as thoſe ſtatutes are rigorouſly inquiſitive after venial faults, (puniſhing our manners and weak conſtitution, as well as inſolent appetite; ſo divines that are made vehement with contemplating the dignity of the offended, more than the frailty of the offender) govern as if men could be angels, ere they come to heaven.

Great miniſters of law, think likewiſe that leaders of armies are like ill phyſicians, only fit for deſperate cures, whoſe boldneſs calls in the aſſiſtance of fortune, during the fears and troubles of art; yet the health they give to a diſtempered ſtate is not more accidental than the preſervation of it is certain, becauſe they often grow vain with ſucceſs, and encourage a reſtored ſtate to ſuch hazards, as ſhow like irregularity of life in other recovered bodies, ſuch as the cautious and ancient gravity of law diſſuaded: for law (whoſe temperate deſign is ſafety) rather prevents by conſtancy of medicine (like a continued diet) diſeaſes in the body politic, than depends after a permitted ſickneſs upon the chance of recovery. They think ſtateſmen ſtrive to be as much judges of law as themſelves, being chief miniſters of law, are judges of the people; and that even good ſtateſmen pervert the law more than evil judges, for law was anciently meant a defenſive armour, and the people took it as from the magazine of juſtice, to keep them ſafe from each others violence; but ſtateſmen uſe it as offenſive arms, with which in foraging to get relief for ſupreme power, they often wound the public.

Thus we have firſt obſerved the four chief aids of government, (religion, arms, policy, and law) defectively applied, and then we have found them weak by an emulous war amongſt themſelves: it follows next, we ſhould introduce to ſtrengthen thoſe principal aids (ſtill making the people our direct object) ſome collateral help, which I will ſafely preſume to conſiſt in poeſy.

We have obſerved, that the people ſince the latter time of Chriſtian religion, are more unquiet than in former ages; ſo diſobedient and fierce, as if they would ſhake off the ancient imputation of being beaſts, by ſhowing their maſters they know their own ſtrength: and we ſhall not err by ſuppoſing that this conjunction of fourfold power hath failed in the effects of authority, by a miſapplication, for it hath rather endeavoured to prevail upon their bodies than their minds, forgetting that the martial art of conſtraining is the beſt, which aſſaults the weaker part, and the weakeſt part of the people is their minds, for want of that which is the mind's only ſtrength, education; but their bodies are ſtrong by continual labour, for labour is the education of the body. Yet when I mention the miſapplication of force, I ſhould have ſaid they have not only failed by that, but by a main error, becauſe the ſubject on which they ſhould work is the mind, and the mind can never be conſtrained though it may be gained by perſuaſion; and ſince perſuaſion is the principal inſtrument which can bring to faſhion the brittle and miſhapen metal of the mind, none are ſo fit aids to this important work as poets, whoſe art is more than any, enabled with a voluntary and cheerful aſſiſtance of nature, and whoſe operations are as reſtleſs, ſecret, eaſy, and ſubtle, as is the influence of planets.

I muſt not forget (leſt I be prevented by the vigilence of the reader) that I have profeſſed not to repreſent the beauty of virtue in my poem, with hope to perſuade common men; and I have ſaid that divines have failed in diſcharging their ſhare of government, by depending upon the effects of perſuaſion, and that ſtateſmen in managing the people, rely not upon the perſuaſion of divines, but upon force. In my deſpair of reducing the minds of common men, I have not confeſſed any weakneſs of poeſy in the general ſcience, but rather inferred the particular ſtrength of the heroic, which hath a force that overmatches the infancy of ſuch minds as are not enabled by degrees of education; but there are leſſer forces in other kinds of poeſy, by which they may train and prepare their underſtandings: and princes and nobles being reformed and made angelical by the heroic, will be predominant lights, which the people cannot chooſe but uſe for direction; as gloworms take in and keep the ſun's beams till they ſhine, and make day to themſelves.

In ſaying that divines have vainly hoped to continue the peace of government by perſuaſion, I have implied ſuch perſuaſions as are accompanied with threatenings, and ſeconded by force, which are the perſuaſions of pulpits, where is preſented to the obſtinate, hell after death; and the civil magiſtrate during life conſtrains ſuch obedience as the church doth ordain. But the perſuaſions of poeſy, inſtead of menaces, are harmonious and delightful inſinuations, and never any conſtraint, unleſs the raviſhment of reaſon may be called force; and ſuch force, (contrary to that which divines, commanders, ſtateſmen, and lawyers uſe) begets ſuch obedience as is never weary or grieved.

In declaring that ſtateſmen think not the ſtate

wholly ſecure by ſuch manners as are bred from the perſuaſions of divines, but more willingly make government rely upon military force, I have neither concluded that poets are unprofitable, nor that ſtateſmen think ſo; for the wiſdom of poets would firſt make the image of virtue ſo amiable, that her beholders ſhould not be able to look off (rather gently, and delightfully infuſing, than inculcating precepts), and then when the mind is conquered, like a willing bride, force ſhould ſo behave itſelf as noble huſbands uſe their power; that is, by letting their wives ſee the dignity and prerogative of our ſex (which is the huſband's harmleſs conqueſt of peace) continually maintained to hinder diſobedience, rather than rigorouſly impoſe duty: but to ſuch an eaſy government, neither the people (which are ſubjects to kings and ſtates, nor wives which are ſubject to huſbands) can peaceably yield, unleſs they are firſt conquered by virtue: and the conqueſts of virtue be never eaſy but where her forces are commanded by poets.

It may be objected that the education of the people's minds (from whence virtuous manners are derived) by the ſeveral kinds of poeſy, (of which the dramatic hath been in all ages very ſucceſsful) is oppoſite to the received opinion, that the people ought to be continued in ignorance; a maxim ſounding like the little ſubtilty of one that is a ſtateſman only by birth or beard, and merits not his place by much thinking: for ignorance is rude, cenſorious, jealous, obſtinate, and proud; theſe being exactly the ingredients of which diſobedience is made, and obedience proceeds from ample conſideration, of which knowledge conſiſts, and knowledge will ſoon put into one ſcale the weight of oppreſſion, and in the other, the heavy burden which diſobedience lays on us in the effects of civil war: and then even tyranny will ſeem much lighter, when the hand of ſupreme power binds up our load, and lays it artfully on us, then diſobedience (the parent of confuſion) when we all load one another; in which every one irregularly increaſes his fellows burden to leſſen his own.

Others may object that poeſy on our ſtage, or the heroic in muſic (for ſo the latter was anciently uſed) is prejudicial to a ſtate; as begetting levity, and giving the people too great a diverſion by pleaſure and mirth. To theſe (if they be worthy of ſatisfaction) I reply; that whoever in government endeavours to make the people ſerious and grave, which are attributes that may become the people's repreſentatives, but not the people), doth practiſe a new way to enlarge the ſtate, by making every ſubject a ſtateſman: and he that means to govern ſo mournfully (as it were, without any muſic in his dominion) muſt lay but light burdens on his ſubjects; or elſe he wants the ordinary wiſdom of thoſe, who to their beaſts that are much loaden, whiſtle all the day to encourage their travel. For that ſupreme power which expects a firm obedience in thoſe who are not uſed to rejoicing, but live ſadly, as if they were ſtill preparing for the funeral of peace, hath little ſkill in contriving the laſtingneſs of government, which is the principal work of art; and leſs hath that power conſidered nature, as if ſuch new auſterity did ſeem to tax even her, for want of gravity, in bringing in the ſpring ſo merrily with a muſical variety of birds; and ſuch ſullen power doth forget that battles (the moſt ſolemn and ſerious buſineſs of death) are begun with trumpets and fifes; and anciently were continued with more diverſity of muſic. And that the Grecian laws (laws being the wiſeſt endeavour of human counſels, for the eaſe of life) were long before the days of Lycurgus (to make them more pleaſant to memory) publiſhed in verſe: and that the wiſe Athenians (dividing into three parts the public revenue) expended one in plays and ſhows, to divert the people from meeting to conſult of their rulers merit, and the defects of government: and that the Romans had not ſo long continued their empire, but for the ſame diverſions, at a vaſter charge.

Again, it may be objected, that the precepts of Chriſtian religion are ſufficient towards our regulation, by appointment of manners; and towards the eaſe of life by impoſing obedience, ſo that the moral aſſiſtance of poeſy is but vainly intruded. To this I may anſwer: that as no man ſhould ſuſpect the ſufficiency of religion by its inſucceſsfulneſs, ſo if the inſucceſsfulneſs be confeſſed, we ſhall as little diſparage religion, by bringing in more aids when it is in action, than a general diſhonours himſelf, by endeavouring with more of his own forces, to make ſure an attempt that hath a while miſcarried; for poeſy, which (like contracted eſſences ſeems the utmoſt ſtrength and activity of nature) is as all good arts, ſubſervient to religion; all marching under the ſame banner, though of leſs diſcipline and eſteem. And as poeſy is the beſt expoſitor of nature (nature being myſterious to ſuch as uſe not to conſider) ſo nature is the beſt interpreter of God, and more cannot be ſaid of religion. And when the judges of religion (which are the chiefs of the church) neglect the help of moraliſts in reforming the people, (and poets are of all moraliſts the moſt uſeful) they give a ſentence againſt the law of nature: for nature performs all things by correſpondent aids and harmony. And it is injurious not to think poets the moſt uſeful moraliſts, for as poeſy is adorned and ſublimed by muſic, which makes it more pleaſant and acceptable; ſo morality is ſweetened and made more amiable by poeſy. And the auſterity of ſome divines, may be the cauſe why religion hath not more prevailed upon the manners of men: for great doctors ſhould rather comply with things that pleaſe (as the wiſe apoſtle did with ceremonies) than loſe a proſylite. And even honour (taught by moral philoſophers, but more delightfully infuſed by poets) will appear (notwithſtanding the ſad ſeverity of ſome latter divines) no unſafe guide towards piety; for it is as wary and nice as conſcience, though more cheerful and courageous. And however honour be more pleaſing to fleſh and blood, becauſe in this world it finds applauſe, yet it is not ſo mercenary as piety, for piety (being of all her expectations inwardly aſſured) expects a reward in heaven; to which all earthly payments compared, are but ſhadows and ſand.

And it appears that poeſy hath for its natural

prevailings over the underſtandings of men, (ſometimes making her conqueſts with eaſy plainneſs, like native country beauty) been very ſucceſsful in the moſt grave and important occaſions, that the neceſſities of ſtates or mankind have produced. For it may be ſaid that Demoſthenes ſaved the Athenians by the fable or parable of the dogs and wolves, in anſwer to king Philip's propoſition; and that Menias Agrippa ſaved the ſenate, if not Rome, by that of the belly and the hands: and that even our Saviour was pleaſed (as the moſt prevalent way of doctrine) wholly to uſe ſuch kind of parables in his converting, or ſaving of ſouls; it being written, without a parable ſpake he not to them. And had not the learned apoſtle thought the wiſdom of poets worthy his remembrance, and inſtructive, not only to Heathens, but to Chriſtians, he had not cited Epimenides to the Cretans, as well as Aratus to the Athenians.

I cannot alſo be ignorant that divers (whoſe conſcientious melancholy amazes and diſcourages others devotion) will accuſe poets as the admirers of beauty, and inventors or provokers of that which by way of aſperſion they call love. But ſuch, in their firſt accuſation ſeem to look careleſsly and unthankfully upon the wonderful works of God; or elſe through low education or age, become incompetent judges of what is the chief of his works upon earth. And poets when they praiſe beauty, are at leaſt as lawfully thankful to God, as when they praiſe ſeas, woods, rivers, or any other parts that make up a proſpect of the world. Nor can it be imagined but that poets in praiſing them, praiſe wholly the Maker; and ſo in praiſing beauty: for that woman who believes ſhe is praiſed when her beauty is commended, may as well ſuppoſe that poets think ſhe created herſelf; and he that praiſes the inward beauty of women, which is their virtue, doth more perform his duty than before: for our envious ſilence in not approving, and ſo encouraging what is good, is the cauſe that vice is more in faſhion and countenance than virtue. But when poets praiſe that which is not beauty, or the mind which is not virtuous, they err, through their miſtake, or by flattery; and flattery is a crime ſo much more proſperous in others who are companions to greatneſs, that it may be held in poets rather kindneſs than deſign.

They who accuſe poets as provokers of love, are enemies to nature, and all affronts to nature are offences to God, as inſolences to all ſubordinate officers to the crown, are rudeneſs to the king. Love (in the moſt obnoxious interpretation) is nature's preparative to her greateſt work, which is the making of life. And ſince the ſevereſt divines of theſe latter times, have not been aſhamed publicly to command and define the moſt ſecret duty, and entertainments of love in the married; why ſhould not poets civilly endeavour to make a friendſhip between the gueſts before they meet, by teaching them to dignify each other with the utmoſt of eſtimation. And marriage in mankind, were as rude and unprepared as the haſty elections of other creatures, but for acquaintance and converſation before it, and that muſt be an acquaintance of minds, not of bodies; and of the mind, poeſy is the moſt natural and delightful interpreter.

When neither religion (which is our art towards God) nor nature (which is God's firſt law to man, though by man leaſt ſtudied) nor when reaſon (which is nature, and made art by experience) can by the enemies of poeſy be ſufficiently urged againſt it, than ſome (whoſe frowardneſs will not let them quit an evil cauſe) plead written authority, and though ſuch authority be a weapon, which even in the war of religion diſtreſſed diſputers take up as their laſt ſhift; yet here we would proteſt againſt it, but that we find it make a falſe defence, and leaves the enemy more open. This authority (which is but ſingle too) is from Plato, and him ſome have maliciouſly quoted; as if in his feigned commonwealth he had baniſhed all poets, but Plato ſays nothing againſt poets in general; and in his particular quarrel, (which is to Homer and Heſiod) only condemns ſuch errors as we mentioned in the beginning of this preface, when we looked upon the ancients; and thoſe errors conſiſt in their abuſing religion, by repreſenting the gods in evil proportion, and their heroes with as unequal characters: and ſo brought vices into faſhion, by intermixing them with the virtues of great perſons. Yet even during this divine anger of Plato, he concludes not againſt poeſy, but the poems then moſt in requeſt, for theſe be the words of his law: If any man (having ability to imitate what he pleaſes) imitate in his poems both good and evil, let him be reverenced as a ſacred, admirable, and pleaſant perſon: but be it likewiſe known, he muſt have no place in our commonwealth. And yet before his baniſhment he allows him the honour of a diadem, and ſweet odours to anoint his head, and afterwards ſays: Let us make uſe of more profitable, though more ſevere and leſs pleaſant poets, who can imitate that which is for the honour and benefit of the commonwealth. But thoſe who make uſe of this juſt indignation of Plato, to the unjuſt ſcandal of poeſy, have the common craft of falſe witneſſes, enlarging every circumſtance, when it may hurt, and concealing all things that may defend him they oppoſe; for they will not remember how much the ſcholar of Plato (who, like an abſolute monarch over arts, hath almoſt ſilenced his maſter throughout the ſchools of Europe) labours to make poeſy univerſally current, by giving laws to the ſcience: nor will they take notice, in what dignity it continued, whilſt the Greeks kept their dominion or language; and how much the Romans cheriſhed even the public repetition of verſes, nor will they vouchſafe to obſerve (though Juvenal takes care to record it) how gladly all Rome (during that exerciſe) ran to the voice of Statius.

Thus having taken meaſure (though haſtily) of the extent of thoſe great profeſſions, that in government contribute to the neceſſities, eaſe, and lawful pleaſures of men; and finding poeſy as uſeful now (as the ancients found it towards perfection and happineſs; I will, Sir, (unleſs with theſe two books you return me a diſcouragement) cheerfully proceed; and though a little time would make way for the third, and make it fit for the

preſs, I am reſolved rather to hazard the inconvenience which expectation breeds, (for divers with no ill ſatisfaction have had a taſte of Gondibert) than endure that violent envy which aſſaults all writers whilſt they live, though their papers be but filled with very negligent and ordinary thoughts; and therefore I delay the publication of any part of the poem, till I can ſend it you from America, whither I now ſpeedily prepare, having the folly to hope that when I am in another world (though not in the common ſenſe of my dying (I ſhall find my readers (even the poets of the preſent age) as temperate and benign, as we are all to the dead, whoſe remote excellence cannot hinder our reputation. And now, Sir, to end with the allegory which I have ſo long continued, I ſhall, (after all my buſy vanity in ſhowing and deſcribing my new building) with great quietneſs, being almoſt as weary as yourſelf, bring you to the back door, that you may make no review but in my abſence; and ſteal haſtily from you, as one who is aſhamed of all the trouble you have received from,

SIR,

Your moſt humble, and moſt affectionate ſervant,

Louvre in Paris, Jan. 2. 1650. } WILLIAM DAVENANT.

THE ANSWER OF MR. HOBBES, TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT'S PREFACE BEFORE GONDIBERT.

SIR,

If to commend your poem, I ſhould only ſay (in general) that in the choice of your argument, the diſpoſition of the parts, the maintenance of the characters of your perſons, the dignity and vigour of your expreſſion; you have performed all the parts of various experience, ready memory, clear judgment, ſwift and well governed fancy, though it were enough for the truth, it were too little for the weight and credit of my teſtimony. For I lie open to two exceptions, one of an incompetent, the other of a corrupted witneſs. Incompetent, becauſe I am not a poet; and corrupted, with the honour done me by your preface. The former obliges me to ſay ſomething (by the way) of the nature and differences of poeſy.

As philoſophers have divided the univerſe (their ſubject) into three regions, celeſtial, aerial and terreſtrial, ſo the poets (whoſe work it is by imitating human life, in delightful and meaſured lines, to avert men from vice, and incline them to virtuous and honourable actions), have lodged themſelves in the three regions of mankind, court, city, and country, correſpondent in ſome, in proportion, to thoſe three regions of the world. For there is in princes, and men of conſpicuous power (anciently called heroes), a luſtre and influence upon the reſt of men, reſembling that of the heavens; and an inſincereneſs, inconſtancy, and troubleſome humour of thoſe that dwell in populous cities, like the mobility, bluſtering, and impurity of the air; and a plainneſs, and (though dull) yet a nutritive faculty in rural people, that endures a compariſon with the earth they labour.

From hence have proceeded three ſorts of poeſy, heroic, ſcomatic, and paſtoral. Every one of theſe is diſtinguiſhed again in the manner of repreſentation, which ſometimes is narrative, wherein the poet himſelf relateth; and ſometimes dramatic, as when the perſons are every one adorned and brought upon the theatre, to ſpeak and act their own parts. There is therefore neither more nor leſs than ſix ſorts of poeſy. For the heroic poem

narrative (such as is yours) is called an epic poem. The heroic poem dramatic, is tragedy. The comatic narrative is satire; dramatic is comedy. The pastoral narrative is called simply pastoral, (anciently boucolic) the same dramatic, pastoral comedy. The figure therefore of an epic poem, and of a tragedy, ought to be the same, for they differ no more but in that they are pronounced by one or many persons; which I insert to justify the figure of yours, consisting of five books divided into songs or cantos, as five acts divided into scenes has ever been the approved figure of a tragedy.

They that take for poesy whatsoever is writ in verse will think this division imperfect, and call in sonnets, epigrams, eclogues, and the like pieces, (which are but essays and parts of an entire poem), and reckon Empedocles and Lucretius (natural philosophers), for poets; and the moral precepts of Phocylides Theognis, and the quatrains of Pybrach, and the history of Lucan, and others of that kind amongst poems; bestowing on such writers for honour the name of poets rather than of historians or philosophers. But the subject of a poem is the manners of men, not natural causes; manners presented, not dictated; and manners feigned, (as the name of poesy imports), not found in men. They that give entrance to fictions writ in prose err not so much, but they err; for prose requireth delightfulness not only of fiction, but of style; in which if prose contend with verse, it is with disadvantage (as it were) on foot against the strength and wings of Pegasus.

For verse amongst the Greeks was appropriated anciently to the service of their gods, and was the holy style, the style of the oracles, the style of the laws, and the style of men that publicly recommended to their gods the vows and thanks of the people, which was done in their holy songs called hymns; and the composers of them were called prophets and priests, before the name of poet was known. When, afterwards, the majesty of that style was observed, the poets chose it as best becoming their high invention. And for the antiquity of verse, it is greater than the antiquity of letters. For it is certain that Cadmus was the first that (from Phœnicia, a country that neighboureth Judea), brought the use of letters into Greece. But the service of the gods, and the laws (which by measured sounds were easily committed to the memory), had been long time in use before the arrival of Cadmus there.

There is besides the grace of style, another cause why the ancient poets chose to write in measured language, which is this. Their poems were made at first with intention to have them sung, as well epic as dramatic, (which custom hath been long time laid aside, but began to be revived in part, of late years in Italy), and could not be made commensurable to the voice or instruments in prose; the ways and motions whereof are so uncertain and undistinguished, (like the way and motion of a ship in the sea), as not only to discompose the best composers, but also to disappoint sometimes the most attentive reader, and put him to hunt counter for the sense. It was therefore necessary for poets in those times to write in verse.

The verse which the Greeks and Latins (considering the nature of their own languages), found by experience most grave, and for an epic poem most decent, was their hexameter, a verse limited not only in the length of the line, but also in the quantity of the syllables. Instead of which, we use the line of ten syllables, recompencing the neglect of their quantity, with the diligence of rhyme. And this measure is so proper for an heroic poem, as without some loss of gravity and dignity, it was never changed. A longer is not far from ill prose, and a shorter is a kind of whisking (you know) like the unlacing, rather than the singing of a muse. In an epigram or a sonnet a man may vary his measures, and seek glory from a needless difficulty, as he that contrived verses into the forms of an organ, a hatchet, an egg, an altar, and a pair of wings; but in so great and noble a work as is an epic poem, for a man to obstruct his own way with unprofitable difficulties, is great imprudence. So likewise to choose a needless and difficult correspondence of rhyme is but a difficult toy, and forces a man sometimes for the stopping of a chink to say somewhat he did never think; I cannot therefore but very much approve your stanza, wherein the syllables in every verse are ten, and the rhyme alternate.

For the choice of your subject you have sufficiently justified yourself in your preface. But because I have observed in Virgil that the honour done to Æneas and his companions has so bright a reflexion upon Augustus Cæsar, and other great Romans of that time, as a man may suspect him not constantly possessed with the noble spirit of those his heroes, and believe you are not acquainted with any great man of the race of Gondibert, I add to your justification the purity of your purpose, in having no other motive of your labour, but to adorn virtue, and procure her lovers, than which there cannot be a worthier design, and more becoming noble poesy.

In that you make so small account of the example of almost all the approved poets ancient and modern, who thought fit in the beginning, and sometimes also in the progress of their poems, to invoke a muse or some other deity that should dictate to them or assist them in their writings, they that take not the laws of art, from any reason of their own, but from the fashion of precedent times, will perhaps accuse your singularity. For my part, I neither subscribe to their accusation, nor yet condemn that heathen custom otherwise than as accessary to their false religion. For their poets were their divines; had the name of prophets exercised amongst the people a kind of spiritual authority, would be thought to speak by a divine spirit; have their works which they writ in verse (the divine style) pass for the word of God, and not of man, and to be hearkened to with reverence. Do not our divines (excepting the style) do the same, and by us that are of the same religion cannot justly be reprehended for it? Besides, in the use of the spiritual calling of divines, there is danger sometimes to be feared from want of skill, such as is reported of unskilful conjurers, that mistaking the rites and ceremonious points of their art, call up such spirits that they

cannot at their pleaſure allay again; by whom ſtorms are raiſed that overthrow buildings, and are the cauſe of miſerable wrecks at ſea. Unſkilful divines do oftentimes the like; for when they call unſeaſonably for zeal, there appears a ſpirit of cruelty; and by the like error, inſtead of truth they raiſe diſcord; inſtead of wiſdom fraud; inſtead of reformation tumult; and controverſy inſtead of religion. Whereas, in the heathen poets, at leaſt in thoſe whoſe works have laſted to the time we are in, there are none of thoſe indiſcretions to be found that tended to ſubverſion or diſturbance of the commonwealths wherein they lived. But, why a Chriſtian ſhould think it an ornament to his poem either to profane the true God, or invoke a falſe one, I can imagine no cauſe, but a reaſonleſs imitation of cuſtom, of a fooliſh cuſtom, by which a man enabled to ſpeak wiſely from the principles of nature and his own meditation, loves rather to be thought to ſpeak by inſpiration like a bagpipe.

Time and education begets experience, experience begets memory, memory begets judgment and fancy, judgment begets the ſtrength and ſtructure, and fancy begets the ornaments of a poem. The ancients therefore fabled not abſurdly in making memory the mother of the muſes. For memory is the world (though not really, yet ſo as in a looking-glaſs), in which the judgment, the ſeverer ſiſter buſieth herſelf in a grave and rigid examination of all the parts of nature, and in regiſtering by letters their order, cauſes, uſes, differences, and reſemblances; whereby the fancy, when any work of art is to be performed, finds her materials at hand and prepared for uſe, and needs no more than a ſwift motion over them, that what ſhe wants and is there to be had may not lie too long uneſpied. So that when ſhe ſeemeth to fly from one Indies to the other, and from heaven to earth, and to penetrate into the hardeſt matter and obſcureſt places, into the future, and into herſelf, and all this in a point of time, the voyage is not very great, herſelf being all ſhe ſeeks; and her wonderful celerity conſiſteth not ſo much in motion, as in copious imagery diſcreetly ordered and perfectly regiſtered in the memory, which moſt men under the name of philoſophy have a glimpſe of, and is pretended to by many that, groſsly miſtaking her, embrace contention in her place. But ſo far forth as the fancy of man has traced the ways of true philoſophy, ſo far it hath produced very marvellous effects to the benefit of mankind. All that is beautiful or defenſible in building, or marvellous in engines and inſtruments of motion, whatſoever commodity men receive from the obſervations of the heavens, from the deſcription of the earth, from the account of time, from walking on the ſeas; and whatſoever diſtinguiſheth the civility of Europe from the barbarity of American ſavages, is the workmanſhip of fancy, but guided by the precepts of true philoſophy. But where theſe precepts fail, as they have hitherto failed in the doctrine of moral virtue, there the architect (Fancy) muſt take the philoſopher's part upon herſelf. He therefore that undertakes an heroic poem (which is to exhibit a venerable and amiable image of heroic virtue) muſt not only be the poet to place and connect, but alſo the philoſopher to furniſh and ſquare his matter; that is, to make both body and ſoul colour and ſhadow of his poem out of his own ſtore; which, how well you have performed, I am now conſidering.

Obſerving how few the perſons be you introduce in the beginning, and how in the courſe of the actions of theſe (the number increaſing), after ſeveral confluences, they run all at laſt into the two principal ſtreams of your poem, Gondibert and Oſwald, methinks the fable is not much unlike the theatre. For ſo, from ſeveral and far diſtant ſources, do the leſſer brooks of Lombardy, flowing into one another, fall at laſt into the two main rivers, the Po and the Adice. It hath the ſame reſemblance alſo with a man's veins, which proceeding from different parts, after the like concourſe, inſert themſelves at laſt into the two principal veins of the body. But when I conſidered that alſo the actions of men, which ſingly are inconſiderable, after many conjunctures, grow at laſt either into one great protecting power, or into two deſtroying factions, I could not but approve the ſtructure of your poem, which ought to be no other than ſuch as an imitation of human life requireth.

In the ſtreams themſelves I find nothing but ſettled valour, clean honour, calm counſel, learned diverſion, and pure love, ſave only a torrent or two of ambition, which (though a fault) has ſomewhat heroic in it, and therefore muſt have place in an heroic poem. To ſhow the reader in what place he ſhall find every excellent picture of virtue you have drawn, is too long; and to ſhow him one, is to prejudice the reſt; yet I cannot forbear to point him to the deſcription of love in the perſon of Birtha, in the ſeventh canto of the ſecond book. There has nothing been ſaid of that ſubject neither by the ancient nor modern poets comparable to it. Poets are painters: I would fain ſee another painter draw ſo true, perfect, and natural love to the life, and make uſe of nothing but pure lines, without the help of any the leaſt uncomely ſhadow, as you have done. But let it be read as a piece by itſelf, for in the almoſt equal height of the whole, the eminence of parts is loſt.

There are ſome that are not pleaſed with fiction, unleſs it be bold, not only to exceed the work, but alſo the poſſibility of nature: They would have impenetrable armours, enchanted caſtles, invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying horſes, and a thouſand other ſuch things, which are eaſily feigned by them that dare. Againſt ſuch I defend you (without aſſenting to thoſe that condemn either Homer or Virgil), by diſſenting only from thoſe that think the beauty of a poem conſiſteth in the exorbitancy of the fiction. For as truth is the bound of hiſtorical, ſo the reſemblance of truth is the utmoſt limit of poetical liberty. In old time, amongſt the heathen, ſuch ſtrange fictions, and metamorphoſes, were not ſo remote from the articles of their faith, as they are now from ours, and therefore were not ſo unpleaſant. Beyond the actual works of nature a poet may

now go, but beyond the conceived poſſibility of nature, never. I can allow a geographer to make in the ſea, a fiſh or a ſhip, which, by the ſcale of his map, would be two or three hundred mile long, and think it done for ornament, becauſe it is done without the precincts of his undertaking; but when he paints an elephant ſo, I preſently apprehend it as ignorance, and a plain confeſſion of *terra incognita*.

As the deſcription of great men and great actions is the conſtant deſign of a poet, ſo the deſcriptions of worthy circumſtances are neceſſary acceſſions to a poem; and, being well performed, are the jewels and moſt precious ornaments of poeſy. Such in Virgil are the Funeral Games of Anchiſes, the Duel of Æneas and Turnus, &c.; and ſuch in yours are, The Hunting, The Battaile, The City Morning, The Funeral, The Houſe of Aſtragon, The Library, and The Temples, equal to his, or thoſe of Homer whom he imitated.

There remains now no more to be conſidered but the expreſſion, in which conſiſteth the countenance and colour of a beautiful muſe, and is given her by the poet out of his own proviſion, or is borrowed from others. That which he hath of his own is nothing but experience, and knowledge of nature, and ſpecially human nature, and is the true and natural colour. But that which is taken out of books (the ordinary boxes of counterfeit complexion) ſhows well or ill, as it hath more or leſs reſemblance with the natural, and are not to be uſed (without examination) unadviſedly. For in him that profeſſes the imitation of nature (as all poets do), what greater fault can there be, than to bewray an ignorance of nature in his poem, eſpecially having a liberty allowed him, if he meet with any thing he cannot maſter, to leave it out.

That which giveth a poem the true and natural colour conſiſteth in two things, which are, To know well, that is, to have images of nature in the memory diſtinct and clear; and, To know much. A ſign of the firſt is perſpicuity, property, and decency, which delight all ſorts of men, either by inſtructing the ignorant, or ſoothing the learned in their knowledge. A ſign of the latter is novelty of expreſſion, and pleaſeth by excitation of the mind; for novelty cauſeth admiration, and admiration curioſity, which is a delightful appetite of knowledge.

There be ſo many words in uſe at this day in the Engliſh tongue, that, though of magnific ſound, yet (like the windy bliſters of a troubled water) have no ſenſe at all, and ſo many others that loſe their meaning, by being ill coupled, that it is a hard matter to avoid them; for having been obtruded upon youth in the ſchools (by ſuch as make it, I think, their buſineſs there), as it is expreſſed by the beſt poet,

> With terms to charm the weak, and poſe the wiſe,

they grow up with them, and gaining reputation with the ignorant, are not eaſily ſhaken off.

To this palpable darkneſs, I may alſo add the ambitious obſcurity of expreſſing more than is perfectly conceived, or perfect conception in fewer words than it requires; which expreſſions, though they have had the honour to be called ſtrong lines, are indeed no better than riddles, and not only to the reader, but alſo (after a little time) to the writer himſelf dark and troubleſome.

To the property of expreſſion I refer, that clearneſs of memory, by which a poet, when he hath once introduced any perſon whatſoever ſpeaking in his poem, maintaineth in him to the end the ſame character he gave him in the beginning; the variation whereof is a change of pace, that argues the poet tired.

Of the indecencies of an heroic poem, the moſt remarkable are thoſe that ſhow diſproportion either between the perſons and their actions, or between the manners of the poet and the poem. Of the firſt kind is the uncomelineſs of repreſenting in great perſons the inhuman vice of cruelty, or the ſordid vice of luſt and drunkenneſs. To ſuch parts as thoſe the ancient approved poets thought it fit to ſuborn, not the perſons of men, but of monſters and beaſtly giants, ſuch as Polyphemus, Cacus, and the Centaurs. For it is ſuppoſed, a muſe, when ſhe is invoked to ſing a ſong of that nature, ſhould maidenly adviſe the poet, to ſet ſuch perſons to ſing their own vices upon the ſtage, for it is not ſo unſeemly in a tragedy. Of the ſame kind it is to repreſent ſcurrility, or any action or language that moveth much laughter. The delight of an epic poem conſiſteth not in mirth, but admiration. Mirth and laughter is proper to comedy and ſatire. Great perſons that have their minds employed on great deſigns, have not leiſure enough to laugh, and are pleaſed with the contemplation of their own power and virtues, ſo as they need not the infirmities and vices of other men to recommend themſelves to their own favour by compariſon, as all men do when they laugh. Of the ſecond kind, where the diſproportion is between the poet, and the perſons of his poem, one is in the dialect of the inferior ſort of people, which is always different from the language of the court. Another is to derive the illuſtration of any thing, from ſuch metaphors or compariſons as cannot come into mens thoughts, but by mean converſation, and experience of humble or evil arts, which the perſon of an epic poem cannot be thought acquainted with.

From knowing much proceedeth the admirable variety and novelty of metaphors and ſimilitudes, which are not poſſible to be lighted on in the compaſs of a narrow knowledge. And the want whereof compelleth a writer to expreſſions that are either defaced by time, or ſullied with vulgar or long uſe. For the phraſes of poeſy, as the airs of muſic, with often hearing become inſipid, the reader having no more ſenſe of their force than our fleſh is ſenſible of the bones that ſuſtain it. As the ſenſe we have of bodies conſiſteth in change and variety of impreſſion, ſo alſo does the ſenſe of language in the variety and changeable uſe of words. I mean not in the affectation of words newly brought home from travel, but in new (and with all ſignificant) tranſlation to our purpoſes of thoſe that be already received, and in far fetched (but withal, apt, inſtructive and comely) ſimilitudes.

Having thus (I hope) avoided the firſt exception againſt the incompetency of my judgment, I am but little moved with the ſecond, which is of being bribed by the honour you have done me by attributing in your preface ſomewhat to my judgment; for I have uſed your judgment no leſs in many things of mine, which coming to light will thereby appear the better, and ſo you have your bribe again.

Having thus made way for the admiſſion of my teſtimony, I give it briefly thus; I never yet ſaw poem that had ſo much ſhape of art, health of morality, and vigour and beauty of expreſſion as this of yours: And but for the clamour of the multitude, that hide their envy of the preſent under a reverence of antiquity, I ſhould ſay further, that it would laſt as long as either the Æneid, or Iliad, but for one diſadvantage; and the diſadvantage is this: the languages of the Greeks and Romans (by their colonies and conqueſts) have put off fleſh and blood, and are become immutable, which none of the modern tongues are like to be. I honour antiquity, but that which is commonly called old time, is young time. The glory of antiquity is due, not to the dead, but to the aged.

And now, whilſt I think on it, give me leave with a ſhort diſcord to ſweeten the harmony of the approaching cloſe. I have nothing to object againſt your poem, but diſſent only from ſomething in your preface, ſounding to the prejudice of age. It is commonly ſaid, that old age is a return to childhood, which, methinks, you inſiſt on ſo long, as if you deſired it ſhould be believed. That is the note I mean to ſhake a little. That ſaying, meant only of the weakneſs of body, was wreſted to the weakneſs of mind, by froward children, weary of the controulment of their parents, maſters, and other admonitors. Secondly, The dotage and childiſhneſs they aſcribe to age is never the effect of time, but ſometimes of the exceſſes of youth and not a returning to, but a continual ſtay with childhood. For they that wanting the curioſity of furniſhing their memories with the rarities of nature in their youth, and paſs their time in making proviſion only for their eaſe, and ſenſual delight, are children ſtill, at what years ſoever; as they that coming into a populous city, never going out of their inn, are ſtrangers ſtill, how long ſoever they have been there. Thirdly, There is no reaſon for any man to think himſelf wiſer to-day than yeſterday, which does not equally convince he ſhall be wiſer to-morrow than to-day.

Fourthly, You will be forced to change your opinion hereafter when you are old; and in the mean time you diſcredit all I have ſaid before in your commendation, becauſe I am old already. But no more of this

I believe (Sir,) you have ſeen a curious kind of perſpective, where he that looks through a ſhort hollow pipe, upon a picture containing divers figures, ſees none of thoſe that are there painted, but ſome one perſon made up of their parts, conveyed to the eye by the artificial cutting of a glaſs. I find in my imagination an effect not unlike it from your poem. The virtues you diſtribute there amongſt ſo many noble perſons, repreſent (in the reading) the image but of one man's virtue to my fancy, which is your own; and that ſo deeply imprinted, as to ſtay for ever there, and govern all the reſt of my thoughts and affections in the way of honouring and ſerving you, to the utmoſt of my power, that am,

(SIR,)

Your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

Paris, Jan. 10. 1650. THOMAS HOBBES.

GONDIBERT.

BOOK I. CANTO I.

The Argument.

Old Aribert's great race, and greater mind
Is ſung, with the renown of Rhodalind.
Prince Oſwald is compar'd to Gondibert,
And juſtly each diſtinguiſh'd by deſert:
Whoſe armies are in Fame's fair field drawn forth,
To ſhow by diſcipline their leaders worth.

I.

Of all the Lombards, by their trophies known,
Who ſought Fame ſoon and had her favour long,
King Aribert beſt ſeem'd to fill the throne;
And bred moſt bus'neſs for heroic ſong.

II.

From early childhood's promiſing eſtate,
Up to performing manhood, till he grew
To failing age, he agent was to Fate,
And did to nations peace or war renew.

III.

War was his ſtudy'd art; war, which the bad
Condemn, becauſe even then it does them awe,
When with their number lin'd, and purple clad,
And to the good more needful is than law.

IV.

To conquer Tumult, nature's ſudden force,
War, Art's delib'rate ſtrength, was firſt devis'd;
Cruel to thoſe whoſe rage has no remorſe,
Leaſt civil pow'r ſhould be by throngs ſurpris'd.

V.

The feeble law reſcues but doubtfully
From the oppreſſor's ſingle arm our right;
Till to its pow'r the wiſe war's help apply;
Which ſoberly does man's looſe rage unite.

VI.

Yet ſince on all war never needful was,
Wiſe Aribert did keep the people ſure
By laws from little dangers; for the laws [ſecure.
Them from themſelves, and not from pow'r

VII.

Elſe conquerors, by making laws, o'ercome
Their own gain'd pow'r, and leave mens fury free;
Who growing deaf to pow'r, the laws grow dumb;
Since none can plead where all may judges be.

VIII.

Prais'd was this king for war, the law's broad ſhield;
And for acknowledg'd laws, the art of peace;
Happy in all which Heav'n to kings does yield,
But a ſucceſſor when his cares ſhall ceaſe.

IX.

For no male pledge, to give a laſting name,
Sprung from his bed, yet heaven to him allow'd
One of the gentler ſex, whoſe ſtory Fame
Has made my ſong, to make the Lombards proud.

X.

Recorded Rhodalind! whoſe high renown
Who miſs in books, not luckily have read;
Or vex'd by living beauties of their own
Have ſhunn'd the wiſe records of lovers dead.

XI.

Her father's proſp'rous palace was the ſphere
Where ſhe to all with heav'nly order mov'd;
Made rigid Virtue ſo benign appear
That 'twas without Religion's help belov'd.

XII

Her looks like empire ſhow'd, great above pride;
Since pride ill counterfeits exceſſive height;
But nature publiſh'd what ſhe fain would hide;
Who for her deeds, not beauty, lov'd the light.

XIII.

To make her lowly mind's appearance leſs,
She us'd ſome outward greatneſs for diſguiſe;
Eſteem'd as pride the cloiſt'ral lowlineſs, [deſpiſe.
And thought them proud who even the proud

XIV.

Her father (in the winter of his age)
Was like that ſtormy ſeaſon froward grown:
Whom ſo her youthful preſence did aſſuage,
That he her ſweetneſs taſted as his own.

XV.

The pow'r that with his drooping age declin'd,
In her transplanted, by remove increas'd;
Which doubly back in homage she resign'd;
Till pow'rs decay, the throne's worst sickness,
ceas'd.

XVI.

Oppressors big with pride, when she appear'd
Blushed, and believ'd their greatness counterfeit;
The lowly thought they them in vain had fear'd;
Found virtue harmless, and nought else so great,

XVII.

Her mind (scarce to her feeble sex akin)
Did as her birth, her right to empire show;
Seem'd careless outward when employ'd within;
Her speech, like lovers watch'd, was kind and
low.

XVIII.

She show'd that her soft sex contains strong minds,
Such as evaporates through the coarser male,
As through coarse stone elixer passage finds,
Which scarce through finer crystal can exhale.

XIX.

Her beauty (not her own, but nature's pride)
Should I describe; from every lover's eye
All beauties this original must hide,
Or like scorn'd copies be themselves laid by;

XX.

Be by their poets shunn'd, whom beauty feeds;
Who beauty like hir'd witnesses protect;
Officiously averring more than needs,
And make us so the needful truth suspect.

XXI.

And, since fond lovers (who disciples be
To poets) think, in their own loves they find
More beauty than yet Time did ever see,
Time's curtain I will draw o'er Rhodalind.

XXII.

Least showing her, each sees how much she errs,
Doubt since their own have less, that they have
Believe their poets perjur'd flatterers, [none:
And then all modern maids would be undone.

XXIII.

In pity thus, her beauty's just renown
I wave for public peace, and will declare
To whom the king design'd her with his crown;
Which is his last and most unquiet care.

XXIV.

If in alliance he does greatness prize,
His mind grow weary, need not travel far;
If greatness be compos'd of victories,
He has at home many that victors are.

XXV.

Many whom blest success did often grace
In fields, where they have seeds of empire sown;
And hope to make, since born of princely race,
Even her (the harvest of those toils) their own.

XXVI.

And of those victors two are chiefly fam'd,
To whom the rest their proudest hopes resign;
Though young, were in their fathers battles nam'd,
And both are of the Lombard's royal line.

XXVII.

Oswald the great, and greater Gondibert!
Both from successful conqu'ring fathers sprung;
Whom both examples made of war's high art,
And far outwrought their patterns being young:

XXVIII.

Yet, for full fame (as Trine Fame's judge reports)
Much to Duke Gondibert Prince Oswald yields;
Was less in mighty mysteries of courts,
In peaceful cities, and in fighting fields.

XXIX

In court Prince Oswald costly was and gay,
Finer than near vain kings their fav'rites are;
Outshin'd bright fav'rites on their nuptial day;
Yet were his eyes dark with ambitious care.

XXX.

Duke Gondibert was still more gravely clad,
But yet his looks familiar were and clear;
As if with ill to others never sad,
Nor tow'rds himself could others practice fear.

XXXI.

The prince, could porpoise-like in tempests play,
And in court storms on shipwreck'd greatness
feed;
Not frighted with their fate when cast away,
But to their glorious hazards durst succeed.

XXXII.

The Duke would lasting calms to courts assure,
As pleasant gardens we defend from winds;
For he who business would from storms procure,
Soon his affairs above his manage finds.

XXXIII.

Oswald in throngs the abject people sought
With humble looks; who still too late will know
They are Ambition's quarry, and soon caught
When the aspiring eagle stoops so low.

XXXIV.

The Duke did these by steady virtue gain;
Which they in action more than precept taste;
Deeds show the good, and those who goodness
feign [fac'd,
But such even through their vizards are out-

XXXV.

Oswald in war was worthily renown'd; [live;
Though gay in courts, coarsely in camps could
Judg'd danger soon, and first was in it found;
Could toil to gain what he with ease did give.

XXXVI.

Yet toils and dangers through ambition lov'd;
Which does in war the name of virtue own;
But quits that name when from the war remov'd,
As rivers theirs when from their channels gone.

XXXVII.

The Duke (as restless as his fame in war)
With martial toil could Oswald weary make;
And calmly do what he with rage did dare,
And give so much as he might deign to take.

XXXVIII.

Him as their founder cities did adore;
The court he knew to steer in storms of state;
In fields a battle lost he could restore,
And after force the victors to their fate.

XXXIX.

In camps now chiefly liv'd, where he did aim
At graver glory than ambition breeds;
Designs that yet this story must not name,
Which with our Lombard author's pace pro-
ceeds.

XL.

The king adopts this duke in secret thought
To wed the nation's wealth, his only child,
Whom Oswald as reward of merit sought,
With Hope, Ambition's common bait, beguil'd.

XLI.

This as his soul's chief secret was unknown,
Lest Oswald that his proudest army led
Should force possession ere his hopes were gone,
Who could not rest but in the royal bed.

XLII.

The Duke discern'd not that the king design'd
To choose him heir of all his victories;
Nor guess'd that for his love fair Rhodalind
Made sleep of late a stranger to her eyes.

XLIII.

Yet sadly it is sung that she in shades
Mildly as mourning doves Love's sorrows felt;
Whilst in her secret tears her freshness fades
As roses silently in limbecks melt.

XLIV.

But who could know her love, whose jealous shame
Deny'd her eyes the knowledge of her glass;
Who blushing thought nature herself to blame,
By whom men guess of maids more than the face.

XLV.

Yet, judge not that this duke (though from his sight
With maids first fears she did her passion hide)
Did need Love's flame for his directing light,
But rather wants Ambition for his guide.

XLVI.

Love's fire he carry'd, but no more in view
Than vital heat which kept his heart still warm;
This maid's in Oswald as Love's beacon knew;
The public flame to bid them fly from harm.

XLVII.

Yet since this duke could love, we may admire
Why Love ne'er rais'd his thoughts to Rhodalind;
But those forget that earthly flames aspire,
Whilst heav'nly beams, which purer are, descend.

XLVIII.

As yet to none could he peculiar prove,
But like an universal influence
(For such and so sufficient was his love)
To all the sex he did his heart dispense.

XLIX.

But Oswald never knew Love's ancient laws,
The awe that beauty does in lovers breed,
Those short-breath'd fears and paleness it does cause
When in a doubtful brow their doom they read.

L.

Not Rhodalind (whom then all men as one
Did celebrate, as with confed'rate eyes)
Could he effect but shining in her throne;
Blindly a throne did more than beauty prize.

LI.

He by his sister did his notes prefer;
A beauteous pleader who victorious was
O'er Rhodalind and could subdue her ear
In all requests but this unpleasant cause.

LII.

Gartha, whose bolder beauty was in strength
And fulness plac'd, but such as all must like;
Her spreading stature tallness was, not length,
And whilst sharp beauties pierce, hers seem'd to strike.

LIII.

Such goodly presence ancient poets grace,
Whose songs the world's first manliness declare;
To princes bids teach carefulness of race; [war.
Which now store courts, that us'd to store the

LIV.

Such was the palace of her mind, a prince
Who proudly there, and still unquiet lives;
And sleep (domestic ev'ry where) from thence,
To make Ambition room, unwisely drives.

LV.

Of manly force was this her watchful mind,
And fit in empire to direct and sway;
If she the temper had of Rhodalind,
Who knew that gold is current with allay.

LVI.

As kings (oft slaves to others hopes and skill)
Are urg'd to war to load their slaves with spoils;
So Oswald was push'd up Ambition's hill,
And so some urg'd the Duke to martial toils.

LVII.

And these who for their own great cause so high
Would lift their lord's two prosp'rous armies, are
Return'd from far to fruitful Lombardy,
And paid with rest, the best reward of war.

LVIII.

The old near Brescia lay scarce warm'd with tents;
For though from danger safe, yet armies then
Their posture kept 'gainst warring elements,
And hardness learn'd against more warring men.

LIX.

Near Bergamo encamp'd the younger were,
Whom to the Franks distress the Duke had led;
The other lucky Oswald's ensigns bear,
Which lately stood when proud Ovenna fled.

LX.

These that attend Duke Gondibert's renown
Were youth whom from his father's camp he chose.
And them betimes transplanted to his own;
Where each the planter's care and judgment shows.

LXI.

All hardy youth, from valiant fathers sprung;
Whom perfect honour he so highly taught,
That th' aged fetch'd examples from the young,
And hid the vain experience which they brought.

LXII.

They danger met diverted less with fears
Than now the dead would be if here again,
After they know the price brave dying bears;
And by their sinless rest find life was vain.

LXIII.

Temp'rate in what does needy life preserve,
As those whose bodies wait upon their minds;
Chaste as those minds which not their bodies serve;
Ready as pilots wak'd with sudden winds.

LXIV.

Speechless in diligence, as if they were
Nightly to close surprise and ambush bred;
Their wounds yet smarting, merciful they are,
And soon from victory to pity led.

LXV.

When a great captive they in fight had ta'en,
(Whom in a filial duty ſome fair maid
Viſits, and would by tears his freedom gain)
How ſoon his victors were his captives made:

LXVI.

For though the Duke taught rigid diſcipline,
He let them beauty thus a' diſtance know;
As prieſts diſcover ſome more ſacred ſhrine,
Which none muſt touch, yet all may to it bow.

LXVII.

When thus as ſuitors mourning virgins paſs
Through their clean camp, the ſelves in form they draw,
That they with martial reverence may grace
Beauty, the ſtranger, which they ſeldom ſaw.

LXVIII.

They veil'd their enſigns as it by did move,
Whilſt inward (as from native conſcience) all
Worſhipp'd the poet's darling godhead, Love,
Which grave philoſophers did nature call.

LXIX.

Nor there could maids of captives fires deſpair,
But made all captives by their beauty free;
Beauty and Valour native jewels are,
And as each others only price agree.

LXX.

Such was the Duke's young camp by Bergamo,
But theſe near Breſcia whom fierce Oſwald led,
Their ſcience to his famous father owe, [bred.
And have his ſon (though now their leader)

LXXI.

This rev'rend army was for age renown'd; [Time;
Which long through frequent dangers follow'd
Their many trophies gain'd with many a wound,
And Fame's laſt hill did with firſt vigour climb.

LXXII.

But here the learned Lombard whom I trace,
My forward pen by ſlower method ſtays;
Leſt I ſhould them (leſs heeding time and place
Than common poets) out of ſeaſon praiſe.

LXXIII.

Think only then (couldſt thou both camps diſcern)
That theſe would ſeem grave authors of the war,
Met civilly to teach who e'er will learn,
And thoſe their young and civil ſtudents are.

LXXIV.

But painful virtue of the war ne'er pays
Itſelf with conſciouſneſs of being good,
Though cloiſter'd virtue may believe even praiſe
A ſalary which there ſhould be withſtood.

LXXV.

For many here (whoſe virtue's active heat
Concurs not with cold virtue which does dwell
In lazy cells) are virtuous to be great,
And as in pains ſo would in pow'r excel.

LXXVI.

And Oſwald's faction urg'd him to aſpire
That by his height they higher might aſcend;
The Duke's to glorious thrones acceſs deſire,
But at more awful diſtance did attend.

LXXVII.

The royal Rhodalind is now the prize,
By which theſe camps would make their merit known,
And think their generals but their deputies
Who muſt for them by proxy wed the crown.

LXXVIII.

From foreign fields (with toiling conqueſt tir'd,
And groaning under ſpoils come home to reſt;
There now they are with emulation fir'd,
And for that pow'r they ſhould obey, conteſt.

LXXIX.

Ah, how perverſe and forward is mankind!
Faction in courts does us to rage excite;
The rich in cities we litigious find,
And in the field th' ambitious make us fight:

LXXX.

And fatally (as if even ſouls were made
Of warring elements as bodies are)
Our reaſon our religion does invade,
Till from the ſchools to camps it carry war.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

The hunting which did yearly celebrate
The Lombard's glory, and the Vandal's fate.
The hunters prais'd; how true to Love they are,
How calm in peace, and tempeſt-like in war.
The ſtag is by the num'rous chaſe ſubdu'd,
And ſtrait his hunters are as hard purſu'd.

I.

Small are the ſeeds fate does unheaded ſow
Of ſlight beginnings to important ends;
Whilſt wonder (which does beſt our rev'rence ſhow
To heav'n) all reaſon's ſight in gazing ſpends.

II.

For from a day's brief pleaſure did proceed
(A day grown black in Lombard hiſtories)
Such lamenting griefs as thou ſhalt weep to read,
Though even thine own ſad love had drain'd thine eyes.

III.

In a fair foreſt near Verona's plain,
Freſh as if nature's youth choſe there a ſhade,
The Duke with many lovers in his train,
(Loyal and young) a ſolemn hunting made.

IV.

Much was his train enlarg'd by their reſort
Who much his grandſire lov'd, and hither came
To celebrate this day with annual ſport,
On which by battle here he earn'd his fame.

V.

And many of theſe noble hunters bore
Command amongſt the youth at Bergamo;
Whoſe fathers gather'd here the wreathes they wore,
When in this foreſt they interr'd the foe.

VI.

Count Hurgonil, a youth of high deſcent,
Was liſted here, and in the ſtory great;
He follow'd honour, when tow'rds death it went;
Fierce in a charge but temp'rate in retreat.

VII.

His wond'rous beauty which the world approv'd
He bluſhing hid, and now no more would own
(Since he the Duke's unequal'd ſiſter lov'd)
Than an old wreath when newly overthrown.

VIII.

And ſhe, Orna, the ſhy! did ſeem in life
So baſhful too to have her beauty ſhown,
As I may doubt her ſhame with Fame at ſtrife
That in theſe vicious times would make it known.

IX.

Not leſs in public voice was Arnold here;
He that on Tuſcan tombs his trophies rais'd;
And now Love's pow'r ſo willingly did bear,
That even his arbitrary reign he prais'd.

X.

Laura, the Duke's fair niece enthrall'd his heart;
Who was in court the public morning glaſs
Where thoſe who would reduce nature to art,
Practis'd by dreſs the conqueſts of the face.

XI.

And here was Hugo whom Duke Gondibert
For ſtout and ſtedfaſt kindneſs did approve;
Of ſtature ſmall, but was all over heart,
And though unhappy all that heart was love.

XII.

In gentle ſonnets he for Laura pin'd,
Soft as the murmurs of a weeping ſpring;
Which ruthleſs ſhe did as thoſe murmurs mind:
So ere their death ſick ſwans unheeded ſing.

XIII.

Yet whilſt ſhe Arnold favour'd, he ſo griev'd
As loyal ſubjects quietly bemoan
Their yoke, but raiſe no war to be reliev'd,
Nor through the envy'd fav'rite wound the throne.

XIV.

Young Goltho next theſe rivals we may name,
Whoſe manhood dawn'd early as ſummer light;
As ſure and ſoon did his fair day proclaim,
And was no leſs the joy of public ſight.

XV.

If Love's juſt pow'r he did not early ſee,
Some ſmall excuſe we may his error give;
Since few (though learn'd) know yet bleſt love to be
That ſecret vital heat by which we live:

XVI.

But ſuch it is; and though we may be thought
To have in childhood life, ere love we know,
Yet life is uſeleſs till by reaſon taught,
And love and reaſon up together grow.

XVII.

Nor more, the old ſhow they outlive their love,
If when their love's decay'd, ſome ſigns they give
Of life, becauſe we ſee them pain'd and move,
Then ſnakes, long cut, by torment ſhow they live.

XVIII.

If we call living life, when Love is gone,
We then to ſouls (God's coin) vain rev'rence pay;
Since reaſon (which is Love, and his beſt known
And current image) age has worn away.

XIX.

And I that Love and Reaſon thus unite,
May, if I old philoſophers control,
Confirm the new by ſome new poets light;
Who finding Love, thinks he has found the ſoul.

XX.

From Goltho, to whom love yet taſteleſs ſeem'd,
We to ripe Tybalt are by order led;
Tybalt, who love and valour both eſteem'd,
And he alike from eithers wounds had bled.

XXI.

Public his valour was, but not his love,
One fill'd the world, the other he contain'd;
Yet quietly alike in both did move,
Of that ne'er boaſted, nor of this complain'd.

XXII.

With theſe (whoſe ſpecial names verſe ſhall preſerve)
Many to this recorded hunting came:
Whoſe worth authentic mention did deſerve,
But from Time's deluge few are ſav'd by Fame.

XXIII.

Now like a giant lover roſe the ſun
From th' ocean queen, fine in his fires and great;
Seem'd all the morn for ſhew, for ſtrength at noon;
As if laſt night ſhe had not quench'd his heat!

XXIV.

And the ſun's ſervants who his riſing wait,
His penſioners (for ſo all lovers are,
And all maintain'd by him at a high rate
With daily fire) now for the chaſe prepare.

XXV.

All were like hunters clad in cheerful green,
Young Nature's livery, and each at ſtrife
Who moſt adorn'd in favours ſhould be ſeen,
Wrought kindly by the lady of his life.

XXVI.

Theſe martial favours on their waiſts they wear,
On which (for now they conqueſt celebrate)
In an embroider'd hiſtory appear [fate.
Like life, the vanquiſh'd in their fears and

XXVII.

And on theſe belts (wrought with their lady's care)
Hung ſcymiters of Akon's truſty ſteel;
Goodly to ſee, and he who durſt compare
Thoſe ladies eyes, might ſoon their temper feel.

XXVIII.

Cheer'd as the woods (where new wak'd quires they meet)
Are all; and now diſpoſe their choice relays
Of horſe and hounds, each like each other fleet;
Which beſt when with themſelves compar'd we praiſe;

XXIX.

To them old foreſt ſpies, the harbourers
With haſte approach, wet as ſtill weeping night,
Or deer that mourn their growth of head with tears,
When the defenceleſs weight does hinder flight.

XXX.

And dogs, ſuch whoſe cold ſecrecy was meant
By nature for ſurpriſe, on theſe attend;
Wiſe temp'rate lime-hounds that proclaim no ſcent; [ſpend.
Nor harb'ring will their mouths in boaſting

XXXI.

Yet vainlier far than traitors boaſt their prize
(On which their vehemence vaſt rates does lay,
Since in that worth their treaſons credit lies)
Theſe harb'rers praiſe that which they now betray.

XXXII.

Boaſt they have lodg'd a ſtag, that all the race
Outruns of Croton horſe, or Regian hounds;
A ſtag made long, ſince royal in the chaſe,
If kings can honour give by giving wounds.

XXXIII.

For Aribert had pierc'd him at a bay,
Yet 'ſcap'd he by the vigour of his head;
And many a ſummer ſince has won the day,
And often left his Regian ſoll'wers dead.

XXXIV.

His ſpacious beam (that even the rights outgrew)
From antler to his troch had all allow'd
By which his age the aged woodmen knew;
Who more than he were of that beauty proud.

XXXV.

Now each relay a ſev'ral ſtation finds,
Ere the triumphant train the copſe ſurrounds;
Relays of horſe, long-breath'd as winter winds,
And their deep cannon-mouth'd experienc'd hounds.)

XXXVI.

The huntſmen (buſily concern'd in ſhow
As if the world were by this beaſt undone,
And they againſt him hir'd as nature's foe)
In haſte uncouple, and their hounds outrun.

XXXVII.

Now wind they a recheat, the rous'd deer's kneil;
And through the foreſt all the beaſts are aw'd;
Alarm'd by echo, nature's ſentinel,
Which ſhows that murd'rous man is come abroad.

XXXVIII.

Tyrannic man! thy ſubjects enemy! [hate;
And more through wantonneſs than need or
From whom the winged to their coverts fly;
And to their dens even thoſe that lay in wait.

XXXIX.

So this (the moſt ſucceſsful of his kind,
Whoſe forehead's force oft his oppoſer's preſs'd,
Whoſe ſwiftneſs left purſuers ſhafts behind)
Is now of all the foreſt moſt diſtreſs'd!

XL.

The herd deny him ſhelter, as if taught
To know their ſafety is to yield him loſt;
Which ſhows they want not the reſult of thought,
But ſpeech, by which we ours for reaſon boaſt.

XLI

We bluſh to ſee our politics in beaſts,
Who many ſav'd by this one ſacrifice;
And ſince through blood they follow intereſts,
Like us when cruel ſhould be counted wiſe.

XLII.

His rivals that his fury us'd to fear
For his lov'd female, new his faintneſs ſhun;
But were his ſeaſon hot, and ſhe but near,
(O mighty Love!) his hunters were undone.

XLIII.

From thence, well blown, he comes to the relay;
Where man's fam'd reaſon proves but cowardice,
And only ſerves him meanly to betray;
Even for the flying, man, in ambuſh lies.

XLIV.

But now, as his laſt remedy to live,
(For ev'ry ſhift for life kind nature makes,
Since life the utmoſt is which ſhe can give)
Cool Adice from the ſwol'n bank he takes.

XLV.

But this freſh bath the dogs will make him leave;
Whom he ſure nos'd as faſting tigers found;
Their ſcent to north-eaſt wind could e'er deceive
Which drives the air, nor flocks that foil the ground

XLVI.

Swift here the flyers and purſuers ſeem;
The frighted fiſh ſwim from their Adice,
The dogs purſue the deer, he the fleet ſtream,
And that haſtes too to th' Adriatic ſee.

XLVII.

Refreſh'd thus in this fleeting element,
He up the ſtedfaſt ſhore did boldly riſe;
And ſoon eſcap'd their view, but not their ſcent;
That faithful guide which even conducts their eyes.

XLVIII.

This frail relief was like ſhort gales of breath
Which oft at ſea a long dead calm prepare;
Or like our curtains drawn at point of death,
When all our lungs are ſpent, to give us air,

XLIX.

For on the ſhore the hunters him attend;
And whilſt the chaſe grew warm as is the day
(Which now from the hot zenith does deſcend)
He is emboſs'd, and weary'd to a bay.

L.

The jewel, life, he muſt ſurrender here;
Which the world's miſtreſs, nature, does not give,
But like dropp'd favours ſuffers us to wear,
Such as by which pleas'd lovers think they love.

LI.

Yet life he ſo eſteems, that he allows
It all defence his force and rage can make;
And to the eager dogs ſuch fury ſhows
As their laſt blood ſome unreveng'd forſake.

LII.

But now the monarch murderer comes in,
Deſtructive man! whom nature would not arm,

As when in madneſs miſchief is foreſeen
We leave it weaponleſs for fear of harm.

LIII

For ſhe defenceleſs made him that he might
Leſs readily offend; but Art arms all,
From ſingle ſtrife makes us in numbers fight;
And by ſuch art this royal ſtag did fall.

LIV.

He weeps till grief does even his murd'rers pierce;
Grief which ſo nobly through his anger ſtrove,
That it deſerv'd the dignity of verſe,
And had it words as humanly would move.

LV.

Thrice from the ground his vanquiſh'd head he rear'd,
And with laſt looks his foreſt walks did view;
Where ſixty ſummers he had rul'd the herd,
And where ſharp dittany now vainly grew.

LVI.

Whoſe hoary leaves no more his wounds ſhall heal;
For with a ſigh (a blaſt of all his breath)
That viewleſs thing call'd life, did from him ſteal;
And with their bugle horns they wind his death

LVII.

Then with their annual wanton ſacrifice
(Taught by old Cuſtom, whoſe decrees are vain,
And we like hum'rous antiquaries prize
Age though deform'd) they haſten to the plain.

LVIII.

Thence homeward bend as weſtward as the ſun;
Where Gondibert's allies proud feaſts prepare,
That day to honour which his grandſire won;
Though feaſts the eves to fun'rals are.

LIX.

One from the foreſt now approach'd their ſight,
Who them did ſwiftly on the ſpur purſue;
One there ſtill reſident as day and night,
And known as th' eldeſt oak which in it grew.

LX.

Who with his utmoſt breath, advancing cries
(And ſuch a vehemence no art could feign)
Away, happy the man that faſteſt flies;
Fly, famous Duke, fly with thy noble Train!

LXI.

The Duke reply'd, though with thy fears diſguis'd,
Thou doſt my ſire's old ranger's image bear,
And for thy kindneſs ſhalt not be deſpis'd; [fear.
Though counſels are but weak which come from

LXII.

Were dangers here, great as thy love can ſhape;
(And love with fear can danger multiply)
Yet when by flight, thou bidd'ſt us meanly 'ſcape,
Bid trees take wings, and rooted foreſts fly.

LXIII.

Then ſaid the ranger, you are bravely loſt
(And like high anger his complexion roſe),
As little know I fear, as how to boaſt;
But ſhall attend you through your many foes.

LXIV.

See, where in ambuſh mighty Oſwald lay;
And ſee, from yonder lawn he moves apace,
With lances arm'd, to intercept the way;
Now thy ſure ſteeds are weary'd with the chace.

LXV.

His purple banners you may there behold,
Which, proudly ſpread, the fatal raven bear;
And full five hundred I by rank have told,
Who in their gilded helms his colour wear.

LXVI.

The Duke this falling ſtorm does now diſcern;
Bids little Hugo fly! but 'tis to view
The foe, and timely their firſt count'nance learn,
Whilſt firm he in a ſquare his hunters drew.

LXVII.

And Hugo ſoon, light as his courſer's heels,
Was in their faces, troubleſome as wind;
And like to it, ſo wingedly he wheels,
No one could catch, what all with trouble find.

LXVIII.

But ev'ry where the leaders and the led
He temp'rately obſerv'd with a ſlow ſight;
Judg'd by their looks how hopes and fears were fed,
And by their order their ſucceſs in fight.

LXIX.

Their number, 'mounting to the ranger's gueſs,
In three diviſions ev'nly was diſpos'd;
And that their enemies might judge it leſs,
It ſeem'd one groſs with all the ſpaces clos'd.

LXX.

The van fierce Oſwald led, where Paradine,
And manly Dargonet, both of his blood,
Outſhin'd the moon, and their minds ſtock within
Promis'd to make that outward glory good.

LXXI.

The next, bold, but unlucky Hubert led;
Brother to Oſwald, and no leſs ally'd
To the ambitions which his ſoul did wed;
Lowly without, but lin'd with coſtly pride.

LXXII.

Moſt to himſelf his valour fatal was,
Whoſe glories oft to others dreadful were;
So comets, though ſuppoſ'd deſtruction's cauſe,
But waſte themſelves to make their gazers fear.

LXXIII.

And though his valour ſeldom did ſucceed,
His ſpeech was ſuch as could in ſtorms perſuade;
Sweet as the hopes on which ſtarv'd lovers feed,
Breath'd in the whiſpers of a yielding maid.

LXXIV.

The bloody Borgio did conduct the rear;
Whom ſullen Vaſco heedfully attends;
To all but to themſelves they cruel were,
And to themſelves chiefly by miſchief friends.

LXXV.

War, the world's art, nature to them became;
In camps begot, born, and in anger bred;
The living vex'd till death, and then their fame;
Becauſe even Fame ſome life is to the dead.

LXXVI.

Cities (wiſe ſtateſmen's folds for civil ſheep),
They ſack'd, as painful ſheerers of the wiſe;
For they, like careful wolves, would loſe their ſleep,
When others proſp'rous toils might be their prize.

LXXVII.

Hugo amongſt theſe troops ſpy'd many more
Who had, as brave deſtroyers, got renown;
And many forward wounds in boaſt they wore;
Which if not well reveng'd, had ne'er been ſhown.

LXXVIII.

Such the bold leaders of these launceers were,
Which of the Brescian vet'rans did consist;
Whose practis'd age might charge of armies bear,
And claim some rank in Fame's eternal list.

LXXIX.

Back to his Duke the dext'rous Hugo flies;
What he observ'd he cheerfully declares;
With noble pride did what he lik'd despise; [scars.
For wounds he threat'ned whilst he prais'd their

LXXX.

Lord Arnold cry'd, vain is the bugle-horn,
Where trumpets men to manly work invite!
That distant summons seems to say in scorn,
We hunters may be hunted hard ere night.

LXXXI.

Those beasts are hunted hard that hard can fly,
Reply'd aloud the noble Hurgonil;
But we, not us'd to flight, know best to die;
And those who know to die, know how to kill.

LXXXII

Victors through number never gain'd applause;
If they exceed our count in arms and men,
It is not just to think that odds, because
One lover equals any other ten.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

The ambush is become an interview;
And the surpriser proves to honour true;
For what had first, ere words his fury spent,
Been murder, now is but brave killing meant.
A duel form'd where princes seconds are,
And urg'd by honour each to kill his share.

I.

The Duke observ'd (whilst safe in his firm square),
Whether their front did change, whom Oswald led;
That thence he shifts of figure might prepare,
Divide, or make more depth, or loosely spread.

II. [guess

Though in their posture close, the prince might
The Duke's to his not much in number yield;
And they were leading youth who would possess
This ground in graves, rather than quit the field.

III.

Thus, timely certain of a standing foe,
His form'd divisions yet reveal'd no space,
Through haste to charge; but as they nearer grow,
They more divide, and move with slower pace.

IV.

On these the Duke attends with watchful eye;
Shap'd all his forces to their triple strength;
And that their lances might pass harmless by,
Widens his ranks, and gave his files more length.

V.

At distance Oswald does him sharply view,
Whom but in Fame he met till this sad hour;
But his fair Fame, Virtue's known image, knew;
Virtue exalts the owner more than pow'r.

VI.

In fields far sever'd both had reap'd renown;
And now his envy does to surfeit feed
On what he wish'd his eyes had never known;
For he begins to check his purpos'd deed.

VII.

And though Ambition did his rage renew, [train),
Yet much he griev'd (mov'd with the youthful
That plants, which so much promis'd as they grew,
Should in the bud be ere performance slain.

VIII.

With these remorseful thoughts, he a fair space
Advanc'd alone, then did his troops command
To halt; the Duke th' example did embrace,
And gives like order by his lifted hand.

IX.

Then when in easy reach of eithers voice,
Thus Oswald spake: I wish, brave Gondibert,
Those wrongs, which make thee now my anger's choice,
Like my last fate, were hidden from my heart.

X.

But since great glory does allow small rest,
And bids us jealously to honour wake,
Why at alarms, given hot even at my breast,
Should I not arm, but think my scouts mistake?

XI.

'Tis loud in camps, in cities, and in court
(Where the important part of mankind meets),
That my adoption is thy faction's sport,
Scorn'd by hoarse rhymers in Verona streets.

XII.

Who is renown'd enough, but you or I
(And think not when you visit Fame, she less
Will welcome you for my known company),
To hope for empire at our king's decease?

XIII.

The crown he with his daughter has design'd;
His favour, which to me does frozen prove
Grows warm to you as th' eyes of Rhodalind,
And she gives sacred empire with her love.

XIV.

Whilſt you uſurp thus, and my claim deride,
If you admire the veng'ance I intend,
I more ſhall wonder where you got the pride
To think me one you ſafely may offend.

XV.

Nor judge it ſtrange I have this ambuſh laid,
Since you, my rival, wrong'd me by ſurpriſe;
Whoſe darker vigilance my love betay'd;
And ſo your ill example made me wiſe.

XVI.

But in the ſchool of glory we are taught
That greatneſs and ſucceſs ſhould meaſure deeds;
Then not my great revenge, nor your great fault,
Can be accus'd when either's act ſucceeds.

XVII.

Opinion's ſtamp does Virtue current make;
But ſuch ſmall money (though he people's gold
With which they trade), great dealers ſcorn to take,
And we are greater than one world can hold.

XVIII.

Now Oſwald paus'd, as if he curious were,
Ere this his foe (the people's fav'rite) dy'd,
To know him as with eyes, ſo with his ear;
And to his ſpeech thus Gondibert reply'd:

XIX.

Succeſsful prince! ſince I was never taught
To court a threat'ning foe, I will not pay
For all the trophies you from war have brought,
One ſingle wreath, though all theſe woods were bay!

XX.

Nor would I by a total ſilence yield
My honour ta'en, though I were pris'ner made;
Leſt you ſhould think we may be juſtly kill'd,
And ſacred juſtice by miſtake invade.

XXI.

You might perceive (had not a diſtant war
Hind'red our breaſts the uſe of being known),
My ſmall ambition hardly worth your care;
Unleſs by it you would correct your own.

XXII.

The king's objected love is but your dream,
As falſe as that I ſtrive for Rhodalind
As valour's hire; theſe ſickly viſions ſeem,
Which in Ambition's fever vex your mind.

XXIII.

Nor wonder if I vouch, that 'tis not brave
To ſeek war's hire, though war we ſtill purſue;
Nor cenſure this a proud excuſe, to ſave
Theſe who no ſafety know, but to ſubdue.

XXIV.

Your miſbelief my hireleſs valour ſcorns;
But your hir'd valour, were your faith reclaim'd
(For faith reclaim'd to higheſt virtue turns),
Will be of braveſt ſalary aſhamed.

XXV.

Only with Fame valour of old was hir'd;
And love was ſo ſuffic'd with its own taſte,
That thoſe intemp'rate ſeem'd, who more deſir'd
For love's reward, than that itſelf ſhould laſt.

XXVI.

If love, or luſt of empire, bred your pain,
Take what my prudent hope hath ſtill declin'd,
And my weak virtue never could ſuſtain
The crown, which is the worſt of Rhodalind.

XXVII.

'Tis ſhe who taught you to increaſe renown,
By ſowing Honour's field with noble deeds;
Which yields no harveſt when 'tis overgrown
With wild Ambition, the moſt rank of weeds.

XXVIII.

Go, reconcile the winds fall'n out at ſea
With theſe tame precepts (Oſwald did reply;)
But ſince thou doſt bequeath thy hopes to me,
Know legacies are vain till givers die.

XXIX.

And here his rage aſcended to his eyes [flame;
From his cloſe breaſt, which hid till then the
And like ſtirr'd fire in ſparkles upward flies;
Rage which the Duke thus practis'd to reclaim.

XXX.

Though you deſign'd our ruin by ſurpriſe,
Though much in uſeful arms you us exceed,
And in your number ſome advantage lies,
Yet you may find you ſuch advantage need.

XXXI

If I am valued as th' impediment
Which hinders your adoption to the crown,
Let your revenge only on me be ſpent,
And hazard not my party, nor your own.

XXXII.

Ambition elſe would up to Godhead grow,
When ſo profanely we our anger prize,
That to appeaſe it we the blood allow
Of whole offenceleſs herds for ſacrifice.

XXXIII.

Oſwald (who Honour's public pattern was,
Till vain Ambition led his heart aſide),
More temp'rate grew in manage of his cauſe,
And thus to noble Gondibert reply'd.

XXXIV.

I wiſh it were not needful to be great;
That heav'n's unenvy'd pow'r might men ſo awe,
As we ſhould need no armies for defeat,
Nor for protection be at charge of law.

XXXV.

But more than heav'n's men man's authority,
Though envy'd, uſe, becauſe more underſtood;
For but for that life's utenſils would be
In markets, as in camps, the price of blood.

XXXVI.

Since the world's ſafety we in greatneſs find,
And pow'r divided is from greatneſs gone,
Save we the world, though to ourſelves unkind,
By both endang'ring to eſtabliſh one.

XXXVII.

Not thoſe who kindle with my wrongs their rage,
Nor thoſe bold youth who warmly you attend,
Our diſtant camps by action ſhall engage;
But we our own great cauſe will ſingly end.

XXXVIII.

Back to your noble hunters ſtraight retire,
And I to thoſe who would thoſe hunters chaſe;
Let us perſuade their fury to expire,
And give obediently our anger place.

XXXIX.

Like unconcern'd ſpectators let them ſtand,
And be by ſacred vow to diſtance bound;

Whilſt their lov'd leaders by our ſtrict command,
Only as witneſſes, approach this ground.

XL.

Where with no more defenſive arms than was
By nature meant us, who ordain'd men friends,
We will on foot determine our great cauſe,
On which the Lombard's doubtful peace depends.

XLI.

The Duke at this did bow, and ſoon obey,
Confeſs'd his honour he tranſcendent finds,
Said he their perſons might a meaner way [minds.
With odds have aw'd, but this ſubdues their

XLII.

Now wing'd with hope they to their troops return,
Oſwald his old grave Breſcians makes retire,
Leſt if too near, though like ſlow match they burn,
The Duke's raſh youth like powder might take fire.

XLIII.

Firſt with their noble chiefs they treat aſide,
Plead it humanity to bleed alone,
And term it needleſs cruelty and pride
With others ſacrifice to grace their own.

XLIV.

Then to the troops gave their reſolv'd command,
Not to aſſiſt, through anger nor remorſe;
Who ſeem'd more willing patiently to ſtand,
Becauſe each ſide preſum'd their champion's force.

XLV.

Now near that ground ordain'd by them and Fate
To be the laſt where one or both muſt tread,
Their choſen judges they appoint to wait;
Who thither were like griev'd ſpectators led.

XLVI.

Theſe from the diſtant troops far ſever'd are;
And near their chiefs divided ſtations take;
Who ſtraight unclothe, and for ſuch deeds prepare,
By which ſtrip'd ſouls their fleſhy robes forſake.

XLVII.

But Hubert now advanc'd, and cry'd aloud,
I will not truſt uncertain deſtiny,
Which may obſcurely kill me in a crowd,
That here have pow'r in public view to die.

XLVIII.

Oſwald my brother is! If any dare
Think Gondibert's great name more kingly ſounds,
Let him alight, and he ſhall leave the care
Of chooſing monarchs, to attend his wounds!

XLIX.

This Hurgonill receiv'd with greedy ear,
Told him his ſummons boldly did expreſs,
That he had little judgment whom to fear,
And in the choice of kings his ſkill was leſs.

L.

With equal haſte they then alight and met,
Where both their chiefs in preparation ſtood;
Whilſt Paradine and furious Dargonet
Cry'd out, we are of Oſwald's princely blood.

LI.

Are there not yet two more ſo fond of fame,
So true to Gondibert, or Love's commands,
As to eſteem it an unpleaſant ſhame
With idle eyes to look on buſy hands?

LII.

Such haſte makes beauty when it youth forſakes,
And day from travellers when it does ſet,
As Arnold to proud Paradine now makes,
And little Hugo to tall Dargonet.

LIII.

The bloody Borgio, who with anguiſh ſtay'd,
And check'd his rage, till theſe of Oſwald's race,
By wiſh'd example their brave challenge made,
Now like his curb'd ſteed foaming, ſhifts his place.

LIV.

And thus, with haſte and choler hoarſe, he ſpake;
Whoe'er amongſt you thinks we deſtin'd are
To ſerve that king your courtly camp ſhall make,
Falſely he loves, nor is his lady fair!

LV.

This ſcarce could urge the temp'rate Tybalt's fire
Who ſaid, when Fate ſhall Aribert remove,
As ill then wilt thou judge who ſhould aſpire,
As who is fair, that art too rude to love.

LVI.

But ſcarce had this reply reach'd Borgio's ear,
When Goltho louder cry'd, whate'er he be
Dares think her foul who hath a lover here,
Though love I never knew, ſhall now know me!

LVII.

Grave Tybalt, who had laid an earlier claim
To this defiance, much diſtemper'd growe,
And Goltho's forward youth would ſharply blame,
But that old Vaſco thus did interpoſe.

LVIII.

That boy who makes ſuch haſte to meet his fate,
And fears he may (as if he knew it good),
Through others pride of danger come too late,
Shall read it ſtraight ill written in his blood.

LIX.

Let empire fall, when we muſt monarchs chooſe,
By what unpractis'd childhood ſhall approve;
And in tame peace let us our manhood loſe,
When boys yet wet with milk diſcourſe of love.

LX.

As baſhful maids bluſh, as if juſtly blam'd,
When forc'd to ſuffer ſome indecent tongue,
So Goltho bluſh'd, whom Vaſco made aſham'd,
As if he could offend by being young.

LXI.

But inſtantly offended baſhfulneſs
Does to a brave and beauteous anger turn;
Which he in younger flames did ſo expreſs,
That ſcarce old Vaſco's embers ſeem'd to burn.

LXII.

The princes knew in this new kindled rage,
Opinion might (have like unlucky wind
State right to make it ſpread) their troops engage;
And therefore Oſwald thus proclaim'd his mind.

LXIII.

Seem we already dead, that to our words
(As to the laſt requeſts men dying make),
Your love but mourners ſhort reſpect affords,
And ere interr'd you our commands forſake?

LXIV.

We chooſe you judges of your needful ſtrife,
Such whom the world grown faithleſs, might eſteem
As weighty witneſſes of parting life,
But you are thoſe we dying muſt condemn.

LXV

Are we become ſuch worthleſs ſacrifice,
As cannot to the Lombard's heav'n atone,
Unleſs your added blood make up the price,
As if you thought it worthier than our own?

LXVI.

Our fame which ſhould ſurvive, before us die!
And let (ſince in our preſence diſobey'd),
Renown of pow'r, like that of beauty, fly
From knowledge, rather than be known decay'd!

LXVII.

This when with rev'rence heard, it would have made
Old armies melt, to mark at what a rate
They ſpent their hearts and eyes, kindly afraid
To be omitted in their gen'ral's fate.

LXVIII.

Hubert (whoſe princely quality more frees
Him than the reſt from all command, unleſs
He find it ſuch as with his will agrees),
Did nobly thus his firm reſolve expreſs.

LXIX.

All greatneſs bred in blood be now abas'd!
Inſtinct, the inward image, which is wrought
And given with life, be like thaw'd wax defac'd!
Though that bred better honour than is taught;

LXX.

And may impreſſions of the common ill,
Which from ſtreet parents the moſt low derives,
Blot all my mind's fair book, if I ſtand ſtill
Whilſt Oſwald ſingly for the public ſtrives:

LXXI.

A brother's love, all that obedience ſtays,
Which Oſwald elſe might as my leader claim;
Whom as my love, my honour diſobeys,
And bids me ſerve our greater leader, Fame.

LXXII.

With gentle looks Oſwald to Hubert bows,
And ſaid, I then muſt yield that Hubert ſhall
(Since from the ſame bright ſun our luſtre grows),
Riſe with my morn, and with my ev'ning fall!

LXXIII.

Bold Paradine and Dargonet reviv'd
Their ſuit, and cry'd, we are Aſtolpho's ſons!
Who from your higheſt ſpring his blood deriv'd,
Though now it down in lower channels runs.

LXXIV.

Such lucky ſeaſons to attain renown,
We muſt not loſe, who are to you ally'd;
Others uſurp, who would your dangers own,
And what our duty is, in them is pride.

LXXV.

Then, as his laſt decree, thus Oſwald ſpake;
You that vouchſafe to glory in my blood,
Shall ſhare my dooms, which, for your merit's ſake,
Fate, were it bad, would alter into good.

LXXVI.

If any other's diſobedient rage,
Shall with uncivil love intrude his aid,
And by degrees our diſtant troops engage,
Be it his curſe ſtill to be diſobey'd!

LXXVII.

War's orders may he by the ſlow convey
To ſuch as only ſhall diſpute them long;
And ill peace make, when none will him obey,
And be for that, when old, judg'd by the young.

LXXVIII.

This ſaid, he calmly bid the Duke provide
Such of his blood as with thoſe choſen three
(Whilſt their adoption they on foot decide),
May in brave life or death fit partners be.

LXXIX.

Though here (reply'd the Duke) I find not now,
Such as my blood with their alliance grace,
Yet three I ſee, to whom your ſtock may bow,
If love may be eſteem'd of heav'nly race.

LXXX.

And much to me theſe are by love ally'd;
Then Hugo, Arnold, and the count drew near;
Count Hurgonill woo'd Orna for his bride,
The other two in Laura rivals were.

LXXXI.

But Tybalt cry'd (as ſwiftly as his voice
Approach'd the Duke), forgive me mighty chief,
If juſtly I envy the noble choice,
And diſobey thee in wrong'd love's relief.

LXXXII.

If rev'renc'd love be ſacred myſt'ry deem'd,
And myſteries, when hid, to value grow,
Why am I leſs for hidden love eſteem'd?
To unknown Godhead, wiſe religious bow.

LXXXIII.

A maid of thy high li'nage much I love,
And hide her name till I can merit boaſt,
But ſhall I here (where I my worth improve),
For prizing her above myſelf, be loſt?

LXXXIV.

The Duke's firm boſom kindly ſeem'd to melt
At Tybalt's grief, that he omitted was;
Who lately had love's ſecret conqueſt felt,
And hop'd for public triumph in this cauſe.

LXXXV.

Then he decreed, Hugo (though choſe before
To ſhare in this great work) ſhould equally
With Tybalt be expos'd to Fortune's pow'r,
And by drawn lots their wiſh'd election try.

LXXXVI.

Hugo his dreaded lord with cheerful awe
Us'd to obey, and with implicit love;
But now he muſt for certain honour draw
Uncertain lots, ſeems heavily to move.

LXXXVII.

And here they trembling reach'd at Honour ſo,
As if they gath'ring flow'rs a ſnake diſcern'd;
Yet fear'd Love only, whoſe rewards then grow
To lovers ſweeteſt, when with danger earn'd.

LXXXVIII.

From this brave fear, leſt they ſhould danger 'ſcape,
Was little Hugo eas'd; and when he drew
The champion's lot, his joy enlarg'd his ſhape,
And with his lifted mind he taller grew.

LXXXIX.

But Tybalt ſtoop'd beneath his ſorrows weight;
Goltho and him kindly the duke embrac'd;
Then to their ſtation ſent; and Oſwald ſtraight
His ſo enjoin'd, and with like kindneſs grac'd.

XC.

When cruel Borgio does from Tybalt part,
Vaſco from Goltho, many a look they caſt
Backward in ſullen meſſage from the heart,
And through their eyes their threat'ning anger waſte.

CANTO IV.

The Argument.

The duel, where all rules of artful ſtriſe,
To reſcue or endanger darling life,
Are by reſerves of ſtrength and courage ſhown;
For killing was long ſince a ſcience grown;
Th' event by which the troops engaged are,
As private rage too often turns to war.

I.

By what bold paſſion am I rudely led,
Like Fame's too curious and officious ſpy,
Where I theſe rolls in her dark cloſet read,
Where worthies wrapp'd in Time's diſguiſes lie?

II

Why ſhould we now their ſhady curtains draw,
Who by a wiſe retirement hence are freed,
And gone to lands exempt from Nature's law,
Where Love no more can mourn, or Valour bleed?

III.

Why to this ſtormy world from their long reſt,
Are theſe recall'd to be again diſpleas'd,
Where, during Nature's reign, we are oppreſt,
Till we by Death's high privilege are eas'd?

IV.

Is it to boaſt that verſe has chemic pow'r,
And that its rage (which is productive heat)
Can theſe revive, as chemiſts raiſe a flow'r,
Whoſe ſcatter'd parts their glaſs preſents complete?

V.

Though in theſe worthies gone, valour and love,
Didſt chaſtely as in ſacred temples meet,
Such reviv'd patterns us no more improve [ſweet
Than flow'rs ſo rais'd by chemiſts make us

VI.

Yet when the ſoul's diſeaſe we deſp'rate find,
Poets the old renown'd phyſicians are,
Who for the ſickly habits of the mind,
Examples as the ancient cure prepare.

VII.

And bravely then phyſicians honour gain,
When to the world diſeaſes cureleſs ſeem,
And they (in ſcience valiant) ne'er refrain
Art's war with nature till they life redeem.

VIII

But poets their accuſtom'd taſk have long
Forborne (who for examples did diſperſe
The heroes virtues in heroic ſong),
And now think virtue ſick, paſt cure of verſe.

IX.

Yet to this deſp'rate cure I will proceed,
Such patterns ſhow as ſhall not fail to move;
Shall teach thee valiant patience when they bleed,
And hapleſs lovers conſtancy in love.

X.

Now Honour's chance, the duke with Oſwald takes,
The count his great ſtake, life, to Hubert ſets;
Whilſt his to Paradin's, Lord Arnold ſtakes,
And little Hugo throws at Dargonet's.

XI.

Theſe four on equal ground thoſe four oppoſe;
Who wants in ſtrength, ſupplies it with his ſkill;
So valiant, that they make no haſte to cloſe;
They not apace, but handſomely would kill.

XII.

And as they more each others courage found,
Each did their force more civilly expreſs,
To make ſo manly and ſo fair a wound,
As loyal ladies might be proud to dreſs.

XXIII.

But vain, though wond'rous, ſeems the ſhort event
Of what with pomp and noiſe we long prepare:
One hour of battle oft that force hath ſpent,
Which kings whole lives have gather'd for a war

XIV.

As rivers to their ruin haſty be,
So life (ſtill earneſt, loud, and ſwift), runs poſt
To the vaſt gulf of death, as they to ſea,
And vainly travels to be quickly loſt.

XV.

And now the Fates (who punctually take care
We not eſcape their ſentence at our birth),
Writ Arnold down, where thoſe inrolled are,
Who muſt in youth abruptly leave the earth.

XVI.

Him Paradine into the brow had pierc'd;
From whence his blood ſo overflow'd his eyes,
He grew too blind to watch and guard his breaſt,
Where, wounded twice, to Death's cold court he flies.

XVII.

And Love (by which Life's name does value find,
As alrars even ſubſiſt by ornament),
Is now, as to the owner, quite reſign'd,
And in a ſigh to his dear Laura ſent.

XVIII.

Yet Fates so civil were in cruelty,
As not to yield, that he who conquer'd all,
The Tuscan vale, should unattended die;
They therefore doom that Dargonet must fall.

XIX.

Whom little Hugo dext'rously did vex
With many wounds in unexpected place,
Which yet not kill, but killingly perplex;
Because he held their number a disgrace.

XX.

For Dargonet in force did much exceed
The most of men, in valour equall'd all;
And was asham'd thus diversely to bleed,
As if he stood where showers of arrows fall.

XXI.

At once he ventures his remaining strength
To Hugo's nimble skill, who did desire
To draw this little war out into length,
By motions quick as heav'n's fantastic fire!

XXII.

Thus fury now is grown too high to last
In Dargonet; who does disorder all
The strengths of temp'rance by unruly haste,
Then down at Hugo's feet does breathless fall.

XXIII.

When with his own storm sunk, his foe did spy
Lord Arnold dead, and Paradine prepare
To help Prince Oswald to that victory,
Of which the Duke had yet an equal share.

XXIV.

Vain conqueror (said Hugo then), return!
Instead of laurel, which the victor wears,
Go gather cypress for thy brother's urn,
And learn of me to water it with tears.

XXV.

Thy brother lost his life attempting mine;
Which cannot for Lord Arnold's loss suffice:
I must revenge, unlucky Paradine,
The blood his death will draw from Laura's eyes.

XXVI.

We rivals were in Laura; but though she
My griefs derided, his with sighs approv'd;
Yet I, in Love's exact integrity,
Must take thy life for killing him she lov'd.

XXVII.

These quick alike, and artfully as fierce,
At one sad instant give and take that wound,
Which does through both their vital closets pierce;
Where Life's small lord does warmly sit enthron'd.

XXVIII.

And then they fell, and now near upper heaven,
Heaven's better part of them is hov'ring still,
To watch what end is to their princes given,
And to brave Hubert, and to Hurgonil.

XXIX

In progress thus to their eternal home,
Some method is observ'd by Destiny,
Which at their princes setting out did doom,
These as their leading harbingers to die.

XXX.

And fatal Hubert we must next attend,
Whom Hurgonil had brought to such distress,
That though life's stock he did not fully spend,
His glory that maintain'd it is grown less.

XXXI.

Long had they strove, who first should be destroy'd;
And wounds, the marks of manhood, gave and took,
Which though like honour'd age, we would avoid,
Yet make us, when possess'd, for rev'rence look.

XXXII

O Honour! frail as life, thy fellow flower!
Cherish'd and watch'd, and hum'rously esteem'd,
Then worn for short adornments of an hour;
And is when lost no more than life redeem'd.

XXXIII.

This fatal Hubert finds, if honour be
As much in princes lost, when it grows less,
As when it dies in men of next degree:
Princes are only princes by excess.

XXXIV.

For having twice with his firm opposite [life,
Exchang'd a wound, yet none that reach'd at
The adverse sword his arm's best sinew hit,
Which holds that strength, which should maintain their strife.

XXXV.

When thus his dear defence had left his hand,
Thy life (said Hurgonil) rejoice to wear,
As Orna's favour, and at her command,
Who taught the mercy I will practise here.

XXXVI

To which defenceless Hubert did reply,
My life a worthless blank, I so despise,
Since Fortune laid it in her lottery,
That I'm asham'd thou draw'st it as a prize.

XXXVII.

His grief made noble Hurgonil to melt,
Who mourn'd in this a warrior's various fate;
For though a victor now, he timely felt [late.
That change which pains us most by coming

XXXVIII

But Orna, ever present in his thought, [fame
Prompts him to know, with what success for
And empire, Gondibert and Oswald fought;
Whilst Hubert seeks out death, and shrinks from shame.

XXXIX.

Valour, and all that practice turns to art,
Alike the princes had and understood;
For Oswald now is cool as Gondibert;
Such temper he has got by losing blood.

XL.

Calmly their temper did their art obey;
Their stretch'd arms regular in motion prove;
And force with as unseen a stealth convey,
As noiseless hours by hands of dials move.

XLI.

By this new temper Hurgonil believ'd,
That Oswald's elder virtues might prevail;
To think his own help needful much he griev'd;
But yet prepar'd it, lest the Duke should fail.

XLII.

Small wounds they had, whereas in casements fat
Disorder'd life; who seem'd to look about,
And fain would be abroad, but that a gate
She wants so wide, at once to sally out.

XLIII.

When Gondibert saw Hurgonil draw near,
And doubly arm'd at conquer'd Hubert's cost,

He then, who never fear'd, began to fear,
Left by his help his honour ſhould be loſt.

XLIV.

Retire (ſaid he); for if thou hop'ſt to win
My ſiſter's love, by aiding in this ſtrife
May heav'n (to make her think they love a ſin),
Eclipſe that beauty which did give it life.

XLV.

Count Hargonil did doubtfully retire,
Fain would aſſiſt, yet durſt not diſobey;
The Duke would rather inſtantly expire,
Than hazard honour by ſo mean a way.

XLVI.

Alike did Oſwald for diſpatch prepare;
And cries, ſince Hubert knew not to ſubdue,
Glory, farewell, that art the ſoldier's care!
More lov'd than woman, leſs than woman true!

XLVII

And now they ſtrive with all their ſudden force
To ſtorm life's citadel, each others breaſt;
At which could heav'n's chief eye have felt remorſe,
It would have wink'd, or haſt'ned to the weſt.

XLVIII

But ſure the heav'nly movers little care,
Whither our motion here be falſe or true;
For we proceed, whilſt they are regular,
As if we dice for all our actions threw.

XLIX

We ſeem ſurrender'd to indiff'rent chance; [play;
Even Death's great work looks like fantaſtic
That ſword which oft did Oſwald's fame advance
In public war, fails in a private fray.

L

For when, becauſe he ebbs of blood did feel,
He levell'd all his ſtrength at Gondibert,
It claſh'd and broke againſt the adverſe ſteel,
Which travell'd onward till it reach'd his heart.

LI.

Now he that like a ſtedfaſt ſtatue ſtood
In many battels regiſter'd by Fame;
Does fall depriv'd of language as of blood;
Whilſt high the hunters ſend their victor's name.

LII.

Some ſhout aloud, and others wind the horn!
They mix the city's with the field's applauſe;
Which Borgio ſoon interprets as their ſcorn,
And will revenge it ere he mourn the cauſe.

LIII.

This the cold evening warm'd of Vaſco's age;
He ſhin'd like ſcorching noon in Borgio's looks;
Who kindled all about him with his rage;
And worſe the triumph than the conqueſt brooks.

LIV.

The troops, aſtoniſh'd with their leader's fate,
The horror firſt with ſilence entertain;
With loud impatience then for Borgio wait,
And next with one confuſion all complain.

LV.

Whom thus he urg'd! Prince Oſwald did command
We ſhould remove far from the combat's liſt;
And there like unconcern'd ſpectators ſtand;
Juſtly reſtrain'd to hinder or aſſiſt.

LVI.

This, patient friends! we duly have obey'd;
A temp'rance which he never taught before;
But though alive he could forbid our aid,
Yet dead, he leaves revenge within our pow'r.

CANTO V.

The Argument.

The battle in exact, though little ſhape;
Where none by flight, and few by fortune 'ſcape;
Where even the vanquiſh'd ſo themſelves behave,
The victors mourn for all they could not ſave:
And fear (ſo ſoon is Fortune's fulneſs wain'd),
And loſe in one, all that by all they gain'd.

I.

Now Hubert's page aſſiſts his wounded lord
To mount that ſteed, he ſcarce had force to guide;
And wept to ſee his hand without that ſword,
Which was ſo oft in dreadful battles try'd.

II.

Thoſe who with Borgio ſaw his want of blood,
Cry'd out, If of thy ſtrength enough remain,
Though not to charge, to make thy conduct good;
Lead us to add their living to our ſlain.

III.

Hubert reply'd, Now you may juſtly boaſt,
You ſons of war, that Oſwald was your ſire;
Who got in you the honour I have loſt;
And taught thoſe deeds our ladies ſongs admire.

IV.

But he (war's anceſtor, who gave it birth,
The father of thoſe fights we Lombards fought),
Lies there embracing but his length of earth,
Who for your uſe the world's vaſt empire ſought.

V.

And cold as he lies, noble Dargonet,
And Paradine, who wore the victor's crown;
Both ſwift to charge, and ſlow in a retreat;
Brothers in blood, and rivals in renown.

VI.

This ſaid, their trumpets ſound Revenge's praiſe:
The hunter's horns, the terror of the wood,
Reply'd ſo meanly, they could ſcarcely raiſe
Echo ſo loud as might be underſtood.

VII.

The Duke (his fit of fury being ſpent,
Which only wounds and oppoſition bred),
Does weep o'er the brave Oſwald, and lament
That he ſo great in life, is nothing dead.

VIII.

But cry'd, when he the ſpeechleſs rivals ſpy'd,
O worth above the ancient price of love!
Loſt are the living, for with theſe love dy'd;
Or if immortal fled with them above.

IX.

In theſe we the intrinſic value know,
By which firſt lovers did love current deem;
But Love's falſe coiners will allay it now,
Till men ſuſpect what next they muſt contemn.

X.

Not leſs young Hurgonil reſents their chance,
Though no fit time to practice his remorſe,
For now he cries (finding the foe advance)
Let death give way to life! to horſe! to horſe!

XI.

This ſorrow is too ſoft for deeds behind;
Which I (a mortal lover) would ſuſtain,
So I could make your ſiſter wifely kind,
And praiſe me living, not lament me ſlain.

XII.

Swift as Armenians in the panther's chaſe
They fly to reach where now their hunters are;
Who fought out danger with too bold a pace,
Till thus the Duke did them aloud prepare.

XIII.

Impatient friends, ſtand that your ſtrength may laſt? [long!
Burn not in blaze, rage that ſhould warm you long!
I wiſh to foes the weakneſſes of haſte,
To you ſuch ſlowneſs as may keep you ſtrong.

XIV.

Not their ſcorn's force ſhould your fix'd patience move; [provoke,
Though ſcorn does more than bounds free minds provoke,
Their flaſhy rage ſhall harmleſs lightning prove,
Which but foreruns our thunder's fatal ſtroke.

XV.

For when their fury's ſpent, how weak they are
With the dull weight of antique Vandal arms?
Their work but ſhort, and little is in war,
Whom rage within, and armour outward warms.

XVI.

When you have us'd thoſe arts your patience yields,
Try to avoid their couched launces force
By dextrous practice of Croatian fields,
Which turns to lazy elephants their horſe.

XVII.

When falſe retreat ſhall ſcatter you in flight,
As if you back to elements were fled;
And no leſs faith can you again unite,
Then recollects from elements the dead.

XVIII.

Make chaſers ſeem by your ſwift rallies ſlow;
Whilſt they your ſwifter change of figures fear
Like that in battles which t' amuſe the foe
My grandſire taught, as war's philoſopher.

XIX.

Think now your valour enters on the ſtage,
Think Fame th' eternal chorus to declare
Your mighty minds to each ſucceeding age,
And that your ladies the ſpectators are.

XX.

This utter'd was with ſuch a haughty grace,
That ev'ry heart it empty'd, and did raiſe
Life's chiefeſt blood in valour to the face,
Which made ſuch beauty as the foe did praiſe.

XXI.

Yet 'twas Ambition's praiſe, which but approves
Thoſe whom through envy, it would fain ſubdue;
Like others honour, but her own ſo loves,
She thinks all other's trophies are her due.

XXII.

For Hubert now (though void of ſtrength as fear)
Advanc'd the firſt diviſion faſt and far;
Bold Borgio with the next attends his rear,
The third was left to Vaſco's ſteady care.

XXIII.

The Duke ſtill watch'd when each diviſion ſpace
Grew wide, that he might his more open ſpread;
His own brave conduct did the foremoſt grace,
The next the Count, the third true Tybalt led.

XXIV.

A forward faſhion he did wear a while,
As if the charge he would with fury meet;
That he their forward fury might beguile,
And urge them paſt redemption by retreat.

XXV.

But when with lances couch'd they ready were,
And their thick front (which added files enlarge)
With their ply'd ſpurs kept time in a career,
Thoſe ſoon were vaniſhed whom they meant to charge.

XXVI.

The duke, by flight, his manhood thus and force
Reſerv'd, and to his ſkill made valour yield,
Did ſeem to bluſh, that he muſt lead his horſe
To loſe a little ground to gain the field.

XXVII.

Yet ſoon he rallies and revives the war;
Hubert purſues the rear of Hurgonil;
And Borgio's rear with chaſe ſo loos'ned are,
That them the count does with cloſe order kill

XXVIII.

And that which was erewhile the Duke's firm van,
Before old Vaſco's front vouchſafe to fly,
Till with their ſubtle rallies they began
In ſmall diviſions hidden ſtrength to try;

XXIX.

Then curſing Borgio cry'd, whence comes his ſkill,
Who men ſo ſcatter'd can ſo firmly mix?
The living metal, held ſo volatile
By the dull world, this chymic lord can fix!

XXX.

He preſs'd where Hurgonil his fury ſpends,
As if he now in Orna's preſence fought;
And with reſpect his brave approach attends,
To give him all the dangers which he fought.

XXXI.

So bloody was th' event of this new ſtrife,
That we may here applauded valour blame;
Which oft too eaſily abandons life,
Whilſt Death's the parent made of noble fame.

XXXII.

For many now (belov'd by both) forſake
In their purſuit of flying Fame, their breath;
And through the world their valour current make,
By giving it the ancient ſtamp of death.

XXXIII.

Young Hurgonil's renowned ſelf had bought
Honour of Borgio at no leſs a rate,
Had not the Duke diſpatch'd with thoſe he fought,
And found his aid muſt fly or come too late.

XXXIV.

For he advancing ſaw (which him much griev'd)
That in the faireſt region of the face,
He two wide wounds from Borgio had receiv'd;
His beauty's blemiſh, but his valour's grace.

XXXV.

Now cry'd the Duke, ſtrive timely for renown!
Thy age will kiſs th oſe wounds thy youth may lothe;
Be not diſmay'd to think thy beauty gone;
My ſiſter's thine, who has enough for both.

XXXVI.

Then ſoon the youth, death as an honour gave
To one that ſtrove to reſcue Borgio's life;
Yet Borgio had diſpatch'd him to his grave,
Had Gondibert ſtood neutral in the ſtrife:

XXXVII.

Who with his ſword (diſdaining now to ſtay
And ſee the blood he lov'd ſo ruddy ſpilt)
Pierc'd a bold Lombard who would ſtop his way;
Even till his heart did beat againſt his hilt.

XXXVIII.

Timely old Vaſco came to Borgio's aid; [faſt;
Whoſe long experienc'd arm wrought ſure and
His riſing oppoſitions level laid,
And miſs'd no execution by his haſte.

XXXIX.

And timely where the bleeding Count now fought,
And where the Duke with number was oppreſt,
Reſiſtleſs Tybalt came, who Borgio fought,
But here with many Borgios did conteſt.

XL.

As tides that from their ſeveral channels haſte,
Aſſemble rudely in th' Ubean Bay,
And meeting there no indiſtinction waſte,
Strive to proceed, and force each others ſtay:

XLI.

So here the valiant, who with ſwift force come,
With as reſiſtleſs valour are engag'd;
Are hid in Anger's undiſtinguiſh'd foam,
And make leſs way by meeting ſo enrag'd.

XLII.

But room for Goltho now! whoſe valour's fire,
Like lightning, did unlikely paſſage make;
Whoſe ſwift effects like lightning's they admire,
And even the harms it wrought with rev'rence take.

XLIII.

Vaſco he ſeeks, who had his youth diſdain'd;
And in that ſearch he with irrev'rend rage,
Revengefully, from younger foes abſtain'd,
And deadly grew where he encounter'd age.

XLIV.

And Vaſco now had felt his Gothic ſteel,
But that Duke Gondibert (through helm and head)
Gave the laſt ſtroke which Vaſco e'er ſhall feel,
And ſent him down an honour to the dead.

XLV.

Here Borgio too had fall'n, but bravely then
The Count ſo much reveng'd the wounds he gave,
As Gondibert (the prop of falling men)
Such ſinking greatneſs could not chooſe but ſave.

XLVI.

When Vaſco was remov'd, the Count declin'd
His baſhful eyes, the Duke thought ſudden ſhame
(From ſenſe of luckleſs wounds) poſſeſs'd his mind;
Which thus he did reform, and gently blame.

XLVII.

Now thy complexion laſting is and good
As when the ſun ſets red, his morning eyes
In glory wake, ſo now thou ſett'ſt in blood,
Thy parting beauty will in honour riſe.

XLVIII.

Theſe fears thou need'ſt not from my ſiſter hide;
For as our father, in brave battle loſt,
She firſt did name with ſorrow, then with pride,
Thy beauty's loſs ſhe'll mourn, and after boaſt.

XLIX.

Mine are but Love's falſe wounds (ſaid Hurgonil)
To what you Vaſco gave; for I muſt grieve
My ſtrength of honour could not Vaſco kill;
That honour loſt, yet I have ſtrength to live,

L.

But now behold vex'd Hubert, who in all
This battle was by ready conduct known,
And though unharm'd, and his ſpent force ſo ſmall
He could to none bring death, yet fought his own.

LI.

And ev'ry where, where rallies made a groſs
He charg'd; and now with laſt reſerves he try'd
His too ſlow fate from Gondibert to force,
Where he was victor, and where Vaſco dy'd.

LII.

The Duke (in Honour's ſchool exactly bred)
Would not that this defenceleſs prince ſhould be
Involv'd with thoſe whom he to dying led,
Therefore ordain'd him ſtill from ſlaughter free.

LIII.

And now his pow'r did gently make him know,
That he muſt keep his life, and quit the cauſe;
More priſ'ner to himſelf than to his foe,
For life within himſelf in priſon was.

LIV.

His fierce aſſiſtants did not quit the field,
Till forward marks declar'd they fairly fought;
And then they all with ſullen ſlowneſs yield;
Vex'd they have found what vain revenge had ſought.

LV.

In the renown'd deſtruction of this day,
Four hundred leaders were by valour's pride

Led to blest shades, by an uncertain way,
Where lowliness is held the surest guide.

LVI.

And twice the tierce of these consists of those
Who for Prince Oswald's love of empire bled;
The Duke does thus with thanks and praise dispose
Both of the worthy living and the dead.

LVII.

Bind all your wounds, and shed not that brave life,
Which did in all by great demeanour past,
(Teaching your foes a wiser choice of strife)
Deserve a lease of nature that may last.

LVIII.

Love warm'd you with those sparks which kindled me;
And form'd ideas in each lover's thought
Of the distress of some beloved she,
Who then inspir'd and prais'd you whilst you fought.

LIX.

You nobly prompt my passion to desire,
That the rude crowd who lovers softness scorn,
Might in fair field meet those who love admire,
To try which side must after battle mourn.

LX

O that those rights which should the good advance,
And justly are to painful valour due,
(Howe'er misplac'd by the swift hand of chance)
Were from that crowd defended by those few!

LXI.

With this great spectacle we should refresh
Those chiefs, who (though preferr'd by being dead)
Would kindly wish to fight again in flesh;
So all that lov'd, by Hurgonil were led.

LXII.

This gracious mention from so great a lord,
Bow'd Hurgonil with duteous homage down,
Where at his feet he laid his rescu'd sword,
Which he accepts; but he returns his own.

LXIII.

But this and thine, said gentle Gondibert,
In all distress of various courts and war,
We interpledge and bind each others heart,
To strive who shall possess grief's greatest share.

LXIV.

Now to Verona haste, and timely bring
Thy wounds unto my tender sister's care,
This day's sad story to our dreaded king,
And watch what vengeance Oswald's friends prepare.

LXV.

Brave Arnold, and his rival strait remove;
Where Laura shall bestrew their hallow'd ground;
Protectors both, and ornaments of love:
This said, his eyes outweep'd his widest wound.

LXVI.

Tell her now these (Love's faithful saints) are gone,
The beauty they ador'd, she ought to hide;
For vainly will Love's miracles be shown,
Since love's faith with these brave rivals dy'd.

LXVII.

Say little Hugo never more shall mourn
In noble numbers, her unkind disdain;
Who now not seeing beauty, feels no scorn;
And wanting pleasure, is exempt from pain.

LXVIII.

When she with flow'rs Lord Arnold's grave shall strew,
And hears why Hugo's life was thrown away,
She on thar rival's herse will drop a few,
Which merits all that April gives to May.

LXIX.

Let us forsake for safety of our eyes,
Our other loss; which I will strait inter;
And raise a trophy where each body lies;
Vain marks, how those alive the dead prefer!

LXX.

If my full breast, my wounds that empty be,
And this day's toil (by which my strength is gone)
Forbid me not, I Bergamo will see
Ere it beholds the next succeeding sun.

LXXI.

Thither convey thy soul's consid'rate thought,
How in this cause the court and camp's inclin'd;
What Oswald's faction with the king has wrought,
And how his loss prevails with Rhodalind.

LXXII.

The Count and Tybalt take their lowly leaves;
Their slain they sadly with consuming hearts,
Bear tow'rds Verona, whilst the Duke perceives
Prince Hubert's grief, and thus his tears diverts.

LXXIII.

Afflicted prince! in an unpleasant hour
You and your living (by blind valour led)
Are captives made to such an easy pow'r,
Shall you as little vex, as death your dead.

LXXIV.

The dead can ne'er by living help return
From that dark land, which life could ne'er disclose;
But these alive (for whom the victors mourn)
To thee I give, thee to thine own dispose.

LXXV.

Be not with Honour's gilded baits beguil'd;
Nor think Ambition wise, because 'tis brave;
For though we like it, as a forward child,
'Tis so unsound, her cradle is her grave.

LXXVI.

Study the mighty Oswald vainly gone!
Fierce Paradine, and Dargonet the stout!
Whose threads by destiny were slowly spun,
And by ambition rashly ravell'd out.

LXXVII.

But Hubert's grief no precept could reform;
For great grief counsell'd, does to anger grow;
And he provided now a future storm,
Which did with black revenge o'ercast his brow.

LXXVIII.

Borgio, and he from this dire region haste;
Shame makes them sightless to themselves and dumb;
Their thoughts fly swift as time from what is past;
And would, like him, demolish all to come.

LXXIX.

Strait they inter th' inferoir of their slain:
Their nobler tragic load their grief attends
Tow'rds Brescia, where the camp they hope to gain;
Then force the court by faction of their friends.

LXXX.

To Bergamo the gentle Duke does turn
With his ſurviving lovers, who in kind
Remembrance every ſtep look back and mourn
Their fellow lovers death has ſtaid behind.

LXXXI.

Some loſt their quiet rivals, ſome their dear
Love's brother, who their hopes with help approv'd;
Some ſuch joy'd friends, as even to-morrow were
To take from Hymen thoſe they deareſt lov'd.

LXXXII.

But now to Gondibert they forward look,
Whoſe wounds, ere he could waſte three leagues of ſway,
So waſte him, that his ſpeech him quite forſook;
And nature calls for art to make life ſtay.

LXXXIII.

His friends in torment, leſt they ſhould forſake
Delightful him, for whom alone they live;
Urge Heav'n uncivilly for calling back
So ſoon ſuch worth, it does ſo ſeldom give.

CANTO VI.

The Argument.

The victor is (when with his wounds ſubdu'd)
By ſuch deform'd and diſmal troops purſu'd,
That he thinks death, than which they uglier ſeem,
No ill expedient to eſcape from them.
But Ulfin guides him to ſage Aſtragon,
By the laſt rays of the deſcending ſun.

I.

Scarce on their Duke their fears kind fit was ſpent,
When ſtrait a thick arm'd ſquadron clouds their ſight;
Which caſt ſo dark a ſhade, as if it meant
Without the ſun's ſlow leave, to bring in night.

II.

This threatning ſquadron did conſiſt of horſe,
And by old Ulfin they were bravely led,
Whoſe mind was ſound, nor wants his body force,
Though many winters ſnow had cool'd his head.

III.

The ſad remainder, who with Hubert went,
Did miſs his reach, when they to Breſcia turn'd,
And now (as if his haſte deſtruction meant)
He chas'd theſe who the Duke's ſpent valour mourn'd.

IV.

Whoſe poſture being looſe, their number few,
His ſcouts grow ſcornful as they forward come;
He makes his ſquadron halt, and near he drew;
Then aſks aloud, what are you, and for whom?

V.

The noble Goltho (whoſe great deeds to-day
Prevented manhood in his early youth)
Believ'd him Ofwald's friend, yet ſcorn'd the way
To ſhelter life behind abandon'd truth.

VI.

For he to Ulfin boldly thus reply'd;
This ſecond ambuſh finds us here in vain;
We have no treaſure left that we would hide,
Since Gondibert is reckon'd with the ſlain.

VII.

Duke Gondibert we vouch to be our lord,
To whoſe high virtues ſov'reignty we bow;
Ofwald ſunk low, as death, beneath his ſword,
Though him ſuperior fate will vanquiſh now.

VIII.

Scarce empty eagles ſtooping to their prey,
Could be more ſwift than Ulfin to alight,
And come where Gondibert expiring lay;
Now pleaſing thoſe whom he did newly fright.

IX.

For ſcarce that rev'rence which a monarch draws,
Who ſeldom will be ſeen, though often fought;
Who ſpends his careful age in making laws,
To rule thoſe lands for which in youth he fought.

X.

Nor that reſpect which people pay thoſe kings,
Whoſe peace makes rich, whom civil war made wiſe,
Can equal this which aged Ulfin brings
The gentle Duke, to whom he proſtrate lies.

XI.

His eyes (not us'd to tears) bathe every wound;
Which he ſalutes as things he chiefly lov'd;
And when expence of ſpirits he had found,
To gain him air, his mourners he remov'd.

XII.

Make way, ſaid he, and give experience room;
The confident of age, though youth's ſcorn'd guide;
My wounds, though paſt, out-number your's to come,
You can but hope the knowledge I have try'd.

XIII.

His hilt's round pommel he did then unſcrew,
And thence (which he from ancient precept wore)
In a ſmall cryſtal he a cordial drew,
That weary life could to her walks reſtore,

XIV.

This care (amazing all it does delight)
His ruins, which so reverend appear,
With wonder, not so much surprize their sight,
As a strange object now his troops draw near.

XV.

In whom such death and want of limbs they find,
As each were lately call'd out of his tomb,
And left some members hastily behind;
Or came, when born abortive from the womb.

XVI.

Yet this defect of legs, or arms, or hands,
Did wond'ring valour not disturb, but please;
To see what divers weapons each commands
With arts hard shifts, till custom gave them ease.

XVII.

But the uncomely absence of an eye,
And larger wants, which ev'ry visage mourn'd,
(Where black did over-vail, or ill supply)
Was that which wonder into horror turn'd.

XVIII.

And Ulfin might be thought (when the rude wind
Lifting their curtains, left their ruins bare)
A formal antiquary, fondly kind
To statues, which he now drew out to air.

XIX.

The Duke (whose absent knowledge was call'd back
By cordial's pow'r) his wonder did increase
So much, that he again did knowledge lack,
Till thus old Ulfin made his wonder cease.

XX.

Auspicious Prince! recorded be this day,
And sung by priests of each ensuing age,
On which thou may'st receive, and I may pay
Some debts of duty, as thy grandsire's page.

XXI.

That mighty chief I serv'd in youth's first strength,
Who our short sceptre meant to stretch so far,
Till eastern kings might grieve their's wanted length,
Whose maps scarce teach them where all their [subjects are.

XXII.

Full many stormy winters we have seen,
When mighty valour's heat was all our fire;
Else we in stupid frosts had fetter'd been,
By which lost sinews are congeal'd to wire.

XXIII.

And many scorching summers we have felt,
Where death relieves all whom the sword invades;
And kindly thence (where we should toiling melt)
Leads us to rest beneath eternal shades.

XXIV.

For aid of action he obedience taught,
And silent patience for affliction's cure;
He prais'd my courage when I boldly fought,
But said, they conquer most, that most endure.

XXV.

The toils of diligence as much approv'd
As valour's self, or th' arts her practice gains;
The care of men, more than of glory lov'd;
Success rewarded, and successless pains.

XXVI.

To joyful victors quenching waters sent,
Delightful wine to their lamenting slaves;
For feasts have more brave lives than famine spent,
And temp'rance more than trench or armour saves.

XXVII.

Valour his mistress, Caution was his friend;
Both to their diff'rent seasons he apply'd;
The first he lov'd, on th' other did depend;
The first made worth uneasy by her pride.

XXVIII.

He to submiss devotion more was giv'n
After a battle gain'd, than ere 'twas fought;
As if it nobler were to thank high Heav'n
For favours past, than bow for bounty sought.

XXIX.

And thus, through smarting heat, and aching cold,
Till heav'n's perpetual traveller had more
Than thirty journies through the zodiac told,
I serv'd thy grandsire, whom I now adore.

XXX.

For heav'n in his too ripe and weary age,
Call'd him where peacefully he rules a star;
Free'd from low el'ments continu'd rage,
Which last like monarchs pow'r by needful war.

XXXI.

Straight thy lamented father did succeed
To his high place, by Aribert's consent,
Our ensigns through remoter lands to lead:
Him too I follow'd till he upward went.

XXXII.

Till that black day on which the Hunns may boast
Their own defeat, and we our conquest hide;
For though we gain'd, and they the battle lost,
Yet then thy brave victorious father dy'd.

XXXIII.

And I am stay'd unwillingly behind;
Not caught with wealth, life's most entangling snare;
Though both my masters were in giving kind,
As joyful victors after battle are.

XXXIV.

Whilst thus this aged leader does express
His and their glory whom this bounty feeds,
His hands the Duke's worst order'd wounds undress,
And gently bind; then strait he thus proceeds.

XXXV.

West from those hills till you Cremona reach,
With an unmingled right I gather rent;
By their great gift who did such precepts teach
In giving, as their wealth is ne'er misspent.

XXXVI.

For as their plenteous pity fills my thought,
So their example was not read in vain;
A thousand, who for them in battle fought,
And now distress'd with maims, I entertain:

XXXVII.

Not giving like to those, whose gifts though scant
Pain them as if they gave with gouty hand;
Such vex themselves, and ease not others wants;
But we alike enjoy a like command.

XXXVIII.

Moſt ſpaciouſly we dwell, where we poſſeſs
All ſinleſs pleaſures nature did ordain;
And who that all may have, yet will have leſs,
Wiſer than nature, thinks her kindneſs vain.

XXXIX.

A ſad reſolve, which is a wiſe man's vow,
From cities noiſe, and courts unpity'd care
Did ſo divorce me, it would ſcarce allow
I e'er ſhould take one league of diſtant air.

XL.

But that alarms from each adjacent part
Which borders my abode, diſturb'd my reſt,
With dreadful news that gracious Gondibert
By Oſwald's faction was in fight oppreſt.

XLI.

Then it had given your wonder cauſe to laſt,
To ſee the vex'd miſtakes this ſummons wrought
In all my maim'd domeſtics, by their haſte;
For ſome tie on the limbs which others fought.

XLII.

Juſt ſuch miſtakes audacious Ethnics ſay
Will happen, where the righteous buſy are,
Through glad and earneſt haſte in the laſt day;
Whilſt others ſlowly to their doom prepare.

XLIII.

And this had anger, anger noiſe had bred,
And noiſe, the enemy of uſeful thought,
Had them to more miſtakes than blindneſs led,
But that our awful camps had ſilence taught.

XLIV.

Silence did mem'ry, mem'ry order make;
Order to each did his miſt wood reſtore;
For ſome, who once were ſtedfaſt foot, miſtake,
And ſnatch thoſe limbs which only horſemen wore.

XLV.

Like ſwift purſuers on Arabian horſe,
Theſe with their needful inſtruments of hold
(Which give their ſtrange adapted weapons force)
I mounted ſtraight; five hundred fully told.

XLVI.

Theſe from the Lombards highly have deſerv'd,
In conqueſts where thy father did command;
Whom they for ſcience and affection ſerv'd;
And loſt their limbs to gain our ſceptre land.

XLVII.

Which yet are noble though unſightly ſigns,
That each in active courage much abounds;
And many a widow'd mother now repines,
They cannot ſhow the men who gave thoſe wounds.

XLVIII.

For dearly did the Hunns for honour pay,
When they deform'd them in a fatal fight;
Since though they ſtrongly ſtruggled for the day,
Yet all they got, was everlaſting night.

XLIX.

And Oſwald's friends, were they not timely gone
(Though all the faction in one army were)
Should mourn this act againſt their gen'ral's ſon;
Who was to ſoldiers more than triumph dear.

L.

For theſe to conqueſt us'd, retreats diſlike;
Thy beauty want, to others beauty's coſt;
With envious rage ſtill at the face they ſtrike;
And puniſh youth, for what in youth they loſt.

LI.

Thus, though the Duke's amazement be remov'd,
It now returns, gladly on him to gaze,
Who feeds thoſe fighters whom his father lov'd;
A gratitude would virtue's ſelf amaze.

LII.

Thou art, ſaid he (then melted whilſt he ſpake)
So ripe in what high heav'n does dearly love,
That heav'n's remorſe for earth we ſhould miſtake,
To think it will forbear thee long above.

LIII.

As if thy ſent-for ſoul already were
Upon her wings, ſo much I give thee gone;
And wiſh thee leſs in ſome ſucceſſor here,
That might receive the kindneſs thou haſt ſhown.

LIV.

Old Ulfin now (but meltingly as he)
T' enrich him, gives the jewel of his ſight;
For ſtrait, with fatherly authority,
He bids his ſon, young Ulfinor, alight!

LV.

Take him (ſaid he) whoſe duty I releaſe;
In whom all heav'n's rewards included are,
For all my juſtice in corrupted peace,
And for my mercy in revengeful war.

LVI.

The fruit heav'n ſent me by my loyal wife,
In age, the gloomy eve of endleſs night;
Which eas'd in me the pain of latter life,
And fruſtrates death, by freſh ſucceſſion's ſight.

LVII.

The Duke with paſſion did this youth embrace;
Then lucky Goltho he call'd forth in view;
Who was this day in fortune's ſpecial grace,
For though no blood he loſt, yet much he drew.

LVIII.

Him he with Ulfinor does ſtraight unite:
Bids neither ſtrive the other to precede,
Unleſs when danger doth them both invite,
But be, even in nice rivalſhip agreed.

LIX.

Bids both their breaſts be eithers open book,
Where nought is writ too hard for ſudden eyes;
But thought's plain text grows eaſy by a look:
Study breeds doubts, where reading ſhould ſuffice.

LX.

But theſe to join, nature no council needs;
Whom ſympathy, her ſecret prieſt, does wed;
Much fam'd will be their loves, and martial deeds;
Which fill all books that are of Lombards read.

LXI.

With gracious eyes, and body lowly bent,
The Duke his father's rev'rend troops ſalutes;
To Bergamo he holds his firſt intent;
Which to oppoſe, old Ulfin thus diſputes.

LXII.

Thou ſeeſt (my prince) the faint decays of light;
How haſtily the ſun's hot ſteeds begin
To mend their pace, as if their longing ſight
Had newly ſpy'd their uſual weſtern inn.

LXIII.

Too far is pleaſant Bergamo from hence,
Since day has reach'd ſo near his journey's end;
Day's ſtrength and yours are at their laſt expence;
Do not, whilſt both are waſting, both miſpend.

LXIV.

You and your wounded muſt with nature ſtrive,
Till all (whoſe few hours ſway to-day excels
Their elder foes long rein in camps) arrive
Where Aſtragon the wiſe and wealthy dwells.

LXV.

Rich is that lord, and rich in Learning's wealth;
Art flies his teſt, he all Art's teſt endures;
Our cities ſend their ſick to him for health,
Our camps the wounded for their certain cures.

LXVI.

Though cautious nature, check'd by deſtiny,
Has many ſecrets ſhe would ne'er impart;
This fam'd philoſopher is nature's ſpy,
And hireleſs gives th' intelligence to art.

LXVII.

The Duke with virtue (antiquated now)
Did rev'rence counſel, and to age did bend;
His firſt courſe alters, and does this allow:
Then Ulfin as their guide they all attend.

LXVIII.

Soon they the palace reach'd of Aſtragon;
Which had its beauty hid by envious night;
Whoſe cypreſs curtain drawn before the ſun,
Seem'd to perform the obſequies of light.

LXIX.

Yet light's laſt rays were not entirely ſpent;
For they diſcern'd their paſſage through a gate,
Whoſe height and ſpace ſhow'd ancient ornament;
And ancients there in careful office ſat;

LXX.

Who by their weights and meaſures did record
Such num'rous burdens as were thither brought
From diſtant regions, to their learned lord;
On which his chemics and diſtillers wrought.

LXXI.

But now their common buſineſs they refrain,
When they obſerve a quiet ſullenneſs
And bloody marks in ſuch a civil train; [diſtreſs.
Which ſhowed at once their worth and their

LXXII.

The voice of Ulfin they with gladneſs knew,
Whom to this houſe long neighbourhood endear'd;
Approaching torches perfected their view,
And taught the way till Aſtragon appear'd.

LXXIII.

Who ſoon did Ulfin cheerfully embrace;
The viſits cauſe by whiſpers he receiv'd;
Which firſt he hop'd was meant him as a grace,
But being known with manly ſilence griev'd.

LXXIV.

And then with geſtures full of grave reſpect,
The Duke he to his own artment led;
To each diſtinct retirements did direct,
And all the wounded he ordain'd to bed.

LXXV.

Then thin digeſtive food he did provide,
More to enable fleeting ſtrength to ſtay;
To wounds well ſearch'd he cleanſing wines apply'd,
And ſo prepar'd his rip'ning balſams way.

LXXVI.

Balm of the warrior's herb, Hypericon;
To warriors as in uſe, in form decreed;
For through the leaves tranſparent wounds are ſhown;
And rudely touch'd, the golden flower does bleed.

LXXVII.

For ſleep the juice of pale Nymphæa took,
Which grows (to ſhow that it for ſleep is good)
Near ſleep's abode in the ſoft murm'ring brook:
This cools, the yellow flower reſtrains the blood;

LXXVIII.

And now the weary world's great med'cine, ſleep,
This learned hoſt diſpens'd to ev'ry gueſt;
Which ſhuts thoſe wounds where injur'd lovers weep,
And flies oppreſſors to relieve th' oppreſt.

LXXIX.

It loves the cottage, and from court abſtains:
It ſtills the ſeaman though the ſtorm be high;
Frees the griev'd captive in his cloſeſt chains,
Stops Want's loud mouth, and blinds the treach'rous ſpy!

LXXX.

Kind ſleep, night's welcome officer, does ceaſe
All whom this houſe contains till day return;
And me, Grief's chronicler, does gently eaſe,
Who have behind ſo great a taſk to mourn.

BOOK II. CANTO I.

The Argument.

Verona by the poet's pencil drawn;
Where Hurgonil did meet the early dawn:
Her wealth ſhown by each dweller's earlier care;
Which ſhown by others peace, ſhe reap'd by war:
The ſlain, whoſe life her ſafety was and pride,
Are now in death their fun'ral rites deny'd.

I.

NEAR to his evening region was the ſun,
When Hurgonil with his lamented load,
And faithful Tybalt their ſad march begun
To fair Verona, where the court abode.

II.

They ſlowly rode till night's dominion ceas'd;
When infant morn (her ſcarce wak'd beams diſplay'd)
With a ſcant face peep'd ſhily through the eaſt,
And ſeem'd as yet of the black world afraid.

III.

But by increaſe of ſwift expanſive light,
The loſt horizon was apparent grown,
And many tow'rs ſalute at once their ſight:
The diſtant glories of a royal town.

IV.

Verona, ſprung from noble Vera's name;
Whom careleſs time (ſtill ſcatt'ring old records
Where they are looſely gather'd up by fame)
Proclaims the chief of ancient Tuſcan lords.

V.

Verona borders on that fatal plain,
Whoſe barren thirſt was quench'd with valiant blood,
When the rough Cymbrians by fierce Marius ſlain,
Left hills of bodies where their enſigns ſtood.

VI.

So ſafely proud this town did now appear,
As if it but immortal dwellers lack'd;
As if Theodoric had ne'er been there,
Nor Attila her wealth and beauty ſack'd.

VII.

Here Hurgonil might follow with his eye
(As with deep ſtream it through the city paſs'd)
The fruitful and the frighted Adice,
Which thence from noiſe and nets to ſea does haſte.

VIII

And on her peopled bank they might behold
The toils of conqueſt paid with works of pride;
The palace of king Agilulf the old,
Or monument, for e'er 'twas built he dy'd.

IX.

To it that temple joins, whoſe lofty head
The proſpect of a ſwelling hill commands;
In whoſe cool womb the city ſprings are bred:
On Doric pillars this tall temple ſtands.

X.

This to ſoothe heav'n the bloody Clephes built;
As if heav'ns king ſo ſoft and eaſy were,
So meanly hous'd in heav'n, and kind to guilt,
That he would be a tyrant's tenant here.

XI.

And now they might arreſt their wand'ring ſight
With that which makes all other objects loſt;
Makes Lombard greatneſs flat to Roman height,
And modern builders bluſh, that elſe would boaſt;

XII.

An amphitheatre, which was controul'd,
Unheeded conqueſts of advancing age,
Winds which have made the trembling world look old,
And the fierce tempeſts of the Gothic rage.

XIII.

This great Flaminius did in youth erect,
Where cities ſat to ſee whole armies play
Death's ſerious part; but this we may neglect
To mark the buſ'neſs which begins with day.

XIV.

As day new op'ning fills the hemiſphere,
And all at once; ſo quickly ev'ry ſtreet
Does by an inſtant op'ning full appear,
When from their dwellings buſy dwellers meet

XV.

From wider gates oppreſſors ſally there;
Here creeps th' afflicted through a narrow door;
Groans under wrongs he has not ſtrength to bear,
Yet ſeeks for wealth to injure others more.

XVI.

And here the early lawyer mends his pace;
For whom the earlier client waited long;
Here greedy creditors their debtors chaſe,
Who 'ſcape by herding in th' indebted throng.

XVII.

Th' advent'rous merchant whom a ſtorm did wake,
(His ſhips on Adriatic billows toſt)
Does hope of eaſtern winds from ſteeples take,
And haſtens there a courier to the coaſt.

XVIII.

Here through a ſecret poſtern iſſues out
The ſcar'd adult'rer, who out-ſlept his time;

Day, and the husband's spy alike does doubt,
And with a half hid face would hide his crime.

XIX.

There from sick mirth neglected feasters reel,
Who cares of want in wine's false Lethe steep.
There anxious empty gamesters homeward steal,
And fear to wake, ere they begin to sleep.

XX.

Here stooping lab'rers slowly moving are;
Beasts to the rich, whose strength grows rude with ease;
And would usurp, did not their rulers care
With toil and tax their furious strength appease.

XXI.

There th' aged walk, whose needless carefulness
Infects them past the minds best med'cine, sleep;
There some to temples early vows address,
And for th' o'er busy world most wisely weep.

XXII.

To this vast inn, where tides of strangers flow,
The morn and Hurgonil together came;
The morn, whose dewy wings appear'd but slow,
When men the motion mark'd of swifter Fame.

XXIII.

For Fame (whose journeys are through ways unknown,
Traceless and swift, and changing as the wind)
The morn and Hurgonil had much outgone,
Whilst Truth mov'd patiently within behind.

XXIV.

For some the combat (to a battle grown)
Did apprehend in such prodigious shape,
As if their living to the dead were gone,
And only Fame did by her wings escape.

XXV.

Some said this hunting falsely was design'd,
That by pretence both factions might prepare
Their armies to contest for Rhodalind;
The crown's chief jewel, and reward of war.

XXVI.

And some report (so far they range from truth
Who for intelligence must follow fame)
That then from Bergamo th' encamped youth,
With Gondibert, to this dire hunting came.

XXVII.

And some, that Oswald had enlarg'd his train
With the old troops by his bold father led;
And that of these the nobler half were slain;
The rest were to their camp at Brescia fled.

XXVIII.

And as dire thunder rolling o'er heaven's vault,
By murmur threatens, ere it kills aloud;
So was this fatal news in whisper brought,
Which menac'd ere it struck the list'ning crowd.

XXIX.

But rumour soon to high extremes does move;
For first it Oswald nam'd with dreadful voice,
Then said that death had widow'd Truth and Love,
By making Gondibert the second choice.

XXX.

And to all hearts so dear was Gondibert,
So much did pity, Oswald's valour prize,
That strait their early business they desert,
And fix on wounded Hurgonil their eyes.

XXXI.

Him when by perfect day they sadly knew,
Through hidden wounds, whose blood his beauty stain'd,
Even from the temples, angels soon withdrew;
So saucily th' afflicted there complain'd.

XXXII.

The people strait united clamor gave,
Shrick'd loud like seamen split on a strange coast;
As if those pow'rs were deaf who should them save,
And pray'rs no louder than the winds were lost.

XXXIII.

Now, with impatience urg'd, he does declare
Whom he so mournfully in sun'ral brought;
The public losses of a private war,
Who living, love, und dying, valour taught.

XXXIV.

For he does Hugo and Arnoldo name;
To these (said he) Verona cradles gave;
And since in foreign fields they rais'd her fame,
They challenge here, though much too soon, a grave.

XXXV.

Bring sprinklings, lamps, and th' altar's precious breath;
All rites which priests have prudently devis'd;
Who gratefully a rev'rence teach to death;
Because they most by dying men are priz'd.

XXXVI.

But though our loss we justly may complain;
Though even by priests authority we grieve;
Yet heav'n's first bounty, life, let none disdain,
Since Gondibert, our chief delight, does live.

XXXVII.

This heard, as seamen near to a shore unknown,
Who their north guide lose in a stormy night,
His absence with distracted silence moan,
And loudly welcome his return to sight:

XXXVIII.

So, when their great conductor seem'd to be
Retir'd to endless shades amongst the slain,
With silent grief they seem'd as dead as he
But with new life welcom'd his life again.

XXXIX.

And now that cold remainder valour left
Of these whom love had lost, and fate forsook;
The two that were of all but fame bereft,
From Hurgonil the weeping people took.

XL.

Whilst of them both sad Hurgonil takes leave,
Till th' universal meeting faith provides;
The day when all shall publicly receive
Those bodies, death does not destroy, but hides.

XLI.

Then to his palace he retires by stealth;
His wounds from his lov'd mistress to conceal;
On whose dear joys so much depends his health,
The wounds her tears should touch would never heal.

XLII.

To the chief temple strait the people bear
The valiant rivals, who for love were slain;

Whom all the peaceful prieſts behold with fear,
And griev'd ſuch gueſts they durſt not entertain.

XLIII.

For ſoon the prior of their brotherhood
Who long ſerv'd heav'n with praiſe, the world with prayer)
Cried out, this holy houſe is ſhut to blood,
To all that die in combat or deſpair.

XLIV.

Theſe by their bloody marks in combat died;
Through anger, the diſeaſe of beaſts untam'd;
Whoſe wrath is hunger, but in men 'tis pride,
Yet theirs is cruelty, ours courage nam'd.

XLV.

Here the neglected Lord of peace does live;
Who taught the wrangling world the rules of love;
Should we his dwelling to the wrathful give,
Our fainted dead would riſe, and he remove.

XLIV.

Well by his precepts may we puniſh ſtrife;
Whoſe pity knew that famine, plague, and time,
Are enemies enough to human life; [crime.
None need o'er-charge death's quiver with a

XLVII.

To unfrequented fields bear then your ſlain;
Where neither dirge nor requiem ſhall be giv'n;
To thoſe who by uſurp'd revenge diſdain
To take from men, neglects they put on heav'n.

XLVIII.

But now the people's paſſions run too far;
Their untaught love, artleſs extremes does wed;
Of times they like the paſt, and ſince they are
Oppreſt ſtill by the living, love the dead:

XLIX.

And now reſolve theſe rivals ſhall not loſe
The rites of ſprinkling, incenſe, lights, and ſong:
Then, as the voice of all their minds, they chooſe
An orator, of rude, but ready tongue:

L.

Who at the temple gate thus pleads aloud!
We know, though prieſts are penſioners of heav'n,
Your flock which yields beſt rent, is this dull crowd;
The learn'd examine why their fleece is giv'n.

LI.

Though by the rich firſt ſhorn, to you they bear
A ſecond tribute, and by zeal ſupport
Temples, which kings for glory raiſe, and where
The rich for fame, the learn'd as ſpies reſort.

LII.

Temples are yours, not God's lov'd palaces;
Where off'rings make not his, but your own feaſts;
Where you moſt wiſely live, becauſe at eaſe,
And entertain your founders as your gueſts:

LIII.

With eaſe you take, what we provide with care;
And we (who your legation muſt maintain)
Find all your tribe in the commiſſion are;
And none but heav'n could ſend ſo large a train.

LIV.

But being all ambaſſadors from thence,
The growing charge will ſoon exceed our rent,
Unleſs you pleaſe to treat at his expence
Who ſent you: not at ours, where you are ſent.

LV.

The ancient laws liv'd in the people's voice;
Rites you from cuſtom, not from canon draw;
They are but faſhions of a graver choice,
Which yield to laws, and now our voice is law.

LVI.

This Tybalt heard with ſorrow and diſdain,
(Who here with Hurgonil a mourner came)
And ſtrait the peaceful fathers ſtrives to gain,
And thus the people's orator reclaim.

LVII.

Moſt uſeful fathers! ſome trace ſecret things
Even to his cloſet, who is hid in heav'n;
Vainly as Nilus to his hidden ſprings,
And not enjoy, but cenſure what is given.

LVIII

You with ſuch temper their intemp'rance bear,
To ſhow your ſolid ſcience does rely
So on itſelf, as you no trial fear;
For arts are weak that are of ſceptics ſhy.

LIX.

Though in your office human ſafety lies,
Which op'ns that hell the vicious vulgar fear,
Yet never can the people prieſthood prize;
As if from heav'n your daily errands were.

LX.

Not that your meſſage, Truth, they diſeſteem,
Or think it comes from any other way,
But that they taxes hate, and truth does ſeem
Brought as a tax, when they the bringers pay.

LXI.

Thus we to beaſts fall from our noble kind,
Making our paſtur'd bodies all our care;
Allowing no ſubſiſtence to the mind;
For truth we grudge her as a coſtly fare.

LXII.

But if they fear (ſince daily you renew
Diſputes) your oracles are doubtful ſtill
As thoſe of old; yet more reward is due
To pains, where ſo uneaſy is the ſkill.

LXIII.

Or if no ſkill they think it, but ſuppoſe
'Tis faith (and faith ne'er thinks heav'n's height too high)
Yet faiths ſo ſev'ral be, that few are thoſe
Can chooſe right wings when they to heav'n would fly.

LXIV.

Or if they think, faith human help tranſcends,
And to your ſcience is ſo ſtrict a bound
As death to valour is, where daring ends;
And none are fartheſt in that progreſs found;

LXV.

Yet in our walk to our laſt home deſign'd,
'Tis ſafe by all the ſtudied guides to go;
Leſt we in death, too late, the knowledge find
Of what in life 'twas poſſible to know.

LXVI.

Your ſplendid pomp, by which your power endures
Though coſtly, coſts much leſs than camps or laws;
And more than both, religion us ſecures;
Since hell (your priſon) more then dying awes.

LXVII.

For though the plain judge, Conſcience, makes no ſhow,
But ſilently to her dark ſeſſion comes,
Not as red law does to arraignment go,
Or war to execution with loud drums;

LXVIII.

Though ſhe on hills ſets not her gibbets high,
Where frightful law ſets hers; nor bloody ſeems
Like war in colours ſpread, yet ſecretly
She does her work, and many men condemns.

LXIX.

Choaks in the feed, what law till ripe ne'er ſees;
What law would puniſh, conſcience can prevent;
And ſo the world from many miſchiefs frees;
Known by her cures, as law by puniſhment.

LXX.

The weaker ſighted ever look too nigh;
But their diſputes have made your charter good;
As doubted tenures, which long pleadings try,
Authentic grow by being much withſtood.

LXXI.

Theſe chiefs, for whom we holy rites deſire,
By well fought fields begot this city's peace;
Oft with their blood have quench'd inteſtine fire,
And oft our famines chang'd into exceſs.

LXXII.

Their rites let not the people be deny'd,
Though by untutor'd kindneſs rudely ſought;
Nor think they have in private combat died,
Where Gondibert and mighty Oſwald fought:

LXXIII.

Both princes of the Lombards royal blood;
For whom full thrice three hundred number'd are,
Whoſe anger ſtrove to make their anger good:
Number gives ſtrife th' authentic name of war.

LXXIV.

This ſaid, war's cauſe theſe priefts no more debate;
They knew, war's juſtice none could e'er decide;
At that more ſpecious name they open ſtrait,
And ſacred rites of funeral they provide.

LXXV.

How vain is cuſtom, and how guilty pow'r?
Slaughter is lawful made by the exceſs;
Earth's partial laws, juſt heav'n muſt needs abhor,
Which greater crimes allow, and damn the leſs.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

Fame's progreſs through Verona, when ſhe brings
Ill news enlarg'd, as her extended wings.
The combat's cauſe ſhakes Aribert's great mind:
And the effect more conquers Rhodalind.
Meek Orna's fears, proud Gartha's bold diſdain;
And Laura kindly dying for the ſlain.

I.

To ſtreets (the people's region) early fame
First brought this grief, which all more tragic make;
And next to the triumphant court ſhe came,
Where proſp'rous pow'r ſleeps long, though ſuitors wake;

II.

But yet the early king (from childhood bred
To dangers, toils, and courſer wants of war)
Roſe up to rule, and left ſoft love in bed,
Could conquer lands and love, but ſtoopt to care.

III.

Care, that in cloiſters only ſeals her eyes,
Which youth thinks folly, age as wiſdom owns;
Fools by not knowing her, outlive the wiſe;
She viſits cities, but ſhe dwells in thrones.

IV.

Care, which King Aribert with conqueſt gain'd,
And is more ſure to him than realms entail'd;
Wak'd him to know why rumour thus complain'd,
Or who in battle bled, or who prevail'd:

V.

Young Hurgonil (who does his wounds conceal,
Yet knew it did his duteous care import
That ſome juſt witneſs ſhould his cauſe reveal)
Sent Tybalt to appeaſe, and taſte the Court.

VI.

To that proud palace which once low did lie
In Parian quarries, now on columns ſtands;
Ionic props that bear their arches high,
With ample treaſure rais'd by Tuſcan hands.

VII.

So vaſt of height, to which ſuch ſpace did fit
As if it were o'erſiz'd for modern men;
The ancient giants might inhabit it;
And there walk free as winds that paſs unſeen.

VIII.

The monarch's wealth this ſhow'd in all the parts;
But his ſtrong numerous guards denote him wiſe;
Who on the weather of his people's hearts,
For a ſhort courſe, not voyages, relies.

IX.

Through many guards (all watchful, calm, and bold)
Tybalt did pass the first magnific square;
And through ascents does enter to behold,
Where the states head and eyes assembled are.

X.

There sat the king, on whose consid'rate brow
Sixty experienc'd summers he discern'd,
Which made him ripe, and all of conduct know
That from success is own'd, from losses learn'd.

XI.

Near him the empire's strict surveyors sate;
Whose universal sight no object lose;
Who see not crimes too soon, nor worth too late;
Find dangers seed and choke it ere it grows.

XII.

He wealth not birth preferr'd to counsel's place;
For counsel is for use, not ornament;
Souls are alike, of rich and ancient race;
Though bodies claim distinctions by descent.

XIII.

Here boiling youth, nor frozen age can sit:
It would in subjects scorn of ruling breed,
If that great work should such small aids admit,
And make them hope that they no rulers need.

XIV.

Nature too oft by birthright does prefer
Less perfect monarchs to an anxious throne;
Yet more than her, courts by weak counsellers err,
In adding cyphers where she made but one.

XV.

To this wise king, sage Tybalt did relate
The combat's cause, with truth's severe extent
Reveals that fire which kindl'd Oswald's hate;
For which such precious valour was mispent.

XVI.

Gives Gondibert a just record of praise;
First how unwilling, then how bold in fight;
And crowns the conquer'd with the victor's bays,
When manhood bids him do their valour right:

XVII.

At last he counts the wounded and the slain;
And how prince Hubert and the Duke retir'd;
From nothing brave, or great he did refrain,
But his own deeds, which doing were admir'd.

XVIII.

This Aribert with outward patience hears,
Though wounded by the cause for which they fought;
With mod'rate joy the death of Oswald bears;
Yet justly to extremes it inward wrought.

XIX.

Tybalt he now with peaceful looks discharg'd;
And then his thoughts (imprison'd in his breast)
He strait by liberty of tongue enlarg'd;
Which thus unto his counsel he addrest.

XX.

With what a difference nature's palate tastes
The sweetest draught which art provides her, pow'r:
Since pow'r, pride's wine, but high in relish fasts
Whilst fuming new, for time does turn it sour?

XXI.

Yet pow'r earth's tempting fruit, heav'n first did plant,
From man's first serpent safe, ambition's reach;
Else Eden could not serve ambition's want;
Whom no command can rule, nor counsel teach.

XXII.

Pow'r is that luscious wine, which does the bold,
The wise, and noble most intoxicate;
Adds time to youth, and takes it from the old;
Yet I by surfeit this elixir hate.

XXIII.

I curse those wars that make my glory last;
For which the Tuscan widows curse me more;
The barren fields where I in arms did fast,
That I might surfeit on luxurious pow'r.

XXIV.

Thou Hermegild, who art for valour crown'd,
For honour trusted, and for wisdom heard;
And you whom counsel has no less renown'd,
Observe how virtue against peace has err'd.

XXV.

Still I have fought, as if in beauty's sight,
Out-suffer'd patience, bred in captives breasts;
Taught fasts, till bodies like our souls grew light;
Outwatch'd the jealous, and outlabour'd beasts.

XXVI.

These were my merits, my reward is pow'r;
An outward trifle, bought with inward peace;
Got in an age, and rifled in an hour;
When fev'rish love, the people's fit, shall cease.

XXVII.

For did not pow'r on their frail love depend,
Prince Oswald had not treated with that love;
Whose glory did in hasty darkness end;
A spark which vanish'd, as it upward strove.

XXVIII.

By scorn of dangers and of ease, he fought
The Lombards hearts, my Rhodalind, and crown;
And much his youth had by his practice wrought,
Had Gondibert not levell'd his renown:

XXIX.

Had Gondibert not staid the people's eyes [fight)
(Whose virtue stept 'twixt Oswald and their
Who knows but Rhodalind had been his prize,
Or war must have secur'd paternal right.

XXX.

Sad and uneasy is a long kept throne;
Not that the people think long pow'r unjust;
But that for change, they wish best monarchs gone;
Fond change, the people's soon repented lust!

XXXI.

I did advance (though with some jealous pain)
A forward virtue to my subjects love;
Lest one less temp'rate should their favour gain;
Whom their unstudy'd choice would more approve.

XXXII.

To thee, sage Hermegild, myself I leave,
My fame and pow'r: Thee action cannot waste,
Caution retard, nor promptitude deceive,
Slowness belate, nor hope drive on too fast.

XXXIII.

Think Hubert heir to Oswald's bold pretence;
To whom the camp at Brescia is inclin'd;

The Duke at Bergamo will ſeek defence;
And theſe are ſeeds of war for Rhodalind.

XXXIV.

This ſaid, his council he diſmiſs'd; who ſpy'd
A growing rage, which he would fain conceal;
They durſt but nicely ſearch, what he would hide;
Leſt they inflame the wound that elſe might heal.

XXXV.

They haſte to ſev'ral cares; ſome to allay
Court's hectic fever, faction (which does reign
Where luxury, the fire of want, does ſway)
Some to appeaſe th' alliance of the ſlain.

XXXVI.

But order now bids us again purſue
Th' unwearied motion of unhappy Fame.
From fields to ſtreets, from ſtreets to court ſhe flew;
Where firſt ſhe to the king's apartment came.

XXXVII.

Thence through the palace ſhe her wings did air;
And as her wings, her tongue too never ceas'd;
Like reſtleſs ſwallows in an evening fair:
At laſt does on a peaceful dwelling reſt.

XXXVIII.

Where ſleep does yet that gentle ſex poſſeſs,
Who ne'er ſhould more of care's rude wakings know,
But what may help ſad lovers to ſucceſs,
Or imp loves wings when they are found too ſlow.

XXXIX.

There lovers ſeek the royal Rhodalind;
Whoſe ſecret breaſt was ſick for Gondibert;
And Orna, who had more in public pin'd
For Hurgonil, the monarch of her heart.

XL.

And there the killing Laura did reſide; [plain;
She of whoſe eyes the Lombard youth com-
Yet often ſhe for noble Arnold dy'd;
And knew not now her murderer was ſlain.

XLI.

Nor Hugo, who was all with love endu'd;
Whom ſtill with tears the Lombard ladies name;
Eſteeming modern lovers falſe, and rude,
And poets falſer when they ſing their fame.

XLII.

Theſe beauties (who could ſoften tyrant kings)
Sleep now conceal'd within their curtains ſhade;
Till ruddy Fame, by ſhaking loud her wings,
Diſturb'd their eyes, and their wak'd hearts diſmay'd.

XLIII.

They heard in parcels by imperfect ſound,
A tale too diſmal to be underſtood;
That all their lovers lay in hallow'd ground;
Temples their bodies hid, the fields their blood.

XLIV.

That this dire morn to ſad Verona brought
The Duke and Oſwald, of lov'd life depriv'd;
And that of all who their fierce battle fought,
Only the mangled Hurgonil ſurviv'd.

XLV.

This tale Fame's courſe, officious friends convey'd,
(Which are attendant ſlaves, and palace grooms)
Who by the lover of ſome buſy maid,
From outward courts ſent it to inward rooms.

XLVI.

Such horror brought, where love had only us'd,
Did yet breed more amazement than belief;
Whilſt Orna now, and Laura fly confus'd,
To Rhodalind, truth's altar, for relief.

XLVII.

There with diſorder'd voices they compare,
And then derive what each has looſely learn'd;
Each hope applies, where others moſt deſpair;
As doubting all but where herſelf 's concern'd.

XLVIII.

This weeping conf'rence had not laſted long,
When Tybalt, free from Aribert's commands,
'Scapes the aſſembling court's inquiring throng,
And enters here; where firſt he doubtful ſtands.

XLIX.

For pity, when he ruin'd Laura ſpied,
Bids his diſcretion artfully complain;
And ſhow far off, what truth not long can hide:
Death at a diſtance ſeen, may eaſe fear's pain.

L.

Their buſ'neſs now he can no more forbear;
For who on their urg'd patience can prevail,
Whoſe expectation is provok'd with fear?
He therefore thus their patience did aſſail.

LI.

Kind heav'n that gave you virtue, give you peace;
Delightful as your beauties, be your minds;
Still may your lovers your renown increaſe,
Though he who honour ſeeks, firſt danger finds!

LII.

Still may your beauty bear that ancient rate,
When beauty was chaſte Honour's merchandiſe;
When Valour was chief factor in Love's ſtate;
Danger, Love's ſtamp, and Beauty's current price.

LIII.

Renown'd be Oſwald, who in high belief
Of Rhodalind, her love with danger fought;
In Love's records be Gondibert the chief,
Who for her right, not for his own has fought.

LIV.

Though theſe for mighty minds deſerve Fame's voice;
Yet Orna needs muſt boaſt of Hurgonil;
Whoſe dangers well have juſtify'd her choice,
And might alone Fame's public trumpet fill.

LV.

Enlarg'd be Honour's throne, that Arnold there
And Hugo may for ever ſit at reſt,
Free from their valour's toil, and Laura's fear;
Which more than wounds diſorder'd eithers breaſt.

LVI.

This ſaid, he paus'd; finds each diſtruſts his art;
For Hope and Doubt came and return'd apace,
In chang'd complexion from th' uncertain heart,
Like frighted ſcouts for tidings to the face.

LVII.

His eye ſeem'd moſt employ'd on Rhodalind;
Whoſe love above her baſhful caution ſways;
For naming Gondibert, he ſoon did find,
Her ſecret ſoul ſhow'd pleaſure at his praiſe.

LVIII.

Yet when she found her comforts did not last,
And that as oracles, the future taught,
He hid Truth's face, and darkened what was past;
Thus Truth through all her mourning vails she fought,

LIX.

Why in these ladies do you lengthen pain,
By giving them Grief's med'cine, doubt?
Ease those with death whose lovers now are slain;
Life's fire a fever is, when love is out.

LX.

Yet think not that my cares peculiar are;
Perhaps I from religious pity learn'd,
In Virtue's public loss to take some share;
For there, all but the vicious are concern'd.

LXI.

Your prudence, royal maid (he straight replies)
More than your birth, may claim the Lombards crown
Whoe'er in conquest of your favour dies;
For short life's loss shall find a long renown.

LXII.

Then happy Oswald who is sure to gain,
Even by Ambition that undoes the wife;
Great was th' attempt for which he's nobly slain;
And gets him praise, though he has miss'd the prize.

LXIII.

But happier Gondibert, who does survive
To beg your mercy, that he thus hath dar'd
To own that cause, for which the world might strive;
And conqu'ring, takes his wounds for his reward.

LXIV.

Be Hurgonil long distant from his grave,
Whose life was so important in this cause;
Who for each wound he took, a wider gave,
And lives t' enjoy the pleasure of applause.

LXV.

To say, how Hugo and Lord Arnold strove
For victory, and mention their event,
Were to provide such fun'ral rites for Love,
As Death would be close mourner, and repent.

LXVI.

Now Laura's blood back to her liver fled; [throne,
True Beauty's mint: For by her heart, Love's
Beauty's call'd in, like coin, when kings are dead;
As if not current now her lover's gone.

LXVII.

And like her beauty, she had darkened life,
But that with sprinkled water they restore
(By sudden cold, with sudden heat at strife),
Her spirits to those walks they us'd before.

LXVIII.

She Arnold calls, then lost that name again;
Which Rhodalind, and Orna's tears bemoan,
Who carefully would her spent strength sustain,
Though Hope has scarcely yet brought back their own:

LXIX.

Now they her temples chaf'd, and straight prepare
Hot eastern fumes to reach her brain's cool'd sense;
With wine's fierce spirits these extracted are,
Which warm but slowly, though of swift expence.

LXX.

Yet now again she breath'd Lord Arnold's name;
Which her apt tongue through custom best expresst;
Then to stay life, that so unwilling came,
With cordial epithems they bath'd her breast.

LXXI.

Th' attendant maids, by Tybalt's ready aid,
To stop her mourner's tears, convey her now
Where she may ease in her own curtain's shade
Her weary heart, and grief more tongue allow.

LXXII.

No sooner thus was pity'd Laura gone,
But Oswald's sister, Gartha the renown'd!
Enters, as if the world were overthrown,
Or in the tears of the afflicted drown'd.

LXXIII.

Unconquer'd as her beauty was her mind;
Which wanted not a spark of Oswald's fire;
Ambition lov'd, but ne'er to Love was kind;
Vex'd thrones did more than quiet shades desire.

LXXIV.

Her garments now in loose neglect she wore,
As suited to her wild dishevell'd hair;
Men in her shape might Nature's work adore,
Yet ask why Art's nice dress was absent there?

LXXV.

But soon they found what made this change appear;
For meeting Truth, which slowly follows Fame,
Rage would not give her leisure for a tear
To quench (ere thus she spake) her passion's flame.

LXXVI.

Blasted be all your beauties, Rhodalind,
Till you a shame, and terror be to light;
Unwing'd be Love, and slow as he is blind,
Who with your looks poison'd my brother's sight!

LXXVII.

Low and neglected be your father's throne,
Which, like your beauty, Oswald did o'er-rate;
Let luckless war take lands from his light crown,
Till those high cares he want that give it weight!

LXXVIII.

Let pow'rs consumption be his long disease
Heav'n's vexing curb, which makes wild monarchs tame,
And be he forc'd in froward age to please
His favour's monster, who devours his fame.

LXXIX.

May you soon feel (though secret in your love,
As if your love were sin) the public scorn!
May Gondibert, who is your glory, move
Your pity, when none else but you shall mourn!

LXXX.

To the dark inn (where weary valour, free [gone!
From thankless dangers rests) brave Oswald's
But Hubert may, though vanquish'd, live to see
Your victor with his victory undone!

LXXXI.

This said, she mounts (with a tempestuous brow)
The chariot her Calabrian courfers drew;
Lifted by slaves (who still about her bow)
As if with wings of swift revenge she flew.

LXXXII.

To Brescia's camp her course she had design'd;
And bids her charioteer drive swiftly on,

As if his ſteeds were dieted with wind!
Slow ſeem their ſpeed whoſe thoughts before them run.

LXXXIII.

The pav'd ſtreets kindle with her chariot wheels,
The omen of war's fire, the city ſpies,
Which with thoſe ſparks ſtruck by her courſers heels,
Shine not ſo much as rage does in her eyes.

LXXXIV.

Thoſe that obſerv'd her anger, grief, and haſte,
With a dejected melancholy mourn;
She ſeem'd their city's genius as ſhe paſs'd,
Who by their ſins expell'd, would ne'er return.

LXXXV.

The gentle ladies ſhe has left in tears,
Who no example need nor cauſe to melt;
For ſoon even grief 's alarms, our foremoſt fears,
Kill thoſe whoſe pain by Love's quick ſenſe is felt.

LXXXVI.

And Rhodalind her fatal love does blame,
Becauſe ſhe finds it now by Gartha ſpy'd;
And does lament Love's fire, which baſhful ſhame
Cannot reveal, nor her diſcretion hide.

LXXXVII.

She would not have it waſte, nor public grow;
But laſt conceal'd, like that in Tullia's urn;
Or that which proſp'rous chemiſts nicely ſhow;
Which, as it thrives, muſt more in private burn.

LXXXVIII.

Yet ſtrait (grown valiant with her victor's fate)
She would have Hymen hold his torches high,
And Love's fire priz'd, as veſtals theirs did rate,
Which none durſt quench, though free to ev'ry eye.

LXXXIX.

Reſolves her love, whilſt this new valour laſts,
Shall undiſguis'd her father's ſight endure;
And Orna now to her dear lover haſtes, [cure.
Whoſe outward wounds ſtay for her inward

XC.

But here a wonder may arreſt our thought,
Why Tybalt, (of his uſual pity void)
To ſuch fought ears theſe direful ſorrows brought,
Since to the king he only was employ'd?

XCI.

But theſe are riddles of myſterious love!
Tybalt in private long for Laura pin'd;
And try'd how Arnold would her paſſion move
In death, who living ever fill'd her mind.

XCII.

And by this trial how ſhe Arnold us'd,
He wiſely meant to urge or ſtay his heart;
But much by love the cautious are abus'd,
Who his wild riddles would reduce to art.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

Dead Oſwald to his camp by Hubert brought;
The camp from pity, are to fury wrought;
Yet find, when Gartha's looks does them ſurpriſe,
Their forward hands diverted by their eyes;
Till with her voice new urg'd, they deeds purſue
Which even revenge would, had it eyes, eſchew.

I.

When from the fatal foreſt Hubert rode,
To Breſcia he and Borgio bent their way;
That their, though dead, yet much important load,
They might with horror to the camp convey.

II.

Revenge, impatient Hubert proudly ſought;
Revenge, which even when juſt, the wiſe deride;
For on paſt wrongs we ſpend our time and thought,
Which ſcarce againſt the future can provide.

III.

But Fame before him came where thoſe are bred,
Who to her diſmal tales faint credit give;
Who could not think their mighty Oſwald dead,
Whilſt they unconquer'd and unwounded live.

IV.

Nor could Fame hope to make this camp her ſeat;
Her tales, the talking, idle, fearful hear;
But theſe are ſilent, as in ſtol'n retreat,
Buſy as life, and, like the dead, paſt fear.

V.

Near Mela's flow'ry bank this army lay,
Which Oſwald's fire, and Oſwald oft had led
Againſt the Vandals king; and twice the day
They gain'd, whilſt he from them and empire fled.

VI.

From youth expos'd, like cattle in the field;
And not taught warmth as city infants are,
But colds and faſts, to kill or to be kill'd;
Like th' elements their birth began with war,

VII.

So rev'rend now, and ſtrong in age appear,
As if maintain'd by more than human breath;
So grave, as if the counſellors they were,
Not executioners of tyrant death.

VIII.

With ſilence (order's help, and mark of care)
They chide that noiſe which heedleſs youth affect;
Still courſe for uſe, for health they cleanly wear,
And ſave in well fix'd arms, all niceneſs check'd.

IX.

They thought, thoſe that unarm'd expos'd frail life,
But naked nature valiantly betray'd;
Who was, though naked, ſafe till pride made ſtrife,
But made defence muſt uſe, now danger's made.

X.

And thoſe who toil of armour cannot bide,
Loſe Nature's force, which theſe in cuſtom find;
And make (ſince ſtrength's but Nature hourly try'd)
The body weak by ſoftneſs of the mind.

XI.

They ſeem'd ſo calm, and with their age ſo grave,
So juſt and civil in their killing trade,
As if all life were crime but what they ſave;
Or murder were by method lawful made.

XII.

Yet now that manhood which thoſe victors makes,
(So weak is man where moſt he may be proud)
Pity, the tender'ſt of affections, ſhakes,
And they become from order, looſe, and loud.

XIII.

For when they ſaw the brother of their chief
Led to their camp by a defeated train,
They ſoon to late ſcorn'd rumour gave belief,
And then by Hubert's wounds thought Oſwald ſlain.

XIV.

But when diſguis'd in death they Oſwald ſaw,
In a ſlow chariot brought, with fun'ral pace;
Themſelves in an united crowd they draw;
And give to grief one univerſal face.

XV.

Wonder (which grows unactive by exceſs)
A while did their unruly paſſion ſtay;
The object laſting, made their wonder leſs,
Which fled to give their grief and anger way.

XVI.

Yet firſt their grief (which manhood ſhould reſtrain)
They vent in womens ſighs, with tears allay'd;
As if thoſe women taught them to complain,
Who by their ſwords are weeping widows made.

XVII.

As icy rocks which, froſt together bind,
Stand ſilent, till as ſilently they melt,
But when they meet in currents unconfin'd,
Swell, and grow loud, as if they freedom felt;

XVIII.

So theſe, unmov'd before, melt quietly
In their firſt grief, till grief (when tears meet tears,
And ſighs meet ſighs from ev'ry breaſt and eye)
Unruly grows, and danger's viſage bears.

XIX.

When haſtily they heard by whoſe dire hand
Their gen'ral fell, they think it cold to pauſe
Till anger may be guided by command;
And vain to aſk of cureleſs death the cauſe.

XX.

So me would to Bergamo their enſigns bear,
Againſt thoſe youth which Gondibert had led;
Whom they in ſacrifice would offer there,
T' appeaſe the living, and revenge the dead.

XXI

And ſome (to ſhow their rage more eminent)
Would to Verona march, and there do deeds
Should make the ſhining court in blacks lament,
And weep whilſt the victorious faction bleeds.

XXII.

Hubert (who ſaw revenge advance ſo faſt,
Whilſt prudence, ſlower pac'd, was left behind)
Would keep their anger bent, yet ſlack their haſte;
Becauſe the raſh fall oft'ner than the blind.

XXIII.

He firſt their melting pity kindly rais'd,
Which water'd Anger's forge, and urg'd their fire;
That like to meteors laſts by being rais'd,
But when it firſt does ſink, does ſtrait expire.

XXIV.

Commends their anger, yet that flame he prays
May keep the temp'rate chymics equal heat;
That they in fury might not need allays,
Nor charge ſo raſhly as to want retreat.

XXV.

Begs they this diſmal night would there remain,
And make the hopeful morn their guide; whilſt grief
(Which high revenge, as tameneſs ſhould diſdain)
Sleep ſhall conceal, and give his wounds relief.

XXVI.

He Vaſco, Paradine, and Dargonet,
With Oſwald, to the red pavilion ſent;
(Death's equal priſ'ners now for Nature's debt)
And then retires with Borgio to his tent.

XXVII.

This is the night the Breſcians ſo bemoan'd;
Who left their beds, and on their walls appear'd;
As if th' oppreſſed world in earthquakes groan'd,
Or that ſome ruin'd nation's ſighs they heard;

XXVIII.

Admir'd what in that camp ſuch griefs could raiſe,
Where ſerious death ſo oft had been abus'd,
When ev'n their ſportive fencers monthly plays
Profan'd that ſhape, which ſtates for terror us'd.

XXIX.

Yet this loud morning will no wonder breed,
When we with life lay Oſwald's errors by,
And uſe him as the living uſe the dead;
Who firſt allow men virtue when they die.

XXX.

Still lib'ral of his life, of wealth as free;
By which he chief in fighting crowds became;
Who muſt their leaders valours often ſee;
And follow them for bounty more than fame.

XXXI.

This gen'ral mourning was to loudneſs rais'd,
By ſhowing gifts he gave, and wounds he took;

They chid at last his life which they had prais'd,
Because such virtue it so soon forsook.

XXXII.

Now night, by grief neglected, hastes away!
And they the morn's officious usher spy,
The close attendant on the lord of day;
Who shows the warmer of the world is nigh.

XXXIII.

And now the drums, the camp's low thunder, make
War's thick united noise from ev'ry guard;
Though they revelleesscorn, whom grief does wake,
Who think sleep Nature's curse, not toil's reward.

XXXIV.

All night proud Borgio (chief in Hubert's trust)
With haughty hopes, the camp does waking keep:
Ambition is more vigilant than lust,
And in hope's fever is too hot to sleep.

XXXV.

Now day, and Hubert haste to public view;
His wounds (unlucky more than dangerous)
Are so refresh'd, that he the army drew
To a wide gross, and urg'd their anger thus:

XXXVI.

Friends to my father! in whose wounds I see
The envy'd merit whence his triumphs came;
And fathers to my brother, and to me;
For only you adopted us to Fame!

XXXVII.

Forgive me that I there have feebly fought,
Where Oswald in your cause did nobly strive;
Whence of his blood these veins so much have brought.
As makes me blush that I am still alive!

XXXVIII.

Your valiant youth is gone, whom you have bred
From milky childhood to the years of blood!
By whom you joy'd so often to be led, [stood!
Where firm as now your trophies, then you

XXXIX.

Gone is he now, who still with low regard
Bow'd to your age, your wounds as beauty kist;
Knew age was of your temp'rance the reward;
And courts in beauty by your scars subsist.

XL.

Yet was he not for mean pretensions slain,
Who for your int'rest not his own has fought;
Vex'd that the empire which your wounds did gain,
Was by a young unwounded army fought!

XLI

For Gondibert (to whom the court must bow,
Now war is with your fav'rite overthrown)
Will by his camp of boys at Bergamo,
Wed her, who to your valour owes the crown.

XLII.

Blame not your chief for his ambitious fire;
Who was but temp'rate, when he understood
He might the empire in your right require;
A scant reward for your exhausted blood.

XLIII.

Thus Hubert spake; but now so fierce they grow,
That Borgio strove to quench whom Hubert warm'd;
To Bergamo, they cry'd, to Bergamo!
And as they soon were vex'd, as soon are arm'd.

XLIV.

For to distinct and spacious tents they hie,
Where quick as vests of Persia shifted are,
Their arms (which there in cleanly order lie)
They take from moving wardrobes of the war.

XLV.

Arm'd soon as porcupines, as if like those,
Their very rage them with defence supplies;
As borne with it, and must have winged foes
That stoop from heav'n to harm them by surprise.

XLVI.

With ensigns now display'd, their force they draw
To hasty order, and begin to move;
But are amus'd by something that they saw,
Which look'd like all that e'er they heard of love.

XLVII.

Unusual to their camp such objects were,
Yet this no ill effect from wonder wrought;
For it appeas'd them by approaching near,
And satisfy'd their eyes in all they sought.

XLVIII.

And this was Gartha in her chariot drawn;
Who through the swarthy region of the night
Drove from the court; and as a second dawn
Breaks on them, like the morn's reserve of light.

XLIX.

Through all the camp she moves with sun'ral pace.
And still bows meekly down to all she saw;
Her grief gave speaking beauty to her face;
Which lowly look'd, that it might pity draw.

L.

When by her slaves, her name they understood,
Her lines of feature heedfully they view;
In her complexion track their gen'ral's blood,
And find her more than what by Fame they knew.

LI.

They humbly her to that pavilion guide,
Where Hubert his bold chiefs with fury fir'd;
But his ambition, when he Gartha spy'd
(To give his sorrow place) a while retir'd.

LII.

With his respectful help she does descend;
Where they with dear embraces mingle tears;
But now her male revenge would grief suspend;
Revenge, through grief, too feminine appears.

LIII.

But when her dear allies, dead Paradine
And Dargonet she saw; that manliness
Which her weak sex assum'd, she does decline;
As bred too soft, to manage Grief's excess.

LIV.

Then soon return'd, as loth to show her eyes
No more of Oswald than she must forsake;
But Sorrow's moisture heat of Anger dries;
And mounted in her chariot, thus she spake.

LV.

If you are those of whom I oft have heard
My father boast, and that have Oswald bred;
Ah, where is now that rage our tyrant fear'd,
Whose darling is alive, though yours be dead?

LVI.

The court shines out at Rhodalind's commands,
To me (your drooping flow'r) no beam can spare;
Where Oswald's name, new planted by your hands,
Withers, as if it lost the planter's care.

LVII.

From Rhodalind I thus disorder'd flie;
Lest she should say, thy fate unpity'd comes!
Go, sing, where now thy father's fighter's lie,
Thy brother's *requiem* to their conqu'ring drums!

LVIII.

The happy fields by those brave warriors fought
(Which from the dictates of thy aged fire,
Oswald, in high victorious numbers wrote),
Thou shalt no more sing to thy silenc'd lyre!

LIX.

Such scorns, pow'r on unlucky virtue throws,
When courts with prosp'rous vices wanton are;
Who your authentic age despise for those,
Who are to you but infants of the war.

LX.

Thus though she spake, her looks did more persuade;
Like virtuous anger did her colour rise,
As if th' injurious world it would invade,
Whilst tears of rage, not pity, drown her eyes.

LXI.

The sun did thus to threat'ned nature show
His anger red, whilst guilt look'd pale in all;
When clouds of floods did hang about his brow,
And then shrunk back to let that anger fall.

LXII.

And so she turn'd her face, not as to grieve
At ruin, but to license what she rais'd;
Whilst they (like common throngs) all tongues believe.
When courts are tax'd, but none when they are prais'd.

LXIII.

Like comets, courts afflict the vulgar eye;
And when they largest in their glory blaze,
People through ignorance think plagues are nigh,
And till they waste with mourning wonder gaze.

LXIV.

These scorn the court's desertion of their age;
The active ease impos'd, like pain endure;
For though calm rest does age's pains assuage,
Yet few the sickness own to get the cure.

LXV.

To heav'n they lift their looks! whose sun ne'er saw
Rage so agreed, as now he does behold;
Their shining swords all at an instant draw,
And bad him judge next day if they were old!

LXVI.

And of Verona wish'd him take his leave;
Which, ere his third return, they will destroy,
Till none shall guess by ruins where to grieve,
No more than Phrygians where to weep for Troy.

LXVII.

Thus Bergamo is soon forgot, whilst all,
Aloud, Verona cry! Verona must
(That reach'd the clouds) low as her quarries fall!
The court they'll bury in the city's dust.

CANTO IV.

The Argument.

At Oswald's camp arrives wise Hermegild;
Whose presence does a new diversion yield;
In council he reveals his secret breast;
Would mingle love with empires interest:
From rash revenge, to peace the camp invites,
Who Oswald's fun'ral grace with Roman rites.

I.

In this distemper whilst the humours strive
T' assemble, they again diverted are;
For tow'rds their trenches twenty chariots drive,
Swiftly as Syrians when they charge in war.

II.

They Hermegild with court attendants spy'd;
Whose haste to Hubert does advice intend;
To warn him that just Fate can ne'er provide
For rash beginnings a successful end.

III.

But Fate for Hermegild provided well;
This story else (which him the wise does call)
Would here his private ruin sadly tell,
I hast'ning to prevent the public fall.

IV.

His noble blood obscurely had been shed,
His undistinguish'd limbs scatter'd unknown,
As is the dust of victors long since dead,
Which here and there, by every wind is blown.

V.

Such was their rage, when on Verona's way
(With his rich train), they saw from court he came;
Till some did their impetuous fury stay;
And gave his life protection for his fame.

VI.

Told them his valour had been long allow'd;
That much the Lombards to his conduct owe;
And this preserv'd him, for the very crowd
Felt honour here, and did to valour bow.

VII.

Vain Wrath! deform'd, unquiet child of Pride!
Which in a few the people madness call;
But when by number they grew dignify'd,
What's rage in some is liberty in all.

VIII.

Through dangers of this lawless liberty,
He like authentic pow'r does boldly pass;
And with a quiet and experienc'd eye,
Though Death's foul vizard, does despise his face.

IX.

At Hubert's tent he lights, where Hubert now
With Gartha of this torrent does advise;
Which he believes does at the highest flow,
And must, like tides, sink when it cannot rise.

X.

When Hermegild he saw, he did disperse
Those cares assembled in his looks, and strove
(Though to his master, and the court perverse),
To show him all the civil signs of love.

XI.

For him in stormy war he glorious knew;
Nor in calm councils was he less renown'd;
And held him now to Oswald's faction true,
As by his love, the world's first tenure, bound.

XII.

For he (though wasted in the ebb of blood,
When man's meridian tow'rds his evening turns)
Makes against nature's law, love's charter good,
And as in raging youth for Gartha burns.

XIII.

Who did his suit not only disapprove,
Because the summer of his life was past,
And she fresh blown; but that even highest love
Grows tasteless to ambition's higher taste.

XIV.

Yet now in such a great and single cause,
With nicea mbition nicer love complies;
And she (since to revenge he useful was)
Persuades his hope with rhet'ric of her eyes.

XV.

A close division of the tent they straight
By outward guards secure from all resort;
Then Hermegild does thus the cause relate, [court.
Which to the camp dispatch'd him from the

XVI.

Important prince! who justly dost succeed
To Oswald's hopes, and all my loyal aid;
Virtue as much in all thy wounds does bleed,
As love in me, since wounded by that maid.

XVII.

Long have I sail'd through time's vexatious sea;
And first set out with all that youth is worth;
The tropics pass'd of blood's hot bravery,
With all the sails, gay flags, and streamers forth!

XVIII.

But as in hotter voyages, ships most
Wear out their trim, yet then they chiefly gain
By inward stowage what is outward lost;
So men, decays of youth, repair in brain.

XIX.

If I experience boast when youth decays,
Such vanity may Gartha's pity move,
Since so I seek your service by self-praise,
Rather than seem unuseful where I love.

XX.

And never will I (though by Time supply'd
With such discretion as does man improve),
To show discretion, wiser Nature hide,
By seeming now asham'd to say I love.

XXI.

For love his pow'r has in gray senates shown,
Where he, as to green courts, does freely come;
And though loud youth, his visits makes more known,
With graver age he's privately at home.

XXII.

Scarce Greece, or greater Rome, a victor shows,
Whom more victorious love did not subdue;
Then blame not me, who am so weak to those;
Whilst Gartha all exceeds, that e'er they knew.

XXIII.

Hope, love's first food, I ne'er till now did know;
Which love, as yet but temp'rately devours;
And claims not love for love, since Gartha so
For autumn leaves should barter summer flowers.

XXIV.

I dare not vainly wish her to be kind,
Till for her love my arts and pow'r bestow
The crown on thee, adorn'd with Rhodalind;
Which yet for Gartha is a price too low.

XXV.

This said, he paus'd; and now the hectic heat
Of Oswald's blood, doubled their pulse's pace;
Which high, as if they would be heard, did beat,
And hot ambition shin'd in eithers face.

XXVI.

For Hermegild they knew could much outdo
His words, and did possess great Aribert,
Not in the court's cheap glass of outward show,
But by a study'd tenure of the heart.

XXVII.

Whilst this try'd truth does make their wishes sure,
Hubert on Gartha looks, with suing eyes
For Hermegild; whose love she will endure,
And made ambition yield what youth denies.

XXVIII.

Yet in this bargain of herself, she knows
Not how to treat; but all her chief desire
Bids Hubert, as the twins of his, dispose
To glory and revenge; and then retires.

XXIX.

But with such blushes Hermegild she leaves,
As the unclouded evening's face adorn;
Nor much he for her parting glory grieves,
Since such an evening bodes a happy morn.

XXX.

Now Hermegild by vows does Hubert bind,
(Vows by their fate in Lombard story known);
He Gartha makes the price of Rhodalind,
And Aribert his tenant to the crown.

XXXI.

He bids him now the armies rage allay;
By rage, said he, only they masters are

Of those they choose, when temp'rate, to obey:
Against themselves th' impatient chiefly war.

XXXII.

We are the people's pilots, they our winds;
To change by nature prone; but art laveers,
And rules them till they rise with stormy minds;
Then art with danger against nature steers.

XXXIII.

Where calms have first amus'd, storms most prevail;
Close first with calms the court's suspicious eyes;
That whilst with all their trim, they sleeping sail,
A sudden gust may wreck them by surprise.

XXXIV.

Your army will (though high in all esteem
That ever rev'renc'd age to action gave);
But a small party to Verona seem;
Which yearly to such numbers yields a grave.

XXXV.

Nor is our vast metropolis, like those
Tame towns, which peace has soft'ned into fears;
But death deform'd in all his dangers knows;
Dangers, which he like frightful vizards wears.

XXXVI.

From many camps, who foreign winters felt,
Verona has her conqu'ring dwellers ta'en;
In war's great trade, with richest nations dealt;
And did their gold and fame with iron gain.

XXXVII.

Yet to the mighty Aribert it bows;
A king out-doing all the Lombard line!
Whose court (in iron clad) by coarseness shows
A growing pow'r, which fades when courts grow fine.

XXXVIII.

Scorn not the youthful camp at Bergamo;
For they are victors, though in years but young;
The war does them, they it by action know,
And have obedient minds, in bodies strong.

XXXIX.

Be slow, and stay for aids, which haste forsakes!
For though occasion still does sloth out-go,
The rash, who run from help, she ne'er o'ertakes,
Whose haste thinks time, the post of nature, slow.

XL.

This is a cause which our ambition fills; [waste,
A cause, in which our strength we should not
In vain like giants, who did heave at hills;
'Tis too unwieldy for the force of haste.

XLI.

A cause for graver minds that learned are
In mystic man; a cause which we must gain
By surer methods than depend on war;
And respite valour, to employ the brain.

XLII.

In the king's scale your merits are too light;
Who with the Duke weighs his own partial heart;
Make then the gift of empire public right,
And get in Rhodalind the people's part.

XLIII.

But this rough tide, the meeting multitude,
If we oppose, we make our voyage long;
Yet when we with it row, it is subdu'd;
And we are wise, when men in vain are strong.

XLIV.

Then to the people sue, but hide your force;
For they believe the strong are still unjust;
Never to armed suitors yield remorse;
And where they see the pow'r, the right distrust.

XLV.

Assault their pity as their weakest part;
Which the first plaintiff never fails to move;
They search but in the face to find the heart;
And grief in princes, more than triumph love.

XLVI.

And to prepare their pity, Gartha now
Should in her sorrow's height with me return;
For since their eyes at all distresses flow,
How will they at afflicted beauty mourn?

XLVII.

Much such a pledge of peace will with the king
(Urg'd by my int'rest here) my pow'r improve;
And much my power will to your int'rest bring,
If from the watchful court you hide my love.

XLVIII.

If Gartha deigns to love, our love must grow
Unseen, like mandrakes wedded under ground;
That I (still seeming unconcern'd) may know
The king's new depths, which length of trust may sound!

XLIX.

Thus Hermegild his study'd thoughts declar'd;
Whilst Hubert (who believ'd, discover'd love
A solid pledge for hidden faith) prepar'd
To stay the camp, so furious to remove.

L.

And now their rage, by correspondence spread,
Borgio allays, that else like sparks of fire
(Which drops at first might drown) by matter fed,
At last to quench the flame may seas require.

LI.

As with the sun they rose in wrath, their wrath
So with his heat increas'd; but now he hastes
Down Heav'n's steep hill, to his Atlantic bath;
Where he refreshes till his fever wastes.

LII.

With his (by Borgio's help) their heart declin'd;
So soon lov'd eloquence does throngs subdue;
The common mistress to each private mind;
Painted and dress'd to all, to no man true.

LIII.

To court his Gartha Hermegild attends;
And with old lovers vain poetic eyes,
Marks how her beauty, when the sun descends,
His pity'd evening poverty supplies.

LIV.

The army now to neighb'ring Brescia bear,
With dismal pomp the slain: in hallow'd ground
They Paradine and Dargonet inter;
And Vasco much in painful war renown'd.

LV.

To Oswald (whose illustrious Roman mind
Shin'd out in life, though now in dying hid)
Hubert these Roman fun'ral rites assign'd;
Which yet the world's last law had not forbid.

LVI.

Thrice is his body clean by bathing made;
And when with victor's oil anointed o'er,
'Tis in the palace gate devoutly laid,
Clad in that vest which he in battle wore.

LVII.

Whilſt ſeven ſucceeding ſuns paſs ſadly by,
The palace ſeems all hid in cypreſs boughs;
From ancient lore, of man's mortality
The type, for where 'tis lopp'd it never grows.

LVIII.

The public fun'ral voice, till theſe expire,
Cries out; here greatneſs, tir'd with honour, reſts!
Come ſee what bodies are, when ſouls retire;
And viſit death, e'er you become his gueſts!

LIX.

Now on a purple bed the corpſe they raiſe;
Whilſt trumpets ſummon all the common choir
In tune to mourn him, and diſperſe his praiſe;
And then move ſlowly tow'rds the fun'ral fire!

LX.

They bear before him ſpoils they gain'd in war;
And his great anceſtors in ſculpture wrought;
And now arrive, where Hubert does declare
How oft and well, he for the Lombards fought.

LXI.

Here, in an altar's form, a pile is made
Of unctous fir, and ſleepers fatal yew;
On which the body is by mourners laid,
Who their ſweet gums (their laſt kind tribute) threw.

LXII.

Hubert his arm, weſtward, averſely ſtretch'd;
Whilſt to the hopeful east his eyes were turn'd;
And with a hallow'd torch the pile he reach'd;
Which ſeen, they all with utmoſt clamour mourn'd.

LXIII.

Whil'ſt the full flame aſpires, Oſwald (they cry)
Farewell! we follow ſwiftly as the hours!
For with time's wings, tow'rds death, even cripples flie!
This ſaid, the hungry flame its food devours.

LXIV.

Now prieſts with wine the aſhes quench, and hide
The rev'renc'd relics in a marble urn:
The old diſmiſſive Ilicet is cry'd
By the town voice, and all to feaſts return.

LXV.

Thus urns may bodies ſhow; but the fled mind
The learn'd ſeek vainly; for whoſe queſt we pay,
With ſuch ſucceſs as cozen'd ſhepherds find,
Who ſeek to wizards when their cattle ſtray.

CANTO V.

The Argument.

The houſe of Aſtragon; where in diſtreſs
Of nature, Gondibert for art's redreſs
Was by old Ulfin brought: where art's hard ſtrife,
In ſtudying nature for the aid of life,
Is by full wealth and conduct eaſy made;
And truth much viſited though in her ſhade.

I.

From Breſcia ſwiftly o'er the bord'ring plain,
Return we to the houſe of Aſtragon;
Where Gondibert, and his ſucceſsful train,
Kindly lament the victory they won.

II.

But though I fame's great book ſhall open now,
Expect a while, till ſhe that decade reads,
Which does this Duke's eternal ſtory ſhow,
And aged Ulfin cites for ſpecial deeds.

III.

Where friendſhip is renown'd in Ulfinore;
Where th' ancient muſic of delightful verſe,
Does it no leſs in Goltho's breaſt adore,
And th' union of their equal hearts rehearſe.

IV.

Theſe weary victors the deſcending ſun
Led hither, where ſwift night did them ſurpriſe;
And where, for valiant toils, wiſe Aſtragon,
With ſweet rewards of ſleep, did fill their eyes.

V.

When to the needy world day did appear,
And freely open'd her treaſury of light,
His houſe (where art and nature tenants were)
The pleaſure grew, and bus'neſs of their ſight.

VI

Where Ulfin (who an old domeſtic ſeems,
And rules as maſter in the owner's breaſt)
Leads Goltho to admire what he eſteems;
And thus, what he had long obſerv'd, expreſt.

VII.

Here art by ſuch a diligence is ſerv'd,
As does th' unwearied planets imitate;
Whoſe motion (life of nature) has preſerv'd
The world, which God vouchſaf'd but to create.

VIII.

Thoſe heights, which elſe dwarf life could never reach,
Here, by the wings of diligence they climb;
Truth (fear'd with terms from canting ſchools) they teach;
And buy it with their beſt ſav'd treaſure, time.

IX.

Here all men ſeem recov'rers of time paſt;
As buſy as intentive emmets are;
As alarm'd armies that entrench in haſte,
Or cities, whom unlook'd-for ſieges ſcare.

X.

Much it delights the wiſe obſerver's eye,
That all theſe toils direct to ſeveral ſkills;
Some from the mine to the hot furnace hie,
And ſome from flow'ry fields to weeping ſtills.

XI.

The firſt to hopeful chemics matter bring,
Where med'cine they extract for inſtant cure;
Theſe bear the ſweeter burdens of the ſpring;
Whoſe virtues (longer known) though ſlow, are ſure.

XII.

See there wet divers from Foſſone ſent!
Who of the ſeas deep dwellers knowledge give;
Which (more unquiet then their element)
By hungry wag, upon each other live.

XIII.

Pearl to their Lord, and cordial coral theſe
Preſent; which muſt in ſharpeſt liquids melt;
He with Nigella cures that dull diſeaſe
They get, who long with ſtupid fiſh have dwelt.

XIV.

Others through quarries dig, deeply below
Where deſart rivers, cold, and private run;
Where bodies converſation beſt they know,
And mines long growth, and how their veins begun.

XV.

He ſhows them now tow'rs of prodigious height,
Where nature's friends, philoſophers remain
To cenſure meteors in their cauſe and flight,
And watch the wind's authority on rain.

XVI.

Others with optic tubes the moon's ſcant face
(Vaſt tubes, which like long cedars mounted lie)
Attract through glaſſes to ſo near a ſpace,
As if they came not to ſurvey, but pry.

XVII.

Nine haſty centuries are now fulfill'd,
Since optics firſt were known to Aſtragon;
By whom the moderns are become ſo ſkill'd,
They dream of ſeeing to the Maker's throne.

XVIII.

And wiſely Aſtragon, thus buſy grew,
To ſeek the ſtars remote ſocieties;
And judge the walks of th' old, by finding new;
For nature's law, in correſpondence lies.

XIX.

Man's pride (grown to religion) he abates,
By moving our lov'd earth; which we think fix'd;
Think all to it, and it to none relates;
With other's motion ſcorn to have it mix'd.

XX.

As if 'twere great and ſtately to ſtand ſtill
Whilſt other orbs dance on; or elſe think all
Thoſe vaſt bright globes (to ſhow God's needleſs ſkill)
Were made but to attend our little ball.

XXI.

Now near a ſever'd building they diſcern'd
(Which ſeem'd, as in a pleaſant ſhade, retir'd)
A throng, by whoſe glad diligence they learn'd,
They came from toils which their own choice deſir'd.

XXII.

This they approach, and as they enter it
Their eyes were ſtay'd, by reading o'er the gate,
Great nature's office, in large letters writ;
And next, they mark'd who there in office ſat.

XXIII.

Old buſy men, yet much for wiſdom ſam'd;
Haſty to know, though not by haſte beguil'd;
Theſe fitly, nature's regiſters were nam'd;
The throng were their intelligencers ſtyl'd.

XXIV.

Who ſtop by ſnares, and by their chaſe o'ertake
All hidden beaſts the cloſer foreſt yields;
All that by ſecret ſenſe their reſcue make,
Or truſt their force, or ſwiftneſs in the fields.

XXV.

And of this throng, ſome their employment have
In fleeting rivers, ſome fix'd lakes beſet;
Where nature's ſelf, by ſhifts, can nothing ſave
From trifling angles, or the ſwall'wing net.

XXVI.

Some, in the ſpacious air, their prey o'ertake,
Coz'ning, with hunger, falcons of their wings;
Whilſt all their patient obſervations make,
Which each to nature's office duly brings.

XXVII.

And there of ev'ry fiſh, and fowl, and beaſt,
The wiles theſe learned regiſters record,
Courage, and fears, their motion and their reſt;
Which they prepare for their more learned Lord.

XXVIII.

From hence to nature's nurſery they go;
Where ſeems to grow all that in Eden grew;
And more (if art her mingled ſpecies ſhow)
Then th' Hebrew king, nature's hiſtorian, knew.

XXIX.

Impatient ſimplers climb for bloſſoms here;
When dews (heav'n's ſecret milk) in unſeen ſhow'rs
Firſt feed the early childhood of the year;
And in ripe ſummer, ſtoop for herbs and flow'rs.

XXX.

In autumn, ſeeds and berries they provide;
Where nature a remaining force preſerves;
In winter dig for roots, where ſhe does hide
That ſtock, which if conſum'd, the next ſpring ſtarves.

XXXI.

From hence (freſh nature's flouriſhing eſtate!)
They to her wither'd receptacle come;

Where ſhe appears the loathſome ſlave of fate;
For here her various dead poſſeſs the room.

XXXII.

This diſmal gall'ry, lofty, long, and wide;
Was hung with ſkeletons of ev'ry kind;
Human, and all that learned human pride
Thinks made t' obey man's high immortal mind.

XXXIII.

Yet on that wall hangs he too, who ſo thought;
And ſhe dry'd by him, whom that he obey'd;
By her an el'phant that with herds had fought,
Of which the ſmalleſt beaſt made her afraid.

XXXIV.

Next it, a whale is high in cables ty'd, [troul;
Whoſe ſtrength might herds of elephants con-
Then all, (in pairs of ev'ry kind) they ſpy'd,
Which death's wreck leaves, of fiſhes, beaſts, and fowl.

XXXV.

Theſe Aſtragon (to watch with curious eye,
The different tenements of living breath)
Collects, with what far travellers ſupply;
And this was call'd, the cabinet of death.

XXXVI.

Which ſome the monument of bodies, name;
The ark, which ſaves from graves all dying kinds;
This to a ſtructure led, long known to fame,
And call'd, the monument of vaniſh'd minds.

XXXVII.

Where, when they thought they ſaw in well fought books,
Th' aſſembled ſouls of all that men held wiſe,
It bred ſuch awful rev'rence in their looks,
As if they ſaw the bury'd writers riſe.

XXXVIII.

Such heaps of written thoughts (gold of the dead,
Which time does ſtill diſperſe, but not devour)
Made them preſume all was from deluge free'd,
Which long-liv'd authors writ e'er Noah's ſhow'r.

XXXIX.

They ſaw Egyptian rolls, which vaſtly great,
Did like fall'n pillars lie, and did diſplay
The tale of nature's life, from her firſt heat,
Till by the flood o'er-cool'd, ſhe felt decay.

XL.

And large as theſe (for pens were pencils then)
Others that Egypt's chiefeſt ſcience ſhow'd;
Whoſe river forc'd geometry on men,
Which did diſtinguiſh what the Nile o'erflow'd.

XLI.

Near them, in piles, Chaldean coz'ners lies;
Who the hid bus'neſs of the ſtars relate;
Who make a trade of worſhipp'd propheſy;
And ſeem to pick the cabinet of fate.

XLII.

There Perſian Magi ſtand; for wiſdom prais'd;
Long ſince wiſe ſtateſmen, now magicians thought:
Altars and arts are ſoon to fiction rais'd,
And both would have, that miracles are wrought.

XLIII.

In a dark text, theſe ſtateſmen left their minds;
For well they knew, that monarch's myſtery
(Like that of prieſts) but little rev'rence finds,
When they the curtain op'n to ev'ry eye.

XLIV.

Behind this throng, the talking Greeks had place;
Who nature turn to art, and truth diſguiſe,
As ſkill does native beauty oft deface;
With terms they charm the weak, and poſe the wiſe.

XLV.

Now they the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman ſpy;
Who for the people's eaſe, yok'd them with law;
Whom elſe, ungovern'd luſts would drive awry;
And each his own way frowardly would draw.

XLVI.

In little tombs theſe grave firſt lawyers lie,
In volumes their interpreters below;
Who firſt made law an art, then myſtery;
So cleareſt ſprings, when troubled, cloudy grow.

XLVII.

But here, the ſoul's chief book did all precede;
Our map tow'rds heav'n; to common crowds deny'd;
Who proudly aim to teach, e'er they can read;
And all muſt ſtray, where each will be a guide.

XLVIII.

About this ſacred little book did ſtand
Unweildly volumes, and in number great;
And long it was ſince any reader's hand
Had reach'd them from their unfrequented ſeat.

XLIX.

For a deep duſt (which time does ſoftly ſhed,
Where only time does come) their covers bear;
On which, grave ſpiders, ſtreets of webs were ſpread;
Subtle, and ſlight, as the grave writers were.

L.

In theſe, heav'n's holy fire does vainly burn;
Nor warms, nor lights, but is in ſparkles ſpent;
Where froward authors, with diſputes, have torn
The garment ſeamleſs as the firmament.

LI.

Theſe are the old Polemics, long ſince read,
And ſhut by Aſtragon; who thought it juſt,
They, like the authors (truth's tormentors) dead,
Should lie unviſited, and loſt in duſt.

LII.

Here the Arabian's goſpel open lay,
(Men injure truth, who fiction nicely hide)
Where they the monk's audacious ſtealths ſurvey,
From the world's firſt, and greater ſecond guide.

LIII.

The curious much perus'd this, then, new book;
As if ſome ſecret ways to heav'n it taught:
For ſtraying from the old, men newer look,
And prize the found, not finding thoſe they ſought.

LIV.

We, in tradition (heav'n's dark map) deſcry
Heav'n worſe, than ancient maps far India ſhow;
Therefore in new, we ſearch where heav'n does lie;
The mind's ſought Ophir, which we long to know.

LV.

Or as a planter, though good land he ſpies,
Seeks new, and when no more ſo good he finds,
Doubly eſteems the firſt; ſo truth men prize;
Truth, the diſcov'ry made by trav'ling minds.

LVI.

And this falſe book, till truly underſtood
By Aſtragon, was openly diſplay'd;
As counterfeit; falſe princes, rather ſhou'd
Be ſhown abroad, then in cloſe priſon laid.

LVII.

Now to the old philoſophers they come;
Who follow'd nature with ſuch juſt deſpair,
As ſome do kings far off; and when at home,
Like courtiers, boaſt, that they deep ſecrets ſhare.

LVIII.

Near them are grave dull moraliſts, who give
Counſel to ſuch, as ſtill in public dwell;
At ſea, in courts, in camps, and cities live;
And ſcorn experience from th' unpractis'd cell.

LIX.

Æſop with theſe ſtands high, and they below;
His pleaſant wiſdom mocks their gravity;
Who virtue like a tedious matron ſhow,
He dreſſes nature to invite the eye.

LX.

High ſkill their ethics ſeems, whilſt he ſtoops down
To make the people wiſe; their learned pride
Makes all obſcure, that men may prize the gown;
With eaſe he teaches, what with pain they hide.

LXI.

And next (as if their bus'neſs rul'd mankind)
Hiſtorians ſtand, big as their living looks;
Who thought, ſwift time they could in fetters bind;
Till his confeſſions they had ta'en in books.

LXII.

But time oft 'ſcap'd them in the ſhades of night;
And was in princes' cloſets oft conceal'd,
And hid in battles ſmoke; ſo what they write
Of courts and camps, is oft by gueſs reveal'd.

LXIII.

Near theſe, phyſicians ſtood; who but reprieve
Like life a judge, whom greater pow'r does awe;
And cannot an Almighty pardon give;
So much yields ſubject art to Nature's law.

LXIV.

And not weak art, but Nature we upbraid,
When our frail eſſence proudly we take ill;
Think we are robb'd, when firſt we are decay'd,
And thoſe were murder'd whom her law did kill.

LXV.

Now they refreſh, after this long ſurvey,
With pleaſant poets, who the ſoul ſublime;
Fame's heralds, in whoſe triumphs they make way;
And place all thoſe whom honour helps to climb.

LXVI.

And he who ſeem'd to lead this raviſh'd race,
Was heav'n's lov'd laureat, that in Jewry writ;
Whoſe harp approach'd God's ear, though none his face
Durſt ſee, and firſt made inſpiration, wit.

LXVII.

And his attendants, ſuch bleſt poets are,
As make unblemiſh'd love, courts beſt delight;
And ſing the proſp'rous battles of juſt war;
By theſe the loving, love, and valiant, fight.

LXVIII.

O hireleſs ſcience! and of all alone
The liberal! meanly the reſt each ſtate
In penſion treats, but this depends on none;
Whoſe worth they rev'rendly forbear to rate.

CANTO VI.

The Argument.

How Aſtragon to Heav'n his duty pays
In pray'r, and penitence, but moſt in praiſe:
To theſe he ſev'ral temples dedicates;
And Ulſin their diſtinguiſh'd uſe relates.
Religion's rites, ſeem here, in reaſon's ſway;
Though reaſon muſt religion's laws obey.

I.

The noble youths (reclaim'd by what they ſaw)
Would here unquiet war, as pride, forſake;
And ſtudy quiet nature's pleaſant law;
Which ſchools, through pride, by art uneaſy make.

II.

But now a ſudden ſhout their thoughts diverts!
So cheerful, general, and loud it was,
As paſs'd through all their ears, and fill'd their hearts;
Which lik'd the joy, before they knew the cauſe

III.

This Ulfin, by his long domeſtic ſkill,
Does thus explain. The wiſe I here obſerve,
Are wiſe tow'rds God; in whoſe great ſervice ſtill,
More than in that of kings, themſelves they ſerve.

IV.

He who this building's builder did create,
Has an apartment here triangular;
Where Aſtragon, three fanes did dedicate,
To days of praiſe, of penitence, and pray'r.

V.

To theſe, from different motives, all proceed;
For when diſcov'ries they on nature gain,
They praiſe high Heav'n which makes their work ſucceed,
But when it fails, in penitence complain.

VI.

If after praiſe, new bleſſings are not giv'n,
Nor mourning penitence can ills repair,
Like practis'd beggers, they ſolicit Heav'n,
And will prevail by violence of pray'r.

VII.

The temple built for pray'r, can neither boaſt
The builder's curious art, nor does declare,
By choice materials he intended coſt; [pray'r.
To ſhow, that nought ſhould need to tempt to

VIII.

No bells are here! unhing'd are all the gates!
Since craving in diſtreſs is natural,
All lies ſo op'n that none for entrance waits;
And thoſe whom faith invites, can need no call.

IX.

The great have by diſtinction here no name;
For all ſo cover'd come, in grave diſguiſe,
(To ſhow none come for decency or fame)
That all are ſtrangers to each other's eyes.

X.

But penitence appears unnatural;
For we repent what nature did perſuade;
And we lamenting man's continu'd fall,
Accuſe what nature neceſſary made.

XI.

Since the requir'd extreme of penitence
Seems ſo ſevere, this temple was deſign'd,
Solemn and ſtrange without, to catch the ſenſe,
And diſmal ſhow'd within, to awe the mind.

XII.

Of ſad black marble was the outward frame,
A mourning monument to diſtant ſight)
But by the largeneſs when you near it came,
It ſeem'd the palace of eternal night.

XIII.

Black beauty (which black Meroens had prais'd
Above their own) ſadly adorn'd each part;
In ſtone from Nile's hard quarries, ſlowly rais'd,
And ſlowlier poliſh'd by Numidian art.

XIV.

Hither a loud bell's toll, rather commands,
Than ſeems t' invite the perſecuted ear;
A ſummons nature hardly underſtands;
For few, and ſlow are thoſe who enter here.

XV.

Within, a diſmal majeſty they find!
All gloomy, great, all ſilent does appear!
As chaos was, e'er th' elements were deſign'd;
Man's evil fate ſeems hid and faſhion'd here.

XVI.

Here all the ornament is rev'rend black;
Here, the check'd ſun his univerſal face
Stops baſhfully, and will no entrance make;
As if he ſpy'd night naked through the glaſs.

XVII.

Black curtains hide the glaſs; whilſt from on high
A winking lamp, ſtill threatens all the room;
As if the lazy flame juſt now would die:
Such will the ſun's laſt light appear at doom!

XVIII.

This lamp was all, that here inform'd all eyes;
And by reflex, did on a picture gain
Some few falſe beams, that then from Sodom riſe;
Where pencils feign the fire which heav'n did rain.

XIX.

This on another tablet did reflect,
Where twice was drawn the am'rous Magdaline;
Whilſt beauty was her care, then her neglect;
And brighteſt through her tears ſhe ſeem'd to ſhine.

XX.

Near her, ſeem'd crucify'd, that lucky thief
(In heav'n's dark lott'ry proſp'rous more than wiſe)
Who gropp'd at laſt, by chance, for heav'n's relief,
And throngs undoes with hope, by one drawn prize.

XXI.

In many figures by reflex were ſent,
Through this black vault (inſtructive to the mind)
That early, and this tardy penitent;
For with Obſidian ſtone 'twas chiefly lin'd.

XXII.

The ſeats were made of Ethiopian wood,
The poliſh'd ebony, but thinly fill'd;
For none this place by nature underſtood;
And practice, when unpleaſant, makes few ſkill'd.

XXIII.

Yet theſe, whom heav'n's myſterious choice fetch'd in,
Quickly attain devotion's utmoſt ſcope;
For having ſoftly mourn'd away their ſin,
They grow ſo certain, as to need no hope.

XXIV.

At a low door they enter, but depart
Through a large gate, and to fair fields proceed;
Where Aſtragon makes nature laſt by art,
And ſuch long ſummers ſhows, as aſk no ſeed.

XXV.

Whilſt Ulfin this black temple thus expreſt
To theſe kind youths, whom equal ſoul endears;
(Goltho, and Ulfinore, in friendſhip bleſt)
A ſecond gen'ral ſhout ſalutes their ears.

XXVI.

To the glad houſe of praiſe this ſhout does call!
To pray'r (ſaid he) no ſummons us invites,
Becauſe diſtreſs does thither ſummon all;
As the loud toll to penitence excites.

XXVII.

But ſince, dull men, to gratitude are ſlow:
And joy'd conſent of hearts is high heav'n's choice;
To this of praiſe, ſhouts ſummon us to go;
Of hearts aſſembled, the unfeigned voice.

XXVIII.

And ſince, wiſe Aſtragon, with due applauſe,
Kind heav'n, for his ſucceſs, on nature pays;
This day, victorious art, has giv'n him cauſe,
Much to augment heav'n's lov'd reward of praiſe.

XXIX.

For this effectual day his art reveal'd,
What has ſo oft made nature's ſpies to pine,
The loadſtone's myſtic uſe, ſo long conceal'd
In cloſe alliance with the courſer mine.

XXX.

And this, in ſleepy viſion, he was bid
To regiſter in characters unknown;
Which heav'n will have from navigators hid,
Till Saturn's walk be twenty circuits grown.

XXXI.

For as religion (in the warm eaſt bred)
And arts (which next to it moſt needful were),
From vices ſprung from their corruption, fled;
And thence vouchſaf'd a cold plantation here:

XXXII.

So when they here again corrupted be,
(For man can even his antidotes infect)
Heav'n's reſerv'd world they in the weſt ſhall ſee;
To which this ſtone's hid virtue will direct.

XXXIII.

Religion then (whoſe age this world upbraids,
As ſcorn'd deformity) will thither ſteer;
Serv'd at fit diſtance by the arts, her maids,
Which grow too bold, when they attend too near.

XXXIV.

And ſome, whom traffic thither tempts, ſhall thence
In her exchange (though they did grudge her ſhrines,
And poorly baniſh'd her to ſave expence) [mines.
Bring home the idol, gold, from new found

XXXV.

Till then, ſad pilots muſt be often loſt,
Whilſt from the ocean's dreaded face they ſhrink;
And ſeeking ſafety near the coz'ning coaſt,
With winds ſurpris'd, by rocky ambuſh ſink.

XXXVI.

Or if ſucceſs rewards, what they endure,
The world's chief jewel, time, they then engage
And forfeit (truſting long the Cynoſure) [age.
To bring home nought but wretched gold, and

XXXVII.

Yet when this plague of ignorance ſhall end,
(Dire ignorance, with which God plagues us
Whilſt we not feeling it, him moſt offend) [moſt;
Then lower'd ſails no more ſhall tide the coaſt.

XXXVIII.

They with new tops to foremaſts and the main,
And miſens new, ſhall the ocean's breaſt invade;
Stretch new ſails out, as arms to entertain
Thoſe winds, of which their fathers were afraid.

XXXIX.

Then (ſure of either pole) they will with pride,
In ev'ry ſtorm, ſalute this conſtant ſtone!
And ſcorn that ſtar, which ev'ry cloud could hide;
The ſeaman's ſpark! which ſoon, as ſeen, is gone!

XL.

'Tis ſung, the ocean ſhall his bonds untie,
And earth in half a globe be pent no more;
Typhis ſhall ſail, till Thule he deſcry,
But a domeſtic ſtep to diſtant ſhore!

XLI.

This Aſtragon had read; and what the Greek,
Old Cretias, in Egyptian books had found;
By which his travell'd ſoul new worlds did ſeek,
And div'd to find the old Atlantis drown'd.

XLII.

Grave Ulfin thus diſcours'd; and now he brings
The youths to view the temple built for praiſe;
Where olive, for th' Olympian victor ſprings;
Myrtle, for love's; and for war's triumph, bays.

XLIII.

Theſe, as rewards of praiſe, about it grew;
For lib'ral praiſe, from an abundant mind,
Does even the conqueror of fate ſubdue;
Since heav'n's good King is captive to the kind.

XLIV.

Dark are all thrones, to what this temple ſeem'd;
Whoſe marble veins out-ſhin'd heav'n's various bow;
And would (eclipſing all proud Rome eſteem'd)
To northern eyes, like eaſtern mornings, ſhow.

XLV.

From Paros Iſle, was brought the milky white;
From Sparta, came the green, which cheers the view;
From Araby, the bluſhing Onychite,
And from the Miſnian hills, the deeper blew.

XLVI.

The arched front did on vaſt pillars fall;
Where all harmonious inſtruments they ſpy
Drawn out in boſs; which from the airigal
To the flat frize, in apt reſemblance lie.

XLVII.

Toſs'd cymbals (which the ſullen Jews admir'd)
Were figur'd here, with all of ancient choice
That joy did ere invent, or breath inſpir'd,
Or flying fingers touch'd into a voice.

XLVIII.

In ſtatute o'er the gate, God's fav'rite king
(The author of celeſtial praiſe) did ſtand;
His quire (that did his ſonnets ſet and ſing)
In niches rang'd, attended either hand.

XLIX.

From theſe, old Greeks ſweet muſic did improve;
The ſolemn Dorian did in temples charm,
The ſofter Lydian ſooth'd to bridal love,
And warlike Phrygian did to battle warm!

L.

They enter now, and with glad rev'rence ſaw
Glory, too ſolid great to taſte of pride;
So ſacred pleaſant, as preſerves an awe;
Though jealous prieſts, it neither praiſe nor hide,

LI.

Tapers and lamps are not admitted here; [grace;
Thoſe, but with ſhadows, give falſe beauty

And this victorious glory can appear
Unvail'd before the sun's meridian face:

LII.

Whose eastern lustre rashly enters now;
Where it his own mean infancy displays;
Where it does man's chief obligation show,
In what does most adorn the house of praise.

LIII.

The great creation by bold pencils drawn;
Where a feign'd curtain does our eyes forbid,
Till the sun's parent, light, first seems to dawn
From quiet Chaos, which that curtain hid.

LIV.

Then this all-rev'renc'd sun (God's hasty spark
Struck out of Chaos, when he first struck light)
Flies to the spheres, where first he found all dark,
And kindly there th' unkindled lamps of night.

LV.

Then motion, nature's great preservative,
Tun'd order in this world, life's restless inn;
Gave tides to seas, and caus'd stretch'd plants to live;
Else plants but seeds, and seas but lakes had been.

LVI.

But this fourth fiat, warming what was made,
(For light ne'er warm'd, till it did motion get)
The picture fills the world with woody shade;
To show how nature thrives by motion's heat.

LVII.

Then to those woods the next quick fiat brings
The feather'd kind; where merrily they fed,
As if their hearts were lighter then their wings;
For yet no cage was fram'd, nor net was spread.

LVIII.

The same fifth voice does seas and rivers store;
Then into rivers brooks the painter pours,
And rivers into seas; which (rich before)
Return their gifts, to both, exhal'd in show'rs.

LIX.

This voice (whose swift dispatch in all it wrought,
Seems to denote the speaker was in haste,
As if more worlds were framing in his thought)
Adds to this world one fiat, as the last.

LX.

Then strait an universal herd appears;
First gazing on each other in the shade;
Wond'ring with levell'd eyes, and lifted ears,
Then play, whilst yet their tyrant is unmade.

LXI.

And man, the painter now presents to view;
Haughty without, and busy still within;
Whom, when his furr'd and horned subjects knew,
Their sport is ended, and their fears begin.

LXII.

But here (to cure this tyrant's sullenness)
The painter has a new false curtain drawn,
Where beauty's hid creation to express;
From thence, harmless as light, he makes it dawn.

LXIII.

From thence breaks lov'ly forth, the world's first maid;
Her breast, Love's cradle, where Love quiet lies;
Nought yet had seen so foul, to grow afraid,
Nor gay, to make it cry with longing eyes.

LXIV.

And thence, from stupid sleep, her monarch steals;
She wonders, till so vain his wonder grows,
That it his feeble sov'reignty reveals;
Her beauty then, his manhood does depose.

LXV.

Deep into shades the painter leads them now;
To hide their future deeds; then storms does raise
O'er heav'n's smooth face, because their life does grow
Too black a story for the house of praise.

LXVI.

A noble painted vision next appears;
Where all heav'n's frowns in distant prospect waste;
And nought remains, but a short shower of tears,
Shed, by its pity, for revenges past.

LXVII.

The world's one ship, from th' old to a new world bound;
Freighted with life (chief of uncertain trades!)
After five moons at drift, lies now a ground;
Where her frail stowage, she in haste unlades.

LXVIII.

On Persian Caucasus the eight descend;
And seem their trivial beings to deplore;
Griev'd to begin this world in th' others end;
And to behold wreck'd nations on the shore.

LXIX.

Each humbled thus, his beasts led from aboard,
As fellow passengers, and heirs to breath;
Joint tenants to the world, he not their Lord;
Such likeness have we in the glass of death.

LXX.

Yet this humility begets their joy;
And taught, that heav'n (which fully sin sur-veys)
Was partial where it did not quite destroy;
So made the whole world's dirge their song of praise.

LXXI.

This first redemption to another led,
Kinder in deeds, and nobler in effects;
That but a few did respite from the dead,
This all the dead, from second death protects.

LXXII.

And know, lost Nature! this resemblance was
Thy frank Redeemer, in ascension shown;
When hell he conquer'd in thy desp'rate cause;
Hell, which before, man's common grave was grown.

LXXIII.

By pencils this was exquisitely wrought;
Rounded in all the curious would behold;
Where life came out, and met the painter's thought;
The force was tender, though the strokes were bold.

LXXIV.

The holy mourners, who this Lord of life
Ascending saw, did seem with him to rise;
So well the painter drew their passion strife,
To follow him with bodies, as with eyes.

LXXV.

This was the chief which in this temple did
By pencils rhetoric, to praise persuade;
Yet to the living here, compar'd, seems hid;
Who shine all painted glory into shade.

LXXVI.

Lord Aſtragon a purple mantle wore,
Where nature's ſtory was in colours wrought;
And though her ancient text ſeem'd dark before,
'Tis in this pleaſant comment clearly taught.

LXXVII.

Such various flow'ry wreaths th' aſſembly wear,
As ſhow'd them wiſely proud of nature's pride;
Which ſo adorn'd them, that the courſeſt here
Did ſeem a proſp'rous bridegroom, or a bride.

LXXVIII.

All ſhow'd as freſh, and fair, and innocent,
As virgins to their lovers firſt ſurvey;
Joy'd as the ſpring, when March his ſighs has ſpent,
And April's ſweet raſh tears are dry'd by May.

LXXIX.

And this confed'rate joy ſo ſwell'd each breaſt,
That joy would turn to pain without a vent;
Therefore their voices heav'n's renown expreſt;
Though tongues ne'er reach, what minds ſo nobly meant.

LXXX.

Yet muſic here ſhow'd all her art's high worth;
Whilſt virgin-trebles ſeem'd, with baſhful grace,
To call the bolder marry'd tenor forth;
Whoſe manly voice challeng'd the giant baſs.

LXXXI.

To theſe the ſwift ſoft inſtruments reply;
Whiſp'ring for help to thoſe whom winds inſpire;
Whoſe louder notes, to neighb'ring foreſts fly,
And ſummon Nature's voluntary quire.

LXXXII.

Theſe Aſtragon, by ſecret ſkill had taught,
To help, as if in artful conſort bred;
Who ſung, as if by chance on him they thought,
Whoſe care their careleſs merry fathers fed.

LXXXIII.

Hither, with borrow'd ſtrength, Duke Gondibert
Was brought, which now his rip'ning wounds allow;
And high heav'n's praiſe in muſic of the heart,
He inward ſings, to pay a victor's vow.

LXXXIV.

Praiſe is devotion fit for mighty minds!
The diff'ring world's agreeing ſacrifice;
Where heav'n divided faiths united finds;
But pray'r in various diſcord upward flies.

LXXXV.

For pray'r the ocean is, where diverſely
Men ſteer their courſe, each to a ſev'ral coaſt;
Where all our int'reſts ſo diſcordant be,
That half beg winds by which the reſt are loſt.

LXXXVI.

By penitence, when we ourſelves forſake,
'Tis but in wiſe deſign on piteous heav'n;
In praiſe we nobly give, what God may take,
And are without a beggar's bluſh forgiv'n.

LXXXVII.

Its utmoſt force, like powder's, is unknown! [fear,
And though weak kings exceſs of praiſe may
Yet when 'tis here, like powder, dang'rous grown,
Heav'n's vault receives, what would the palace tear.

CANTO VII.

The Argument.

The Duke's wiſh'd health in doubtful wounds aſſur'd;
Who gets new wounds before the old are cur'd:
Nature in Birtha, Art's weak help derides;
Which ſtrives to mend, what it at beſt but hides;
Shows Nature's courſer works, ſo hid, more courſe;
As ſin conceal'd, and unconfeſs'd, grows worſe.

I.

Let none our Lombard author rudely blame,
Who from the ſtory has thus long digreſt;
But for his righteous pains, may his fair Fame
Forever travel, whilſt his aſhes reſt.

II.

Ill could he leave art's ſhop of nature's ſtore;
Where ſhe the hidden ſoul would make more known; [more
Though common faith ſeeks ſouls, which is no
Then long opinion to religion grown.

III.

A while then let this ſage hiſtorian ſtay
With Aſtragon, till he new wounds reveals,
And ſuch (though now the old are worn away)
As balm, nor juice of pyrol, never heals.

IV.

To Aſtragon, heav'n for ſucceſſion gave
One only pledge, and Birtha was her name;
Whoſe mother ſlept, where flow'rs grew on her grave;
And ſhe ſucceeded her in face, and fame.

V.

Her beauty, princes, durſt not hope to uſe,
Unleſs, like poets, for their morning theme;
And her mind's beauty they would rather chooſe,
Which did the light in beauty's lanthorn ſeem.

VI.

She ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have undone
With untaught looks, and an unpractis'd heart;
Her nets, the most prepar'd, could never shun;
For nature spread them in the scorn of art.

VII.

She never had in busy cities been; [fears;
Ne'er warm'd with hopes, nor ere allay'd with
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin;
And sin not seeing, ne'er had use of tears.

VIII.

But here her fathers's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant business fill'd the hours;
In spring, she gather'd blossoms for the still;
In autumn, berries; and in summer, flowers.

IX.

And as kind Nature with calm diligence
Her own free virtue silently employs,
Whilst she, unheard, does rip'ning growth dispense,
So were her virtues busy without noise.

X.

Whilst her great mistress, nature, thus she tends,
The busy household waits no less on her;
By secret law, each to her beauty bends;
Though all her lowly mind to that prefer.

XI.

Gracious and free, she breaks upon them all
With morning looks; and they when she does rise,
Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall, [eyes.
And droop like flowers, when evening shuts her

XII.

The footy chemist (who his sight does waste,
Attending lesser fires) she passing by,
Broke his lov'd lymbic, through enamour'd haste,
And let, like common dew, th' elixer fly.

XIII.

And here the gray philosophers resort,
Who all to her, like crafty courtiers, bow;
Hoping for secrets now in nature's court;
Which only she (her fav'rite maid) can know.

XIV.

These, as the lords of science, she respects,
And with familiar beams their age she cheers;
Yet all those civil forms seem but neglects
To what she shows, when Astragon appears.

XV.

For as she once from him her being took, [sight
She hourly takes her law; reads with swift
His will, even at the op'ning of his look,
And shows, by haste, obedience her delight.

XVI.

She makes (when she at distance to him bows)
His int'rest in her mother's beauty known;
For that's th' original whence her copy grows;
And near originals, copies are not shown.

XVII.

And he, with dear regard, her gifts does wear
Of flowers, which she in mystic order ties;
And, with the sacrifice of many a tear,
Salutes her loyal mother in her eyes.

XVIII.

The just historians, Birtha thus express;
And tell how by her sire's example taught,
She serv'd the wounded Duke in life's distress,
And his fled spirits back by cordials brought.

XIX.

Black melancholy mists, that fed dispair
Through wounds long rage, with sprinkled vervin clear'd;
Strew'd leaves of willow to refresh the air,
And with rich fumes his sullen senses cheer'd.

XX.

He that had serv'd great Love with rev'rend heart,
In these old wounds, worse wounds from him endures;
For Love, makes Birtha shift with death, his dart,
And she kills faster then her father cures.

XXI.

Her heedless innocence as little knew
The wounds she gave, as those from Love she took;
And Love lifts high each secret shaft he drew;
Which at their stars he first in triumph shook!

XXII.

Love he had lik'd, yet never lodg'd before;
But finds him now a bold unquiet guest;
Who climbs to windows, when we shut the door;
And enter'd, never lets the master rest.

XXIII.

So strange disorder, now he pines for health,
Makes him conceal this reveller with shame;
She not the robber knows, yet feels the stealth;
And never but in songs had heard his name.

XXIV.

Yet then it was, when she did smile at hearts
Which country lovers wear in bleeding seals;
Ask'd where his pretty godhead found such darts,
As make those wounds that only Hymen heals.

XXV.

And this, her ancient maid, with sharp complaints
Heard, and rebuk'd; shook her experienc'd head;
With tears besought her not to jest at saints,
Nor mock those martyrs Love had captive led.

XXVI.

Nor think the pious poets e'er would waste
So many tears in ink, to make maids mourn,
If injur'd lovers had in ages past
The lucky myrtle, more then willow worn.

XXVII

This grave rebuke, officious memory
Presents to Birtha's thought; who now believ'd
Such sighing songs, as tell why lovers die,
And prais'd their faith, who wept, when poets griev'd.

XXVIII.

She, full of inward questions, walks alone,
To take her heart aside in secret shade;
But knocking at her breast, it seem'd, or gone,
Or by confed'racy was useless made;

XXIX.

Or else some stranger did usurp its room;
One so remote, and new in ev'ry thought,
As his behaviour shows him not at home;
Nor the guide sober that him thither brought.

XXX.

Yet with this foreign heart, she does begin
To treat of love, her most unstudy'd theme;

And like young conſcience'd caſuiſts, thinks that ſin,
Which will by talk and practiſe lawful ſeem.

XXXI.

With open ears, and ever waking eyes,
And flying feet, Love's fire ſhe from the ſight
Of all her maids does carry, as from ſpies;
Jealous, that what burns her, might give them light.

XXXII.

Beneath a myrtle covert ſhe does ſpend
In maid's weak wiſhes, her whole ſtock of thought;
Fond maids! who love, with minds fine ſtuff would mend,
Which nature purpoſely of bodies wrought.

XXXIII.

She faſhions him ſhe lov'd of angels kind;
Such as in holy ſtory were employ'd
To the firſt fathers, from th' eternal mind;
And in ſhort viſion only are enjoy'd.

XXXIV.

As eagles then, when neareſt heav'n they fly,
Of wild impoſſibles ſoon weary grow;
Feeling their bodies find no reſt ſo high,
And therefore perch on earthly things below:

XXXV

So now ſhe yields; him ſhe an angel deem'd
Shall be a man; the name which virgins fear;
Yet the moſt harmleſs to a maid he ſeem'd,
That ever yet that fatal name did bear.

XXXVI.

Soon her opinion of his hurtleſs heart,
Affection turns to faith; and then love's fire
To heav'n, though baſhfully, ſhe does impart;
And to her mother in the heav'nly quire.

XXXVII.

If I do love, (ſaid ſhe) that love (O heav'n!)
Your own diſciple, nature, bred in me;
Why ſhould I hide the paſſion you have given,
Or bluſh to ſhow effects which you decree?

XXXVIII.

And you, my alter'd mother (grown above
Great nature, which you read, and reverenc'd here)
Chide not ſuch kindneſs, as you once call'd love,
When you as mortal as my father were.

XXXIX.

This ſaid, her ſoul into her breaſt retires!
With Love's vain diligence of heart ſhe dreams
Herſelf into poſſeſſion of deſires,
And truſts unanchor'd hope in fleeting ſtreams.

XL.

Already thinks, the Duke her own ſpous'd lord,
Cur'd, and again from bloody battle brought;
Where all falſe lovers periſh'd by his ſword;
The true to her for his protection fought.

XLI.

She thinks, how her imagin'd ſpouſe and ſhe,
So much from heav'n, may by her virtues gain;
That they by time ſhall ne'er o'ertaken be,
No more than time himſelf is overta'en.

XLII.

Or ſhould he touch them as he by does paſs,
Heav'n's favour may repay their ſummers gone,
And he ſo mix their ſand in a ſlow glaſs,
That they ſhall live, and not as two, but one.

XLIII.

She thinks of Eden-life; and no rough wind,
In their Pacific Sea ſhall wrinkles make;
That ſtill her lowlineſs ſhall keep him kind,
Her ears keep him aſleep, her voice awake.

XLIV.

She thinks, if ever anger in him ſway,
(The youthful warrior's moſt excus'd diſeaſe)
Such chance her tears ſhall calm, as ſhower's allay
The accidental rage of winds and ſeas.

XLV.

She thinks that babes proceed from mingling eyes,
Or heav'n from neighbourhood increaſe allows,
As Palm and the Mamora fructifies;
Or they are got, by cloſe exchanging vows.

XLVI.

But come they (as ſhe hears, from mother's pain,
(Which by th' unlucky firſt-maid's longing, proves
A laſting curſe) yet that ſhe will ſuſtain,
So they be like this heav'nly man ſhe loves.

XLVII.

Thus to herſelf in day-dreams Birtha talks;
The Duke (whoſe wounds of war are healthful grown)
To cure Love's wounds, ſeeks Birtha where ſhe walks;
Whoſe wand'ring ſoul ſeeks him to cure her own.

XLVIII.

Yet when her ſolitude he did invade,
Shame (which in maids is unexperienc'd fear)
Taught her to wiſh night's help to make more ſhade,
That love (which maids think guilt) might not appear.

XLIX.

And ſhe had fled him now, but that he came
So like an aw'd, and conquer'd enemy,
That he did ſeem offenceleſs, as her ſhame;
As if he but advanc'd for leave to fly.

L.

Firſt with a longing ſeaman's look he gaz'd,
Who would ken land, when ſeas would him devour;
Or like a fearful ſcout, who ſtands amaz'd
To view the foe, and multiplies their pow'r.

LI.

Then all the knowledge which her father had
He dreams in her, through purer organs wrought;
Whoſe ſoul (ſince there more delicately clad)
By leſſer weight, more active was in thought.

LII.

And to that ſoul thus ſpake, with tremb'ling voice;
The world will be (O thou, the whole world's maid!)
Since now 'tis old enough to make wiſe choice,
Taught by thy mind, and by thy beauty ſway'd.

LIII.

And I a needleſs part of it, unleſs
You think me for the whole a delegate,
To treat for what they want of your exceſs,
Virtue to ſerve the univerſal ſtate.

LIV.

Nature (our firſt example, and our queen,
Whoſe court this is, and you her minion maid)

The world thinks now, is in her ſickneſs ſeen,
And that her noble influence is decay'd.

LV.

And the records ſo worn of her firſt law,
That men, with art's hard ſhifts, read what is good;
Becauſe your beauty many never ſaw,
The text by which your mind is underſtood.

LVI.

And I with the apoſtate world ſhould grow,
From ſov'reign Nature, a revolted ſlave,
But that my lucky wounds brought me to know,
How with their cure my ſicker mind to ſave.

LVII.

A mind ſtill dwelling idly in mine eyes,
Where it from outward pomp could ne'er abſtain;
But even in beauty, coſt of courts did prize,
And nature, unaſſiſted, thought too plain.

LVIII.

Yet by your beauty now reform'd, I find
All other only current by falſe light;
Or but vain viſions of a fev'riſh mind;
Too ſlight to ſtand the teſt of waking ſight.

LIX.

And for my healthful mind (diſeas'd before)
My love I pay; a gift you may diſdain,
Since love to you, men give not, but reſtore;
As rivers to the ſea pay back the rain.

LX.

Yet eaſtern kings, who, all by birth poſſeſs,
Take gifts, as gifts, from vaſſals of the crown;
So think in love, your property not leſs,
By my kind giving what was firſt your own.

LXI.

Lifted with love, thus he with lover's grace,
And love's wild wonder, ſpake; and he was rais'd
So much with rev'rence of this learned place,
That ſtill he fear'd to injure all he prais'd.

LXII.

And ſhe in love unpractis'd and unread,
(But for ſome hints her miſtreſs, nature, taught)
Had it, till now, like grief with ſilence fed;
For love and grief are nouriſh'd beſt with thought.

LXIII.

But this cloſs diet, Love endures not long;
He muſt in ſighs, or ſpeech, take air abroad;
And thus, with his interpreter, her tongue,
He ventures forth, though like a ſtranger aw'd.

LXIV.

She ſaid, thoſe virtues now ſhe highly needs,
Which he ſo artfully in her does praiſe,
To check (ſince vanity on praiſes feeds)
That pride which his authentic words may raiſe.

LXV.

That if her pray'rs, or care, did ought reſtore
Of abſent health, in his bemoan'd diſtreſs;
She beg'd, he would approve her duty more,
And ſo commend her feeble virtue leſs.

LXVI.

That ſhe the payment he of love would make
Leſs underſtood, then yet the debt ſhe knew;
But coins unknown, ſuſpiciouſly we take,
And debts, till manifeſt, are never due.

LXVII.

With baſhful looks ſhe ſought him to retire;
Leaſt the ſharp air ſhould his new health invade;
And as ſhe ſpake, ſhe ſaw her rev'rend ſire
Approach to ſeek her in her uſual ſhade.

LXVIII.

To whom with filial homage ſhe does bow:
The Duke did firſt at diſtant duty ſtand,
But ſoon embrac'd his knees; whilſt he more low
Does bend to him, and then reach'd Birtha's hand.

LXIX.

Her face, o'ercaſt with thought, does ſoon betray
Th' aſſembled ſpirits, which his eyes detect
By her pale look, as by the milky way
Men firſt did the aſſembled ſtars ſuſpect.

LXX.

Or as a priſ'ner, that in priſon pines,
Still at the utmoſt window grieving lies;
Even ſo her ſoul, impriſon'd, ſadly ſhines,
As if it watch'd for freedom at her eyes!

LXXI.

This guides him to her pulſe, th' alarum bell,
Which waits the inſurrections of deſire;
And rings ſo faſt, as if the citadel,
Her newly conquer'd breaſt, were all on fire!

LXXII.

Then on the Duke, he caſts a ſhort ſurvey;
Whoſe veins, his temples, with deep purple grace;
Then Love's deſpair gives them a pale allay;
And ſhifts the whole complexion of his face.

LXXIII.

Nature's wiſe ſpy does onward with them walk;
And finds, each in the midſt of thinking ſtarts;
Breath'd ſhort, and ſwiftly in diſorder'd talk,
To cool, beneath Love's torrid zone, their hearts.

LXXIV.

When all theſe ſymptoms he obſerv'd, he knows
From Alga, which is rooted deep in ſeas,
To the high cedar that on mountains grows,
No ſov'reign herb is found for their diſeaſe.

LXXV.

He would not nature's eldeſt law reſiſt,
As if wiſe Nature's law could be impure;
But Birtha with indulgent looks diſmiſt,
And means to counſel, what he cannot cure.

LXXVI.

With mourning Gondibert he walks apart,
To watch his paſſion's force; who ſeems to bear
By ſilent grief, two tyrants o'er his heart,
Great Love, and his inferior tyrant, Fear.

LXXVII.

But Aſtragon ſuch kind inquiries made,
Of all which to his art's wiſe cares belong,
As his ſick ſilence he does now diſſuade,
And midſt Love's fears, gives conrage to his tongue.

LXXVIII.

Then thus he ſpake with Love's humility;
Have pity father! and ſince firſt ſo kind,
You would not let this worthleſs body die,
Vouchſafe more nobly to preſerve my mind!

LXXIX.

A mind ſo lately lucky, as it here
Has virtue's mirror found, which does reflect

Such blemiſhes as cuſtom made it wear,
But more authentic nature does detect.

LXXX.

A mind long ſick of monarchs vain diſeaſe;
Not to be fill'd, becauſe with glory fed;
So buſy it condemn'd even war of eaſe,
And for their uſeleſs reſt deſpis'd the dead.

LXXXI.

But ſince it here has virtue quiet found,
It thinks (though ſtorms were wiſh'd by it before)
All ſick at leaſt at ſea, that 'ſcape undrown'd,
Whom glory ſerves as wind, to leave the ſhore.

LXXXII.

All virtue is to yours but faſhion now,
Religion, art; internals are all gone,
Or outward turn'd, to ſatisfy with ſhow,
Not God, but his inferior eye, the ſun.

LXXXIII.

And yet, though virtue be as faſhion ſought,
And now religion rules by art's prais'd ſkill;
Faſhion is virtue's mimic, falſely taught;
And art, but nature's ape, which plays her ill.

LXXXIV.

To this bleſt houſe (great Nature's court) all courts
Compar'd, are but dark cloſets for retreat
Of private minds, battle's but childrens ſports;
And only ſimple good, is ſolid great.

LXXXV.

Let not the mind, thus freed from error's night,
(Since you repriev'd my body from the grave)
Periſh for being now in love with light,
But let your virtue, virtue's lover ſave.

LXXXVI.

Birtha I love; and who loves wiſely ſo,
Steps far tow'rds all which virtue can attain;
But if we periſh, when tow'rds heav'n we go,
Then have I learnt that virtue is in vain.

LXXXVII.

And now his heart (extracted through his eyes
In Love's elixer, tears) does ſoon ſubdue
Old Aſtragon; whoſe pity, though made wiſe
With Love's falſe eſſences, likes theſe as true.

LXXXVIII.

The Duke he to a ſecret bower does lead,
Where he his youth's firſt ſtory may attend;
To gueſs, ere he will let his love proceed,
By ſuch a dawning, how his day will end.

LXXXIX.

For virtue, though a rarely planted flower,
Was in the ſeed by this wiſe floriſt known;
Who could foretel, even in her ſpringing hour,
What colours ſhe ſhall wear when fully blown!

CANTO VIII.

Argument.

Birtha her firſt unpractis'd Love bewails,
Whilſt Gondibert on Aſtragon prevails,
By ſhowing, high ambition is of uſe,
And glory in the good needs no excuſe.
Goltho a grief to Ulfinore reveals,
Whilſt he a greater of his own conceals.

I.

Birtha her griefs to her apartment brought,
Where all her maids to heav'n were us'd to raiſe
Their voices, whilſt their buſy fingers wrought
To deck the altar of the houſe of praiſe.

II.

But now ſhe finds their muſic turn'd to care;
Their looks allay'd, like beauty overworn;
Silent and ſad as with'ring fav'rites are,
Who for their ſick indulgent monarch mourn.

III.

Thula (the eldeſt of this ſilenc'd quire)
When Birtha at this change aſtoniſh'd was,
With haſty whiſper, begg'd her to retire;
And on her knees, thus tells their ſorrow's cauſe.

IV.

Forgive me ſuch experience, as too ſoon,
Show'd me unlucky Love; by which I gueſs
How maids are by their innocence undone,
And trace thoſe ſorrows that them firſt oppreſs.

V.

Forgive ſuch paſſion as to ſpeech perſuades,
And to my tongue my obſervation brought;
And then forgive my tongue, which to your maids,
Too raſhly carry'd, what experience taught.

VI.

For ſince I ſaw this wounded ſtranger here,
Your inward muſic ſtill untun'd has been;
You who could need no hope, have learnt to fear,
And practis'd grief, e'er you did know to ſin.

VII.

This being love, to Agatha I told;
Did on her tongue, as on ſtill death rely;
But winged Love, ſhe was too young to hold,
And, wanton-like, let it to others fly.

VIII.

Love, who in whiſper ſcap'd, did public grow;
Which makes them now their time in ſilence waſte;
Makes their neglected needles move ſo ſlow, [faſt.
And through their eyes, their hearts diſſolve ſo

IX.

For oft, dire tales of love has fill'd their heads;
And while they doubt you in that tyrant's pow'r,
The ſpring (they think) may viſit woods and meads,
But ſcarce ſhall hear a bird, or ſee a flow'r.

X.

Ah how (ſaid Birtha) ſhall I dare confeſs
My griefs to thee, Love's raſh, impatient ſpy;
Thou (Thula) who didſt run to tell thy gueſs,
With ſecrets known, wilt to confeſſion fly.

XI.

But if I love this prince, and have in heav'n
Made any friends by vows, you need not fear
He will make good the feature, Heav'n has giv'n;
And be as harmleſs as his looks appear.

XII.

Yet I have heard, that men whom maids think kind,
Calm, as forgiven ſaints, at their laſt hour,
Oft prove like ſeas, enrag'd by ev'ry wind,
And all to whom their boſoms truſt, devour.

XIII.

Howe'er, Heav'n knows, (the witneſs of the mind)
My heart bears men no malice, nor eſteems
Young princes of the common cruel kind,
Nor love ſo foul as it in ſtory ſeems.

XIV.

Yet if this prince brought love, whate'er it be,
I muſt ſuſpect, though I accuſe it not;
For ſince he came, my medic'nal houſewifery,
Confections, and my ſtills, are all forgot.

XV.

Bloſſoms in winds: berries in froſts may fall!
And flowers ſink down in rain! for I no more
Shall maids to woods, for early gath'rings call,
Nor haſte to gardens to prevent a ſhower.

XVI.

Then ſhe retires; and now a lovely ſhame
That ſhe reveal'd ſo much, poſſeſs'd her cheeks;
In a dark lanthorn ſhe would bear love's flame,
To hide herſelf, whilſt ſhe her lover ſeeks.

XVII.

And to that lover let our ſong return:
Whoſe tale ſo well was to her father told,
As the philoſopher did ſeem to mourn [old.
That youth had reach'd ſuch worth, and he ſo

XVIII.

Yet Birtha was ſo precious in his eyes,
And, her dead mother ſtill ſo near his mind
That farther yet he thus his prudence tries,
Ere ſuch a pledge he to his truſt reſign'd.

XIX.

Whoe'er (ſaid he) in thy firſt ſtory looks,
Shall praiſe thy wiſe converſing with the dead;
For with the dead he lives, who is with books,
And in the camp (death's moving palace) bred.

XX.

Wiſe youth, in books and battles early finds
What thoughtleſs lazy men perceive too late;
Books ſhow the utmoſt conqueſts of our minds,
Battles, the beſt of our lov'd bodies fate.

XXI.

Yet this great breeding, join'd with kings' high blood
(Whoſe blood ambition's fever over-heats)
May ſpoil digeſtion, which would elſe be good,
As ſtomachs are deprav'd with higheſt meats.

XXII.

For though books ſerve as diet of the mind;
If knowledge, early got, ſelf-value breeds,
By falſe digeſtion it is turn'd to wind;
And what ſhould nouriſh, on the eater feeds.

XXIII.

Though war's great ſhape beſt educates the ſight,
And makes ſmall ſoft'ning objects leſs our care;
Yet war, when urg'd for glory, more than right,
Shows victors but authentic murd'rers are.

XXIV.

And I may fear that your laſt victories
Where glory's toils, and you will ill abide
(Since with new trophies ſtill you fed your eyes)
Thoſe little objects which in ſhades we hide.

XXV.

Could you, in fortune's ſmiles, foretel her frowns,
Our old foes ſlain, you would not hunt for new;
But victors, after wreaths, pretend to crowns;
And ſuch think Rhodalind their valour's due.

XXVI.

To this the noble Gondibert replies;
Think not ambition can my duty ſway;
I look on Rhodalind with ſubjects eyes,
Whom he that conquers, muſt in right obey.

XXVII.

And though I humanly have heretofore
All beauty lik'd, I never lov'd till now;
Nor think a crown can raiſe his value more,
To whom already Heav'n does love allow.

XXVIII.

Though, ſince I gave the Hunns their laſt defeat,
I have the Lombard's enſigns onward led,
Ambition kindled not this victor's heat,
But 'tis a warmth my father's prudence bred.

XXIX.

Who caſt on more than wolviſh man his eye,
Man's neceſſary hunger judg'd, and ſaw
That caus'd not his devouring malady;
But like a wanton whelp he loves to gnaw.

XXX.

Man ſtill is ſick for pow'r, yet that diſeaſe
Nature (whoſe law is temp'rance) ne'er inſpires;
But 'tis a humour, which fond man does pleaſe,
A luxury, fruition only tires.

XXXI.

And as in perſons, ſo in public ſtates,
The luſt of pow'r provokes to cruel war;
For wiſeſt ſenates it intoxicates,
And makes them vain, as ſingle perſons are.

XXXII.

Men into nations it did firſt divide; [ſtyles;
Whilſt place, ſcarce diſtant, gives them diff'rent
Rivers, whoſe breadth inhabitants may ſtride,
Parts them as much as continents and iſles.

XXXIII.

On equal, ſmooth, and undiſtinguiſh'd ground,
The luſt of pow'r does liberty impair,
And limits by a border and a bound,
What was before as paſſable as air;

XXXIV.

Whilſt change of languages oft breeds a war,
(A change which faſhion does as oft obtrude
As women's dreſs) and oft complexions are,
And diff'rent names, no leſs a cauſe of feud.

XXXV.

Since men ſo cauſeleſsly themſelves devour,
(And haſt'ning ſtill, their elſe too haſty fates,
Act but continu'd maſſacres for pow'r),
My father meant to chaſtiſe kings and ſtates.

XXXVI.

To overcome the world, till but one crown
And univerſal neighbourhood he ſaw;
Till all were rich by that alliance grown,
And want no more ſhould be the cauſe of law.

XXXVII.

One family the world was firſt deſign'd;
And though ſome fighting kings ſo ſever'd are,
That they muſt meet by help of ſeas and wind;
Yet when they fight 'tis but a civil war.

XXXVIII.

Nor could religion's heat, if one rul'd all,
To bloody war the unconcern'd allure;
And haſten us from earth, ere age does call,
Who are (alas!) of heav'n ſo little ſure.

XXXIX.

Religion, ne'er till divers monarchies,
Taught that Almighty Heav'n needs army's aid;
But with contentious kings ſhe now complies,
Who ſeem, for their own cauſe, of God's afraid.

XL.

To join all ſever'd pow'rs (which is to end
The cauſe of war) my father onward fought;
By war the Lombard ſceptre to extend [fought.
Till peace were forc'd, where it was ſlowly

XLI.

He loſt in this attempt his laſt dear blood;
And I (whom no remoteneſs can deter,
If what ſeems difficult, be great and good)
Thought his example could not make me err.

XLII.

No place I merit in the book of fame! [fill'd;
Whoſe leaves are by the Greeks and Romans
Yet I preſume to boaſt, ſhe knows my name,
And ſhe has heard to whom the Hunns did yield.

XLIII.

But let not what ſo needfully was done,
Though ſtill purſu'd, make you ambition fear;
For could I force all monarchies to one,
That univerſal crown I would not wear.

XLIV.

He who does blindly ſoar at Rhodalind, [eaſe;
Mounts like ſeal'd doves, ſtill higher from his
And in the luſt of empire he may find,
High hope does better than fruition pleaſe.

XLV.

The victor's ſolid recompence is reſt;
And 'tis unjuſt, that chiefs who pleaſure ſhun,
Toiling in youth, ſhould be in age oppreſt
With greater toils, by ruling what they won.

XLVI.

Here all reward of conqueſt I would find;
Leave ſhining thrones for Birtha in a ſhade;
With nature's quiet wonders fill my mind,
And praiſe her moſt, becauſe ſhe Birtha made.

XLVII.

Now Aſtragon (with joy ſuffic'd) perceiv'd
How nobly Heav'n for Birtha did provide;
Oft had he for her parted mother griev'd,
But can this joy, leſs than that ſorrow hide.

XLVIII.

With tears, bids Gondibert to Heav'n's eye make
All good within, as to the world he ſeems;
And in gain'd Birtha then from Hymen take
All youth can wiſh, and all his age eſteems.

XLIX.

Strait to his lov'd philoſophers he hies,
Who now at nature's council buſy are
To trace new lights, which ſome old gazer ſpies;
Whilſt the Duke ſeeks more buſily his ſtar.

L.

But in her ſearch, he is by Goltho ſtay'd,
Who in a cloſe dark covert folds his arms;
His eyes with thoughts grow darker than that ſhade;
Such thoughts as yielding breaſts with ſtudy [warms.

LI.

Fix'd to unheeded object his eye!
His ſenſes he calls in, as if t' improve
By outward abſence, inward ecſtacy,
Such as makes prophets, or is made by love.

LII.

Awake! (ſaid Gondibert) for now in vain
Thou dream'ſt of ſov'reignty, and war's ſucceſs;
Hope, nought has left, which worth ſhould wiſh to gain;
And all ambition is but hope's exceſs.

LIII.

Bid all our worthies to unarm, and reſt!
For they have nought to conquer with their care;
I have a father's right in Birtha's breaſt, [war.
And that's the peace for which the wiſe make

LIV.

At this ſtarts Goltho, like ſome army's chief,
Whom, unentrench'd, a midnight 'larum wakes;
By pauſe then gave diſorder'd ſenſe relief,
And this reply with kindled paſſion makes.

LV.

What means my prince to make ſo low a boaſt,
Whoſe merit may aſpire to Rhodalind?
For who could Birtha miſs if ſhe were loſt,
That ſhall by worth the others treaſure find?

LVI.

When your high blood, and conqueſts ſhall ſubmit
To ſuch mean joys, in this unminded ſhade,
Let courts, without Heav'n's lamps, in darkneſs ſit,
And war become the lowly ſhepherd's trade.

LVII.

Birtha, (a harmleſs country ornament!)
May be his bride, that's born himſelf to ſerve;
But you muſt pay that blood your army ſpent,
And wed that empire which our wounds deſerve.

LVIII.

This brought the Duke's ſwift anger to his eyes,
Which his conſid'rate heart rebuk'd as faſt;
He Goltho chid, in that he nought replies;
Leaves him, and Birtha ſeeks with lover's haſte.

LIX.

Now Goltho mourns, yet not that Birtha's fair,
Or that the Duke ſtruns empire for a bride;
But that himſelf muſt join love to deſpair;
Himſelf who loves her, and his love muſt hide.

LX.

He curs'd that him the wounded hither brought
From Oſwald's field, where, though he wounds did 'ſcape
In tempting death, and here no danger ſought,
Yet here meet worſe than death in beauty's ſhape.

LXI.

He was unus'd to love, as bred in wars;
And not till now for beauty leiſure had;
Yet bore love's load, as youth bears other cares,
Till new deſpair makes love's old weight too ſad.

LXII.

But Ulfinore, does hither aptly come,
His ſecond breaſt, in whom his grief's exceſs
He may ebb out, where they o'erflow at home;
Such griefs, as thus in throngs for utt'rance preſs.

LXIII.

Forgive me that ſo falſely am thy friend!
No more our hearts for kindneſs ſhall conteſt;
Since mine I hourly on another ſpend,
And now embrace thee with an empty breaſt.

LXIV.

Yet pard'ning me, you cancel Nature's fault;
Who walks with her firſt force in Birtha's ſhape;
And when ſhe ſpreads the net to have us caught,
It were in youth preſumption to eſcape.

LXV.

When Birtha's grief ſo comely did appear,
Whilſt ſhe beheld our wounded Duke's diſtreſs;
Then firſt my alter'd heart began to fear,
Leaſt too much love ſhould friendſhip diſpoſſeſs.

LXVI.

But this, whilſt Ulfinore with ſorrow hears,
Him Goltho's buſier ſorrow little heeds;
And though he could reply in ſighs and tears,
Yet governs both, and Goltho thus proceeds:

LXVII.

To love's new dangers I have gone unarm'd;
I lack'd experience why to be afraid;
Was too unlearn'd to read whom love had harm'd;
But have his will as nature's law obey'd.

LXVIII.

Th' obedient and defenceleſs, ſure, no law
Afflicts, for law is their defence, and pow'r;
Yet me, love's ſheep, whom rigour needs not awe,
Wolf-love, becauſe defenceleſs, does devour:

LXIX.

Gives me not time to periſh by degrees,
But with deſpair does me at once deſtroy;
For none who Gondibert a lover ſees,
Thinks he would love, but where he may enjoy.

LXX.

Birtha he loves; and I from Birtha fear
Death that in rougher figure I deſpiſe!
Thus Ulfinore did with diſtemper hear,
Yet with diſſembled temp'rance thus replies:

LXXI.

Ah, Goltho! who love's fever can aſſuage?
For though familiar ſeem that old diſeaſe;
Yet like religion's fit, when people rage,
Few cure thoſe evils which the patient pleaſe.

LXXII.

Nature's religion, love, is ſtill perverſe;
And no commerce with cold diſcretion hath,
For if diſcretion ſpeak when love is fierce,
('Tis wav'd by love, as reaſon is by faith.

LXXIII.

As Gondibert left Goltho when he heard
His ſaint profan'd, as if ſome plague were nigh;
So Goltho now leaves Ulfinore, and fear'd
To ſhare ſuch veng'ance, if he did not fly.

LXXIV.

How each at home o'er-rates his miſery,
And thinks that all are muſical abroad,
Unſetter'd as the winds, whilſt only he
Of all the glad and licens'd world is aw'd?

LXXV.

And as cag'd birds are by the fowler ſet
To call in more, whilſt thoſe that taken be,
May think (though they are pris'ners in the net)
Th' incag'd, becauſe they ſing, ſometimes are free.

LXXVI.

So Goltho (who by Ulfinore was brought
Here where he firſt love's dangers did perceive
In beauty's field) thinks though himſelf was caught,
Th' inviter ſafe, becauſe not heard to grieve.

LXXVII.

But Ulfinore (whom neighbourhood led here)
Impreſſions took before from Birtha's ſight;
Ideas which in ſilence hidden were,
As Heav'n's deſigns before the birth of light.

LXXVIII.

This from his father Ulfin he did hide,
Who, ſtrict to youth, would not permit the beſt
Reward of worth, the boſom of a bride,
Should be but after virtuous toils poſſeſt.

LXXIX.

For Ulfinore (in blooming honour yet)
Though he had learnt the count'nance of the foe,
And though his courage could dull armies whet,
The care o'ercrowds, nor conduct could not know;

LXXX.

Nor vary battles ſhape in the foe's view;
But now in foreign fields means to improve
His early arts, to what his father knew,
That merit ſo might get him leave to love.

LXXXI.

Till then, check'd paſſion, ſhall not venture forth:
And now retires with a diſorder'd heart;
Griev'd, leaſt his rival ſhould by early worth
Get love's reward, ere he can gain deſert.

LXXXII.

But ſtop we here, like thoſe who day-light lack;
Or as miſguided travellers that rove,
Oft find their way by going ſomewhat back;
So let's return, thou ill conductor love!

LXXXIII.

Thy little wanton godhead as my guide
I have attended many a winter night;
To ſeek whom time for honour's ſake would hide,
Since in mine age ſought by a waſted light.

LXXXIV.

But ere my remnant of life's lamp be ſpent,
Whilſt I in lab'rinths ſtray amongſt the dead,
I mean to recollect the paths I went,
And judge from thence the ſteps I am to tread.

LXXXV.

Thy walk (though as a common deity
The crowd does follow thee) myſterious grow

For Rhodalind may now close mourner die,
Since Gondibert, too late, her sorrow knows.

LXXXVI

Young Hurgonil above dear light prefers
Calm Orna, who his highest love outloves;
Yet envious clouds in Lombard registers [proves.
O'ercast their morn, whate'er their evening

LXXXVII.

For fatal Laura, trusty Tybalt pines;
For haughty Gartha, subtle Hermegild;
Whilst she her beauty, youth, and birth declines;
And as to fate does to ambition yield.

LXXXVIII.

Great Gondibert, to bashful Birtha bends,
Whom she adores like virtue in a throne;
Whilst Ulfinore and Goltho (late vow'd friends
By him) are now his rivals, and their own.

LXXXIX.

Through ways thus intricate to lover's urns,
Thou lead'st me, love, to show thy trophies past;
Where time (less cruel than thy godhead) mourns
In ruins which thy pride would have to last.

XC.

Where I on Lombard monuments have read
Old lover's names, and their fam'd ashes spy'd;
But less can learn by knowing they are dead,
And such their tombs, than how they liv'd and dy'd.

XCI.

To Paphos fly! and leave me sullen here!
This lamp shall light me to records which give
To future youth, so just a cause of fear,
That it will valour seem to dare to live!

BOOK III. CANTO I.

The Argument.

The people, left by Gartha, leave to mourn;
And worship Hermegild for her return.
The wounded Hurgonil by Orna cur'd;
Their loyal loves by marriage plight assur'd.
In Laura's hasty change, love's pow'r appears,
And Tybalt seeks the kindness which he fears.

I.

When sad Verona saw in Gartha's shape [prais'd;
Departed peace brought back, the court they
And seem'd so joy'd as cities which escape
A siege, that by their own brave sallies rais'd.

II.

And Hermegild, to make her triumph long,
Through all the streets his chariot slowly drove;
Whilst she endures the kindness of the throng,
Though rude, as was their rage, is now their love.

III.

On Hermegild (so longingly desir'd [gaze;
From Hubert's camp) with childish eyes they
They worship now, what late they but admir'd,
And all his arts to mighty magic raise.

IV.

On both they such abundant blessings throw,
As if those num'rous priests who here reside,
(Loth to out-live this joy) assembled now
In haste to bless the laity ere they dy'd.

V.

Thus dignify'd and crown'd, through all the streets
To court they come; where them wise Aribert
Not weakly with a public passion meets;
But in his open'd face conceal'd his heart.

VI.

With mod'rate joy he took this pledge of peace,
Because great joys infer to judging eyes
The mind distress'd before; and in distress, [spies.
Thrones, which are jealous forts, think all are

VII.

Yet, by degrees, a soul delighted shows
To Gartha, whom he leads to Rhodalind;
And soon to Hermegild as artless grows
As maids, and like successful lovers kind.

VIII.

And Rhodalind, though bred to daily sight
Of court's feign'd faces, and pretended hearts,
(In which disguises courts take no delight,
But little mischiefs shun by little arts.)

IX.

She, when she Gartha saw, no kindness feign'd,
But faithfully her former rage excus'd;
For now she other's sorrow entertain'd,
As if to love, a maid's first sorrow us'd,

X.

Yet did her first with cautious gladness meet;
Then soon from grave respect to fondness grew;
To kisses in their taste and odour sweet,
As Hybla honey, or Arabian dew.

XI.

And Gartha like an eastern monarch's bride,
This public love with bashful homage took;
For she had learn'd from Hermegild to hide
A rising heart, behind a falling look.

XII.

Thus, mask'd with meekness, she does much entreat
A pardon for that storm her sorrow rais'd;
Which Rhodalind more sues she would forget,
Unless to have so just a sorrow prais'd.

XIII.

Soon is this joy through all the court diſpers'd;
So high they value peace, who daily are
In pride's invaſions, private faction, vers'd;
The ſmall, but fruitful ſeed of public war.

XIV

Whilſt thus ſweet peace had other's joys aſſur'd,
Orna with hopes of ſweeter love was pleas'd;
For of war's wounds brave Hurgonil was cur'd;
And thoſe of love, which deeper reach'd, were eas'd.

XV.

In both theſe cures her ſov'reign help appears,
Since as her double patient he receiv'd
For bloody wounds, balm, from her precious tears,
And bloodleſs wounds of love her vows reliev'd.

XVI.

She let no med'cinal flow'r in quiet grow,
No art lie hid, nor artiſt eaſe his thought,
No ſane be ſhut, no prieſt from altars go,
Nor in Heav'n's quire no ſaint remain unſought;

XVII.

Nor more her eyes could eaſe of ſleep eſteem
Then ſleep can the world's eye, the ſun, conceal;
Nor breath'd ſhe but in vows to Heav'n, or him,
Till Heav'n, and ſhe, his diff'rent wounds did heal.

XVIII.

But now ſhe needs thoſe aids ſhe did diſpenſe:
For ſcarce her cures were on him perfect grown,
E'er ſhame afflicts her for that diligence,
Which love had in her fits of pity ſhown,

XIX.

When ſhe (though made of cautious baſhfulneſs)
Whilſt him in wounds a ſmarting fever burn'd,
Invok'd remoteſt aids to his redreſs,
And with a loud ungovern'd kindneſs mourn'd.

XX.

When o'er him then, whilſt parting life ſhe ru'd,
Her kiſſes faſter (though unknown before)
Than bloſſoms fall on parting ſpring, ſhe ſtrew'd;
Than bloſſoms ſweeter, and in number more.

XXI.

But now when from her buſy maid ſhe knew
How wildly grief had led her love abroad,
Unmaſk'd to all, ſhe her own pris'ner grew;
By ſhame, a virgin's native conſcience, aw'd.

XXII.

With undirected eyes which careleſs rove,
With thoughts too ſingly to herſelf confin'd,
She bluſhing, ſtarts at her remember'd love, [blind.
And grieves the world had eyes, when that was

XXIII.

Sad darkneſs, which does other virgins fright,
Now boldly and alone, ſhe entertain'd;
And ſhuns her lover, like the traitor, light,
Till he her curtains drew, and thus complain'd:

XXIV.

Why, baſhful maid, will you your beauty hide
Becauſe your fairer mind, your love, is known?
So jewellers conceal with artful pride
Their ſecond wealth, after the beſt is ſhown.

XXV.

In pity's paſſion you unvail'd your mind;
Let him not fall, whom you did help to climb;
Nor ſeem by being baſhful, ſo unkind
As if you think your pity was a crime.

XXVI.

O uſeleſs ſhame! Officious baſhfulneſs!
Virtue's vain ſign, which only there appears,
Where virtue grows erroneous by exceſs,
And ſhapes more ſins, than frighted conſcience fears.

XXVII.

Your bluſhes, which to mere complexion grow,
You muſt as nature, not as virtue own;
And for your open'd love, you but bluſh ſo
As guiltleſs roſes bluſh that they are blown.

XXVIII.

As well the morn (whoſe eſſence poets made,
And gave her baſhful eyes) we may believe
Does bluſh for what ſhe ſees through night's thin ſhade,
As that you can for love diſcover'd grieve.

XXIX.

Ariſe! and all the flowers of ev'ry mead
(Which weeping through your ſtills my health reſtor'd)
Bring to the temple to adorn your head,
And there where you did worſhip, be ador'd.

XXX.

This with a low regard (but voice rais'd high
By joys of love) he ſpake; and not leſs kind
Was now (ent'ring with native harmony,
Like forward ſpring) the blooming Rhodalind.

XXXI.

Like ſummer, goodly Gartha, fully blown;
Laura, like autumn, with as ripe a look;
But ſhow'd, by ſome chill griefs, her ſun was gone;
Arnold, from whom ſhe life's ſhort glory took.

XXXII.

Like winter, Hermegild; yet not ſo gray
And cold, but that his faſhion ſeem'd to boaſt,
That even weak winter is allow'd ſome day,
And the air clear, and healthful in a froſt.

XXXIII.

All theſe, and Tybalt too (unleſs a ſpy
He be, watching who thrives in Laura's ſight)
Came hither, as in kind conſpiracy,
To haſten Orna to her marriage plight.

XXXIV.

And now the prieſts prepare for this high vow
All rites, that to their laws can add a grace;
To which the ſequent knot they not allow,
Till a ſpent morn recovers all her face.

XXXV.

And now the ſtreets like ſummer meads appear!
For with ſweet ſtrewings maids left gardens bare,
As lovers wiſh their ſweeter boſoms were,
When hid unkindly by diſhevell'd hair.

XXXVI.

And Orna now (importun'd to poſſeſs [ſo
Her long wiſh'd joys) breaks through her bluſhes
As the fair morn breaks through her roſyneſs;
And from a like guilt did their bluſhes grow.

XXXVII.

She thinks her love's high ſickneſs now appears
A fit ſo weak, as does no med'cine need;
So ſoon ſociety can cure thoſe fears
On which the coward, ſolitude, does feed.

XXXVIII.

They with united joy bleſt Hurgonil
And Orna to the ſacred temple bring;
Whilſt all the court in triumph ſhow their ſkill,
As if long bred by a triumphant king.

XXXIX.

Such days of joy, before the marriage day,
The Lombards long by cuſtom had embrac'd;
Cuſtom, which all, rather than law obey,
For laws by force, cuſtoms, by pleaſure laſt.

XL.

And wiſely ancients by this needful ſnare
Of gilded joys, did hide ſuch bitterneſs
As moſt in marriage ſwallow with that care,
Which baſhfully the wife will ne'er confeſs.

XLI.

'Tis ſtateſmen's muſic, who ſtates fowlers be,
And ſinging birds, to catch the wilder, ſet;
So bring in more to tame ſociety;
For wedlock, to the wild, is the ſtate's net.

XLII.

And this loud joy, before the marriage rites,
Like battle's muſic which to fights prepare,
Many to ſtrife and ſad ſucceſs invites;
For marriage is too oft but civil war.

XLIII.

A truth too amply known to thoſe who read
Great Hymen's rolls; though he from lover's eyes
Hides his moſt tragic ſtories of the dead,
Leſt all, like Goths, ſhould 'gainſt his temples riſe.

XLIV.

And thou (whate'er thou art, who doſt perchance
With a hot reader's haſte, this ſong purſue)
May'ſt find, too ſoon, thou doſt too far advance,
And wiſh it all unread, or elſe untrue.

XLV.

For it is ſung (though by a mourning voice)
That in the Ides before theſe lovers had,
With Hymen's public hand, confirm'd their choice
A cruel practiſe did their peace invade.

XLVI.

For Hermegild, too ſtudiouſly foreſaw
The count's alliance with the Duke's high blood,
Might from the Lombards ſuch affection draw,
As could by Hubert never be withſtood.

XLVII.

And he in haſte with Gartha does retire,
Where thus his breaſt he opens to prevent,
That Hymen's hallow'd torch may not take fire,
When all theſe leſſer lights of joy are ſpent.

XLVIII.

High heaven (from whoſe beſt lights your beauty grows,
Born high, as higheſt minds) preſerve you ſtill
From ſuch, who then appear reſiſtleſs foes,
When they alliance join to arms and ſkill!

XLIX.

Moſt by conjunction planets harmful are;
So rivers joining overflow the land,
And forces join'd make that deſtructive war,
Which elſe our common conduct may withſtand.

L.

Their knees to Hurgonil the people bow,
And worſhip Orna in her brother's right;
They muſt be ſever'd, or like palms will grow,
Which planted near, out-climb their native height.

LI.

As winds, whoſe violence out-does all art,
Act all unſeen; ſo we as ſecretly
Theſe branches of that cedar Gondibert
Muſt force till his deep root in riſing die.

LII.

If we make noiſe whilſt our deep workings laſt,
Such rumour through thick towns unheeded flies,
As winds through woods, and we (our great work paſt)
Like winds will ſilence tongues, and 'ſcape from eyes.

LIII.

E'er this dark leſſon ſhe was clearer taught,
His enter'd ſlaves place at her rev'rence'd feet
A ſpacious cabinet, with all things fraught,
Which ſeem'd for wearing artful, rich, and ſweet.

LIV.

With leiſurely delight, ſhe by degrees
Lifts ev'ry till, does ev'ry drawer draw;
But nought which to her ſex belongs ſhe ſees;
And for the male all nice adornments ſaw.

LV.

This ſeem'd to breed ſome ſtrangeneſs in her eyes,
Which like a wanton wonder there began;
But ſtrait ſhe in the lower cloſet ſpies
Th' accompliſh'd dreſs, and garments of a man.

LVI.

Then ſtarting, ſhe her hand ſhrunk nicely back;
As if ſhe had been ſtung, or that ſhe fear'd
This garment was the ſkin of that old ſnake,
Which at the fatal tree like man appear'd.

LVII.

Th' ambitious maid at ſcornful diſtance ſtood;
And bravely ſeem'd of love's low vices free;
Though vicious in her mind, not in her blood:
Ambition is the mind's immodeſty!

LVIII.

He knew great minds, diſorder'd by miſtake,
Defend through pride, the errors they repent;
And with a lover's fearfulneſs he ſpake
Thus humbly, that extremes he might prevent:

LIX.

How ill (delightful maid!) ſhall I deſerve
My life's laſt flame, fed by your beauty's fire,
If I ſhall vex your virtues, that preſerve
Others weak virtues, which would elſe expire.

LX.

How, more then death, ſhall I my life deſpiſe,
When your fear'd frowns, make me your ſervice fear;
When I ſcarce dare to ſay, that the diſguiſe
You ſhrink to ſee, you muſt vouchſafe to wear.

LXI.

So rude a law your int'reſt will impoſe;
And ſolid int'reſt muſt not yield to ſhame:
Vain ſhame, which fears you ſhould ſuch honour loſe
As laſts but by intelligence with fame.

LXII.

Number, which makes opinion law, can turn
This ſhape to faſhion, which you ſcorn to

Becauſe not by your ſex as faſhion worn;
And faſhion is but that which numbers chooſe.

LXIII.

If you approve what numbers lawful think,
Be bold, for number cancels baſhfulneſs;
Extremes, from which a king would bluſhing ſhrink,
Unbluſhing ſenates act as no exceſs.

LXIV.

Thus he his thoughts (the picture of his mind)
By a dark vail to ſudden ſight deny'd;
That ſhe might prize, what ſeem'd ſo hard to find;
For curtains promiſe worth in what they hide.

LXV.

He ſaid her manhood would not ſtrange appear
In court, where all the faſhion is diſguiſe;
Where maſquerades are ſerious all the year;
None known but ſtrangers, nor ſecure but ſpies.

LXVI.

All rules he reads of living great in courts;
Which ſome the art of wiſe deſſembling call;
For pow'r (born to have foes) much weight ſupports
By their falſe ſtrength who thruſt to make it fall.

LXVII.

He bids her wear her beauty free as light;
By ears as open be to all endear'd;
For the unthinking crowd judge by their ſight,
And ſeem half eas'd, when they are fully heard.

LXVIII.

He ſhuts her breaſt even from familiar eyes;
For he who ſecret's (pow'r's chief treaſure) ſpends
To purchaſe friendſhip, friendſhip dearly buys:
Since pow'r ſeeks great confed'rates, more than friends.

LXIX.

And now with counſels more particular,
He taught her how to wear tow'rds Rhodalind
Her looks, which of the mind falſe pictures are;
And then how Orna may believe her kind.

LXX

How Laura too ma be (whoſe practis'd eyes
Can more detect the ſhape of f rward love)
By treaty caught, though not by a ſurpriſe;
Whoſe aid would precious to her faction prove.

LXXI.

But here he ends his lecture, for he ſpy'd
(Adorn'd, as if to grace magnifique feaſts)
Bright Rhodalind, with the elected bride;
And with the bride, all her ſelected gueſts.

LXXII.

They Gartha in their civil pity ſought;
Whom they in midſt of triumph's miſt, and fear
Leſt her full breaſt (with Hubert's ſorrows fraught)
She, like a mourner, came to empty here.

LXXIII.

But ſhe, and Hermegild, are wild with haſte,
As traitors are whom viſitants ſurpriſe;
Decyph'ring that which fearfully they caſt
In ſome dark place, where viler treaſon lies.

LXXIV.

So open they the fatal cabinet,
To ſhut things ſlighter with the conſequent;
Then ſoon their rally'd looks in poſture ſet;
And boldly with them to their triumphs went.

LXXV.

Tybalt, who Laura gravely ever led,
With ceaſeleſs whiſpers lags behind the train;
Tries, ſince her wary governor is dead,
How the fair ſort he may by treaty gain.

LXXVI

For now unhappy Arnold ſhe forſakes;
Yet is he bleſt that ſhe does various prove,
When his ſpent heart for no unkindneſs akes;
Since from the light as ſever'd as from love.

LXXVII.

Yet as in ſtorms and ſickneſs newly gone,
Some clouds a while, and ſtrokes of faintneſs laſt;
So, in her brow, ſo much of grief is ſhown,
As ſhews a tempeſt, or a ſickneſs paſt.

LXXVIII.

But him no more with ſuch ſad eyes ſhe ſeeks,
As even at feaſts would make old tyrants weep;
Nor more attempts to wake him with ſuch ſhrieks,
As threatened all where death's deaf priſ'ners ſleep.

LXXIX.

Hugo and him, as leaders now ſhe names,
Not much as lovers does their fame approve;
Nor her own fate, but chance of battle blames;
As if they dy'd for honour, not for love.

LXXX.

This Tybalt ſaw, and finds that the turn'd ſtream
Came fairly flowing to refreſh his heart;
Yet could he not forget the kind eſteem
She lately had of Arnold's high deſert.

LXXXI.

Nor does it often 'ſcape his memory,
How gravely he had vow'd, that if her eyes,
After ſuch ſhowers of love, were quickly dry,
He would them more then lamps in tombs deſpiſe.

LXXXII.

And whilſt he watch'd like an induſtrious ſpy
Her ſexes changes, and revolts of youth;
He ſtill reviv'd this vow as ſolemnly,
As ſenates count'nance laws, or ſynods, truth.

LXXXIII.

But men are frail, more glaſs then women are!
Tybalt, who with a ſtay'd judicious heart
Would love, grows vain amidſt his graveſt care:
Love free by nature, ſcorns the bonds of art!

LXXXIV.

Laura (whoſe fort he by approach would gain)
With a weak ſigh blows up his mine, and ſmiles;
Gives fire but with her eye, and he is ſlain;
Or treats, and with a whiſper him beguiles.

LXXXV.

Nor force of arms or arts (O love!) endures
They mightineſs; and ſince we muſt diſcern
Diſeaſes fully e'er we ſtudy cures;
And our own force by others weakneſs learn;

LXXXVI.

Let me to courts and camps thy agent be,
Where all their weakneſs and diſeaſes ſpring
From their not knowing, and not hon'ring thee
In thoſe, who nature in thy triumphs ſing.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

Whilſt Birtha and the Duke their joys purſue
In conqu'ring love, fate does them both ſubdue
With triumphs, which from court young Orgo brought;
And have in Goltho greater triumphs wrought:
Whoſe hopes the quiet Ulfinore does bear
With patience feign'd, and with a hidden fear.

I.

The proſp'rous Gondibert from Birtha gains
All baſhful plights a maid's firſt bounties give;
Faſt vows, which bind love's captives more than chains,
Yet free love's ſaints in choſen bondage live.

II.

Few were the days, and ſwiftly ſeem'd to waſte,
Which thus he in his mind's fruition ſpent;
And leſt ſome envious cloud ſhould overcaſt
His love's fair morn, oft to his camp he ſent.

III.

To Bergamo, where ſtill intrenched were
Thoſe youth, whom firſt his father's army bred;
Who ill the rumor of his wounds did bear,
Though he that gave them, of his own be dead.

IV.

And worſe thoſe haughty threat'nings they abhor,
Which fame from Breſcia's ancient fighters brought;
Vain fame, the people's truſted orator, [wrought
Whoſe ſpeech (too fluent) their miſtakes has

V.

Oft Goltho with his temp'rate counſels went,
To quench whom fame to dang'rous fury warm'd;
Till temp'rately his dangers they reſent,
And think him ſafeſt in their patience arm'd.

VI.

And ſafe now is his love, as love could be,
If all the world like old Arcadia were;
Honor the monarch, and all lovers free
From jealouſy, as ſafety is from fear.

VII.

And Birtha's heart does to his civil breaſt
As much for eaſe and peace, as ſafety come;
For there 'tis ſerv'd and treated as a gueſt,
But watch'd, and taught, and often chid at home.

VIII.

Like great and good confed'rates, whoſe deſign
Invades not others but ſecures their own,
So they in juſt and virtuous hopes combine,
And are, like new confed'rates, buſy grown,

IX.

With whiſper earneſt, and now grave with thought,
They walk conſulting, ſtanding they debate;
And then ſeek ſhades, where they in vain are ſought,
By ſervants who intrude and think they wait.

X.

In this great league, their moſt important care
Was to diſpatch their rites; yet ſo provide,
That all the court might think them free as air,
When faſt as faith, they were by Hymen ty'd.

XI.

For if the king (ſaid he) our love ſurpriſe,
His ſtormy rage will it rebellion call;
Who claims to chooſe the brides of his allies;
And in that ſtorm our joys in bloſſom fall.

XII.

Our love, your cautious father only knows
(On whoſe ſafe prudence ſenates may depend),
And Goltho, who to time few reck'nings owes,
Yet can diſcharge all duties of a friend.

XIII.

Such was his mind, and her's (more buſy) ſhows
That bonds of love do make her longer faſt
Than Hymen's knot, as plain religion does,
Longer than rites (religion's faſhions) laſt.

XIV.

That her diſcretion ſomewhat does appear,
Since ſhe can love, her mind's chief beauty hide;
Which never farther went than Thula's ear,
Who had (alas!) but for that ſecret died.

XV.

That ſhe already had diſguiſes fram'd, [ſide;
And fought out caves where ſhe might cloſe re-
As being, not unwilling nor aſham'd
To live his captive, ſo ſhe die his bride.

XVI.

Full of themſelves, delight them onward leads,
Where in the front was to remoter view
Exalted hills, and nearer proſtrate meads, [grew.
With foreſts flank'd, where ſhade to darkneſs

XVII.

Beneath the ſhade, two rivers ſlily ſteal,
Through narrow walks, to wider Adice,

Who swallows both, till proudly she does swell,
And hastes to show her beauty to the sea.

XVIII.

And here, whilst forth he sends his raging eye,
Orgo he spies; who plies the spur so fast,
As if with news of victory he would fly
To leave swift fame behind him by his haste.

XIX.

If (said the Duke) because this boy is come
I second gladness show, do not suppose
I spread my breast to give new comforts room,
That were to welcome rain where Nilus flows.

XX.

Though the unripe appearance of a page
For weighty trust, may render him too weak,
Yet this is he, who more than cautious age,
Or like calm death, will bury what we speak.

XXI.

This Birtha, is the boy, whose skilless face
Is safe from jealousy of oldest spies;
In whom, by whisper, we from distant place
May meet, or wink our meaning to his eyes.

XXII.

More had he said to gain him her esteem,
But Orgo enters speechless with his speed;
And by his looks more full of haste did seem,
Than when his spurs provok'd his flying steed.

XXIII.

And with his first recover'd breath he cries;
Hail my lov'd lord; whom fame does value so,
That when she swift with your successes flies,
She fears to wrong the world in being slow.

XXIV.

I bring you more than tastes of fortune's love,
Yet am afraid I err, in having dar'd
To think her favours could your gladness move;
Who have more worth than fortune can reward.

XXV.

The Duke, with smiles, forwarns his hasty tongue
As loath he should proceed in telling more;
Kindly afraid to do his kindness wrong,
By hearing what he thought he knew before.

XXVI.

Thy diligence (said he) is high desert;
It does in youth supply defects of skill;
And is of duty the most useful part;
Yet art thou now but slow to Plurgonil,

XXVII.

Who hither by the moon's imperfect light
Came and return'd, without the help of day,
To tell me he has Orna's virgin plight,
And that their nuptials for my presence stay.

XXVIII.

Orgo reply'd, though that a triumph be
Where all false lovers are, like savage kings,
Led captive after love's great victory,
It does but promise what your triumph brings.

XXIX.

It was the eve to this your holiday!
And now Verona mistress does appear
Of Lombardy; and all the flowers which May
E'er wore, does as the country's favours wear.

XXX.

The weary eccho from the hills makes haste;
Vex'd that the bells still call for her replies
When they so many are, and ring so fast;
Yet oft are silenc'd by the people's cries:

XXXI.

Who send to heav'n the name of Rhodalind,
And then Duke Gondibert as high they raise
To both with all their public passion kind,
If kindness shine in wishes and in praise.

XXXII.

The King this day made your adoption known,
Proclaim'd you to the empire next allied,
As heir to all his conquests and his crown,
For royal Rhodalind must be your bride.

XXXIII.

Not all the dangers valour finds in war,
Love meets in courts, or pride to courts procures,
When sick with peace they hot in faction are,
Can make such fears as now the Duke endures.

XXXIV.

Nor all those fears which ev'ry maid has found,
On whose first guards, love by surprises steals,
(Whose sightless arrow makes a cureless wound)
Are like to this which doubtful Birtha feels.

XXXV.

He from his looks wild wonder strives to chase;
Strives more to teach his manhood to resist
Death in her eyes; and then with all the grace
Of seeming pleasure, Orgo he dismist.

XXXVI.

And Orgo being gone, low as her knees
Could fall, she fell; and soon he bends as low
With weight of heart; griev'd that no grave he sees,
To sink, where love no more can sorrow know.

XXXVII.

Her sighs as showers lay winds, are calm'd with tears;
And parting life seems stay'd awhile to take
A civil leave, whilst her pale visage wears
A clearer sky, and thus she weeping spake:

XXXVIII.

Since such a Prince has forfeited his pow'r,
Heaven give me leave to make my duty less,
Let me my vows, as sudden oaths abhor,
Which did my passion, not my truth express.

XXXIX.

Yet your's I would not think were counterfeit,
But rather ill and rashly understood;
For 'tis impossible I can forget
So soon, that once you fatally were good.

XL.

Though cruel now as beasts where they have pow'r;
Choosing, like them, to make the weakest bleed;
For weakness soon invites you to devour,
And a submission gives you ease to feed.

XLI.

To fighting fields, send all your honour back,
To courts your dang'rous tongue and civil shape,
That country maids may men no more mistake,
Nor seek dark death, that they may love escape.

XLII.

Now soon to heav'n her soul had found the way,
(For there it oft had been in pray'r and praise)
But that his vows did life with loudness stay,
And life's warm help did soon her body raise.

XLIII.

And now he gently leads her; for no more
He lets th'unhallow'd ground a fall'n flower wear,
Sweeter than nature's bosom ever wore;
And now these vows sends kindly to her ear:

XLIV.

If (Birtha) I am false, think none to blame
For thinking truth (by which the soul subsists)
No farther to be found than in the name;
Think human kind betrayed even by their priests.

XLV.

Think all my sex so vile, that you may chide
Those maids who to your mother's nuptials ran;
And praise your mother who so early died,
Rememb'ring whom she married was a man.

XLVI.

This great court miracle you strait receive
From Orgo, and your faith the whole allows;
Why since you Orgo's words so soon believe
Will you less civilly suspect my vows?

XLVII.

My vows, which want the temple's seal, will bind
(Though private kept) surer than public laws;
For laws but force the body, but my mind
Your virtue counsels, whilst your beauty draws.

XLVIII.

Thus spake he, but his mourning looks did more
Attest his grief, and fear does her's renew;
Now losing (were he lost) more then before,
For then she fear'd him false, now thinks him true.

XLIX.

As sick physicians seldom their own art
Dare trust, to cure their own disease, so these
Were to themselves quite useless when apart;
Yet by consult, each can the other ease.

L.

But from themselves they now diverted stood;
For Orgo's news (which need not borrow wings,
Since Orgo for his lord believ'd it good)
To Astragon the joyful household brings.

LI.

But Astragon, with a judicious thought,
This day's glad news took in the dire portent;
A day which mourning nights to Birtha brought,
And with that fear, in search of Birtha went.

LII.

And here he finds her in her lover's eyes,
And him in her's; both more afflicted grown
At his approach; for each his sorrow spies,
Who thus would counsel theirs and hide his own.

LIII.

Though much this fatal joy to anger moves,
Yet reason's aids shall anger's force subdue;
I will not chide you for your hasty loves,
Nor ever doubt (great Prince) that your's is true.

LIV.

In chiding love, because he hasty was,
Or urging errors, which his swiftness brings,
I find effects, but dare not tax the cause;
For poets were inspir'd who gave him wings.

LV.

When low I dig, where desert rivers run,
Dive deep in seas, through forests follow winds,
Or reach with optic tubes the ragged moon,
My sight no cause of love's swift motion finds.

LVI.

Love's fatal haste, in your's I will not blame,
Because I know not why his wings were giv'n;
Nor doubt him true, not knowing whence he came,
Nor Birtha chide, who thought you came from heav'n.

LVII.

If you lay snares, we err when we escape;
Since evil practise learns men to suspect
Where falsehood is, and in your noble shape,
We should by finding it, our skill detect.

LVIII.

Yet both your griefs I'll chide, as ignorance;
Call you unthankful; for your great griefs show
That heav'n has never us'd you to mischance,
Yet rudely you repine to feel it now.

LIX.

If your contextures be so weak and nice,
Weep that this stormy world you ever knew;
You are not in those calms of Paradise,
Where slender flowers as safe as cedars grew.

LX.

This which your youth calls grief, was froward-nes
In flatter'd infancy, and as you bear
Unkindly now amidst youth's joys distress,
So then, unless still rock'd you forward were.

LXI.

Grief's conflicts gave these hairs their silver shrine;
(Torn ensigns which victorious age adorn)
Youth is a dress too garish and too fine
To be in foul tempestuous weather worn.

LXII.

Grief's want of use does dang'rous weakness make;
But we by use of burdens are made strong;
And in our practis'd age can calmly take
Those sorrows, which like fevers, vex the young.

LXIII.

When you in love's fair books (which poets keep)
Read what they hide, his tragic history,
You will rejoice that half your time in sleep,
And smile at love when nature bids you die.

LXIV.

Learn then that love's diseases common are;
Do not in sickness known (though new to you)
Whilst vital heat does last, of cure despair:
Love's vital heat does last, whilst love is true.

LXV.

Thus spake the kind and prudent Astragon:
And much their kind impatience he appeas'd,
For of his griefs (which heavier than their own
Were borne by both) their duteous fears are eas'd.

LXVI.

She begs, that he would pardon her distress,
Thought that even sin which did his sorrow move;
And then with all her mother's lowliness
His pardon craves for asking leave to love.

LXVII.

The Duke who saw fair truth so undisguis'd,
And love in all, but love so unconcern'd,
Pity'd the studious world, and all despis'd,
Who did not here unlearn, what they had learn'd.

LXVIII.

I am reform'd (ſaid he) not that before
I wanted love, or that my love was ill;
But I have learn'd to perfect nature more
By giving innocence a little ſkill.

LXIX.

For 'tis ſome ſkill in innocence to bear
With temper the diſtempers of our ſtars;
Not doubling griefs already come by fear
Of more, for fears but haſten threat'ned wars.

LXX.

But we will bravely ſuffer to inure
Our ſtrength to weights againſt the new are laid;
That when 'tis known how much we can endure,
Our ſufferings may make our foes afraid.

LXXI.

This comet glory ſhines but in portent, [beams;
Which from the court does ſend her threat'ning
And looks as if it were by malice meant
To haſten Oſwald's faction to extremes.

LXXII.

Since Hurgonil, who juſt fore-ran the boy
Could not inſtruct us, we as much may know
Of the firſt light, as of theſe fires of joy;
Which is, that both did out of darkneſs grow.

LXXIII.

Yet thus the King might hide in kingly ſkill,
Wiſely to make his bounty more his own:
Kings ſtoop for counſel, who impart their will;
His acts, like heav'ns, make not their cauſes known.

LXXIV.

Yet with as plain a heart as love untaught
In Birtha wears, I here to Birtha make
A vow, that Rhodalind I never fought,
Nor now would with her love her greatneſs take.

LXXV.

Love's bonds are for her greatneſs made too ſtraight,
And me ambition's pleaſures cannot pleaſe;
Even prieſts who on the higher altar wait,
Think a continu'd rev'rence loſs of eaſe.

LXXVI.

Let us with ſecrecy our love protect,
Hiding ſuch precious wealth from public view;
The proffer'd glory I will firſt ſuſpect
As falſe, and ſhun it when I find it true.

LXXVII.

They now retire becauſe they Goltho ſaw,
Who hither came to watch with Ulfinore
If much the Duke's woo'd miſtreſs did him awe;
Since love woo'd him, and in the ſhape of pow'r.

LXXVIII.

But when he mark'd that he did from them move
With ſudden ſhyneſs, he ſuppos'd it ſhame
Of being ſeen in chaſe of Birtha's love:
As if above it grown ſince Orgo came.

LXXIX.

Goltho by nature was of muſic made,
Cheerful as victors warm in their ſucceſs;
He ſeem'd like birds created to be glad,
And nought but love could make him taſte diſtreſs.

LXXX.

Hope, which our cautious age ſcarce entertains,
Or as a flatt'rer gives her cold reſpect,
He runs to meet, invites her, and complains
Of one hour's abſence as a year's neglect.

LXXXI.

Hope, the world's welcome, and his ſtanding gueſt,
Fed by the rich, but feaſted by the poor;
Hope, that did come in triumph to his breaſt,
He thus preſents in boaſt to Ulfinore.

LXXXII.

Well may I (friend) auſpicious love adore,
Seeing my mighty rivals takes no pride
To be with Birtha ſeen; and he before [hide,
(Thou know'ſt) injoin'd that I his love ſhould

LXXXIII.

Nor do I break his truſt when 'tis reveal'd
To thee, ſince we are now ſo much the ſame,
That when from thee, it is from me conceal'd,
For we admit no diff'rence but in name.

LXXXIV.

But be it ſtill from ev'ry other ear
Preſerv'd, and ſtrictly by our mutual vow:
His laws are ſtill to my obedience dear,
Who was my gen'ral, though my rival now.

LXXXV.

And well thou know'ſt how much mine eyes did melt,
When our great leader they did firſt perceive
Love's captive led; whoſe ſorrows then I felt,
Though now for greater of mine own I grieve.

LXXXVI.

Nor do I now by love in duty err;
For if I get what he would fain poſſeſs,
Then he a monarch is, and I prefer
Him, who undoes the world in being leſs.

LXXXVII.

When heav'n (which hath preferr'd me to thy breaſt, [known
Where friendſhip is enthron'd,) ſhall make it
That I am worthy thy love, which is expreſt
By making heav'nly Birtha all mine own.

LXXXVIII.

Then at this quiet Eden thou wilt call,
And ſtay a while, to mark if love's prais'd plant
Have after ſpring a ripeneſs, and a fall,
Or never of the firſt abundance want.

LXXXIX.

And I ſhall tell thee then if poets are
In uſing beauty's pencil falſe, or blind;
For they have Birtha drawn but ſweet and fair;
Styles of her face, the curtain of her mind!

XC.

And thou at parting ſhalt her picture wear,
For nature's honour, not to ſhow my pride;
Try if her like the teeming world does bear,
Then bring that copy hither for thy bride.

XCI.

And they ſhall love as quietly as we;
Their beauty's pow'r no civil war will raiſe;
But flouriſh, and like neighb'ring flow'rs agree;
Unleſs they kindly quarrel in our praiſe.

XCII.

Then we for change will leave ſuch luſcious peace;
In camps their favours ſhall our helms adorn;

For we can no way elſe our joys increaſe,
But by beholding their's at out return.

XCIII.

Thus cloth'd in feathers, he on ſteeples walks;
Not gueſſing yet, that ſilent Ulfinore,
Had ſtudy'd her of whom he looſely talks,
And what he likes did ſolidly adore.

XCIV.

But Ulfinore with cold diſcretion aw'd
His paſſion, and did grave with love become;
Though youthfully he ſent his eyes abroad,
Yet kept with manly care, his tongue at home.

XCV.

Theſe rival's hopes, he did with patience hear;
His count'nance not uneaſy ſeem'd, nor ſtrange;
Yet meant his cares ſhould more like love appear,
If in the Duke ambition bred a change.

XCVI.

But as the Duke ſhun'd them for ſecrecy,
So now they from approaching Orgo move,
Made by diſcretion (love's ſtrict tutor) ſhy,
Which is to lovers painful as their love.

XCVII.

But Orgo they did ill ſuſpect, whoſe youth
And nature yielded lovers no offence;
Us'd by his lord for kindneſs and for truth;
Both native in him as his innocence:

XCVIII.

And here paſs'd by in haſte, to court employ'd,
That Birtha may no more have cauſe to mourn:
Full was his little breaſt! and overjoy'd
That much depended on his quick return!

XCIX.

Many like Orgo in their manhood's morn,
As pages did the noble Duke attend;
The ſons of chiefs, whom beauty did adorn,
And fairer virtue did that beauty mend.

C.

Theſe in his hero's ſchools he bred (which were
In peace his palace, and in war his tent)
As if time's ſelf had read ſage lectures there
How he would have his hours (life's treaſure) ſpent.

CI.

No action, though to ſhorten dreaded war,
Nor needful counſels, though to lengthen peace,
Nor love, of which wiſe nature takes ſuch care,
Could from this uſeful work his cares releaſe.

CII.

But with the early ſun he roſe, and taught
Theſe youths by growing virtue to grow great;
Show'd greatneſs is without it blindly ſought,
A deſp'rate charge which ends in baſe retreat.

CIII.

He taught them ſhame, the ſudden ſenſe of ill;
Shame, nature's haſty conſcience, which forbids
Weak inclination e'er it grows to will,
Or ſtays raſh will, before it grows to deeds.

CIV.

He taught them honour, virtue's baſhfulneſs;
A fort ſo yieldleſs, that it fears to treat;
Like pow'r, it grows to nothing, growing leſs;
Honour, the moral conſcience of the great!

CV.

He taught them kindneſs; ſoul's civility,
In which, nor courts, nor cities have a part;
For their's is faſhion, this from falſehood free;
Where love, and pleaſure, know no luſt nor art.

CVI.

And love he taught; the ſoul's ſtoll'n viſit made,
Though froward age watch hard, and law forbid;
Her walks no ſpy has trac'd, nor mountain ſtaid;
Her friendſhip's cauſe, is as the loadſtone's hid.

CVII.

He taught them love of toils; toil which does keep
Obſtructions from the mind, and quench the blood;
Eaſe but belongs to us like ſleep, and ſleep
Like opium, is our med'cine, not our food.

CVIII.

To dangers us'd them; which death's vizards are
More ugly than himſelf, and often chaſe
From battle coward-life; but when we dare
His vizard ſee, we never fear his face.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

The poet takes the wiſe aſide to prove
Even them concern'd in all he writes of love.
The duteous Orgo from the court returns
With joys, at which again fair Birtha mourns.
The Duke with open arms does entertain
Thoſe gueſts whom he receives with ſecret pain.

I.

Thou, who ſome ages hence theſe rolls doſt read,
(Kept as records by lovers of love's pow'r)
Thou who doſt live, when I have long been dead,
And feed'ſt from earth, when earth does me devour;

II.

Who liv'ſt, perhaps, amidſt ſome city's joys,
Where they would fall aſleep with lazy peace,
But that their triumphs make ſo great a noiſe,
And their loud bells cannot for nuptials ceaſe;

III.

Thou, who perhaps, proudly thy bloomy bride
Lead'ſt to ſome temple, where I wither'd lie;
Proudly, as if ſhe age's froſts defy'd,
And that thy ſpringing ſelf could never die:

IV.

Thou, to whom then the cheerful choir will ſing,
Whilſt hallow'd lamps, and tapers brave the ſun
As a lay-light; and bells in triumph ring,
As when from ſallies the beſiegers run.

V.

That when the prieſt has ended, if thine eyes
Can but a little ſpace her eyes forbear,
To ſhow her where my marble coffin lies,
Her virgin garlands ſhe will offer there:

VI.

Confeſs, that reading me ſhe learn'd to love;
That all the good behaviour of her heart,
Even tow'rds thyſelf, my doctrine did improve;
Where love by nature is forwarn'd of art.

VII.

She will confeſs, that to her maiden ſtate
This ſtory ſhow'd ſuch patterns of great life,
As though ſhe then could thoſe but imitate,
They an example make her now a wife.

VIII.

And thy life's fire could ſhe a while outlive
(Which were, though lawful, neither kind nor good)
Then, even her ſorrows would examples give;
And ſhine to others through dark widowhood.

IX.

And ſhe will boaſt, how ſpite of Cynic age,
Of bus'neſs, which does pow'r uncivil make,
Of ruder cells, where they love's fire aſſwage
By ſtudy'ng death, and fear for virtue take:

X.

And ſpite of courts (where loving now is made
An art, as dying is in cells) my laws
Did teach her how by nature to perſuade,
And hold by virtue whom her beauty draws.

XI.

Thus when by knowing me, thou know'ſt to whom
Love owes his eyes, who has too long been [blind;
Then in the temple leave my body's tomb,
To ſeek this book, the mon'ment of my mind.

XII.

Where thou may'ſt read; who with impatient eyes
For Orgo on the guilded terras ſtay;
Which high, and golden ſhows, and open lies,
As the morn's window when ſhe lets out day.

XIII.

Whoſe height two riſing foreſts overlooks;
And on pine-tops the eyeſight downward caſts;
Where diſtant rivers ſeem beſtrided brooks,
Churches but anchor'd ſhips, their ſteeples maſts.

XIV.

Hence, by his little Regian courſer brought,
Orgo they ſpy, with diligence endu'd,
As if he would o'ertake forerunning thought;
And he by many ſwiftly ſeem'd purſu'd.

XV.

But his light ſpeed left thoſe a while behind;
Whilſt with rais'd duſt, their ſwiftneſs hid the way,
Yet Birtha will, too ſoon, by Orgo find
What ſhe by diſtance loſt in this ſurvey.

XVI.

Orgo a precious caſket did preſent
To his dear lord, of Podian ſaphire wrought;
For which, unknown to Birtha, he was ſent;
And a more precious pledge was in it brought.

XVII.

Then thus proclaim'd his joy! long may I live!
Sent ſtill with bleſſings from the heav'nly powers;
And may their bounties ſhow what they can give;
And full as faſt as long expected ſhowers!

XVIII.

Behold the King, with ſuch a ſhining train
As dazzles ſight, yet can inform the blind;
But there the rich, and beauteous ſhine in vain,
Unleſs they diſtance keep from Rhodalind.

XIX.

Methinks, they through the middle region come;
Their chariots hid in clouds of duſt below,
And o'er their heads, their courſers ſcatter'd foam
Does ſeem to cover them like falling ſnow.

XX.

This Birtha heard, and ſhe on Orgo caſt
A piteous look (for ſhe no anger knew)
But griev'd he knows not, that he brings too faſt
Such joys, as fain ſhe faſter would eſchew.

XXI.

So Gondibert this guſt of glory took
As men whoſe ſails are full, more weather take;
And ſhe ſo gaz'd on him, as ſeamen look
On long ſought ſhore, when tempeſts drive them back.

XXII.

But now theſe glories more apparent be,
And juſtly all their obſervation claim'd;
Great, as in greateſt courts leſs princes ſee,
When entertain'd to be eclips'd, and ſham'd.

XXIII.

Weſt from Verona's road, through pleaſant meads
Their chariots croſs, and to the palace ſteer;
And Aribert this winged triumph leads,
Which like the planet's progreſs did appear.

XXIV.

So ſhin'd they, and ſo noiſeleſs ſeem'd their ſpeed;
Like Spartans, touching but the ſilken reins,
Was all the conduct which their courſers need;
And proudly to ſit ſtill, was all their pains.

XXV.

With Aribert ſat royal Rhodalind;
Calm Orna by the Count; by Hermegild
(Silver'd with time) the golden Gartha ſhin'd;
And Tybalt's eyes were full by Laura fill'd.

XXVI.

The leſſer beauties, numberleſs as ſtars,
Show'd ſickly and far off, to this noon-day;
And lagg'd like baggage treaſure in the wars;
Or only ſeem'd, another milky way.

XXVII.

The Duke perceiv'd, the King deſign'd to make
This viſit more familiar by ſurpriſe;
And with court art, he would no notice take
Of that, which kings are willing to diſguiſe

XXVIII.

But as in heedleſs ſleep, the houſe ſhall ſeem
New wak'd with this alarm; and Ulfin ſtrait
(Whoſe fame was precious in the court's eſteem)
Muſt, as with caſual fight, their entrance wait.

XXIX.

To Aſtragon he doubles all his vows;
To Birtha, through his eyes, his heart reveal'd;
And by ſome civil jealouſies he ſhows
Her beauty from the court muſt be conceal'd.

XXX.

Prays her, from envy's danger to retire;
The palace war; which there can never ceaſe
Till beauty's force in age or death expire:
A war diſguis'd in civil ſhapes of peace.

XXXI.

Still he the precious pledge kept from her view;
Who gueſs'd not by the caſket his intent;
And was ſo willing not to fear him true,
That ſhe did fear to queſtion what it meant.

XXXII.

Now haſtes ſhe to be hid; and being gone,
Her lover thinks the planet of the day
So leaves the mourning world to give the moon
(Whoſe train is mark'd but for their number) way.

XXXIII.

And ent'ring in her cloſet (which took light
Full in the palace front) ſhe finds her maids
Gather'd to ſee this gay unuſual ſight;
Which, comet-like, their wond'ring eyes invades.

XXXIV.

Where Thula would by climbing higheſt be,
Though ancient grown, and was in ſtature ſhort;
Yet did proteſt, ſhe came not there to ſee,
But to be hid from dangers of the court.

XXXV.

Their curious longing Birtha durſt not blame
(Boldneſs, which but to ſeeing did aſpire)
Since ſhe herſelf, provok'd with court's great fame,
Would fain a little ſee what all admire.

XXXVI.

Then through the caſement ventur'd ſo much face
As kings depos'd, ſhow when through grates they peep,
To ſee depoſers to their crowning paſs;
But ſtrait ſhrink back, and at the triumph weep.

XXXVII.

Soon ſo her eyes did too much glory find;
For even the firſt ſhe ſaw was all; for ſhe
No more would view ſince that was Rhodalind;
And ſo much beauty could none other's be.

XXXVIII.

Which with her virtue weigh'd (no leſs renown'd)
Afflicts her that ſuch worth muſt fatal prove;
And be in tears of the poſſeſſor drown'd,
Or ſhe depoſe her lover by her love.

XXXIX.

But Thula (wildly earneſt in the view
Of ſuch gay ſights as ſhe did ne'er behold)
Mark'd not when Birtha her ſad eyes withdrew;
But dreamt the world was turn'd again to gold.

XL.

Each lady moſt, till more appear'd, ador'd;
Then with rude liking prais'd them all aloud;
Yet thought them ſou and coarſe to ev'ry lord;
And civilly to ev'ry page ſhe bow'd.

XLI.

The objects paſt, out-ſigh'd even thoſe that woo;
And ſtrait her miſtreſs at the window miſs'd;
Then finding her in grief, out-ſigh'd her too;
And her fair hands with parting paſſion kiſt:

XLII.

Did with a ſervant's uſual art profeſs
That all ſhe ſaw, was to her beauty black;
Confeſs'd their maids well bred, and knew to dreſs;
But ſaid thoſe courts are poor which painting lack.

XLIII.

Thy praiſe (ſaid Birtha) poiſon'd is with ſpite;
May bliſters ceaſe on thy uncivil tongue,
Which ſtrives ſo wickedly to do me right,
By doing Rhodalind and Orna wrong.

XLIV.

Falſe fame, thy miſtreſs, tutor'd thee amiſs;
Who teaches ſchool in ſtreets, where crowds reſort;
Fame, falſe, as that their beauty painted is;
The common country ſlander on the court.

XLV.

With this rebuke, Thula takes gravely leave;
Pretends ſhe'll better judge ere they be gone;
At leaſt ſee more, though they her ſight deceive;
Whilſt Birtha finds, wild fear feeds beſt alone.

XLVI.

Ulfin receives, and through art's palace guides
The King; who owns him with familiar grace;
Though twice ſeven years from firſt obſervance hides
Thoſe marks of valour which adorn'd his face.

XLVII.

Then Aſtragon with haſty homage bows:
And ſays, when thus his beams he does diſpenſe
In lowly viſits, like the ſun he ſhows
Kings made for univerſal influence.

XLVIII.

Him with renown the King for ſcience pays,
And virtue; which God's likeſt pictures be;
Drawn by the ſoul, whoſe only hire is praiſe;
And from ſuch ſalary not Heav'n is free.

XLIX.

Then kindly he inquires for Gondibert;
When, and how far his wounds in danger were?
And does the cautious progreſs of his art
Alike with wonder and with pleaſure hear.

L.

Now Gondibert advanc'd, but with delay;
As fetter'd by his love, for he would fain
Diſſembled weakneſs might procure his ſtay,
Here where his ſoul does as in Heav'n remain.

LI.

Him, creature-like, the king did boldly uſe
With public love; to have it underſtood
That kings, like God, may chooſe whom they will chooſe;
And what they make, judge with their own eyes good.

LII.

This grace the Duke at baſhful diſtance takes;
And Rhodalind ſo much concern'd is grown,
That his ſurpriſal ſhe her troubles makes;
Bluſhing, as if his bluſhes were her own.

LIII.

Now the bright train with Aſtragon aſcend;
Whilſt Hermegild, with Gartha moves behind;
Whom much this gracious viſit did offend;
But thus he practis'd to appeaſe her mind.

LIV.

Judge not you ſtrangely in this viſit ſhow;
As well in courts think wiſe diſſembling new;
Nor think the kindneſs ſtrange, though to your foe,
Till all in courts where they are kind are true.

LV.

Why ſhould your cloſer mourning more be worn?
Poor prieſts invented blacks for leſſer coſt;
Kings for their ſires in regal purple mourn;
Which ſhows what they have got, not what they loſt.

LVI.

Though rough the way to empire be, and ſteep,
You look that I ſhould level it ſo plain,
As babes might walk it barefoot in their ſleep;
But pow'r is the reward of patient pain!

LVII.

This high hill pow'r, whoſe bowels are of gold,
Shows near to greedy and unpractis'd ſight;
But many grow in travel to it old,
And have miſtook the diſtance by the height.

LVIII.

If thoſe old travellers may thither be
Your truſted guides, they will your haſte reform;
And give you fears of voyages by ſea;
Which are not often made without a ſtorm.

LIX.

Yet ſhort our courſe ſhall prove, our paſſage fair,
If in the ſteerage you will quiet ſtand,
And not make ſtorms of ev'ry breath of air;
But think the helm ſafe in the pilot's hand.

LX.

You like ſome fatal king (who all men hears
Yet truſts entirely none) your truſt miſtake,
As too much weight for one: One pillar bears
Weight that would make a thouſand ſhoulders ache.

LXI.

Your brother's ſtorm I to a calm have turn'd;
Who lets this guilded ſacrifice proceed
To Hymen's altar, by the King adorn'd,
As prieſts give victims garlands ere they bleed.

LXII.

Hubert to triumph would not move ſo faſt;
Yet you (though but a kind ſpectator) mean
To give his triumph laws, and make more haſte
To ſee it paſs, than he does to be ſeen.

LXIII.

With patience lay this tempeſt of your heart!
For you, ere long, this angel's form ſhall turn
To fatal man's; and for that ſhape of art,
Some may, as I for yours of nature, mourn.

LXIV.

Thus by her love-ſick ſtateſman ſhe was taught;
And ſmil'd, with joy of wearing manly ſhape;
Then ſmil'd, that ſuch a ſmile his heart had caught;
Whoſe nets camps break not through, nor ſenates 'ſcape.

CANTO IV.

The Argument.

The King to Gondibert is grown ſo kind,
That he prevents the bounteous Rhodalind
In giving of her love; and Gondibert
Laments his breaſt holds but a ſingle heart;
Which Birtha grieves her beauty did ſubdue,
Since he undoes the world in being true.

I.

Full grows the preſence now, as when all know
Some ſtranger prince muſt be receiv'd with ſtate,
When courts ſhow thoſe, who come to ſee the ſhow;
And all gay ſubjects like domeſtics wait.

II.

Nor Ulfinore nor Goltho abſent were;
Whoſe hopes expect what liſt'ning Birtha (hid
In the adjoining cloſet) fears to hear;
And begs kind Heav'n in pity would forbid.

III.

The King (who never time nor pow'r miſſpent
In ſubjects baſhfulneſs, whiling great deeds
Like coward councils, who too late conſent)
Thus to his ſecret will aloud proceeds:

IV.

If to thy fame (brave youth) I could add wings,
Or make her trumpet louder by my voice,
I would (as an example drawn for kings)
Proclaim the cauſe, why thou art now my choice.

V.

But this were to ſuſpect the world aſleep,
Or all our Lombards with their envy blind,
Or that the Hunns ſo much for bondage weep,
As their drown'd eyes cannot thy trophies find.

VI.

When this is heard, none dare of what I give
Preſume their equal merit might have ſhar'd;
And to ſay more, might make thy foes believe,
Thy dang'rous worth is grown above reward.

VII.

Reward even of a crown, and ſuch a crown,
As by Heav'n's model ancient victors wore;
When they, as by their coin, by laws were known;
For laws but made more current victors pow'r.

VIII.

A crown ſoon taught, by whom pow'r firſt was given;
When victors (of dominion cautious made
By hearing of that old revolt in heav'n)
Kept pow'r too high for ſubjects to invade.

IX.

A crown, which ends by armies their debate,
Who queſtion height of pow'r; who by the law
(Till plain obedience they make intricate)
Would not the people, but their rulers awe.

X.

To pow'r adoption makes thy title good;
Preferring worth, as birth give princes place;
And virtue's claim exceeds the right of blood,
As ſouls extraction does the body's race.

XI.

Yet for thy blood's long walk through princes veins,
Thou may'ſt with any Lombard meaſure time;
Though he his hidden houſe in Illium feigns;
And not ſtop ſhort, when Hubert's ſelf would climb.

XII.

And Hubert is of higheſt victors breed;
Whoſe worth I ſhall for diſtant empire chooſe;
If he will learn, that you by fate proceed,
And what he never had, he cannot looſe.

XIII

His valour ſhall the Gothic conqueſt keep;
And would to Heav'n that all your mighty minds
As ſoon were pleas'd, as infants are with ſleep,
And you had muſic common as the winds.

XIV.

That all the year your ſeaſons were like ſpring;
All joy'd as birds, and all as lovers kind;
That ev'ry famous fighter were a king,
And each like you could have a Rhodalind.

XV.

For ſhe is yours, as your adoption free;
And in that gift my remnant life I give;
But 'tis to you, brave youth! Who now are ſhe;
And ſhe that heav'n where ſecondly I live.

XVI.

And richer than that crown (which ſhall be thine,
When life's long progreſs I am gone with fame)
Take all her love; which ſcarce forbears to ſhine
And own thee, through her virgin-curtain, ſhame.

XVII.

Thus ſpake the King; and Rhodalind appear'd
Through publiſh'd love, with ſo much baſhfulneſs,
As young kings ſhow, when by ſurpriſe o'erheard
Moaning to fav'rite ears a deep diſtreſs.

XVIII.

For love is a diſtreſs, and would be hid [grow;
Like monarch's griefs, by which they baſhful
And in that ſhame beholders they forbid; [ſhow.
Since thoſe bluſh moſt, who muſt their bluſhes

XIX.

And Gondibert with dying eyes did grieve
At her vail'd love (a wound he cannot heal)
As great minds mourn, who cannot then relieve
The virtuous, when through ſhame they want conceal.

XX.

And now cold Birtha's roſy looks decay;
Who in fear's froſt had like her beauty dy'd,
But that attendant hope perſuades her ſtay
A while, to hear her Duke; who thus reply'd.

XXI.

Victorious king! Abroad your ſubjects are
Like legates ſafe; at home like altars free:
Even by your fame they conquer as by war;
And by your laws ſafe from each other be.

XXII.

A king you are o'er ſubjects ſo, as wiſe
And noble huſbands ſeem o'er loyal wives;
Who claim not, yet confeſs their liberties,
And brag to ſtrangers of their happy lives.

XXIII.

To foes a winter ſtorm; whilſt your friends bow
Like ſummer trees, beneath your bounty's load;
To me (next him whom your great ſelf, with low
And cheerful duty ſerves) a giving God.

XXIV.

Since this is you, and Rhodalind (the light
By which her ſex fled virtue find) is yours;
Your diamond, which teſts of jealous ſight,
The ſtroke, and fire, and Oiſel's juice endures;

XXV.

Since ſhe ſo precious is, I ſhall appear
All counterfeit, of art's diſguiſes made;
And never dare approach her luſtre near,
Who ſcarce can hold my value in the ſhade.

XXVI.

Forgive me that I am not what I ſeem;
But falſely have diſſembled an exceſs
Of all ſuch virtues as you moſt eſteem;
But now grow good but as I ills confeſs.

XXVII.

Far in ambition's fever am I gone!
Like raging flame aſpiring is my love;
Like flame deſtructive too, and like the ſun
Does round the world tow'rds change of objects move.

XXVIII.

Nor is this now through virtuous ſhame confeſs'd;
But Rhodalind does force my conjur'd fear,
As men whom evil ſpirits have poſſeſs'd,
Tell all when ſaintly votaries appear,

XXIX.

When ſhe will grace the bridal dignity,
It will be ſoon to all young monarchs known;
Who then by poſting through the world will try
Who firſt can at her feet preſent his crown.

XXX.

Then will Verona ſeem the inn of kings;
And Rhodalind ſhall at her palace gate
Smile, when great love theſe royal ſuitors brings;
Who for that ſmile would as for empire wait.

XXXI.

Amongſt this ruling race ſhe choice may take
For warmth of valour, coolneſs of the mind,

Eyes that in empire's drowſy calms can wake,
In ſtorms look out, in darkneſs dangers find;

XXXII.

A prince who more enlarges pow'r then lands,
Whoſe greatneſs is not what his map contains;
But thinks that his, where he at full commands,
Not where his coin does paſs, but pow'r remains.

XXXIII.

Who knows that pow'r can never be too high
When by the good poſſeſt; for 'tis in them
The ſwelling Nile; from which though people fly,
They proſper moſt by riſing of the ſtream.

XXXIV.

Thus (Princeſs) you ſhould chooſe; and you will find,
Even he, ſince men are wolves, muſt civilize
(As light does tame ſome beaſts of ſavage kind)
Himſelf yet more, by dwelling in your eyes.

XXXV.

Such was the Duke's reply; which did produce
Thoughts of a diverſe ſhape through ſev'ral ears:
His jealous rivals mourn at his excuſe;
But Aſtragon it cures of all his fears.

XXXVI.

Birtha his praiſe of Rhodalind bewails;
And now her hope a weak phyſician ſeems,
For hope, the common comforter, prevails
Like common med'cines, ſlowly in extremes.

XXXVII.

The King (ſecure in offer'd empire) takes
This forc'd excuſe, as troubled baſhfulneſs,
And a diſguiſe which ſudden paſſion makes,
To hide more joy then prudence ſhould expreſs.

XXXVIII.

And Rhodalind (who never lov'd before,
Nor could ſuſpect his love was giv'n away)
Thought not the treaſure of his breaſt ſo poor,
But that it might his debts of honour pay.

XXXIX.

To haſten the rewards of his deſert,
The King does to Verona him command;
And kindneſs ſo impos'd, not all his art
Can now inſtruct his duty to withſtand.

XL.

Yet whilſt the King does now his time diſpoſe
In ſeeing wonders, in this palace ſhown,
He would a parting kindneſs pay to thoſe
Who of their wounds are yet not perfect grown.

XLI.

And by this fair pretence, whilſt on the King
Lord Aſtragon through all the houſe attends,
Young Orgo does the Duke to Birtha bring;
Who thus her ſorrows to his boſom ſends:

XLII.

Why ſhould my ſtorm your life's calm voyage vex?
Deſtroying wholly virtue's race in one;
So by the firſt to my unlucky ſex,
All in a ſingle ruin were undone.

XLIII.

Make heav'nly Rhodalind your bride! whilſt I
Your once lov'd maid, excuſe you, ſince I know
That virtuous men forſake ſo willingly
Long cheriſh'd life, becauſe to Heav'n they go.

XLIV.

Let me her ſervant be! A dignity,
Which if your pity in my fall procures,
I ſtill ſhall value the advancement high,
Not as the crown is hers, but ſhe is yours.

XLV.

E'er this high ſorrow up to dying grew,
The Duke the caſket open'd, and from thence
(Form'd like a heart) a cheerful emrald drew;
Cheerful, as if the lively ſtone had ſenſe.

XLVI.

The thirti'th carract it had doubled twice;
Not ta'en from the Attic ſilver mine,
Nor from the braſs, though ſuch (of nobler price)
Did on the necks of Parthian ladies ſhine:

XLVII.

Nor yet of thoſe which make the Ethiop proud;
Nor taken from thoſe rocks where Bactrians climb;
But from the Scythian, and without a cloud;
Not ſick at fire, nor languiſhing with time.

XLVIII.

Then thus he ſpake! This (Birtha) from my male
Progenitors, was to the loyal ſhe
On whoſe kind heart they did in love prevail,
The nuptial pledge, and this I give to thee!

XLIX.

Seven centuries have paſs'd, ſince it from bride
To bride did firſt ſucceed; and though 'tis known
From ancient lore, that gems much virtue hide,
And that the emrald is the bridal ſtone:

L.

Though much renown'd becauſe it chaſteneſs loves,
And will, when worn by the neglected wife,
Show when her abſent lord diſloyal proves,
By faintneſs, and a pale decay of life;

LI.

Though emralds ſerve as ſpies to jealous brides,
Yet each compar'd to this does counſel keep;
Like a falſe ſtone, the huſband's falſehood hides,
Or ſeems born blind, or feigns a dying ſleep.

LII.

With this take Orgo, as a better ſpy;
Who may in all your kinder fears be ſent
To watch at court, if I deſerve to die
By making this to fade, and you lament.

LIII.

Had now an artful pencil, Birtha, drawn, [light)
(With grief all dark, then ſtrait with joy all
He muſt have fancy'd firſt, in early dawn,
A ſudden break of beauty out of night.

LIV.

Or firſt he muſt have mark'd what paleneſs, fear,
Like nipping froſt, did to her viſage bring;
Then think he ſees, in a cold backward year,
A roſy morn begin a ſudden ſpring.

LV.

Her joys (too vaſt to be contain'd in ſpeech)
Thus ſhe a little ſpake! Why ſtoop you down,
My plighted lord, to lowly Birtha's reach,
Since Rhodalind would lift you to a crown?

LVI.

Or why do I, when I this plight embrace,
Boldly aſpire to take what you have given?

But that your virtue has with angels place,
And 'tis a virtue to aspire to heav'n.

LVII.

And as tow'rds heav'n all travel on their knees;
So I tow'rds you, though love aspire, will move:
And were you crown'd, what could you better
please
Then aw'd obedience led by bolder love?

LVIII.

If I forget the depth from whence I rise,
Far from your bosom banish'd be my heart;
Or claim a right by beauty to your eyes;
Or proudly think, my chastity desert.

LIX.

But thus ascending from your humble maid
To be your plighted bride, and then your wife,
Will be a debt that shall be hourly paid,
Till time my duty cancel with my life.

LX.

And fruitfully if heav'n ere make me bring
Your image to the world, you then my pride,
No more shall blame, than you can tax the spring
For boasting of those flowers she cannot hide.

LXI.

Orgo, I so receive as I am taught
By duty to esteem what ere you love:
And hope the joy he in this jewel brought,
Will luckier than his former triumphs prove.

LXII.

For though but twice he has approach'd my sight,
He twice made haste to drown me in my tears:
But now I am above his planet's spite,
And as for sin beg pardon for my fears.

LXIII.

Thus spake she: and with fix'd continu'd sight,
The Duke did all her bashful beauties view;
Then they with kisses seal'd their sacred plight;
Like flowers still sweeter as they thicker grew.

LXIV.

Yet must these pleasures feel, though innocent,
The sickness of extremes, and cannot last;
For pow'r (love's shun'd impediment) has sent
To tell the Duke, his monarch is in haste:

LXV.

And calls him to that triumph which he fears
So as a saint forgiven (whose breast does all
Heav'n's joys contain) wisely lov'd pomp forbears,
Lest tempted nature should from blessings fall.

LXVI.

He often takes his leave, with love's delay;
And bids her hope, he with the king shall find,
By now appearing forward to obey,
A means to serve him less in Rhodalind.

LXVII.

She weeping to her closet-window hies;
Where she with tears does Rhodalind survey;
As dying men, who grieve that they have eyes,
When they through curtains spy the rising day.

LXVIII.

The king has now his curious sight suffic'd
With all lost arts, in their revival view'd;
Which when restor'd, our pride thinks new devis'd:
Fashions of minds, call'd new when but renew'd!

LXIX.

The busy court prepares to move, on whom
Their sad offended eyes the country cast;
Who never see enough where monarchs come;
And nothing so uncivil seems as haste.

LXV.

As men move slow, who know they lose their way,
Even so the Duke tow'rds Rhodalind does move;
Yet he does dutcous fears, and wonder pay,
Which are the first, and dangerous signs of love.

LXXI.

All his addresses much by Goltho were
And Ulfinore observ'd; who distant stand;
Not daring to approach his presence near;
But shun his eyes to 'scape from his command:

LXXII.

Lest to Verona he should both require;
For by remaining here, both hope to light
Their Hymen's torches at his parting fire;
And not despair to kindle them to-night.

LXXIII.

The king his golden chariot now ascends;
Which near fair Rhodalind, the Duke, contains;
Though to excuse that grace he lowly bends;
But honour so refus'd, more honour gains.

LXXIV.

And now their chariots (ready to take wing)
Are even by weakest breath, a whisper stay'd;
And but such whisper as a page does bring
To Laura's woman from a household maid.

LXXV.

But this low voice did raise in Laura's ear
An echo, which from all redoubled soon,
Proclaiming such a country beauty here,
As makes them look, like ev'ning to her noon.

LXXVI.

And Laura (of her own high beauty proud,
Yet not to others cruel) softly prays,
She may appear! but Gartha, bold and loud,
With eyes impatient as for conquest, stays.

LXXVII.

Thou Astragon, now owns her, and excus'd
Her presence as a maid but rudely taught,
Infirm in health, and not to greatness us'd;
Yet Gartha still calls out, to have her brought!

LXXVIII.

But Rhodalind (in whose relenting breast
Compassion's self might sit at school, and learn)
Knew bashful maids with public view distrest;
And in their glass, themselves with fear discern;

LXXIX.

She stopt this challenge which court-beauty made
To country shape; not knowing Nature's hand
Had Birtha dress'd, nor that herself obey'd
In vain, whom conqu'ring Birtha did command.

LXXX.

The Duke (whom virtuous kindness soon subdues)
Though him his bonds from Birtha highly please,
Yet seems to think, that lucky he, who sues
To wear this royal maid's, will walk at ease.

LXXXI.

Of these a brief survey sad Birtha takes;
And Orgo's help directs her eye to all;
Shows her for whom grave Tybalt nightly wakes;
Then at whose feet wise Hermegild does fall.

LXXXII.

And when calm Orna with the Count ſhe ſaw,
Hope (who, though weak, a willing painter is,
And buſily does ev'ry pattern draw)
By that example could not work amiſs.

LXXXIII.

For ſoon ſhe ſhap'd her lord and her ſo kind,
So all of love; till fancy wrought no more
When ſhe perceiv'd him ſit with Rhodalind;
But froward-painter-like the copy tore.

LXXXIV.

And now they move; and ſhe thus rob'd, believes
(Since with ſuch haſte they bear her wealth away)
That they at beſt, are but judicious thieves,
And know the noble value of their prey.

LXXXV.

nd then ſhe thus complain'd: Why royal maid!
Injurious greatneſs! Did you hither come,
Where pow'r's ſtrong nets of wire were never laid?
But childiſh love took cradle as at home.

LXXXVI.

Where can we ſafe our harmleſs bleſſings keep,
Since glorious courts our ſolitude invade?
Bells which ring out, when th' unconcern'd would ſleep;
Falſe lights to ſcare poor birds in country ſhade!

LXXXVII.

Or if our joys their own diſcov'ry make, [vours)
Envy (whoſe tongue firſt kills whom ſhe de-
Calls it our pride; envy, the pois'nous ſnake,
Whoſe breath blaſts maids, as innocent as flowers!

LXXXVIII.

Forgive me, beauteous greatneſs, if I grow
Diſtemper'd with my fears, and rudely long
To be ſecure; or praiſe your beauty ſo
As to believe, that it may do me wrong!

LXXXIX.

And you my plighted lord, forgive me too,
If ſince your worth and my defects I find,
I fear what you in juſtice ought to do; [kind.
And praiſe your judgment when I doubt you

XC.

Now ſudden fear o'er all her beauty wrought
The pale appearance of a killing froſt;
And careful Orgo, when ſhe ſtarted, thought
She had her pledge, the precious emerald, loſt.

XCI.

But that kind heart, as conſtant as her own,
She did not miſs; 'twas from a ſudden ſenſe,
Leaſt in her lover's heart ſome change was grown,
And it grew pale with that intelligence.

XCII.

Soon from her boſom ſhe this emerald took:
If now (ſaid ſhe) my lord my heart deceives,
This ſtone will by dead paleneſs make me look
Pale, as the ſnowy ſkin of lilly leaves.

XCIII.

But ſuch a cheerful green the gem did fling
Where ſhe oppos'd the rays, as if ſhe had
Been dy'd in the complexion of the ſpring,
Or were by nymphs of Britain valleys clad.

XCIV.

Soon ſhe with earneſt paſſion kiſs'd the ſtone;
Which ne'er till then had ſuffer'd an eclipſe:
But then the rays retir'd, as if it ſhone
In vain, ſo near the rubies of her lips.

XCV.

Yet thence remov'd, with public glory ſhines!
She Orgo bleſt, who had this relic brought:
And kept it like thoſe relics lock'd in ſhrines,
By which the lateſt miracles were wrought.

XCVI.

For ſoon reſpect was up to rev'rence grown;
Which fear to ſuperſtition would ſublime,
But that her father took fear's ladder down;
Loſe ſteps, by which diſtreſs to heav'n would climb.

XCVII.

He knew, when fear ſhapes heav'nly pow'r ſo juſt,
And terrible (parts of that ſhape drawn true)
It veils heav'n's beauty, love; which when we truſt,
Our courage honours him to whom we ſue!

CANTO V.

The Argument.

The deep deſigns of Birtha in diſtreſs;
Her emerald's virtue ſhows her love's ſucceſs;
Wiſe Aſtragon with reaſon cures deſpair;
And the afflicted chides for partial pray'r.
With grief the ſecret rivals take their leave;
And but dark hope for hidden love receive.

I.

To ſhow the morn her paſſage to the eaſt,
Now Birtha's dawn, the lover's day, appears!
So ſoon love beats revellies in her breaſt;
And like the dewy morn ſhe roſe in tears:

II.

So much ſhe did her jealous dreams diſlike.
Her maids ſtraight kindle by her light their eyes;
Which when to her's compar'd, poets would ſtrike
Such ſparks to light their lamps ere day does riſe.

III.

But O vain jealouſy! why doſt thou haſte
To find thoſe evils which too ſoon are brought?
Love's frantic valour! which ſo raſhly feaſt
Seeks dangers, as if none would come unſought.

IV.

As often faireſt morns ſoon cover'd be,
So ſhe with dark'ning thoughts is clouded now;
Looks ſo, as weaker eyes ſmall objects ſee,
Or ſtudious ſtateſmen who contract the brow.

V.

Or like ſome thinking Sybil that would find
The ſenſe of myſtic words by angels given!
And this fair politic bred in her mind,
Reſtleſs as ſeas, a deep deſign on heav'n.

VI.

To pray'r's plain temple ſhe does haſte unſeen;
Which though not grac'd with curious coſt for ſhow,
Was nicely kept; and now muſt be as clean
As tears make thoſe who thence forgiven go.

VII.

For her own hands (by which beſt painters drew
The hands of innocence) will make it ſhine;
Penance which newly from her terrors grew;
And was, alas! part of her deep deſign.

VIII.

And when this holy houſewifery was paſt,
Her vows ſhe ſends to Heav'n, which thither fly
Entire; not broken by unthinking haſte;
Like ſinner's ſparks that in aſcending die.

IX.

Thence ſhe departs; but at this temple gate
A needy crowd (call'd by her ſummons there)
With ſuch aſſurance for her bounty wait,
As if ne'er failing Heav'n their debtor were.

X.

To theſe ſhe ſtore of antic treaſure gave
For ſhe no money knew) medals of gold,
Which curious gath'rers did in travel ſave,
And at high worth were to her mother ſold.

XI.

Figures of fighting chiefs, born to o'ercome
Thoſe who without their leave would all deſtroy;
Chiefs, who had brought renown to Athens, Rome,
To Carthage, Tyre, and to lamented Troy.

XII.

Such was her wealth, her mother's legacy;
And well ſhe knew it was of ſpecial price;
But ſhe has begg'd what Heav'n muſt not deny;
So would not make a common ſacrifice.

XIII.

To the black temple ſhe her ſorrow bears;
Where ſhe outbegg'd the tardy begging thief;
Made weeping Magdaline but poor in tears,
Yet ſilent as their pictures was her grief.

XIV.

Her purpos'd penance ſhe did here fulfil; [liev'd
Thoſe pictures dreſs'd, and the ſpent lamp re-
With fragrant oils, dropp'd from her ſilver ſtill;
And now for thoſe that there ſat mourning, griev'd.

XV.

Thoſe penitents, who knew her innocence,
Wonder what parent's ſin ſhe did bemoan;
And venture (though they go unpardon'd thence)
More ſighs for her redreſs than for her own.

XVI.

Now jealouſy no more benights her face,
Her courage beauteous grows, and grief decays;
And with ſuch joy as ſhipwreck'd men embrace
The ſhore, ſhe haſtens to the houſe of praiſe.

XVII.

And there the gem ſhe from her boſom took
(With which till now ſhe trembled to adviſe),
So far from pale, that Gondibert would look
Pale if ſhe ſaw how it out-ſhin'd her eyes.

XVIII.

Theſe rays ſhe to a miracle prefers;
And luſtre that ſuch beauty ſo defies,
Had poets ſeen (love's partial jewellers, [eyes),
Who count nought precious but their miſtreſs'

XIX.

They would with grief a miracle confeſs!
She enters ſtraight to pay her gratitude;
And could not think her beauty in diſtreſs,
Whilſt to her love her lord is ſtill ſubdu'd.

XX.

The altar ſhe with imag'ry array'd;
Where needles boldly, as a pencil wrought,
The ſtory of that humble Syrian maid,
Who pitchers bore, yet kings to Judah brought.

XXI.

And there ſhe of that precious linen ſpreads,
Which in the conſecrated month is ſpun
By Lombard brides; for whom in empty beds
Their bridegrooms ſigh till the ſucceeding moon.

XXII.

'Tis in that moon bleach'd by her fuller light;
And waſh'd in ſuds of amber, till it grow
Clean as this ſpreader's hands; and thoſe were white
As riſing lilies, or as falling ſnow.

XXIII.

The voluntary choir of birds ſhe feeds,
Which oft had here the virgin-conſort fill'd;
She diets them with aromatic ſeeds; [till'd,
And quench'd their thirſt with rainbow-dew diſ-

XXIV.

Lord Aſtragon, whoſe tender care did wait
Her progreſs, ſince her morn ſo cloudy broke,
Arreſts her paſſage at this temple-gate,
And thus he with a father's licence ſpoke:

XXV.

Why art thou now, who haſt ſo joyful liv'd,
Ere love thou knew'ſt, become with love ſo ſad?
If thou haſt loſt fair virtue, then be griev'd;
Elſe ſhow thou know'ſt her worth by being glad.

XXVI.

Thy love's high ſoaring cannot be a crime;
Nor can we, if a ſpinſter loves a king,
Say that her love ambitiouſly does climb:
Love ſeeks no honour, but does honour bring.

XXVII.

Mounts others value, and her own lets fall!
Kings honour is but little, till made much
By ſubjects tongues! elixir-love turns all
To pow'rful gold, where it does only touch.

XXVIII.

Thou lov'ſt a prince above thine own degree:
Degree is monarch's art, love, nature's law;

In love's free ſtate all pow'rs ſo levell'd be,
That there affection governs more than awe.

XXIX.

But thou doſt love where Rhodalind does love;
And thence thy griefs of jealouſy begin;
A cauſe which does thy ſorrow vainly move;
Since 'tis thy noble fate, and not thy ſin.

XXX.

This vain and voluntary load of grief
(For fate ſent love, thy will does ſorrow bear),
Thou to the temple carry'ſt for relief;
And ſo to heav'n art guided by thy fear.

XXXI.

Wild fear! which has a commonwealth deviſ'd
In heav'n's old realm, and ſaints in ſenates fram'd;
Such as by which were beaſts well civiliz'd,
They would ſuſpect their tamer man untam'd.

XXXII.

Wild fear! which has the Indian worſhip made;
Where each unletter'd prieſt the Godhead draws
In ſuch a form, as makes himſelf afraid;
Diſguiſing mercy's ſhape in teeth and claws.

XXXIII.

This falſe guide, fear, which does thy reaſon ſway,
And turns thy valiant virtue to deſpair,
Has brought thee here to offer and to pray;
But temples were not built for cowards pray'r.

XXXIV.

For when by fear thy noble reaſon's led
(Reaſon, not ſhape, gives us ſo great degree
Above our ſubjects, beaſts), then beaſts may plead
A right in temple's helps, as well as we.

XXXV.

And here with abſent reaſon thou doſt weep,
To beg ſucceſs in love; that Rhodalind
May loſe what ſhe as much does beg to keep;
And may at leaſt an equal audience find.

XXXVI.

Mark, Birtha, this unrighteous war of prayer!
Like wrangling ſtates, you aſk a monarch's aid
When you are weak, that you may better dare
Lay claim to what your paſſion would invade.

XXXVII.

Long has th' ambitious world rudely preferr'd
Their quarrels, which they call their pray'rs, to heav'n;
And thought that heav'n would like themſelves have err'd,
Depriving ſome of what's to others given.

XXXVIII.

Thence modern faith becomes ſo weak and blind,
Thinks heav'n in ruling other worlds employ'd,
And is not mindful of our abject kind,
Becauſe all ſuits are not by all enjoy'd.

XXXIX.

How firm was faith, when humbly ſuits for need,
Not choice, were made? then (free from all deſpair,
As mod'rate birds, who ſing for daily ſeed),
Like birds, our ſongs of praiſe included prayer.

XL.

Thy hopes are by thy rival's virtue aw'd;
Thy rival Rhodalind; whoſe virtue ſhines
On hills, when brighteſt planets are abroad;
Thine privately, like miners lamps in mines.

XLI.

The court (where ſingle patterns are diſgrac'd;
Where glorious vice weak eyes admire;
And virtue's plainneſs is by art out-fac'd),
She makes a temple by her veſtal fire.

XLII.

Though there vice ſweetly dreſs'd does tempt like bliſs
Even cautious ſaints, and ſingle virtue ſeem
Fantaſtic, where brave vice in faſhion is;
Yet ſhe has brought plain virtue in eſteem.

XLIII.

Yours is a virtue of inferior rate;
Here in the dark a pattern, where 'tis barr'd
From all your ſex that ſhould her imitate,
And of that pomp which ſhould her foes reward:

XLIV.

Retir'd, as weak monaſtics fly from care;
Or devout cowards ſteal to ſorts, their cells,
From pleaſures, which the world's chief dangers are:
Her's paſſes yours, as valour fear excels.

XLV.

This is your rival in your ſuit to heav'n:
But heav'n is partial, if it give to you
What to her bolder virtue ſhould be given;
Since yours, pomps, virtue's dangers, never knew

XLVI.

Your ſuit would have your love with love repay'd;
To which art's conqueſts, when all ſcience flows,
Compar'd, are ſtudent's dreams; and triumphs made
By glorious courts and camps but painted ſhows.

XLVII.

Even art's dictators, who give laws to ſchools,
Are but dead heads; ſtateſmen, who empire move,
But proſp'rous ſpies, and victors, fighting fools,
When they their trophies rank with thoſe of love.

XLVIII.

And when againſt your fears I thus declaim
(Yet make your danger more, whilſt I deſcry
Your worth to hers), then wiſely fear I blame;
For fears are hurtfull'ſt when attempts are high:

XLIX.

And you ſhould think your noble dangers leſs,
When moſt my praiſe does her renown prefer;
For that takes off your haſty hope's exceſs;
And when we little hope, we nothing fear.

L.

Now you are taught your ſickneſs, learn your cure;
You ſhall to court, and there ſerve Rhodalind;
Try if her virtue's force you can endure
In the ſame ſphere, without eclipſe of mind.

LI.

Your lord may there your ſouls compare; for we,
Though ſouls, like ſtars, make not their greatneſs known,
May find which greater than the other be;
The ſtars are meaſur'd by compariſon!

LII.

Your plighted lord ſhall you ere long prefer
To near attendance on this royal maid;
Quit then officious fear! the jealous fear
They are not fearful, when to death afraid;

LIII.

These words he clos'd with kindness, and retir'd;
In which her quick-ey'd-hope three blessings spy'd;
With joy of being near her lord, inspir'd,
With seeing courts, and having virtue try'd!

LIV.

She now with jealous questions utter'd fast,
Fills Orgo's ear, which there unmark'd are gone,
As throngs through guarded gates, when all make haste,
Not giving warders time t' examine one.

LV.

She ask'd if fame had render'd Rhodalind
With favour, or in truth's impartial shape?
If Orna were to humble virtue kind,
And beauty could from Gartha's envy 'scape?

LVI.

If Laura (whose fair eyes those but invites,
Who to her wit ascribe the victory)
In conquest of a speechless maid delights;
And e'er to this prompt Orgo could reply,

LVII.

She ask'd in what consist the charms of court;
Whether those pleasures so resistless were
As common country travellers report,
And such as innocence had cause to fear?

LVIII.

What kind of angel's shape young fav'rites take?
And being angels, how they can be bad?
Or why delight so cruelly to make
Fair country maids return from court so sad?

LIX.

More had she ask'd (for study warm'd her brow,
With thinking how her love might prosp'rous be)
But that young Ulfinore approach'd her now,
And Goltho, warmer with design than she.

LX.

Though Goltho's hope, in Indian feathers clad,
Was light and gay, as if he meant to fly;
Yet he no farther than his rival had
Advanc'd in promise from her tongue or eye.

LXI.

When distant, talk'd as if he plighted were;
For hope in love, like cowards in the war,
Talks bravely till the enterprise be near;
But then discretion dares not venture far.

LXII.

He never durst approach her watchful eye
With studious gazing, nor with sighs her ear;
But still seem'd frolic, like a statesman's spy;
As if his thoughtful business were not there.

LXIII.

Still superstitious lovers beauty paint
(Thinking themselves but devils), so divine,
As if the thing belov'd were all a saint;
And ev'ry place she enter'd were a shrine.

LXIV.

And though last night were the auspicious time
When they resolv'd to quit their bashful fears;
Yet soon, as to the sun when eaglets climb,
They stoop'd, and quench'd their daring eyes in tears.

LXV.

And now (for hope, that formal sentry, stands
All winds and show'rs, though where but vainly plac'd),
They to Verona beg her dear commands;
And look to be with parting kindness grac'd.

LXVI.

Both daily journies meant, 'twixt this and court:
For taking leave is twice love's sweet repast;
In being sweet, and then in being short;
Like manna, ready still, but cannot last.

LXVII.

Her favours not in lib'ral looks she gave,
But in a kind respectful lowliness
Them honour gives, yet did her honour save;
Which gently thus she did to both express.

LXVIII.

High heav'n that did direct your eyes the way
To choose so well, when you your friendship made,
Still keep you join'd, that daring envy may
Fear such united virtue to invade!

LXIX.

In your safe breasts the noble Gondibert
Does trust the secret treasure of his love;
And I, grown conscious of my low desert, prove.
Would not you should that wealth for me im-

LXX.

I am a flow'r that merit not the spring!
And he (the world's warm sun!) in passing by
Should think, when such as I leave flourishing,
His beams to cedars haste, which else would die.

LXXI.

This from his humble maid you may declare
To him, on whom the good of human kind
Depends; and as his great'ning is your care,
So may your early love successes find!

LXXII.

So may that beauteous she, whom eithers heart
For virtue and delight of life shall choose,
Quit in your siege the long defence of art,
And nature's freedom in a treaty lose.

LXXIII.

This gave cold Ulfinore in love's long night
Some hope of day; as seamen that are run
Far northward find long winters to be light,
And in the cynosure adore the sun.

LXXIV.

It show'd to Goltho, not alone like day,
But like a wedding noon; who now grows strong
Enough to speak; but that her beauties stay
His eyes, whose wonder soon arrests his tongue.

LXXV.

Yet something he at parting seem'd to say,
In pretty flow'rs of love's wild rhetoric;
Which mov'd not her, though orators thus sway
Assemblies, which since wild, wild music like.

CANTO VI.

The Argument.

Here Ulfin reads the art to Ulfinore
Of wiſely getting, and increaſing power.
The rivals to Verona haſte, and there
Young Goltho's frailty does too ſoon appear.
Black Dalga's fatal beauty is reveal'd;
But her deſcent and ſtory is conceal'd.

I.

Old Ulfin parting now with Ulfinore,
His ſtudy'd thoughts, and of a grave import,
Thus utter'd, as well read in ancient lore;
When prudence kept up greatneſs in the court.

II.

Heav'n guide thee, ſon, through honour's ſlipp'ry way;
The hill, which wary painfulneſs muſt climb,
And often reſt, to take a full ſurvey
Of every path, trod by experienc'd time.

III.

Riſe glorious with thy maſter's hopeful morn,
His favour calls thee to his ſecret breaſt;
Great Gondibert! to ſpacious empire born,
Whoſe careful head will in thy boſom reſt.

IV.

Be good! and then in pity ſoon be great!
For virtuous men ſhould toil to compaſs pow'r,
Leſt when the bad poſſeſs dominion's ſeat,
We vainly weep for thoſe whom they devour.

V.

Our virtue without pow'r but harmleſs is!
The good, who lazily are good at home,
And ſafely reſt in doing not amiſs,
Fly from the bad, for fear of martyrdom!

VI.

Be in thy greatneſs eaſy, and thy brow
Still clear, and comforting as breaking light;
The great, with bus'neſs troubled, weakly bow;
Pow'r ſhould with public burdens walk upright!

VII.

We cheerfulneſs as innocence commend!
The great may with benign and civil eyes
The people wrong, yet not the wrong'd offend;
Who feel moſt wrong from thoſe who them deſpiſe!

VIII.

Since wrongs muſt be, complaints muſt ſhow the griev'd;
And favourites ſhould walk ſtill open ear'd;
For of the ſuing crowd half are reliev'd
With the innate delight of being heard.

IX.

Thy greatneſs be in arms! who elſe are great,
Move but like pageants in the people's view;
And in foul weather make a ſcorn'd retreat;
The Greeks their painted gods in armour drew!

X.

Yield not in ſtorms of ſtate to that diſlike
Which from the people does to rulers grow;
Pow'r (fortune's ſail) ſhould not for threat'nings ſtrike;
In boats beſtorm'd all check at thoſe that row.

XI.

Courts little arts contemn! dark holes to ſave
Retreated pow'r, when fear does friendſhip feign;
Poor thieves retire to woods! chiefs great and brave,
Draw out their forces to the open plain.

XII.

Be by thy virtue bold! when that ſun ſhines,
All art's falſe lights are with diſgrace put out;
Her ſtraightneſs ſhows itſelf and crooked lines;
And her plain text the ſceptics dare not doubt.

XIII.

Revenge (weak women's valour, and in men,
The ruffian's cowardice) keep from thy breaſt!
The factious palace is that ſerpent's den,
Whom cowards there, with ſecret ſlaughter feaſt.

XIV.

Revenge is but a braver name for fear,
'Tis Indians furious fear, when they are fed
With valiant foes; whoſe hearts their teeth muſt tear
Before they boldly dare believe them dead.

XV.

When thou giv'ſt death, thy banners be diſplay'd!
And move not till an open foe appears!
Courts lurking war ſhows juſtice is afraid;
And no broad ſword, but a cloſe poinard wears.

XVI.

To kill ſhows fear dares not more fears endure!
When wrong'd, deſtroy not with thy foes thy fame;

The valiant by forgiving miſchief, cure;
And it is Heav'n's great conqueſt to reclaim.

XVII.

Be by thy bounty known! for ſince the needs
Of life ſo rudely preſs the bold and wiſe;
The bounteous heart all but his God exceeds;
Whom bounty beſt makes known to mortal eyes.

XVIII.

And to be bountiful, be rich; for thoſe
Fam'd talkers, who in ſchools did wealth deſpiſe,
Taught doctrine, which at home would empire loſe,
If not believ'd firſt by their enemies.

XIX.

And though in ruling miniſters of ſtate,
The people wretched poverty adore,
(Which fools call innocence, and wiſe men hate
As ſloth) yet they rebel for being poor;

XX.

And to be rich, be diligent! move on
Like Heav'n's great movers that enrich the earth;
Whoſe moments ſloth would ſhow the world undone,
And make the ſpring ſtrait bury all her birth.

XXI.

Rich are the diligent! who can command
Time, nature's ſtock! and could his hour-glaſs fall;
Would, as for ſeed of ſtars, ſtoop for the ſand;
And by inceſſant labour gather all.

XXII.

Be kind to beauty! that unlucky ſhrine [prey;
Where all love's thieves come bowing to their
And honour ſteal; which beauty makes divine;
Be thou ſtill kind, but never to betray!

XXIII.

Heav'n ſtudy more in nature, than in ſchools;
Let nature's image never by thee paſs
Like unmark'd time; but thoſe unthinking fools
Deſpiſe, who ſpy not godhead through her glaſs.

XXIV.

Theſe precepts, Ulfinore, with duteous care,
In his heart's cloſet lock'd, his faithful breaſt!
And now the rival friends for court prepare;
And much their youth is by their haſte expreſt.

XXV.

They yet ne'er ſaw Verona nor the court;
And expectation lengthens much their way;
Since by that great inviter urg'd report;
And thither fly on courſers of relay.

XXVI.

Ere to his weſtern mines the ſun retir'd;
They his great mint for all thoſe mines behold,
Verona, which in tow'rs to Heav'n aſpir'd;
Gilt doubly, for the ſun now gilt their gold.

XXVII.

They make their entry through the weſtern gate,
A Gothic arch! where, on an elephant
Bold Clephes as the ſecond founder ſate;
Made to mock life, and only life did want.

XXVIII.

Still ſtrange, and divers ſeem their objects now;
And ſtill increaſe, where'er their eyes they caſt;
Of lazy pag'ant greatneſs moving ſlow,
And angry buſ'neſs ruſhing on in haſte.

XXIX.

All ſtrange to them, as they to all appear;
Yet leſs like ſtrangers gaz'd than thoſe they ſee;
Who this glad day the Duke's ſpectators were;
To mark how with his fame his looks agree.

XXX.

And gueſs that theſe are of his fighting train,
Renown'd in youth, who by their wonder ſtay'd,
And by their own, but ſlowly paſſage gain;
But now much more their progreſs is delay'd:

XXXI.

For a black beauty did her pride diſplay
Through a large window, and in jewels ſhone;
As if to pleaſe the world, weeping for day,
Night had put all her ſtarry jewels on.

XXXII.

This beauty gaz'd on both, and Ulfinore
Hung down his head, but yet did lift his eyes;
As if he fain would ſee a little more;
For much, though baſhful, ſhe did beauty prize.

XXXIII.

Goltho did like a bluſhleſs ſtatue ſtare;
Boldly her practis'd boldneſs did out-look;
And even for fear ſhe would miſtruſt her ſnare;
Was ready to cry out, that he was took!

XXXIV.

She, with a wicked woman's proſp'rous art,
A ſeeming modeſty, the window clos'd;
Wiſely delay'd his eyes, ſince of his heart
She thought ſhe had ſufficiently diſpos'd.

XXXV.

And he thus ſtrait complain'd, ah, Ulfinore!
How vainly glory has our youth miſled?
The wind which blows us from the happy ſhore,
And drives us from the living to the dead.

XXXVI.

To bloody ſlaughters, and perhaps of thoſe
Who might beget ſuch beauties as this maid;
The ſleepy here are never wak'd with foes;
Nor are of ought but ladies frowns afraid.

XXXVII.

Ere he could more lament, a little page,
Clean, and perſum'd (one whom this dame did breed
To gueſs at ills, too manly for his age)
Steps ſwiftly to him, and arreſts his ſteed.

XXXVIII.

With civil whiſper cries, My lady, Sir!——
At this, Goltho alights as ſwiftly poſt
As poſters mount; by ling'ring loth to err,
As wind-bound men, whoſe ſloth their firſt wind loſt.

XXXIX.

And when his friend adviſ'd him to take care;
He gravely, as a man new potent grown,
Proteſts he ſhall in all his fortunes ſhare;
And to the houſe invites him as his own.

XL.

And, with a rival's wiſdom, Ulfinore [aſtray,
Does hope, ſince thus blind love leads him
Where a falſe ſaint he can ſo ſoon adore,
That to Birtha ne'er will find the way.

XLI.

They enter, and aſcend; and enter then
Where Dalga with black eyes does ſinners draw;

And with her voice holds fast repenting men;
To whose warm jet, light Goltho is but straw.

XLII.

Nicely as bridegroom's, was her chamber dreſt,
Her bed, as bride's; and richer than a throne;
And ſweeter ſeem'd than the Circania's neſt,
Though built in eaſtern groves of cinnamon.

XLIII.

The price of princes pleaſures, who her love
(Though but falſe ware) at rates ſo coſtly bought:
The wealth of many, but may hourly prove
Spoils to ſome one by whom herſelf is caught.

XLIV.

She, ſway'd by ſinful beauty's deſtiny,
Finds her tyrannic pow'r muſt now expire;
Who meant to kindle Goltho with her eye,
But to her breaſt has brought the raging fire.

XLV.

Yet even in ſimple love ſhe uſes art;
Though weepings are from loofer eyes but lakes,
Yet oldeſt lovers ſcarce would doubt her heart;
So well ſhe weeps, and thus to Goltho ſpeaks.

XLVI.

I might, if I ſhould aſk your pardon, Sir,
Suſpect that pity which the noble feel
When women fail; but ſince in this I err
To all my ſex, I would to women kneel.

XLVII.

Yet happy were our ſex, could they excuſe
All breach of modeſty, as I can mine;
Since 'tis from paſſion which a ſaint might uſe,
And not appear leſs worthy of a ſhrine.

XLVIII.

For my brave brother you reſemble ſo [fell;
Throughout your ſhape; who late in combat
As you in that an inward virtue ſhow,
By which to me you all the world excel.

XLIX.

All was he, which the good as greatneſs ſee,
Or love can like! in judgment match'd by none;
Unleſs it fail'd in being kind to me;
A crime forbid to all ſince he is gone.

L.

For though I ſend my eyes abroad, in hope
Amongſt the ſtreams of men ſtill flowing here,
To find (which is my paſſion's utmoſt ſcope)
Some one that does his noble image bear;

LI.

Yet ſtill I live recluſe; unleſs it ſeem
A liberty too rude, that I in you
His likeneſs at ſo high a rate eſteem,
As to believe your heart is kind and true.

LII.

She caſts on Ulfinore a ſudden look;
Stares like a mountebank, who had forgot
His viol, and the curſed poiſon took
By dire miſtake before his antidote.

LIII.

Prays Goltho that his friend may ſtrait forbear
Her preſence; who (ſhe ſaid) reſembled ſo
Her noble brother's cruel murderer,
As ſhe muſt now expire, unleſs he go!

LIV.

Goltho, ſtill gravely vain, with formal face
Bids Ulfinore retire; and does pretend
Almoſt to know her parents, and the place,
And even to ſwear her brother was his friend.

LV.

But wary Ulfinore (whoſe beauteous truth
Did never but in plaineſt dreſs behold)
Smiles, and remembers tales, to forward youth
In winter nights by country matrons told,

LVI.

Of witches, towns, where ſeeming beauties dwell,
All hair, and black within, maids that can fly!
Whoſe palaces at night are ſmoky hell,
And in their beds their ſlaughter'd lovers lie.

LVII.

And though, the ſun now ſetting, he no lights
Saw burning blue, nor ſteam of ſulphur ſmelt;
Nor took her two black Mercen maids for ſp'rits;
Yet he a ſecret touch of honour felt.

LVIII.

For not the craft of rivalſhip (though more
Than ſtates wiſe rivals ſtudy intereſt)
Can make him leave his friend, till he reſtore
Some cold diſcretion to his burning breaſt.

LIX.

Though to his fears his cauſe now ſerious ſhows;
Yet ſmiles he at his ſolemn moving eye;
For luſt in reading beauty ſolemn grows
As old phyſicians in anatomy.

LX.

Goltho (ſaid he) 'tis eaſy to diſcern
That you are grave, and think you ſhould be
ſo;
Since you have buſ'neſs here of grave concern;
And think that you this houſe and lady know.

LXI.

You'll ſtay, and have your ſleep with muſic fed;
But little think to wake with mandrakes groans;
And by a ghoſt be to a garden led
At midnight, ſtrew'd with ſimple lovers bones.

LXII.

This, Goltho, is inchantment, and ſo ſtrange,
So ſubt'ly falſe, that whilſt I tell it you,
I fear the ſpell will my opinion change,
And make me think the pleaſant viſion true.

LXIII.

Her dire black eyes are like the ox's eye,
Which in the Indian Ocean tempeſt brings;
Let's go! before our horſes learn to fly,
Ere ſhe ſhow cloven feet, and they get wings!

LXIV.

But high rebellious love, when counſell'd ſoon
As ſullen as rebuk'd ambition grows;
And Goltho would purſue ſhhat he would ſhun,
But that his happier fate did interpoſe:

LXV.

For at the garden gate, a ſummons loud
Enough, to ſhow authority and haſte,
Brought cares to Dalga's brow; which like a cloud
Did ſoon her ſhining beauty overcaſt.

LXVI.

Like thieves ſurpris'd, whilſt they divide their
prize,
Her maids run and return through every room;
Still ſeeming doubtful where their ſafety lies;
All ſpeaking with their looks, and all are
dumb.

LXVII.

She, who to dangers could more boldly wake,
With words, swift as those errands which her heart
Sends out in glances, thus to Goltho spake:
My mother, Sir! alas! you must depart!

LXVIII.

She is severe as dying confessors,
As jealous as unable husbands are,
She youth in men, like age in maids abhors;
And has more spies than any civil war.

LXIX.

Yet would you but submit to be conceal'd,
I have a closet secret as my breast,
Which is to men, nor day, no more reveal'd,
Than a close swallow in his winter's nest.

LXX.

To this good Goltho did begin to yield;
But Ulfinore (who doubts that it may tend
To base retreat, unless they quit the field),
Does by example govern and defend.

LXXI.

And now his eyes even ache with longingness,
Ready to break their strings to get abroad
To see this matron, by whose sole access
Dalga in all her furious hopes is aw'd.

LXXII.

And as he watch'd her civil Mercury,
The hopeful page; he saw him entrance give,
Not to a matron, still prepar'd to die,
But to a youth wholly design'd to live.

LXXIII.

He seem'd the heir to prosp'rous parents toils;
Gay as young kings, that woo in foreign courts;
Or youthful victors in their Persian spoils;
He seem'd like love and music, made for sports.

LXXIV.

But wore his clothing loose, and loosely cast,
As princes high with feasting, who to wine
Are seldom us'd: show'd warm, and more unbrac'd
Than ravishers oppos'd in their design.

LXXV.

Thus Ulfinore observ'd, and would not yet
In civil pity, undeceive his friend;
But watch'd the signs of his departing fit;
Which quickly did in bashful silence end.

LXXVI.

To the Duke's palace they inquir'd their way;
And as they slowly rode, a grave excuse
Griev'd Goltho frames, vowing he made this stay
For a discovery of important use.

LXXVII.

If, Sir, said he, we heedlessly pass by [come
Great towns, like birds that from the country
But to be scar'd, and on to forests fly,
Let's be no travell'd fools, but roost at home.

LXXVIII.

I see, (reply'd his friend), you nothing lack
Of what is painful, curious, and discreet
In travellers; else would you not look back
So often to observe this house and street:

LXXIX.

Drawing your city map with coaster's care,
Not only marking where safe channels run,
But where the shelves, and rocks, and dangers are;
To teach weak strangers what they ought to shun.

LXXX.

But, Goltho, fly from lust's experiments,
Whose heat we quench much sooner than assuage;
To quench the furnace lust, stop all the vents;
For, give it any air, the flames will rage.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE READER.

I am here arrived at the middle of the third Book, which makes an equal half of the Poem; and I was now by degrees to present you (as I promised in the preface) the several keys of the main building; which should convey you through such short walks as give an easy view of the whole frame.—But it is high time to strike sail, and cast anchor (though I have run but half my course) when at the helm I am threatened with death; who, though he can visit us but once, seems troublesome; and even in the innocent may beget such a gravity, as diverts the music of verse. And I beseech thee (if thou art so civil as to be pleas'd with what is written) not to take ill, that I run not on till my last gasp. For though I intended in this poem to strip nature naked, and clothe her again in the perfect shape of virtue; yet even in so worthy a design I shall ask leave to desist, when I am interrupted by so great an experiment as dying: and it is an experiment to the most experienced; for no man (though his mortifications may be much greater than mine) can say, He has already died.

It may be objected by some (who look not on verse with the eyes of the ancients, nor with the reverence which it still preserves among other nations) that I beget a poem in an unseasonable time. But be not thou, reader, (for thine own sake, as well as mine) a common spectator, that can never look on great changes but with tears in his eyes: for if all men would observe, that conquest is the wheels of the world, on which it has ever run, the victorious would not think they have done so new, and such admirable actions, as must draw

men from the noble and beautiful arts, to gaze wholly upon them; neither would the conquered continue their wonder till it involve them in sorrow: which is then the mind's incurable disease, when the patient grows so sullen, as not to listen to remedy: And poesy was that harp of David, which removed from Saul the melancholy spirit, that put him in a continual remembrance of the revolution of empire.

I shall not think I instruct military men, by saying, that with poesy, in heroic songs, the wiser ancients prepar'd their battles; nor would I offend the austerity of such, as vex themselves with the manage of civil affairs, by putting them in mind, that whilst the plays of children are punish-ed, the plays of men, are but excus'd under the title of business.

But I will gravely tell thee (reader) he who writes an heroic poem, leaves an estate entailed; and he gives a greater gift to posterity, than to the present age; for a public benefit is best measured in the number of receivers; and our contemporaries are but few, when reckon'd with those who shall succeed.

Nor could I sit idle, and sigh with such as mourn to hear the drum; for if this age be not quiet enough to be taught virtue a pleasant way, the next may be at leisure: nor could I (like men that have civilly slept, till they are old in dark cities) think war a novelty: for we have all heard that Alexander walked after the drum, from Macedon into India; and I tell thee (reader) he carried Homer in his pocket; and that after Augustus, by many battles, had changed the government of the world, he and Mecœnas often feasted very peaceably with Horace: and that the last wise Cardinal (whilst he was sending armies abroad, and preparing against civil invasion (took Virgil and Tasso aside under the Louvre gallery, and at a great expence of time and treasure, sent them forth in new ornaments. And perhaps, if my poem were not so severe a representation of virtue, (undressing truth even out of those disguises which have been most in fashion throughout the world), it might arrive at fair entertainment, though it make now for a harbour in a storm.

If thou art a malicious reader, thou wilt remember, my preface boldly confessed, that a main motive to this undertaking, was a desire of fame; and thou mayest likewise say, I may very possibly not live to enjoy it. Truly I have some years ago considered, that fame, like time, only gets a reverence by long running; and that like a river, it is narrowest where it is bred, and broadest afar off: but this concludes it not unprofitable; for, he whose writings divert men from indiscretion and vice, becomes famous as he is an example to others endeavours: and exemplary writers are wiser than to depend on the gratuities of this world; since the kind looks and praises of the present age, for reclaiming a few, are not mentionable with those solid rewards in heaven, for a long and continual conversion of posterity.

If thou (reader) art one of those, who has been warmed with poetic fire, I reverence thee as my judge, and whilst others tax me with vanity, as if the preface argued my good opinion of the work, I appeal to thy conscience, whether it be more than such a necessary assurance, as thou hast made to thyself in like undertakings? For when I observe that writers have many enemies, such inward assurance (methinks) resembles that forward confidence in men of arms), which makes them to proceed in great enterprise; since the right examination of abilities, begins with inquiring whether we doubt ourselves.

Cowes-Castle in the Isle of Wight,
October 22, 1670.

WILL. DAVENANT.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

To my worthy Friend Mr. William Davenant: upon his Poem of Madagascar, which he writ to the most Illustrious Prince Rupert.

I AM compell'd by your commands to write
I' th' frontispiece of this, and sure I might
With quaint conceits, here to the world set forth
The merit of the poem, and your worth;
Had I well fancy'd reasons to begin;
And a choice mould, to cast good verses in:
But wanting these, what power (alas!) have I
To write of any thing? will men rely
On my opinion? which in verse, or prose,
Hath just that credit, which we give to those
That sagely whisper, secrets of the court;
Having but lees for essence, from report.
And that's the knowledge which belongs to me;
For by what's said, I guess at poetry.
As when I hear them read strong lines, I cry
They're rare, but cannot tell you rightly why:
And now I find this quality was it,
That made some poet cite me for a wit:
Now, God forgive him for that huge mistake!
If he did know; but with what pains I make
A verse, he'ld pity then my wretched case;
For, at the birth of each I twist my face,
As if I drew a tooth; I blot, and write,
Then look as pale as some that go to fight:
With the whole kennel of the alphabet,
I hunt sometimes an hour, one rhyme to get:
What I approv'd of once I straight deny,
Like an unconstant prince, then give the lie
To my own invention, which is so poor,
As here I'd kiss your hands, and say no more!
Had I not seen a child with scissors cut,
A folded paper unto which was put
More chance than skill, yet when you open it,
You'd think it had been done by art and wit:
So I, perhaps, may light upon some strain,
Which may in this your good opinion gain;
And howsoever, if it be a plot,
You may be certain, that in this you've got
A foil to set your jewel off, which comes
From Madagascar, scenting of rich gums;
Before the which my lay conceits with smell,
Like an abortive chick, destroy'd i' th' shell:
Yet something I must say, may it prove fit;
I'll do the best I can, and this is it.
What lofty fancy was 't possess'd your brain,
And caus'd you soar into so high a strain!
Did all the Muses join, to make this piece
Excel what we have had, from Rome or Greece;
Or did you strive, to leave it as a friend
To speak your praises, when there is an end
Of your mortality? if you did so
Envy will then scarce find you out a foe!
But let me tell you (friend) the height'ning came
From the reflection of Prince Rupert's name;
Whose glorious genius cast into your soul,
Divine conceits, such as are fit t' enrol
In great Apollo's court, there to remain
For future ages to transcribe again:
For such a poem, in so sweet a style,
As yet was never landed on this isle:
And could I speak your praises at each pore,
'Twere little for the work; it merits more.

ENDIMION PORTER.

To my Friend William Davenant.

I CROWDED 'mongst the first, to see the stage
(Inspir'd by thee) strike wonder in our age,
By thy bright fancy dazzled; where each scene
Wrought like a charm, and forc'd the audience lean
To th' passion of thy pen: thence ladies went
(Whose absence lovers sigh'd for) to repent
Their unkind scorn; and countries who by art
Made love before, with a converted heart,
To wed those virgins whom they wou'd t' abuse:
Both rendered Hymen's pros'lites by thy muse.
But others who were proof 'gainst love, did sit
To learn the subtle dictates of thy wit;
And as each profited, took his degree,
Master, or bachelor in Comedy.
Who on the stage, though since they ventur'd not,
Yet on some lord, or lady, had their plot
Of gain, or favour: ev'ry nimble jest
They speak of thine, b'ing th' entrance to a feast,
Or nearer whisper: most thought fit to be
So far concluded wits, as they knew thee.
But here the stage thy limit was, kings may
Find proud ambition humbled at the sea,
Which bounds dominion: but the nobler flight
Of poesy, hath a supremer right
To empire, and extends her large command
Where'er th' invading sea assaults the land.
Ev'n Madagascar (which so oft hath been
Like a proud virgin tempted, yet still seen
Th' enemy court the wind for flight) doth lie
A trophy now of thy wit's victory:
Nor yet disdains destruction to her state,
Encompass'd with thy laurel in her fate.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

MADAGASCAR.

My soul this winter has been twice about
To shift her narrow mansion, and look out;
To air her yet unpractis'd wings, and try
Where souls are entertain'd when bodies die:
For this intended journey was to clear
Some subtle human doubts that vex her here:
And for no other cause; howe'er the court
Believe (whose cruel wits turn all to sport)
'Twas not to better my philosophy
That I would mount, and travel through the sky,
As if I went on nature's embassy;
Whose legate there, religion terms a spy.
But these sick offers to depart, they call
A weariness of life, each spring, and fall:
And this belief (though well resolv'd before)
Made me so sullen, that I'll die no more
Than old Chaldean prophets in their sleep;
Who still some relics of their souls, would keep,
As 'gage for the return of what they sent,
For visions to the starry firmament.
Thus in a dream, I did adventure out
Just so much soul, as sinners giv'n to doubt
Of after usage, dare forego a while:
And this swift pilot steer'd unto an isle,
Between the Southern Tropic and the Line;
Which (noble Prince) my prophecy calls thine:
There, on a crystal rock I sat, and saw
The empire of the winds, new kept in awe,
By things so large and weighty as did press
Waves to bubbles, or what unswell'd to less:
The sea for shelter hasten'd to the shore;
Sought harbour for itself not what it bore:
So well these ships could rule; where ev'ry sail
The subdu'd winds court with so mild a gale,
As if the spacious navy lay adrift,
Sails swell'd to make them comely more than swift:
And then I spy'd (as cause of this command)
Thy mighty uncle's trident in thy hand,
By which mysterious figure I did call
Thee chief, and universal Admiral!
For well our Northern Monarch knows, howe'er
The sea is dully held, the proper sphere
Wherein that trident sways, yet, in his hand
It turns strait to a sceptre when on land:
And soon this wise assertion prov'd a truth;
For when thyself, with thy advent'rous youth
Were disembark'd; strait with one lib'ral mind,
That long-lost, scatter'd-parcel of mankind,
Who from the first disorder'd throng did stray,
And then fix here, now yield unto thy sway:
On olive-trees, their quivers empty hung,
Their arrows were unplum'd, their bows unstrung:
But some from far, with jealous optics trace
Lines of thy mother's beauty in thy face:
By which, so much thou seem'st the God of Love,
That with tumultuous haste they strait remove,
And hide their magazine of archery;
Lest what was their defence might now supply
Thy godhead, which is harmless yet, but know
When thou shalt head a shaft, and draw a bow,
Each then thou conquer'st must a lover be;
The worst estate of their captivity.
What sound is that! whose concord makes a jar?
'Tis noise in peace, though harmony in war:
The drum, whose doubtful music doth delight
The willing ear, and the unwilling fright.
Had wet Orion chosen to lament
His griefs at sea, on such an instrument;
Perhaps the martial music might incite
The sword-fish, thrasher, and the whale to fight,
But not to dance; the dolphin he should lack,
Who to delight his ear did load his back,
And now as thunder calls ere storms do rise;
Yet not forewarns, till just they may surprise;
Till the assembling clouds are met, to pour
Their long provided fury in one show'r;
Even so this little thunder of the drum,
Foretold a danger just when it was come:
When strait mine eye, might ratify mine ear;
And see that true, which heard, was but my fear:
For in a firm well-order'd body stood,
Erected pikes, like a young leafless wood;
And that show'd dark, they were so close combin'd;
And ev'ry narrow file was double lin'd;
But with such nimble ministers of fire,
That could so quickly charge, so soon retire,
That shot so fast; to say it lighten'd were
No praise, unto a gunner's motion there;
Nor yet to say, it lightned ev'ry where;
Their number thence, not swiftness would appear;
Since so incessant swift; that in mine eye,
Lightning seem'd slow, and might be taught to fly!
'Tis lawful then to say, thou didst appear
To wonder much, although thou couldst not fear:
Thy knowledge (Prince) were younger than thy time,
If not amaz'd; to see in such a clime,
Where science is so new, men so exact,
In tactic arts, both to design and act,

These from unwieldy ships (the day before)
The weary seas disburdened on the shore:
In envy of thy hopes they hither came;
And envy men in war ambition name;
Ambition, valour; but 'tis valour's shame
When envy feeds it more than noble fame:
Strait I discern'd by what their ensign wears,
They are of those ambitious wanderers;
Whose avaricious thoughts would teach them run,
As long continu'd journies as the sun:
And make the title of their strength, not right,
As known, and universal as his light:
For they believe their monarch hath subdu'd:
Already such a spacious latitude:
That sure, the good old planet's busiuess is
Of late, only to visit what is his:
And those fair beams which he did think his own,
Are tribute now, and he his subject grown;
Yet not impair'd in title, since they call
Him kindly his Surveyor-General.

Now give me wine! and let my fury rise,
That what my travell'd soul's immortal eyes
With joy and wonder saw, I may rehearse
To curious ears, in high, immortal verse!
Two of this furious squadron did advance;
Commanded to comprise the public chance
In their peculiar fates: their swords they drew:
And two, whose large renown their nation knew,
Two of thy party (Prince) they call'd to try
By equal duel such a victory,
As gives the victor's side a full command
Of what possess'd by both, is neither's land,
And this to save the people's common blood;
By whom, although no cause is understood;
Yet princes being vex'd, they must take care
To do not what they ought, but what they dare:
Their reason on their courage must rely,
Though they alike the quarrel justify,
And in their prince's kind indiff'rent eye
Are duteous fools, that either kill, or die,
This safe agreement by the gen'ral voice
Was ratify'd with vows, then straight thy choice
For the enconnter (Prince) with greedy eye
I did entirely view, and both I spy
March to the list, whilst either's cheerful look
Foretold glad hopes of what they undertook.
Their looks; where forc'd state clouds, ne'er strive
to lour,
As if sweet feature, business could make sour:
Where solemn sadness of a new court face,
Ne'er meant to signify their pow'r or place.
You may esteem them lovers by their hair;
The colour warns no lady to despair;
And nature seem'd to prove their stature such,
As took not scantly from her, nor too much:
So tall, we can't misname their stature length,
Nor think 't less made for comeliness than strength.
Their hearts are more, than what we noble call,
And still make envy weary of her gall.
So gentle soft; their valours with more ease
Might be betray'd to suffer than displease:
Compar'd to lovers, lovers were undone;
Since still the best gain by comparison.
Of these, the godlike Sidney was a type,
Whose fame still grows, and yet is ever ripe;
Like fruits of Paradise, which nought could blast
But ignorance; for a desire to taste,
And know, produc'd no curse; but neut'ral will,
When knowledge made indiff'rent, good, and ill.
So whilst our judgment keeps unmix'd, and pure,
Our Sidney's full grown fame will still endure:
Sidney, like whom those champions strive to grace,
The silent remnant of poor Orpheus race.
First those, whom mighty numbers shall inspire;
Then those, whose easier art can touch his lyre.
And they protect those who with wealthier fate
Old Zeuxis lucky pencil imitate.
And those who teach Lysippus imag'ry;
Forms, that if once alive, would never die!
Which though no offices of life they taste,
Yet, like th' elements (life's preservers) last!
An art that travels much, deriv'd to us
From pregnant Rome, to Rome from Ephesus!
But whither am I fled? a poet's song.
When love directs his praise, is ever long.

The challenge was aloud, whilst ev'ry where
Men strive to show their hopes, and hide their fear,
They now stood opposite and near: a while
Their eyes encounter'd, then in scorn they smile.
Such did disguise the fury of his heart,
A safe and temp'rate exercise of art
Seem'd to invite those thrusts they most decline,
Receive, and then return in one true line,
As if, all Archimedes's science were
In duel both express'd, and better'd there.
Each strove the others judgment to suppress:
Stood stiff, as if their postures were in brass.
But who can keep his cold wise temper long,
When honour warms him, and his blood is young;
Those subtle figures they in judgment chose
As guards secure, in rage they discompose:
Now hazard is the play, courage the main,
Which, if it hits at first, assures the gain:
But honour throws at all, and in this strife,
When honour plays, how poor a stake is life?
Which soon (alas!) the adverse second found:
Made wise, by the example of a wound:
But gamester's wisdom ever comes too late,
So dear 'tis bought, of that false merchant fate;
For our bold second by that wound had won
The treasure of his strength; whilst quite undone,
He shrunk from this unlucky sport: but now
More angry wrinkles on his rival's brow
Appear'd, than hundred lions wear; and all
His strength he ventures on our principal:
Who entertain'd his stream of fury so,
As seas meet rivers whom they force to flow:
It is repulse makes rivers swell, and he
Forc'd back, got courage from our victory:
Rivers that seas do teach to rage, are toss'd,
And troubled for their pride, then quickly lost:
So he was taught that anger, which he spent
To make the other's wrath more prevalent,
For in the next assault he felt the best,
First part of man (the monarch of his breast),
To sicken in its warm and narrow throne,
His rival's hasty soul, to shades unknown
Was newly fled, but his made greater haste,
His fears had so much sense of sufferings past;

Such danger he diſcern'd in 's victor's eye,
Whom he believ'd, ſo ſkill'd in victory;
As if his ſoul ſhould near his body ſtay,
The cruel heavens, would teach him find a way
To kill that too, by which, no pride (we ſee)
Can make us ſo profane as miſery?
This when their camp beheld, they ſtrait abjure
That pity in their vow; which to ſecure
The public blood, ventur'd their hopes, and fame
On two, cauſe they could die, were cenſur'd tame;
And to exhort, ſuch vex'd, and various minds,
Were in a ſtorm, to reconcile the winds,
With whiſper'd precepts of philoſophy:
Arms and religion ſeldom can comply.
Their faith they break, and in a body draw
Their looſer ſtrength, to give the victors law.

Charge! charge! the battle is begun! and now
I ſaw thy uncle's anger in thy brow:
Which like heaven's fire, doth ſeldom force aſſume,
Or kindle till 'tis fit it ſhould conſume:
Heaven's ſlow, unwilling fire; that would not fall,
Till two injurious cities ſeem'd to call
With their loud ſins, and when 'twas time it muſt
Deſtroy; although it was ſeverely juſt
To thoſe, ſo much perverted in their will;
The righteous ſaw the fire, yet fear'd no ill,
So careleſs ſafe, here all the natives were,
Who ſtood, as if too innocent to fear,
As if they knew thy uncle bred thy fate,
And his juſt anger thou didſt imitate.
But thy proud foes, who thought the morn did riſe,
For no chief cauſe, but to ſalute their eyes;
Are now inform'd by death, it may grow night
With them, yet others ſtill enjoy the light:
For ſtrait (methought) their periſh'd bodies lay
To ſoil the ground they conquer'd yeſterday.
O! why is valour priz'd at ſuch a rate?
O if a virtue, why ſo fool'd by fate?
That land, atchiev'd with patient toil, and might
Of emulous encounter in the fight,
They muſt not only yield when they muſt die,
But dead, it for the victor fructify.
And now our drums ſo fill each adverſe ear,
Their fellow's groans, want room to enter there;
Like ſhips near rocks, when ſtorms are grown ſo high,
They cannot warn each other with their cry:
Ev'n ſo, not hearing what would make them fly,
All ſtav'd and ſunk for ſad ſociety:
Their wounds are ſuch, the neighb'ring rivers need
No ſprings to make them flow, but what they bleed:
Where fiſhes wonder at their red-dy'd flood,
And by long nouriſhment on human blood,
May grow ſo near akin to men, that he
Who feeds on them hereafter, needs muſt be
Eſteem'd as true a Cannibal as thoſe
Whoſe luſcious diet is their conquer'd foes.
Sure Adam, when himſelf he firſt did ſpy
So ſingular, and only in his eye;
Yet knew all to that ſingle ſelf pertain'd,
Which the ſun ſaw, or elements ſuſtain'd;
He not believ'd, a race from him might come
So num'rous, that to make new offſpring room,
Is now the beſt excuſe of nature, why
Men, long in growth, ſo eaſily muſt die.
Eden, which God did this firſt prince allow,
But as his privy-garden then, is now
A ſpacious country found; elſe we ſupply
With dreams, not truth, long loſt geography:
And each high iſland then (though ne'er ſo wide)
Was but his mount, by nature fortify'd;
And every ſea wherein thoſe iſlands float,
Moſt aptly then he might have call'd his moat.
Parts, and diviſions were computed ſmall,
When rated by his meaſure that had all:
And all was Adam's when the world was new;
Then ſtraight that all, ſucceeded to a few;
Whilſt men were in their ſize, not number ſtrong;
But ſince, each couple is become a throng:
Which is the cauſe we buſy ev'ry wind
(That ſtudious pilots in their compaſs find) [come
For lands unknown: where thoſe who firſt do
Are not held ſtrangers, but arrive at home;
Yet he that next ſhall make his viſit there,
Is puniſh'd for a ſpy and wanderer:
Not that man's nature is averſe from peace;
But all are wiſely jealous of increaſe:
For eaters grow ſo faſt, that we muſt drive
Our friends away to keep ourſelves alive:
And war would be leſs needful, if to die,
Had been as pleaſant as to multiply.

Forgive me, Prince! that this aſpiring flame
(Firſt kindled as a light, to ſhow thy fame)
Conſumes ſo faſt, and is miſſpent ſo long,
Ere my chief viſion is become my ſong,
Thyſelf I ſaw, quite tir'd with victory;
As weary grown to kill, as they to die:
Whilſt ſome at laſt, thy mercy did enjoy,
'Cauſe 'twas leſs pains, to pardon than deſtroy;
And thy compaſſion did thy army pleaſe,
In mere belief, it gave thy valour eaſe.

Here in a calm began thy regal ſway;
Which with ſuch cheerful hearts, all did obey,
As if no law, were juſter than thy word:
Thy ſceptre ſtill were ſafe, without a ſword.
And here chronologers pronounce thy ſtyle;
The firſt true monarch of the Golden Iſle:
An iſle, ſo ſeated for predominance,
Where naval ſtrength its power can ſo advance,
That it may tribute take, of what the eaſt
Shall ever ſend in traffic to the weſt.

He that from curſed Mahomet derives
His ſinful blood: the Sophi too, that ſtrives
To prove, he keeps that very chair in's throne,
The Macedonian youth laſt ſat upon:
And he, whoſe wilder pride, makes him abhor
All but the ſun, for his progenitor;
Whoſe mother ſure, was raviſh'd in a dream,
By ſome o'er hot, laſcivious noon-day beam;
From whence, he calls himſelf, the Wealth of Sight,
The Morn's Executor, the Heir of Light:
And he, that thinks his rule extends ſo far,
He hopes, the former three his vaſſals are:
Compar'd to him, in war he rates them leſs,
Than corporals; than conſtables in peace:
And hopes the mighty Preſbyter ſtands bare
In rev'rence of his name, and will not dare

To wear (though ſick) his purple turban on
Within a hundred leagues of his bright throne.
These mortal gods, for traffic ſtill diſperſe
Their envy'd wealth, throughout the univerſe;
In caracks, built ſo wide, that they want room
In narrow ſeas; or in a junc, whoſe womb
So ſwells, as could our wonder be ſo mad,
To think that boats, or ſhips their ſexes had;
Who them beheld, would ſimply ſay, ſure theſe
Are near their time, and big with pinnaces;
Yet though ſo large, and populous, they all
Muſt tribute pay, unto thy admiral.
Now wealth (the cauſe, and the reward of war)
Is greedily explor'd; ſome buſy are
In virgin mines; where ſhining gold they ſpy,
That darkens the celeſtial chemic's eye:
I wiſh'd my ſoul had brought my body here,
Not as a poet, but a pioneer.
Some near the deepeſt ſhore are ſent to dive;
Whilſt with their long retentive breath they ſtrive
To root up coral trees, where mermaids lie,
Sighing beneath thoſe precious boughs, and die
For abſence of their ſcaly lovers loſt
In midnight ſtorms, about the Indian coaſt.
Some find old oyſters, that lay gaping there
For ev'ry new, freſh flood, a hundred year;
From theſe they riſle pearls, whoſe pond'rous ſize
Sinks weaker divers, when they ſtrive to riſe:
So big, on carckonets were never ſeen,
But where ſome well-truſs'd gianteſs is queen;
For though they're orient, and deſign to deck,
Their weight would yoke a tender ladies neck.
Some climb, and ſearch the rocks, till each have found
A ſaphire, ruby, and a diamond:
That which the ſultan's gliſt'ring bride doth wear,
To theſe would but a glowworm's eye appear:
The Tuſcan dukes compar'd, ſhows ſick, and dark;
Theſe living ſtars, and his a dying ſpark.
And now I ſaw (what urg'd my wonder more)
Black ſuds of ambergreaſe, float to the ſhore:
Whilſt rude dull mariners, who hardly can
Diſtinguiſh buff, or hides, from cordovan,
(Since gloves they never wear) this ointment uſe,
Not to perfume, but ſupple their parch'd ſhoes.
Now others haſten to the woods, and there
Such fruits for taſte and odour, ev'ry where
Are ſeen; that the merabolan by ſome
Is ſlighted as a courſe ſour winter plumb.'
Then new temptation make them all in love
With wand'ring, till invited to a grove,
They ſtraight thoſe ſilken little weavers ſpy,
That work ſo faſt on leaves of mulberry;
The Perſian worm (whoſe weary ſummer toils
So long hath been the ruffling courtiers ſpoils)
Compar'd to theſe, lives ever lazily,
And for neat ſpinning is a bungling fly!
Such hopes of wealth diſcern'd, 'tis hard to ſay
How gladly reaſon did my faith obey;
As if that miracle would now appear,
Which turns a poet to an uſurer:
But reaſon ſoon will without faith conſpire,
To make that eaſy which we much deſire:
Nor, Prince, will I deſpair, though all is thine,
That pioneers now dig from every mine;
Though all, for which on ſlipp'ry rocks they ſtrive;
Or gather when in ſeas they breathleſs dive;
Though poets ſuch unlucky prophets are,
As ſtill foretell more bleſſings than they ſhare;
Yet when thy noble choice appear'd, that by
Their combat firſt prepar'd thy victory:
Endimion, and Arigo; who delight
In numbers, and make ſtrong my muſes flight!
Theſe when I ſaw, my hopes could not abſtain,
To think it likely I might twirl a chain
On a judicial bench; learn to demur,
And ſleep out trials in a gown of fur:
Then reconcile the rich, for gold-fring'd gloves,
The poor for Godſake, or for ſugar-loaves!
When I perceiv'd, that cares on wealth rely,
That I was deſtin'd for authority,
And early gouts; my ſoul in a ſtrange fright
From this rich iſle began her haſty flight;
And to my half dead body did return,
Which new inſpir'd, roſe cheerful as the morn.
Heroic Prince, may ſtill thy acts, and name,
Become the wonder and diſcourſe of fame;
May ev'ry laurel, ev'ry myrtle bough,
Be ſtrip'd for wreaths, t'adorn, and load thy brow;
Triumphant wreaths, which 'cauſe they never fade,
Wiſe elder times, for kings and poets made:
And I deſerve a little ſprig of bay,
To wear in Greece on Homer's holiday;
Since I aſſume, when I thy battles write,
That very flame, which warm'd thee in the fight.

POEMS.

Elyſium. To the Ducheſs of Buckingham.

MADAM,

So ſleeps the anchorite on his cheap bed,
(Whoſe ſleep wants only length to prove him dead)
As I laſt night, whom the ſwift wings of thought,
Convey'd to ſee what our bold faith had taught;
Elyſium, where reſtored forms ne'er fade
Where growth can need no ſeeds, nor light a ſhade;
The joys which in our fleſh, through frail expence
Of ſtrength, through age, were loſt t' our injur'd ſenſe,
We there do meet again; and thoſe we taſte
Anew, which though devour'd, yet ever laſt:
The ſcatter'd treaſure of the ſpring, blown by
Autumn's rude winds from our diſcovery;
Lilies, and roſes; all that's fair and ſweet,
There reconcil'd to their firſt roots we meet;

There, only thoſe triumphant lovers reign,
Whoſe paſſions knew on earth ſo little ſtain,
Like angels they ne'er felt what ſexes meant;
Virtue was firſt their nature, then intent:
There, toiling victors ſafely are poſſeſt,
With fervent youth, eternity, and reſt;
But they were ſuch, who when they got the field;
To teach the conquer'd, victory, could yield
Themſelves again; as if true glory were
To bring the foe to courage, not to fear.
There are no talking Greeks, who their blood loſt,
Nor for the cauſe, but for a theme to boaſt;
As if they ſtrove enough for fame, that fought
To have their battles better told, than fought.
There I a veſtal's ſhadow firſt did ſpy,
Who when alive with holy houſewifery,
Trick'd up in lawn, and flow'ry wreaths (each hand
Clean as her thoughts) did 'fore the altar ſtand:
So buſy ſtill, ſtrewing her ſpice, and then
Removing coals, vexing the fire again,
As if ſome queaſy goddeſs had profeſs'd
To taſte no ſmoke that day, but what ſhe dreſs'd:
This holy coil ſhe living kept; but far
More buſy now, with more delightful care
Than when ſhe watch'd the conſecrated flame,
Sh' attends the ſhade of gentle Buckingham;
Who their unenvy'd ſins, with chaplets crown'd:
And with wiſe ſcorn, ſmiles on the prophet's wound;
He call'd it ſo, for though it touch'd his heart,
His nation feels the rancour, and the ſmart.

To the Queen, entertain'd at night by the Counteſs of Angleſey.

FAIR as unſhaded light; or as the day
In its firſt birth, when all the year was May;
Sweet, as the altar's ſmoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud, ſwell'd by the early dew;
Smooth, as the face of waters firſt appear'd,
Ere tides began to ſtrive, or winds were heard:
Kind as the willing ſaints, and calmer far,
Than in their ſleeps forgiven hermits are:
You that are more, than our diſcreeter fear
Dares praiſe, with ſuch full art, what make you here:
Here, where the ſummer is ſo little ſeen,
That leaves (her cheapeſt wealth) ſcarce reach at green
You come, as if the ſilver planet were
Miſled a while from her much injur'd ſphere,
And t' eaſe the travels of her beams to-night,
In this ſmall lanthorn would contract her light.

In Remembrance of Mr. William Shakſpeare.

I.

BEWARE (delighted poets!) when you ſing
To welcome nature in the early ſpring:
Your num'rous feet not tread
The banks of Avon; for each flower
(As it ne'er knew a ſun or ſhower)
Hangs there, the penſive head.

II.

Each tree, whoſe thick and ſpreading growth hath made
Rather a night beneath the boughs, then ſhade,
(Unwilling now to grow.)
Looks like the plume a captain wears,
Whoſe rifled falls are ſteept i' th tears
Which from his laſt rage flow.

III.

The piteous river wept itſelf away
Long ſince (alas!) to ſuch a ſwift decay,
That reach the map, and look
If you a river there can ſpy:
And for a river your mock'd eye,
Will find a ſhallow brook.

For the Lady Olivia Porter. A preſent upon a New-years Day.

Go! hunt the whiter ermine! and preſent
His wealthy ſkin, as this day's tribute ſent.
To my Endimion's love; though ſhe be far
More gently ſmooth, more ſoft than ermines are!
Go! climb that rock! and when thou there haſt found
A ſtar, contracted in a diamond,
Give it Endimion's love, whoſe glorious eyes,
Darken the ſtarry jewels of the ſkies?
Go! dive into the ſouthern ſea! and when
Th'aſt found (to trouble the nice ſight of men)
A ſwelling pearl; and ſuch whoſe ſingle worth,
Boaſt all the wonders which the ſeas bring forth;
Give it Endimion's love! whoſe ev'ry tear,
Would more enrich the ſkilful jeweller.
How I command? how ſlowly they obey?
The churliſh Tartar, will not hunt to-day:
Nor will that lazy, ſallow Indian ſtrive
To climb the rock, nor that dull Negro dive.
Thus poets like to kings (by truſt deceiv'd)
Give oftner what is heard of, than receiv'd.

On the Death of the Lady Marquis of Winchester.

IN care, leſt ſome advent'rous lover may
(T' increaſe his love) caſt his own ſtock away;
I (that find, th' uſe of grief is to grow wiſe)
Forbid all traffic now, 'twixt hearts and eyes:
Our remnant love, let us diſcreetly ſave,
Since not augment; for love lies in the grave.
Leſt men; whoſe patience is their ſenſes ſloth,
That only live, t' expect the tedious growth
Of what the following ſummer ſlowly yields;
Whoſe fair Elyſium, is their furrow'd fields,
Leſt theſe, ſhould ſo much prize mortality;
They ne'er would reach the wit, or faith to die;
Know ſummer comes no more; to the dark bed
Our ſun is gone; the hopeful ſpring is dead.
And leſt kind poets that delight to raiſe
(With their juſt truths, not ecſtaſy of praiſe)
Beauty to fame; ſhould raſhly overthrow
The credit of their ſongs; I let them know
Their theme is loſt; ſo loſt, that I have griev'd,
They never more can praiſe, and be believ'd.

To Endimion Porter, upon his Recovery from a long Sickneſs.

JUST ſo the ſun doth riſe, as if laſt night
He call'd to account the moon, for all the light
She ever ow'd; now looks ſo full of ſcorn,
And pride; as ſhe had paid him all this morn!
So clear a day, timely foretels; I now
Shall 'ſcape thoſe clouds, that hung upon my brow,
Whilſt I thy ſickneſs mourn'd; and leſs did ſleep,
Than faithful widows, that ſincerely weep.

A true preſage! My hopes no ſooner tell
What they deſir'd, but ſtraight I find thee well.
Bleſs'd be the ſtars; whoſe pow'rful influence
Our healths, by minerals, and herbs diſpenſe!
And that's their chiefeſt uſe: who thinks that fate
So many ſtars did purpoſely create,
And them ſo large, merely for ſhow, and light,
Concludes, it took leſs care of day than night.
Since thou art ſafe, thoſe numbers will be loſt,
Which I laid up, to mourn thee as a ghoſt:
Unleſs I ſpend them on ſome tragic tale,
Which lovers ſhall believe, and then bewail:
Next term, prepare thee for the theatre!
And until then, reſerve thy ſkilful ear;
For I will ſing imagin'd tragedy,
'Till fates repent their eſſence is ſo high
From paſſion rais'd, 'cauſe they can ne'er obtain
To taſte the griefs, which gentle poets feign.

Upon the Nuptials of Charles Lord Herbert, and the Lady M. Villers.

Roses 'till ripe, and ready to be blown,
Their beauty hide, whilſt it is yet their own;
'Tis ours but in expectance, whilſt th' are green;
And baſhfully they bluſh when firſt 'tis ſeen,
As if to ſpread their beauty were a crime;
A fault in them, not in all ripening time.
So ſtands (hidden with vails) in all her pride
Of early flouriſhing, the baſhful bride!
And 'till the prieſt, with words devoutly ſaid,
Shall ripen her a wife, that's yet a maid,
Her vail will never off: ſo modeſt ſtill,
And ſo expreſs'd by nature, not by ſkill,
That ſure ſhe dreſs'd her looks when ſhe did riſe,
Not in her glaſs, but in her mother's eyes.
The jolly bridegroom ſtands, as he had ta'en
And led love ſtrongly fetter'd in a chain:
Forgetting when her vails are laid aſide,
Himſelf is but a captive to the bride,
The prieſt now joins their hands, and he doth find
By myſtery divine, in both one mind,
Mix'd and diſpers'd; his ſpirits ſtrait begin
(As they were rap't) to vex, and talk within:
His temples ſweat, whilſt he ſtood ſilent by,
Not as prepar'd to bleſs, but prophecy:
What needed more? ſince they muſt needs poſſeſs,
All he foretold, though he ſhould never bleſs:
And bleſſing unto ſuch as moſt reſtores,
Or but repeats what was their anceſtors.

Epitaph on J. Walker.

Envy'd and lov'd, here lies the prince of mirth!
Who laugh'd at the grave bus'neſs of the earth,
Look'd on ambitious ſtateſmen with ſuch eyes,
As might diſcern them guilty, could not wiſe.
That did the noiſe of war, and battles hear,
As mov'd to ſmiling pity, not to fear:
Thought fighting princes at their dying ſad;
Believ'd both victors, and the conquer'd, mad:
Might have been rich, as oft as he would pleaſe;
But ways to wealth, are not the ways to eaſe.
The wit and courage of his talk, now reſts,
In their impatient keeping that ſtale jeſts;
His jeſts, who e'er ſhall father, and repeat
Small mem'ry needs, but let's eſtate be great;
Danger ſo ſeaſon'd them, each hath ſalt left,
Will yet undo the poor for one ſmall theft;
The rich, that will own them, whate'er they pay
Shall find, 'tis twice a-week ſtar chamberday.

Elegy on B. Haſelrick, ſlain in his youth, in a duel.

Now in the blind and quiet time of night,
So dark as if the funeral of light
Were celebrated here; whither with ſlow,
Unwilling feet, ſad virgins do you go?
Where have you left your reaſon, and your fear?
What mean thoſe violets that downward wear
Their heads, as griev'd, ſince thus employ'd they grew?
Lilies, ſearch'd by your looks, to their pale hue!
Roſes, that loſt their bluſhes on the bough,
And laurel ſtol'n from ſome dead poet's brow:
Theſe, and your looſer hair, ſhow that you come
To ſcatter both, on that relenting tomb.
But ſtay! by this moiſt pavement it appears,
Some ladies have been earlier here with tears
Than I, or you; and we can gueſs no more,
Thoſe that ſucceed, by theſe that dropp'd before;
Than by the dew, fall'n in a cowſlip's womb,
Heav'ns treaſury of ſhow'rs that are to come. [ſpy
The curtain's drawn: look there and you ſhall
The faded god of your idolatry!
Cold as the feet of rocks, ſilent in ſhade
As chaos lay, before the winds were made.
Yet this was once the flow'r, on whom the day
So ſmil'd, as if he never ſhould decay:
Soft as the hands of love, ſmooth as her brow;
So young in ſhow, as if he ſtill ſhould grow;
Yet perfected with all the pride of ſtrength,
Equal in limbs, and ſquare unto his length:
And though the jealous world hath underſtood,
Fates only ſeal'd the firſt creation good;
This modern work (ſtern fates!) roſe up to prove
Your ancient ſkill retain'd, but not your love:
Could you have lov'd, you had with careful ſight
Preſerv'd, what you did frame with ſuch delight.
O, let me ſum his crimes, let me relate
Them ſtrictly as his judge, not advocate;
And yet the greateſt number you ſhall find
Were errors of his youth, not of his mind:
For had his jealous courage been ſo wiſe,
As to believe itſelf, not others eyes;
Had he not thought his little patience tame
In ſuff'ring quiet men, t' enjoy a fame;
He might have liv'd to ſo great uſe, that I
Had writ his acts, and not his elegy.
Go, gentleſt of your ſex! ſhould I relate
With bolder truth, th' unkindneſs of his fate,
(Too ſtrict, to fleſh and blood) I might infuſe
A ſchiſm in your religion, and my muſe:
Yet this would be excus'd, ſince all we gain
By grief, is but the licence to complain.

To the Queen upon a New-years day.

You of the guard make way! and you that keep
The preſence warm, and quiet whilſt you ſleep,
Permit me paſs! and then (if any where
Employ'd) you angels that are buſieſt here,
And are the ſtrongeſt guard, although unſeen,
Conduct me near the chamber of the queen!
Where with ſuch reverence as hermits uſe
At richeſt ſhrines, I may preſent my muſe:
Awake! ſalute, and ſatisfy thy ſight,
Not with the fainting ſun's, but thine own light!

Let this day break from thine own ſilken ſphere,
This day, the birth, and infant of the year!
Nor is there need of purple, or of lawn
To veſt thee in; were but thy curtains drawn,
Men might ſecurely ſay, that it is morn,
Thy garments ſerve to hide, not to adorn!
Now ſhe appears, whilſt ev'ry look, and ſmile,
Diſpenſes warmth, and beauty through our iſle:
Whilſt from their wealthieſt caſkets, princes pay
Her gifts, as the glad tribute of this day!
This day, which time ſhall owe to her, not fate;
Becauſe her early eyes did it create. [bring
But O! poor poets! Where are you? Why
You not your goddeſs now an offering?
Who makes your numbers ſwift, when they mov'd
flow, [flow,
And when they ebb'd, her influence made them
Alas! I know your wealth: the laurel bough,
Wreath'd into circles, to adorn the brow,
Is all you have: but go; theſe ſtrew, and ſpread,
In ſacrifice, wherever ſhe ſhall tread,
And e'er this day grow old, know you ſhall ſee
Each leaf become a ſprig, each ſprig a tree.

To Endimion Porter.

Would thou wert dead! ſo ſtrictly dead to me,
That, nor my ſight, nor my vex'd memory
Could reach thee more: ſo dead, but that to name
Thou wert, might give the ſaucy lie to fame;
That the bold ſons of honour, and the mild
Race of lovers (both thy diſciples ſtil'd)
Might aſk; who could the firſt example be
To all their good? yet none ſhould mention thee:
Knocking at my breaſt, when this hour is come;
I hope, I once ſhall find my heart at home.
Say thou art dead; yet whiſper't but to me;
For ſhould thy ſo well-ſpent mortality
End to the world, and that ſad end be known,
I might (perhaps) ſtill live, but live alone:
The better world would follow thee, and all
That I ſhould gain by that large funeral
Would be, the wanton vanity to boaſt,
What they enjoy, was from my plenty loſt.

To the Counteſs of Carliſle, on the Death of the Earl her Huſband.

This cypreſs folded here; inſtead of lawn,
Theſe tapers winking, and theſe curtains drawn;
What may they mean; unleſs to qualify
And check the luſtre of your eye, you'll try
To honour darkneſs, and adorn the night,
So ſtrive, thus with your lord, to buy light.
Call back your abſent beauties to your care;
Though clouded, and conceal'd, we know you are
The morning's earlieſt beam, life of the day,
The even's laſt comfort, and her parting ray!
But why theſe tears, that give him no relief,
For whom you waſte the virtue of your grief?
Such, as might be preſcrib'd the earth, to drink
For cure of her old curſe; tears you would think
Too rich to water (if ye knew their price)
The chieſeſt plant deriv'd from Paradiſe.
But O! where is a poet's faith? how far [are.
We are miſled: how falſe we lords of numbers
Our love is paſſion, our religion, rage!
Since, to ſecure that mighty heritage
Entail'd upon the bay, ſee how I ſtrive
To keep the glory of your looks alive;
And to perſuade your gloomy ſorrows thence,
As ſubt'ly knowing, your kind influence
Is all the precious ſtock, left us t' inſpire,
And ſeed the flame, of our eternal fire.
But I recant: 'Tis fit you mourn a while,
And wink, until you darken all this iſle;
More fit, the bay ſhould wither too, and be
Quite loſt, than he ſhould loſe your obſequy:
He that was once your lord; who ſtrove to get
That title, 'cauſe nought elſe could make him great;
A title, by which his name he did preſer
To have a day, i' th' poets calendar.
His youth was gentle, and diſpos'd to win,
Had ſo much courtſhip in't, 'twas his chief ſin;
Yet ſure, although his courtſhip knew the way
To conquer beauty, it did ne'er betray.
When wiſe with years, theſe ſoft affairs did ceaſe,
He whiſper'd war abroad, then brought home
peace;
He was ſupreme ambaſſador, and went
To be that prince, whom liegers but preſent;
And ſoon with eaſy ceremonies got,
What they did loſe with care, and a deep plot:
Cheerful his age, not tedious or ſevere;
Like thoſe, who being dull, would grave appear;
Whoſe guilt, made them the ſoul of mirth deſpiſe,
And being ſullen, hope men think them wiſe.
Yet he that kept his virtues from decay,
Had that about him needs muſt wear away:
The daily leſ'ning of our life, ſhews by
A little dying, how outright to die:
Obſerve the morning, noon, and evening ſun,
Then (madam) you that ſaw his hour glaſs run,
In wiſer faith, will not be more oppreſt
To ſee the laſt ſand fall, than all the reſt.

To Thomas Carew.

I.

Upon my conſcience whenſoe'er thou dy'ſt
(Though in the black, the mourning time of
Lent). [ly'ſt)
There will be ſeen, in Kings-ſtreet (where thou
More triumphs, than in days of Parliament.

II.

How glad, and gaudy then will lovers be?
For ev'ry lover that can verſes read,
Hath been ſo injur'd by thy muſe and thee,
Ten thouſand, thouſand times, he wiſh'd thee
dead.

III

Not but thy verſes are as ſmooth and high,
As glory, love, or wine, from wit can raiſe;
But now the devil take ſuch deſtiny! [praiſe.
What ſhould commend them, turns to their diſ-

IV.

Thy wit's chief virtue is become its vice;
For every beauty thou haſt rais'd ſo high,
That now coarſe faces carry ſuch a price,
As muſt undo a lover that ſhould buy.

V.

Scarce any of the ſex, admits commerce;
It ſhames me much to urge this in a friend;
But more that they ſhould ſo miſtake thy verſe,
Which meant to conquer, whom it did commend,

To Doctor Duppa, Dean of Chriſt Church, and tutor to the Prince. An acknowledgment for his collection, in honour of Ben. Jonſon's memory.*

How ſhall I ſleep to night, that am to pay,
By a bold vow, a mighty debt o'er day?
Which all the poets of this iſland owe:
Like pains neglected, it will greater grow.
How vainly from my ſingle ſtock of wit,
(As ſmall as is my art to huſband it)
I have adventur'd what they durſt not do,
With ſtrong confed'rate art, and nature too;
This debt hereditary is, and more
Than can be paid for ſuch an anceſtor:
Who living, all the muſes treaſure ſpent,
As if they him, their heir, not ſteward meant;
Foreſts of myrtle, he diſforeſted,
That near to Helicon their ſhades did ſpread;
Like modern lords, w' are ſo of rent bereft;
Poets, and they have nought but titles left:
He waſted all in wreaths, for's conqu'ring wit;
Which was ſo ſtrong, as nought could conquer it,
But judgment's force, and that more rul'd the ſenſe
Of what he writ, than fancy's vaſt expence.
Of that he ſtill was laviſhly profuſe;
For join the remnant wealth of ev'ry muſe,
And 'twill not pay the debt we owe to thee,
For honours done unto his memory:
Thus then; he brought th' eſtate into decay,
With which, this debt, we as his heirs ſhould pay.
As ſullen heirs, when waſteful fathers die,
Their old debts leave for their poſterity
To clear; and the remaining acres ſtrive
T' enjoy, to keep them pleaſant whilſt alive;
So I (alas!) were to myſelf unkind,
If from that little wit he left behind,
I ſimply ſhould ſo great a debt defray;
I'll keep it to maintain me, not to pay.
Yet, for my ſoul's laſt quiet when I die,
I will commend it to poſterity:
Although 'tis fear'd ('cauſe they are left ſo poor)
They'll but acknowledge what they ſhould reſtore:
However, ſince I now may earn my bays;
Without the taint of flattery in praiſe;
Since I've the luck, to make my praiſes true,
I'll let them know, to whom this debt is due;
Due unto you, whoſe learning can direct
Why faith muſt truſt what reaſon would ſuſpect:
Teach faith to rule, but with ſuch temp'rate law,
As reaſon not deſtroys, yet keeps 't in awe:
Wiſe you; the living volume, which contains
All that induſtrious art from nature gains;
The uſeful, open book, to all unty'd,
That knows more, than half knowers ſeem to hide,
And with an eaſy cheerfulneſs reveal,
What they, through want, not fullenneſs, conceal.
That to great faithleſs wits, can truth diſpenſe
'Till't turn their witty ſcorn to reverence:
Make them confeſs their greateſt error ſprings,
From curious gazing on the leaſt of things;
With reading ſmaller prints, they ſpoil their ſight,
Darken themſelves, then rave for want of light:

* *Jonſonius Virbius.*

Show them, how full they are of ſubtile ſin,
When faith's great cable they would nicely ſpin
To reaſon's ſlender threads; (then falſely bold)
When they have weak'ned it, cry, 'twill not hold!
To him, that ſo victorious ſtill doth grow,
In knowledge, and t'enforce others to know;
Humble in's ſtrength; not cunning to beguile,
Nor ſtrong to overcome, but reconcile:
To art's mild conqueror, that is, to you,
Our ſadly mention'd debt is juſtly due:
And now poſterity is taught to know,
Why, and to whom, this mighty ſum they owe,
I ſafely may go ſleep; for they will pay
It at all times, although I break my day.

SONG.

The Counteſs of Anglesey led captive by the rebels, at the diſforeſting of Pewſam.

1.

O WHITHER will you lead the fair,
And ſpicy daughter of the morn?
Thoſe manacles of her ſoft hair,
Princes, though free, would fain have worn.

II.

What is her crime? what has ſhe done?
Did ſhe, by breaking beauty ſtay,
Or from his courſe miſlead the ſun;
So robb'd your harveſt of a day?

III.

Or did her voice, divinely clear!
(Since lately in your foreſt bred)
Make all the trees dance after her,
And ſo your woods diſforeſted?

IV.

Run, run! purſue this Gothic rout,
Who rudely love in bondage keep;
Sure all old lovers have the gout,
The young are overwatch'd and ſleep.

The long Vacation in London; in verſe burleſque, or mock verſe.

Now Town-wit ſays to Witty Friend,
Tranſcribe apace all thou haſt penn'd;
For I, in journey hold it fit,
To cry thee up to Country Wit.
Our mules are come! diſſolve the club!
The word, till term, is rub, O rub!
Now gameſter poor, in cloak of ſtammel,
Mounted on ſteed, as ſlow as camel,
Baton of crab in luckleſs hand,
(Which ſerves for bilboe and for wand)
Early in morn does ſneak from town,
Leſt landlord's wife ſhould ſeize on crown;
On crown which he in pouch does keep,
When day is done, to pay for ſleep;
For he in journey nought does eat.
Hoſt ſpies him come, cries, Sir, what meat?
He calls for room, and down he lies:
Quoth hoſt, no ſupper, Sir? he cries,
I eat no ſupper, fling on rug!
I'm ſick, d'you hear, yet bring a jug!
Now damſel young that dwells in Cheap,
For very joy begins to leap,
Her elbow ſmall ſhe oft does rub;
Tickled with hope of ſyllabub!
For mother (who does gold maintain
On thumb, and keys in ſilver chain)

In snow-white clout, wrapt nook of pie,
Fat capons wing, and rabbits thigh,
And said to hackney coachman, go,
Take shillings six; say ay, or no,
Whither says he? Quoth she, thy team
Shall drive to place where groweth cream.
But husband gray now comes so stall,
For prentice notch'd he strait does call:
Where's dame? quoth he; quoth son of shop,
She's gone her cake in milk to sop:
Ho, ho! to Islington; enough;
Fetch Job my son, and our dog Ruffe;
For there in pond, through mire and muck,
We'll cry, hey duck, there Ruffe, hey duck!
Now Turnbull dame by starving paunch,
Bates two stone weight in either haunch:
On bran and liver she must dine;
And sits at door instead of sign.
She softly says to roaring Swash,
Who wears long whiskers, go, fetch cash!
There's gown, quoth she, speak broker fair,
Till term brings up weak country heir:
Whom Kirtle red will much amaze;
Whilst clown his man on signs does gaze,
In liv'ry short, galloom on cape,
With cloak-bag mounting high as nape.
Now man that trusts, with weary thighs,
Seeks garret where small poet lies:
He comes to lane, finds garret shut;
Then not with knuckle, but with foot
He rudely thrusts, would enter doors;
Though poet sleeps not, yet he snores:
Cit chafes like beast of Libia then;
Swears, he'll not come or send again.
From little lump triangular
Poor poet's sighs, are heard afar.
Quoth he, do noble numbers choose
To walk on feet; that have no shoes?
Then he does wish with fervent breath,
And as his last request e'er death,
Each ode a bond, each madrigal
A lease from haberdashers hall,
Or that he had protected been
At court, in list of chamberlain;
For wights near thrones care not an ace,
For Woodstreet friend that wieldeth mace.
Courts pay no scores but when they list,
And treasurer still has cramp in fist;
Then forth he steals; to Globe does run;
And smiles, and vows four acts are done;
Finis to bring he does protest,
Tells ev'ry play'r, his part is best;
And all to get, (as poets use)
Some coin in pouch to solace muse.
Now wight that acts on stage of Bull,
In scullers bark does lie at Hull;
Which he for pennies two does rig,
All day on Thames to bob for grig:
Whilst fencer poor does by him stand,
In old dung-lighter, hook in hand;
Between knees rod, with canvas crib,
To girdle tide, close under rib;
Where worms are put, which must small fish
Betray at night to earthen dish.
Now London's chief, on saddle new,
Rides into fair of Bartholomew;
He twirls his chain, and looketh big,
As if to fright the head of pig,
That gaping lies on greasy stall,
Till female with great belly call.
Now Alderman in field does stand,
With foot on trig, a quoit in hand;
I'm seven quoth he, the game is up!
Nothing I pay, and yet I sup.
To Alderman, quoth neighbour then,
I lost but mutton, play for hen:
But wealthy blade cries out; at rate
Of kings, should'st play; lets go, tis late.
Now lean attorney, that his cheese
Ne'er par'd, nor verses took for fees;
And aged proctor, that controuls
The feats of Punck in Court of Pauls;
Do each with solemn oath agree,
To meet in fields of Finsbury:
With loins in canvas bow case tide;
Where arrows stick with meikle pride;
With hats pinn'd up, and bow in hand,
All day most fiercely there they stand;
Like ghosts of Adam, Bell, and Clyname:
Sol sets for fear they'll shoot at him.
Now Spynie, Ralph, and Gregory small,
And short hair'd Stephen, whey-fac'd Paul,
(Whose times are out, indentures torn)
Who seven long years did never scorn,
To fetch up coals for maid to use,
Wipe mistresses, and childrens shoes)
Do jump for joy they are made free;
Hire meagre steeds, to ride and see
Their parents old, who dwell as near,
As place call'd Peak in Derby-shire.
There they alight, old crones are mild;
Each weeps on cragg of pretty child:
They portions give, trades up to set,
That babes may live, serve God and cheat.
Near house of law by Temple Bar,
Now man of mace cares not how far
In stockings blue he marcheth on,
With velvet cape his cloak upon;
In girdle scrolls, where names of some
Are written down, whom touch of thumb
On shoulder left must safe convoy,
Annoying wights with name of Roy.
Poor pris'ners friend that sees the touch,
Cries out aloud, I thought as much.
Now vaulter good, and dancing lass
On rope, and man that cries, hey pass,
And tumbler young that needs but stoop,
Lay head to heel to creep through hoop;
And man in chimney hid to dress,
Puppet that acts our old Queen Bess;
And man that whilst the puppets play,
Through nose expoundeth what they say;
And man that does in chest include
Old Sodom and Gomorrah lewd;
And white oat-eater, that does dwell
In stable small, at sign of bell;
That lift up hoof to show the pranks
Taught by magician, styled banks;
And ape, led captive still in chain,
Till he renounce the Pope and Spain.
All these on hoof now trudge from town,
To cheat poor turnip-eating clown.

Now man of war with viſage red,
Grows choleric and ſwears for bread.
He ſendeth note to man of kin,
But man leaves word, I'm not within.
He meets in ſtreet with friend call'd Will;
And cries old rogue! what, living ſtill?
But ere that ſtreet they quite are paſt,
He ſoftly aſks, what money haſt?
Quoth friend, a crown; he cries, dear heart!
O baſe, no more ſweet, lend me part!
But ſtay, my frighted pen is fled;
Myſelf through fear crept under bed;
For juſt as muſe would ſcribble more,
Fierce city dun did rap at door.

EPITAPH.

When you perceive theſe ſtones are wet,
Think not you ſee the marble ſwet;
It weeps for grief the day of doom,
Invok'd by ſaints, will ſhortly come;
Then the unwilling marble muſt
Surrender all this ſaint's ſweet duſt.

On Mrs. Katherine Croſs, buried in France.

Within this hallow'd ground this ſeed is ſown,
Of ſuch a flow'r, though fall'n ere fully blown,
As will when doom (the ſaint's firſt ſpring) appears, [wears.
Be ſweet as thoſe which heaven's choice boſom
Sweeter in wither'd death than freſh flow'rs are;
And through death's foul and frightful vizard fair;
As calm in life as others in death's ſhade:
So ſilent, that her tongue ſeem'd only made
For precepts, weigh'd as thoſe in wiſeſt books:
Yet nought that ſilence loſt us; for her looks
Perſuaded more than others by their ſpeech;
Yet more by deeds than words ſhe lov'd to teach.
This fair flow'r's ſeed let none remove till doom;
No, though to make ſome great dead princeſs' room.
The world's triumphant courts prefer high birth;
But ſaints in death's low palace, under earth,
May claim chief place; ſhe was a ſtranger here,
And born within opinion's giddy ſphere;
A land where many, whilſt they are alive,
Profanely for the ſtyle of ſaintſhip ſtrive
From others, and themſelves as ſaints eſteem;
Yet fainting after death, profaneneſs deem;
Thence, young, ſhe from the ſinful living fled
For ſafety here among the ſinleſs dead.
Near to this bleſſed ſtranger's lowly tomb,
Who dares for neighbourhood preſume to come?
Unleſs, as her religious proſelyte,
Her mother challenge a juſt tenant's right.

SONG.—*The Winter Storms.*

I.

Blow! blow! the winds are ſo hoarſe they cannot blow! [ſnow!
Cold! cold! our tears freeze to hail, our ſpittle to
The waves are all up, they ſwell as they run!
Let them riſe and riſe,
As high as the ſkies,
And higher to waſh the face of the ſun.

II.

Port! port! the pilot is blind! port at the helm!
Yare! yare! for one foot of ſhore take a whole realm! [her?
Alee or we ſink! does no man know to wind
Leſs noiſe, and more room!
We ſail in a drum! [to tinder.
Our ſails are but wrags, which lightning turns

III.

Aloof! aloof! hey how! thoſe carracs and ſhips
Fall foul, and are tumbled and driven like chips!
Our boatſwain, alas! a ſilly weak griſle,
For fear to catch cold,
Lies down in the hold,
We all hear his ſighs, but few hear his whiſtle.

Upon the Marriage of the Lady Jane Cavendiſh with Mr. Cheney.

Why from my thoughts ſweet reſt; ſweeter to me,
Than young ambition's proſp'rous travels be,
Or love's delicious progreſſes;
And is next death the greateſt eaſe?
Why from ſo calm a heav'n,
Doſt call me to this world, all windy grown;
Where the light crowd, like lighteſt ſand is driven, [blown?
And weighty greatneſs, even by them, to air is

Epitaph on the Daughter of Mr. Richard Turpin.

Stripp'd from her ſilks and lawns here lies
The joy and wonder of all eyes
Should I reveal, in what a ſweet,
And juſt conſent, her forms did meet,
Thou wouldſt believe (the story heard)
Nature herſelf lay here interr'd.
And all ſucceeding white and red
Will ſeem complexion of the dead,
And ever inſucceſsful prove,
Whilſt lovers know not where to love.

SONG.

I.

The lark now leaves his wat'ry neſt,
And climbing, ſhakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the eaſt;
And to implore your light, he ſings,
Awake, awake, the morn will never riſe,
Till ſhe can dreſs her beauty at your eyes.

II.

The merchant bows unto the ſeaman's ſtar,
The ploughman from the ſun his ſeaſon takes;
But ſtill the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his miſtreſs wakes.
Awake, awake, break through your vails of lawn!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

SONG.

ENDIMION PORTER AND OLIVIA.

Olivia.

Before we ſhall again behold
In his diurnal race the world's great eye,
We may as ſilent be and cold,
As are the ſhades where buried lovers lie.

Endimion.

Olivia, 'tis no fault of love
To looſe ourſelves in death; but, O! I fear
When life and knowledge is above
Reſtor'd to us, I ſhall not know thee there.

Olivia.

Call it not heaven (my love) where we
Ourſelves ſhall ſee, and yet each other miſs:

So much of heaven I find in thee
As, thou unknown, all elſe privation is.

Endimion.

Why ſhould we doubt, before we go
To find the knowledge which ſhall ever laſt,
That we may there each other know?
Can future knowledge quite deſtroy the paſt?

Olivia.

When at the bowers in the Elyſian ſhade
I firſt arrive, I ſhall examine where
They dwell, who love the higheſt virtue made?
For I am ſure to find Endimion there.

Endimion.

From this vex'd world when we ſhall both retire,
Where all her lovers, and where all rejoice;
I need not ſeek thee in the heavenly quire;
For I ſhall know Olivia by her voice.

Sent with a Lock of Hair.

LEST thou for length and beauty of thy hair,
(Which is to ev ry eye and heart a ſnare)
Should'ſt by the rage of love's ſeverer ſway,
Be doom'd for caſting eyes and hearts away,
Wear mine a while; though mine I know,
Cannot miſlead with ſoftneſs or with ſhow:
Yet I ſo love thee, as I fain would ſhare,
Love's puniſhment on thy deſtructive hair.

SONG.

The Philoſopher and the Lover; to a Miſtreſs dying.

Lover.

YOUR beauty ripe, and calm, and freſh,
As eaſtern ſummers are,
Muſt now, forſaking time and fleſh,
Add light to ſome ſmall ſtar.

Philoſopher.

Whilſt ſhe yet lives, where ſtars decay'd,
Their light by hers, relief might find:
But death will lead her to a ſhade
Where love is cold, and beauty blind.

Lover.

Lovers (whoſe prieſts all poets are)
Think ev'ry miſtreſs, when ſhe dies,
Is chang'd at leaſt into a ſtar:
And who dares doubt the poet's wiſe?

Philoſopher.

But aſk not bodies doom'd to die,
To what abode they go;
Since knowledge is but ſorrow's ſpy,
It is not ſafe to know.

SONG.

The Soldier going to the Field.

I.

PRESERVE thy ſighs, unthrifty girl!
To purify the air;
Thy tears to thread inſtead of pearl,
On bracelets of thy hair.

II.

The trumpet makes the echo hoarſe,
And wakes the louder drum;
Expence of grief gains no remorſe,
When ſorrow ſhould be dumb.

III.

For I muſt go where lazy peace,
Will hide her drowſy head;
And, for the ſport of kings, increaſe
The number of the dead.

IV.

But firſt I'll chide thy cruel theft:
Can I in war delight,
Who being of my heart bereft,
Can have no heart to fight?

V.

Thou know'ſt the ſacred laws of old,
Ordain'd a thief ſhould pay,
To quit him of his theft, ſevenfold
What he had ſtol'n away.

VI.

Thy payment ſhall but double be;
O then with ſpeed reſign
My own ſeduced heart to me,
Accompany'd with thine.

Epitaph on a Young Virgin. A. K.

NATURE a form intended to create,
Which might ſubdue the ruthleſs eyes of fate:
But fate (ready to think warm nature cold,
Itſelf too merciful, and time too old)
Has ſtruck the world; forthwith this beauty dy'd,
Time's evening hope, and nature's lateſt pride.

THE DEATH OF ASTRAGON.

The Philoſopher's Diſquiſition directed to the Dying Chriſtian.

I.

BEFORE by death you never knowledge gain,
(For to increaſe your knowledge you muſt die)
Tell me if all that learning be not vain,
On which we proudly in this life rely.

II.

Is not the learning which we knowledge call,
Our own but by opinion and in part?
Not made entirely certain, nor to all;
And is not knowledge but diſputed art?

III.

And though a bad, yet 'tis a forward guide;
Who, vexing at the ſhortneſs of the day,
Doth, to o'ertake ſwift time, ſtill onward ride;
Whilſt we ſtill follow, and ſtill doubt our way.

IV.

A guide, who ev'ry ſtep proceeds with doubt;
Who gueſſingly her progreſs doth begin;
And brings us back where firſt ſhe led us out
To meet dark midnight at our reſtleſs inn.

V.

It is a plummet to ſo ſhort a line,
As ſounds no deeper than the ſounder's eyes,
The people's meteor which not long can ſhine,
Nor far above the middle region riſe.

VI.

This ſpy from ſchools gets ill intelligence;
Where art impoſing rules, oft gravely errs,
She ſteals to nature's cloſet, and from thence
Brings nought but undecypher'd characters.

VII.

She doth, like India's laſt diſcov'rers, boaſt
Of adding to old maps, though ſhe has been
But ſailing by ſome clear and open coaſt,
Where all is woody, wild, and dark within.

VIII.

Falſe learning wanders upward more and more,
Knowledge (for ſuch there is in ſome degree)

Still vainly, like the eagle, loves to soar,
Though it can never to the highest see.

IX.

For errors mist doth bound the spirits sight
As clouds (which make earth's arched roof seem low,
Restrain the bodies eyes; and still, when light
Grows clearer upward, Heaven must higher show.

X.

And as good men, whose minds towards godhead rise,
Take heaven's height higher than they can express;
So from that height they lower things despise,
And oft contract earth's littleness to less.

XI.

Of this forbidden fruit, since we but gain,
A taste, by which we only hungry grow;
We merely toil to find our studies vain;
And trust to schools for what they cannot know.

XII.

If knowledge be the coin of souls, 'tis set
Above the standard of each common reign;
And, like a medal of God's cabinet,
Is seldom shown, and soon put up again.

XIII.

For though in one blest age much sway it bears,
Yet to the next it oft becomes unknown;
Unless like long hid medals it appears
In counterfeits, and for deceit be shown.

XIV.

If Heav'n with knowledge did some one endue
With more than the experience of the dead;
To teach the living more than life e'er knew
In schools, where all succession may be bred.

XV.

Then (as in courts, mere strangers bashfully
At first their walk towards private doors begin;
But bolder grow when those they open spy,
And being enter'd, beckon others in.)

XVI.

So to his studious cell (which would appear
Like nature's privy lodgings) my address
I first by stealth would make, but ent'ring there
I should grow bold, and give to all access.

XVII.

Then to her secret nursery would proceed;
And thither bring the world, to judge how she
First-causes, and time's infancy did breed?
For knowledge, should, since good, to all be free.

XVIII

If knowledge must, as evil, hidden lie,
Then we, its object, Nature, seem to blame;
And whilst we banish knowledge, as a spy,
We but hide nature as we cover shame.

XIX.

For if our object, nature, be correct,
Bold knowledge then a free spectator is,
And not a spy, since spies we scarce suspect
Or fear, but where their objects are amiss.

XX.

In gathering knowledge from the sacred tree,
I would not snatch in haste the fruit below;
But rather climb, like those who curious be,
And, boldly taste that wough does highest grow.

XXI.

For knowledge would her prospect take in height;
'Tis God's lov'd Eaglet, bred by him to fly,
Though with weak eyes, still upward at the light,
And may soar short, but cannot soar too high.

XXII.

Though life, since finite, has no ill excuse
For being but in finite objects learn'd,
Yet sure the soul was made for little use,
Unless it be in infinites concern'd.

XXIII.

Speak then such things of Heaven (since studious minds
Seem travel'd souls, and yours prepares to go)
As mine may wish the journey when it finds
That yours doth heaven, her native country, know.

XXIV.

Tell, if you found your faith, ere you it sought?
Or could it spring ere reason was full blown?
Or could it learn, till by your reason taught,
To know itself, or be by others known?

XXV.

Where men have several faiths, to find the true
We only can the aid of reason use;
'Tis reason shows us which we should eschew
When by comparison we learn to choose.

XXVI.

But though we there on reason must rely
Where men to several faiths their minds dispose,
Yet, after reason's choice, the schools are shy
To let it judge the very faith it chose.

XXVII.

Howe'er 'tis call'd to consider the records
Of faith's dark charter, wrapt in sacred writ;
And is the only judge even of those words
By which faith claims that reason should submit.

XXVIII.

Since holy text bids faith to comprehend
Such mysteries as nature may suspect,
And faith must reason, as her guide, attend,
Lest she mistake what scripture doth direct.

XXIX.

Since from the soul's far country, heaven, God sent
His law (an embassy to few reveal'd)
Which did those good conditions represent
Of our eternal peace, ere it was seal'd.

XXX.

Since to remote ambassadors are given
Interpreters, when they with kings confer;
Since to that law, God's embassy from heaven,
Our reason serves as an interpreter,

XXXI.

Since justly clients pay that judge an awe,
Who law's lost sense interprets and restores;
(Yet judges are no more above the law
Than truchmen are above ambassadors)

XXXII.

Since reason, as a judge, the trial hath
Of diff'ring faiths, by adverse pens perplex'd;
Why is not reason reckon'd above faith,
Though not above her law, the sacred text?

XXXIII.

If reason have such worth, why should she still
Attend below, whilst faith doth upward climb?

Yet common faith seems but unstudy'd will;
And reason calls unstudy'd will a crime.

XXXIV.

Slave reason, even at home in prison lies!
And by religion is so watch'd, and aw'd,
That though the prison windows, both her eyes,
Stand open, yet she scarce dares look abroad.

XXXV.

Faith thinks, that Reason is her adverse spy;
Yet Reason is, through doubtful ways, her guide;
But like a scout, brought in from th' enemy,
Must, when she guides her bound, and guarded ride.

XXXVI.

Or if by faith, not as her judge disdain'd,
Nor, as her guide, suspected, but is found
In every sentence just to the arreign'd,
And guides her right, unguarded and unbound.

XXXVII.

Why then should such a judge be still deny'd
T' examine (since Faith's claims still public are)
Her secret pleas? or, why should such a guide
Be hinder'd, where Faith goes, to go as far?

XXXVIII.

And yet as one, bred humbly, who would show
His monarch's palace to a stranger, goes
But to the gates; as if to let him know [does;
Where so much greatness dwells, not what it

XXXIX.

Whilst straight the stranger enters undeny'd,
As one whose breeding has much bolder been;
So Reason, though she were at first Faith's guide
To heav'n, yet waits without, when Faith goes in.

XL.

But though, at court, bold strangers enter, where
The way is to their bashful guide forbid;
Yet he, when they come back, is apt to hear
And ask them, what the king then said, and did?

XLI.

And so, though Reason (which is Faith's first guide
To God) is stopt where Faith has entrance free,
As Nature's stranger; though 'tis then deny'd
To Reason, as of Nature's family;

XLII.

Yet strait, when from her vision and her trance
Faith does return, then reason quits that awe,
Enjoin'd when priests impos'd our ignorance;
And asks, how much she of the Godhead saw?

XLIII.

But as a prudent monarch seems alone,
Retir'd, as if conceal'd even to his court;
To subjects more in pow'r than person known;
At distance sought, and sound but by report.

XLIV.

So God hath vail'd his pow'r with mysteries
Even to his court in heaven; and faith comes there,
Not prying with a stranger's curious eyes,
But like a plain implicit worshipper.

XLV.

Yet as court-strangers, getting some access,
Are apt to tell at home, more than they saw;
Though then their pencil draws court-greatness [draw:
less,
Than that which truth at nearer view could

XLVI.

So Faith (who is even taught an ignorance;
For she by knowledge quits her dignity)
Does lessen Godhead, which she would advance,
By telling more of God than she can see.

XLVII.

Our souls but like unhappy strangers come
From heav'n, their country, to this world's bad coast; [home;
They land, then straight are backward bound for
And many are in storms of passion lost!

XLVIII.

They long with danger sail through life's vext seas,
In bodies, as in vessels full of leaks;
Walking in veins, their narrow galleries,
Shorter than walks of seamen on their decks.

XLIX.

Art's card is by their pilot, Faith, refus'd;
Her course by guess she ever forward bears;
Reason her rudder is, but never us'd;
Because towards heaven she ne'er with reason steers.

L.

For as a pilot, sure of fair trade-winds,
The helm in all the voyage never hands,
But ties it up, so Reason's helm she binds,
And boldly closs for heaven's safe harbour stands.

LI.

In reason's place, tradition doth her lead;
And that presumptuous antiquary makes
Strong laws of weak opinions of the dead,
And what was common coin, for medals takes.

LII.

Tradition! time's suspected register!
Too oft religion at her trial fails!
Instead of knowledge, teacheth her to err;
And wears out truth's best stories into tales,

LIII.

O why hath such a guide faith's progress laid?
Or can our faith, ill guided, guide us well?
Or had she not tradition's maps survey'd,
How could she aim to show us heaven and hell?

LIV.

If faith with reason never doth advise;
Nor yet tradition leads her, she is then
From heav'n inspir'd, and secretly grows wise
Above the schools we know not how, nor when.

LV.

For could we know how faith's bold trust is wrought,
What are those visions we in sleep discern;
And when by heaven's short whispers we are taught [learn;
More than the watchful schools could ever

LVI.

Then soon faith's ignorance, which now doth seem
A serious wonder to philosophy,
Would fall from value to a low esteem,
And not a wonder nor a virtue be.

LVII.

But though we cannot guess the manner how
Grace first is secretly in small seeds sown;
Yet fruit, though seed lies hid, in view doth grow;
And faith, the fruit of grace, must needs be known.

LVIII.

Faith lights us through the dark to Deity;
Whilſt, without ſight, we witneſs that ſhe ſhows
More God than in his works our eyes can ſee;
Though none but by thoſe works the Godhead knows.

LIX.

If you have faith, then you we muſt adore;
Since faith does rather ſeem inſpir'd than taught;
And men inſpir'd have of the Godhead more
Than nature ever found, or reaſon fought.

LX.

To you whom inſpiration ſanctifies,
I come with doubts, the minds defect of light,
As to apoſtles ſome, with dark'ned eyes,
Came to receive by miracle their ſight.

LXI.

And when I thus preſume, you are with more
Than nature's public wealth by faith indu'd,
Or think you ſhould reveal your ſecret ſtore;
You cannot judge my bold opinion rude.

LXII.

Even faith (not proving what it would aſſure)
But bold opinion ſeems to reaſon's view;
And ſince the blind brought faith to help their cure,
I bring opinion, reaſon's faith, to you.

LXIII.

We, for their knowledge, men inſpir'd adore;
Not for thoſe truths they hide, but thoſe they ſhow;
And vulgar reaſon finds, that none knows more
Than that which he can make another know.

LXIV.

Then tell me firſt, if nature muſt forbear
To aſk, why ſtill ſhe muſt remain in doubt?
A darkneſs which does much like hell appear,
Where all may enter in but none get out.

LXV.

Thus we at once are bidden and forbid;
Charg'd to make God the object of the mind;
Then hinder'd from it, ſince he is ſo hid,
As we but ſeek that which we cannot find.

LXVI.

Our glim'ring knowledge, like the wand'ring light
In fens, doth to uncertainties direct
The weary progreſs of our uſeleſs ſight;
And only makes us able to ſuſpect.

LXVII.

Or if inquiring minds are not kept in,
But by ſome few, whom ſchools to power advance,
Who, ſince themſelves ſee ſhort, would make it ſin,
When others look beyond their ignorance.

LXVIII.

If, as God's ſtudents, we have leave to learn
His truths, why doth his text oft need debate?
Why, as through miſts, muſt we his laws diſcern?
Since laws ſeem ſnares, when they are intricate.

LXIX.

They who believe man's reaſon is too ſcant,
And that it doth the war of writers cauſe;
Infer that God's great works proportion want,
Who taught our reaſon, and did write thoſe laws.

LXX.

His text, the ſoul's record, appears to ſome
(Though thence our ſouls hold their inheritance)
Obſcure by growing old, and ſeems to come,
Not by conſignment to us, but by chance.

LXXI.

Law (which is reaſon made authority)
Allows conſignment to be good and clear,
Not when, like this, it does in copies lie,
But in the known original appear.

LXXII.

Could this record be too authentic made?
Or why, when God was faſhion'd to our eyes,
And very forms of human laws obey'd,
Did he not ſign it but by deputies?

LXXIII.

Or why, when he was man, did he not deign
Wholly to write this text with his own hand?
Or why (as if all written rolls were vain)
Did he ne'er write but once, and but in ſand?

LXXIV.

Tell me, why Heav'n at firſt did ſuffer ſin?
Letting ſeed grow which it had never ſown:
Why, when the ſoul's firſt fever did begin,
Was it not cur'd, which now a plague is grown?

LXXV.

Why did not Heav'n's prevention ſin reſtrain?
Or is not pow'r's permiſſion a conſent?
Which is in kings as much as to ordain;
And ills ordain'd are free from puniſhment.

LXXVI.

And ſince no crime could be ere laws were fram'd;
Laws dearly taught us how to know offence;
Had laws not been, we never had been blam'd;
For not to know we ſin, is innocence.

LXXVII.

Sin's childhood was not ſtarv'd, but rather more
Than finely fed; ſo ſweet were pleaſures made
That nouriſh'd it: for ſweet is luſt of pow'r,
And ſweeter, beauty, which hath power betray'd.

LXXVIII.

Sin, which at fulleſt growth is childiſh ſtill,
Would but for pleaſure's company decay;
As ſickly children thrive that have their will;
But quickly languiſh being kept from play.

LXXIX.

Since only pleaſure breeds ſin's appetite,
Which ſtill by pleaſant objects is infus'd;
Since 'tis provok'd to what it doth commit,
And ills provok'd may plead to be excus'd;

LXXX.

Why ſhould our ſins, which not a moment laſt,
(For, to eternity compar'd, extent
Of life is, e'er we name it, ſtop'd and paſt)
Receive a doom of endleſs puniſhment?

LXXXI.

If ſouls to hell's vaſt priſon never come
Committed for their crimes, but deſtin'd be,
Like bondmen born, whoſe priſon is their home,
And long ere they were bound could not be free;

LXXXII.

Then hard is deſtiny's dark law; whoſe text
We are forbid to read, yet muſt obey;

And reaſon with her uſeleſs eyes is vex'd,
Which ſtrive to guide her where they ſee no way.

LXXXIII.

Doth it our reaſon's mutinies appeaſe,
To ſay, the potter may his own clay mould
To ev'ry uſe, or in what ſhape he pleaſe,
At firſt not counſel'd, nor at laſt controul'd?

LXXXIV.

Pow'r's hand can neither eaſy be nor ſtrict
To lifeleſs clay, which eaſe nor torment knows;
And where it cannot favour nor afflict,
It neither juſtice nor injuſtice ſhows.

LXXXV.

But ſouls have life, and life eternal too;
Therefore if doom'd before they can offend,
It ſeems to ſhow what heavenly power can do,
But does not in that deed that pow'r commend.

LXXXVI.

That we are deſtin'd after death to more
Than reaſon thinks due puniſhment for ſins
Seems poſſible, becauſe in life, before
We know to ſin, our puniſhment begins.

LXXXVII.

Why elſe do infants with inceſſant cries
Complain of ſecret harm as ſoon as born?
Or why are they, in cities deſtinies,
So oft by war from raviſh'd mothers torn:

LXXXVIII.

Doth not belief of being deſtin'd draw
Our reaſon to preſumption or deſpair?
If deſtiny be not, like human law,
To be repeal'd, what is the uſe of prayer?

LXXXIX.

Why even to all was prayer enjoin'd? ſince thoſe
Whom God (whoſe will ne'er alters) did elect
Are ſure of heaven; and when we pray, it ſhows
That we his certainty of will ſuſpect.

XC.

Thoſe who to laſting darkneſs deſtin'd were,
Though ſoon as born they pray, yet pray too late:
Avoidleſs ills we to no purpoſe fear;
And none, when fear is paſt, will ſupplicate.

The Chriſtian's Reply to the Philoſopher.

I.

The good in graves as heavenly ſeed are ſown;
And at the ſaints firſt ſpring, the general doom,
Will riſe, not by degrees, but fully blown;
When all the angels to their harveſt come.

II.

Cannot Almighty Heaven (ſince flowers which paſs [too,
Thaw'd through a ſtill, and there melt mingled
Are rais'd diſtinct in a poor chymiſt's glaſs)
Do more in graves than men in lymbecs do?

III.

God bred the arts to make us more believe
(By ſeeking nature's cover'd myſteries)
His darker works, that faith may thence conceive
He can do more than what our reaſon ſees.

IV.

O coward faith! religion's trembling guide!
Whom ev'n the dim-ey'd arts muſt lead to ſee
What nature only from our ſloth does hide,
Cauſes remote, which faith's dark dangers be.

V.

Religion, ere impos'd, ſhould firſt be taught;
Not ſeem to dull obedience ready laid,
Then ſwallow'd ſtrait for eaſe, but long be ſought;
And be by reaſon counſell'd, though not ſway'd.

VI.

God has enough to human kind diſclos'd;
Our fleſhly garments he a while receiv'd,
And walk'd as if the Godhead were depos'd,
Yet could be then but by a few believ'd.

VII.

The faithleſs Jews will this at doom confeſs,
Who did ſuſpect him for his low diſguiſe:
But, if he could have made his virtue leſs,
He had been more familiar to their eyes.

VIII.

Frail life! in which, through miſts of human breath, [ſlow;
We grope for truth, and make our progreſs
Becauſe, by paſſion blinded, till by death,
Our paſſions ending, we begin to know.

IX.

O rev'rend death! whoſe looks can ſoon adviſe
Even ſcornful youth; whilſt prieſts their doctrine waſte,
Yet mocks us too; for he does make us wiſe,
When by his coming our affairs are paſt.

X.

O harmleſs death! whom ſtill the valiant brave,
The wiſe expect, the ſorrowful invite,
And all the good embrace, who know the grave,
A ſhort dark paſſage to eternal light.

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